COBWEBS,

PETERSON'S

MAGAZINE

Digitized by Google

Complete set
[illegible]
2-26-46
54631
v. 39-40

CONTENTS

TO THE

THIRTY-NINTH VOLUME.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1861, INCLUSIVE.

Alphabet for Marking—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - 82, 500
A Norwegian Morning or Bonnet Cap in Shetland Wool—By Mrs. Warren, (*Illustrated*,) - 169
A Creped Neck-Tie—By Mrs. Warren, (*Illustrated*,) - 170
Art Recreations, - 181, 506
After the Fire—By Mary E. Clarke, - 297
An Infant's Hood—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - 347
A Hyacinth Glass-Stand—By Mrs. Warren, (*Illustrated*,) - 425

Barbara's Ambition—By J. T. Trowbridge, author of "Neighbor Jackwood," etc., etc., - 47, 146, 212
Barbara Sherborne, Spinster—By Frank Lee Benedict, - 58
Baby's Knitted Shoe and Sock—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - 77
Bonnets and Cap, (*Illustrated*,) - 77
Bridal Pincushion—By Mademoiselle Roche, (*Illustrated*,) - 79
Bertha Holmes—By Miriam Clyde. - 134
Bob Thorn's Tutor—By Frank Lee Benedict, - 325
Baby's Mitten in Crochet—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - 344
Braiding Pattern, (*Illustrated*,) - 417
Bead Mats in Colors—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - 423
Border for a Knitted Counterpane—By Mademoiselle Roche, (*Illustrated*,) - 426
Bought—By Caroline S. Whitmarsh, - 478

Caught in the Snow—By Ella Rodman, (*Illustrated*,) - 25
"Cobwebs"—By the author of "Mrs. Smith's Party," (*Illustrated*,) - 32
Coming Out Right—By T. S. Arthur, - 74
Combination Designs in Patchwork—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - 84, 349, 423
Children's Fashions, (*Illustrated*,) 96, 184, 274, 358, 436, 510
Cromwell's Clock—By J. Sergeant Meade, - 153
Coral Shell Stand for Chimney-Piece Ornament—By Mademoiselle Roche, (*Illustrated*,) - 167
Crochet Antimacassar—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - 176
Check-Mated—By Katharine F. Williams, - 207
Cottage in the Rural Gothic Style—By R. A. Williams, (*Illustrated*,) - 340
Clover-Leaf: In Tatting, (*Illustrated*.) - 344
Crochet Slipper—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) 346
Crocheted Basket—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - 348
Collar in Irish Tatting—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - 420
Crochet Pincushion—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - 494
Coral Case for Flower-Pots—By Mademoiselle Roche, (*Illustrated*,) - 498
Children's Fashions for June, (*Illustrated*,) - 499
Crochet for Cushion—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - 501

Dramatic: An Acting Charade—By S. Annie Frost, author of "Parlor Charades and Proverbs," - 87

Digitized by Google

Design for Bread-Cloth in Tape-Work—By Mrs. Warren, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - 175
Desserts, Cakes, etc., - - - - - - - - 182
Dr. Boltwood's Offer—By Caroline S. Whitmarsh, - 319
Drawing-Room Card-Basket—By Mademoiselle Roche, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - - 418

Editor's Table, - - - 90, 178, 268, 352, 430, 504

Fashions for January, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - 94
Fashions for February, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - 184
Fashions for March, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - 273
Four Chapters in a Young Life—By Mrs. B. Frank Enos, - - - - - - - - - - - - 308
Fancy Basket in Crochet—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - 346
Fashions for April, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - 358
For a Sofa-Pillow in Muslin and Tape—By Mrs. Warren, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - 422
Fireside Recreations, - - - - - - - - 432
Fashions for May, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - 435
Fireside Amusements, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - 509
Fashions for June, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - 509

Guy Marchmont's Farming—By Clara Augusta, - - 390
Grandmother Ledyard—By Frank Lee Benedict, - 468

Horticultural, - - - - - - - - 93, 354, 432
How to Transfer Patterns—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, - 174
Hand Screen—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - 174
Handkerchief-Case—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - - - - 263
Home-Made Hearth-Rug: Chene Pattern—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - 263
Health Department, - - - - - - 272, 355, 431
Household Corner, - - - - - - - - - 354
How I Fell in Love, and How I Fell Out—By Harry Clark, - - - - - - - - - - - - 373
Heart-Shaped Scent-Sachet—By Mademoiselle Roche, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - 500

Imitation Stained Glass—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, - - 259
Infant's Hood in Crochet—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated.*) - - - - - - - - - - 260
Insertion: In Tatting, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - 349
In Crochet, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - 501

Jane's Valentine—By Mrs. H. M. Ladd Warner, - - 117
John Smith—By Violet Woods, - - - - - 312

Knitting Basket—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) 257
Knitted Leggin—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) 348
Katydid. A Sequel to "Pennacook"—By the author of "Susy L——'s Diary," - - - - - - 453

Lady's Work-Bag—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - 83
Lady's Netted Work-Bag—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - - 345
Lady's Work-Bag—By Mademoiselle Roche, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - - - 419
Lady's Neck-Tie, Cape, Sleeve, etc., (*Illustrated,*) - 427

Meena—By Mrs. J. Worcester, - - - - - 123
Making Pilau, - - - - - - - - - - 181
Miscellaneous Receipts, - - - - - 182, 271, 356
"Make Yourself at Home"—By Rosalie Gray, - - 397
Mr. Blaxmore's Theory—By Frank Lee Benedict, - 402
Marrying an Heiress—By Ellen Ashton, - - - 451
My Four Loves. Translated for Peterson's Magazine, 461
Mr. Linklepan's Servants—By Gabrielle Lee, - - 463
My Two Lovers—By Mary E. Clarke, - - - - 481
Mr. Dobbin and his Clock—By M. Lindsay, - - - 490

Nannie—By Mary Lee Perkins, - - - - - - 55
Netted Curtain—By Mademoiselle Roche, (*Illustrated,*) 259
New Style Zouave Jacket—By Emily H. May, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - - - 265
Netted Bed-Fringe—By Mrs. Warren, (*Illustrated,*) - 347
New Style of Open Body—By Emily H. May, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - - - 422
Netted D'Oyley for Tartlet, or for any Other Useful Purpose—By Mrs. Warren, (*Illustrated,*) - - - 424
Numerals for Marking, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - 497

Only a Flirtation—By Mary E. Clarke, - - - 205

Princess Royal Body—By Emily H. May, (*Illustrated,*) 78
Purse in Crochet—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - - - - 81
Pincushion in Crochet—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - - - 86
Patterns, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - 89
Publisher's Corner, - - - - - - - - - 96
Patterns in Silk Embroidery—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - 177
Patterns for Silk Embroidery—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - 258
Patterns in Embroidery—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - - - 264
Parlor Pastimes, - - - - - - - - - - 272
Polonaise Traveling-Dress—By Emily H. May, (*Illustrated.*) - - - - - - - - - - - - 341
Purse in Crochet—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated.*) 349
Parlor Amusements, - - - - - - - - 355
Popular Games, etc., - - - - - - - - 356
Pennacook—By the author of "Susy L——'s Diary," - 375
Practical Puzzles, (*Illustrated.*) - - - - - 432
Polonaise Dinner Dress—By Emily H. May, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - - - 406
Puzzle Maze, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - 507

Digitized by Google

Review of New Books, - - 91, 179, 269, 353, 431, 505
Receipts for the Table, - - - 93, 183, 270, 357, 433
Receipts for the Toilet, - - - - - 94, 273, 357
Receipts for the Sick-Room, - - - - 94, 183, 357
Receipts for Ice Creams, etc., - - - - - - 94
Receipts for Vegetables, - - - - - - - 434
Receipts for Preserving, - - - - - - 434, 506
Receipts for Desserts, - - - - - - - 507
Receipts for Salads, - - - - - - - 508

Slipper in Colored Berlin Work—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - - - - 168
Sister and Wife—By Harriet Nelson, - - - - 218
She Would Be a Heroine—By Frank Lee Benedict, - 235
Swiss Striped Cushion—By Mademoiselle Roche, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - - - - - - 260
Simple Design in Berlin Wool-Work, for Mats, Slippers, Cushions, etc.—By Mademoiselle Roche, (*Illustrated*.) - - - - - - - - - - 261
Spectacle-Case—By Mademoiselle Roche, (*Illustrated*,) 262
Segar-Case in Braiding—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*.) - - - - - - - - - - 421

The Hadleys and Blairs—By the author of "Susy L——'s Diary," - - - - - - - - 37
The Ruins of a Soul—By Maggie B. Stewart, - - 44
The Broken Life—By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, 65, 155, 247, 332, 411, 483
The Berlin Wool-Work Pattern—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - - - - - 81
The Girdle Pocket—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*.) - - - - - - - - - - 85
The "Kitten" Case—By Gabrielle Lee, - - - 119
The Lucky Misfortune—By Frank Lee Benedict, - 137
The New Minister—By Rosalie Gray, - - - - 164
Thibet Knitting—By Mademoiselle Roche, (*Illustrated*.) - - - - - - - - - - 169
The Shanghai Cloak—By Emily H. May, (*Illustrated*,) 171
The Toilet, - - - - - - - - - 183, 273
The Factory Girl—By Clara Augusta, - - - - 230
The Shadow—By M. Lindsay, - - - - - - 243
The Lion in Love—By Ella Rodman, (*Illustrated*,) - 289
The Girl Guardian—By Grace Gardner, - - 300, 381
Tatting, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - - - 499

Velvet Portmonnaie—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - - - - - - 83
Varieties, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - - - 495

Watch-Pocket in Braiding—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*.) - - - - - - - - - 173
Watch-Pocket—By Mrs. Warren, (*Illustrated*.) - - 343
Waifs from the Wayside—By Charles J. Peterson, - 395
Who Caught the Parson?—By Mrs. S. D. Wyman, - 473

POETRY.

An Emblem—By Eleanor Clair, - - - - - - 36
At Night—By Oliver Wade, - - - - - - - 133
A Lover's Lay—By Mrs. C. H. Criswell, - - - - 242
A Morning Picture—By N. F. Carter, - - - - 401
"At Home"—By Frances Henrietta Sheffield, - - 462
An Antique Madrigal—By Charles J. Peterson, - - 480
After the Rain—By M. Anne Ladd, - - - - 493

Come and Gone—By Lottie Linwood, - - - - 418

Daguerreotype—By Mrs. M. M. Hines, - - - - 206
Dreaming and Doing—By W. S. Gaffney, - - - 472

Farewell to Autumn—By W. S. Gaffney, - - - 57
For an Album—By E. Summers Dana, - - - - 389

Her Life was but Brief—By William Linn Keese, - 76
Hopeless—By Miriam Clyde, - - - - - - 324
Heart Confessions—By Catharine Allan, (*Illustrated*,) 396

In the Church-Yard—By Sylvia A. Lawson, - - 36
"I'm Richer Than You All"—By Helen Augustie Browne, - - - - - - - - - - - 211
In the Dell—By Elizabeth Bouton, - - - - - 401

Life's Stream—By J. S. M'Ewen, - - - - - 123
Love's Contentment—By Finley Johnson, - - - 145
Lines—By Clara Moreton, - - - - - - - 163
Lines—By E. Summers Dana, - - - - - - 229
Lines—By Phila Earle Hardy, - - - - - - 246
Lost Pearls—By Eleanor C. Donnelly, - - - - 299
Love's Fleeting Dream is O'er—By Finley Johnson, - 318
Let Me Sleep—By Sarah P. Alden, - - - - 339
Lost Treasures—By Annie M. Beach, - - - - 394
Lines—By Mrs. Sarah S. Socwell, - - - - - 460
Lines—By C. M., - - - - - - - - - 462
Lines on the Death of a Friend—By Margaret A. B. Scott, - - - - - - - - - 482

Mr. Jonathan Smith—By a New Contributor, - - 43
Mistaken—By Miriam Clyde, - - - - - - 118
My Mother—By Phila Earle Hanly, - - - - 234
My Castle—By Sarah P. Alden, - - - - - 299
Marguerite—By Julia A. Barber, - - - - - 311

Our Sue—By Anna L. Romaine, - - - - - - 54
On the Death of a Child—By Edna Cora, - - - 489

Rupert's Raid—By Charles J. Peterson, - - - 73
Robe Her for the Bridal—By Hester C. Laureate, - 467

Song—Dreams of Thee—By Clarence May, - - - 296
Secret Grief—By Finley Johnson, - - - - - 410

The Pictures on the Wall—By Mrs. M. A. Denison, - 31
The Chamber of Death—By Margaret Lee Rutenbur, - 46

Digitized by Google

The Snow-Mantled Forest—By James Ristine, - - 54
Then and Now—By Miriam Clyde, - - - - - 64
To One Afar—By Edna Cora, - - - - - - - 152
The Dying Christian—By Mary L. Lawson, - - - 154
The Winds—By Clara Moreton, - - - - - - 206
The Mystery of Life—By Elizabeth Bouton, - - 217
The World is Full of Earnest Men—By F. H. Stauffer, 217
The Sea-Gull's Song—By M. L. Tristedt, - - - 256
The Angels and the Flowers—By Mrs. Sarah S. Socwell, - - - - - - - - - - - 256
The Snow—By Sarah E. Judson, - - - - - - 324
There is no Night in Heaven—By Clara Augusta, - 339
To May—By Sarah E. Judson, - - - - - - 374
The Tide is Coming In—By Jonathan P. Haynes, - 380
The Summers—By Mary E. Wilcox, - - - - 467
The Poet—By Julia A. Barber, - - - - - 472
To a Friend Afar—By Mrs. C. H. Criswell, - - - 477

Under the Snow—By Sylvia A. Lawson, - - - 220
Under the Apple-Trees—By Mary E. Wilcox, - - 318
Unsatisfied—By Clara Augusta, - - - - - 452

We Can Forget—By Mrs. C. H. Criswell, - - - 57
Wild Flowers—By Margaret Lee Rutenbur, - - 118
Waiting for Her Lover—By Edward A. Darby, - - 307
"What of the Night?"—By Margaret Lee Rutenbur, - 389

STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

Cobwebs.
Caught in the Snow.
Fashions for January, colored.
The Birds' Nesters.
Fashions for February, colored.
Christ Blessing Little Children.
Fashions for March, colored.
Lion in Love.
Fashions for April, colored.
Heart Confessions.
Fashions for May, colored.
June Roses.
Fashions for June, colored.

COLORED ENGRAVINGS.

Work-Bag or Chair-Seat.
Pattern for Chair-Seat in Berlin Work.
Pattern for Slipper.
Baskets in Crochet.
Bead Mats.
Pattern for Tidy.
Netted Border.
Pattern for top of Glove-Box.
Collar in Crochet.
The Pets: From a Picture by W. Lee.

WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

January Number, Seventy-Nine.
February Number, Fifty-Seven.
March Number, Fifty-Nine.
April Number, Forty-Five.
May Number, Thirty-Five.
June Number, Fifty-Two.

MUSIC.

Zouaves' Quick Step.
"I'm Waiting, Love, I'm Waiting."
The Heath Polka.
Rochester Schottische.
Tic-Tac Polka.
The Triumphant Polka.

Digitized by Google

Drawn by Jules David.

Engraved & Printed by Illman Bros.

CAUGHT IN THE SNOW.

UNIV.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

UNIV. OF MICH.

Digitized by Google

WORK-BAG OR CHAIR-SEAT: PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, JANUARY, 1861.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE FIRST ICE OF THE SEASON.

Digitized by Google

THE VIRGINIA MANTLE.

Digitized by Google

THE GARIBALDI ZOUAVE.

Digitized by Google

THE HENRI QUATRE CLOAK.

Digitized by Google

Bonnette

NAME FOR MARKING.

THE LOUIS QUINZE.

Digitized by Google

HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.

CHILDREN'S WINTER FASHIONS.

Digitized by Google

Susan

NAME FOR MARKING.

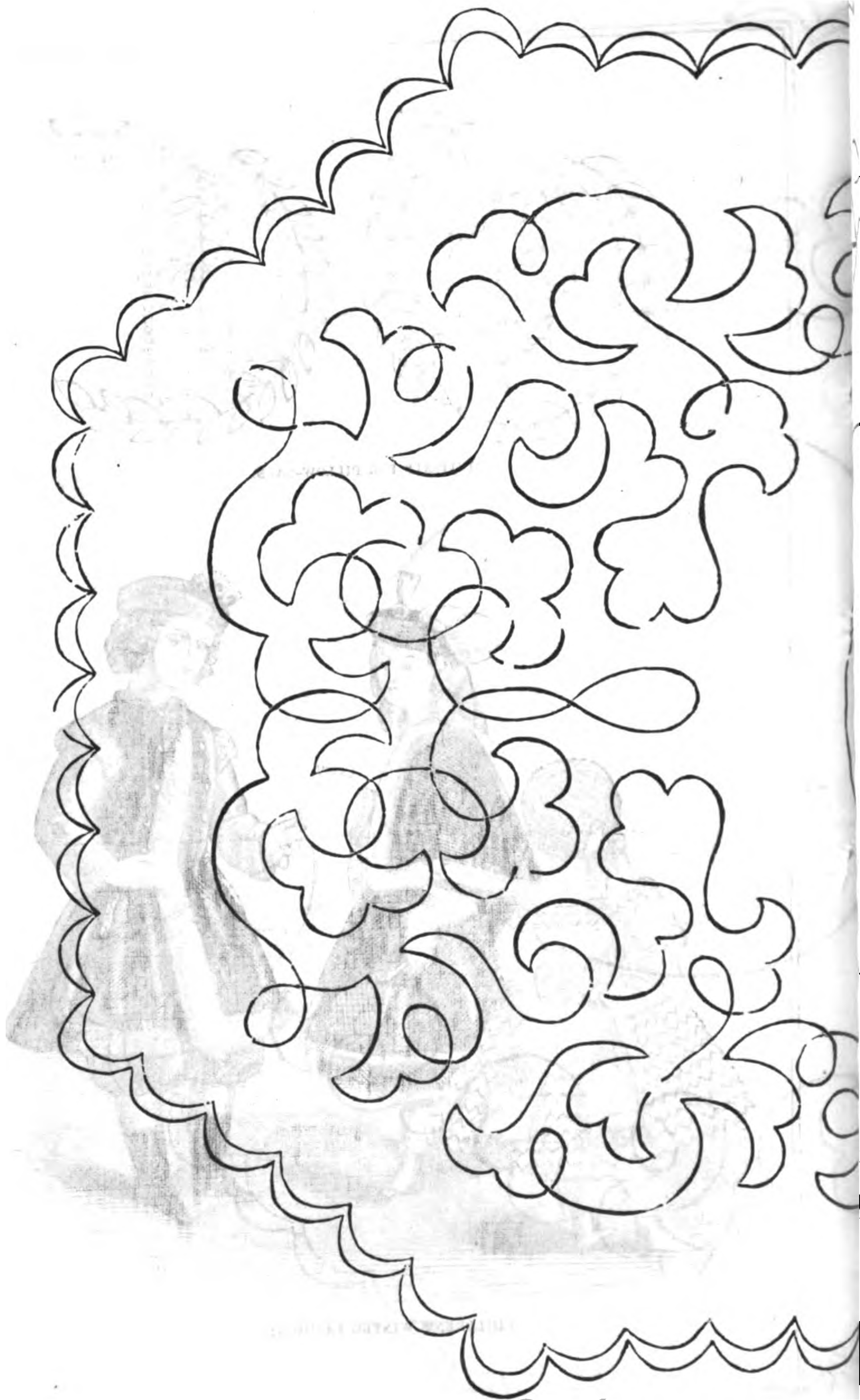
THE GIRDLE DRESS.

Digitized by Google

INITIALS FOR PILLOW-CASE.

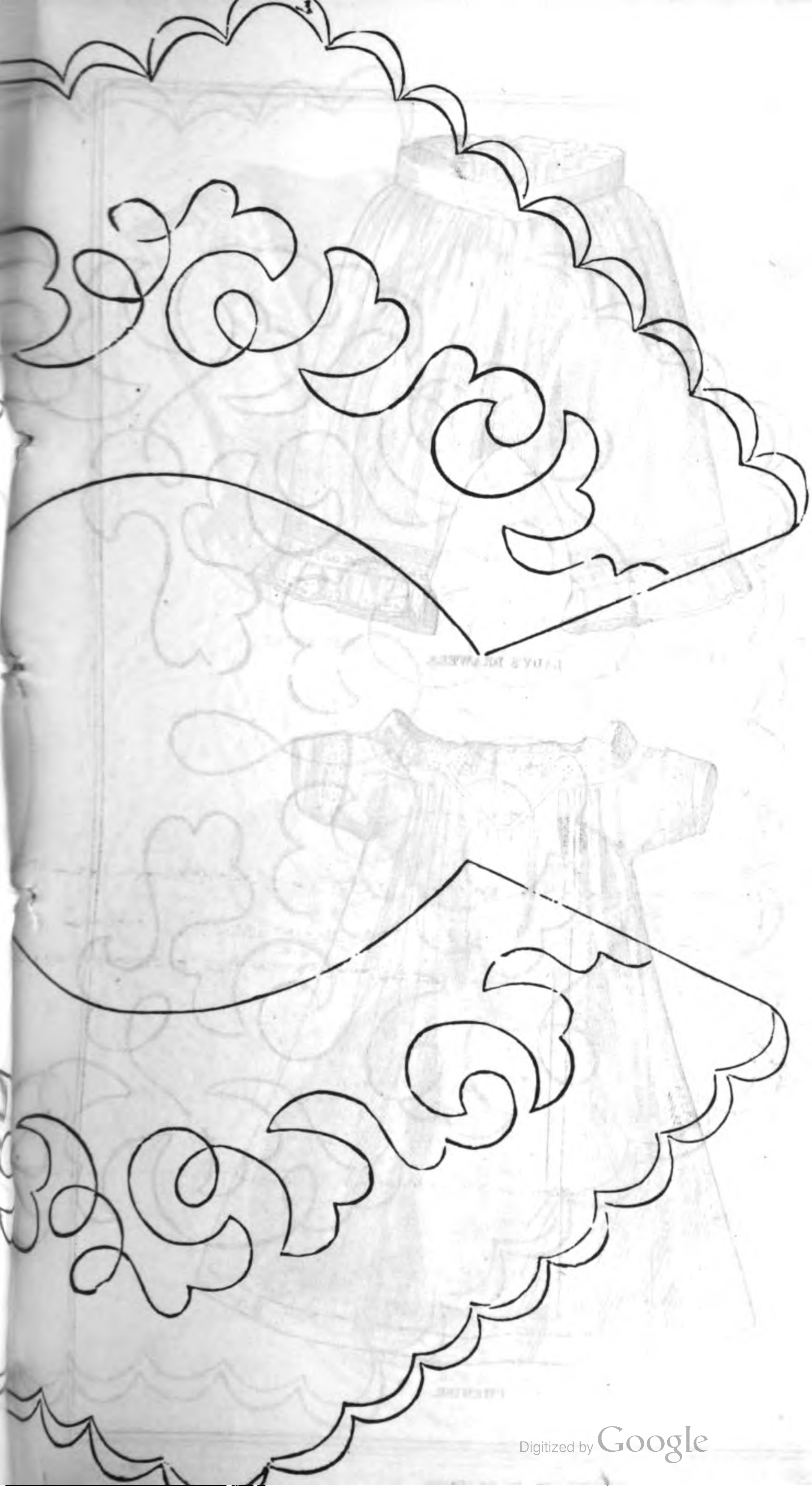
CHILDREN'S WINTER FASHIONS.

Digitized by Google

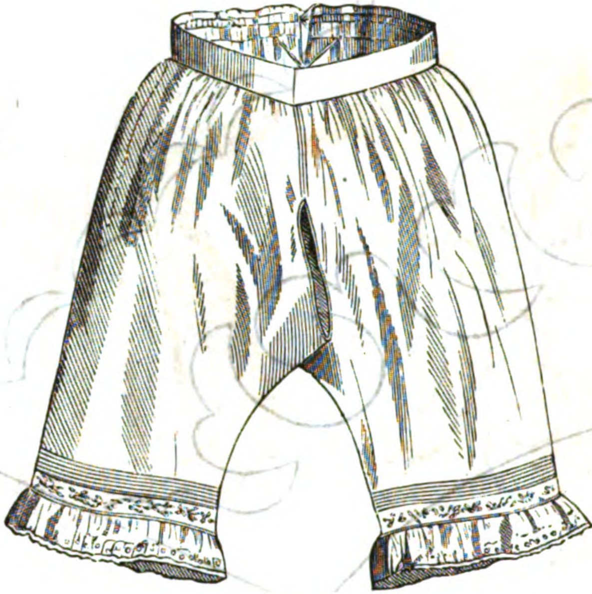


Digitized by Google

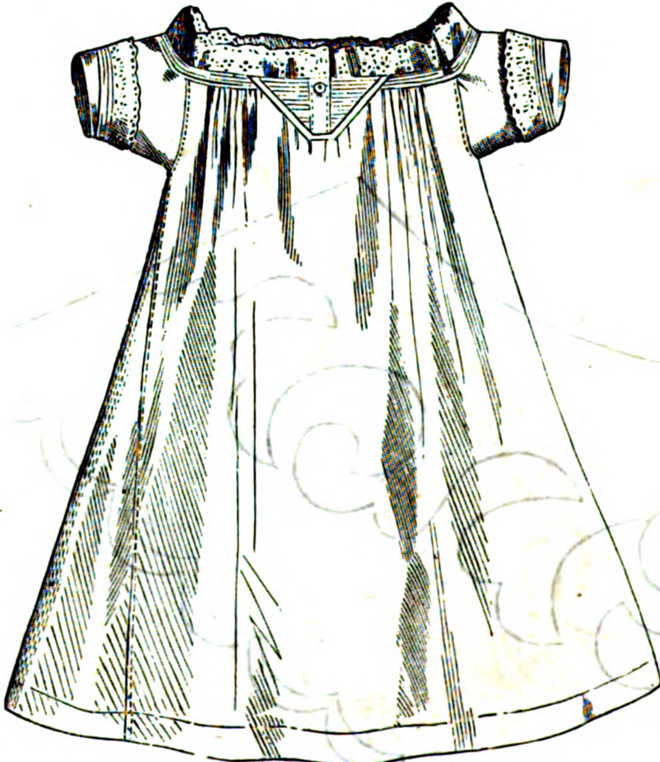
CHILD'S BIB: IN BRAIDING.



Digitized by Google

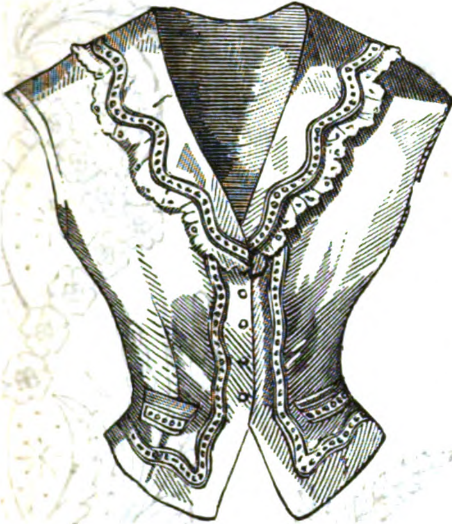


LADY'S DRAWERS.

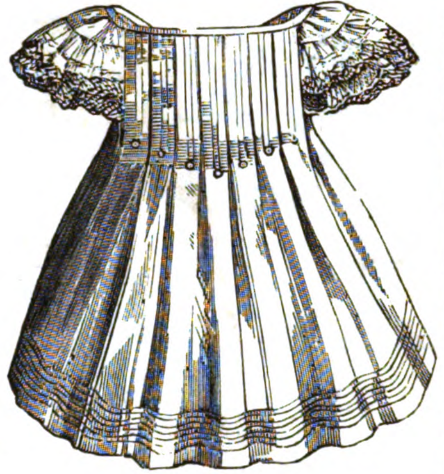


CHEMISE.

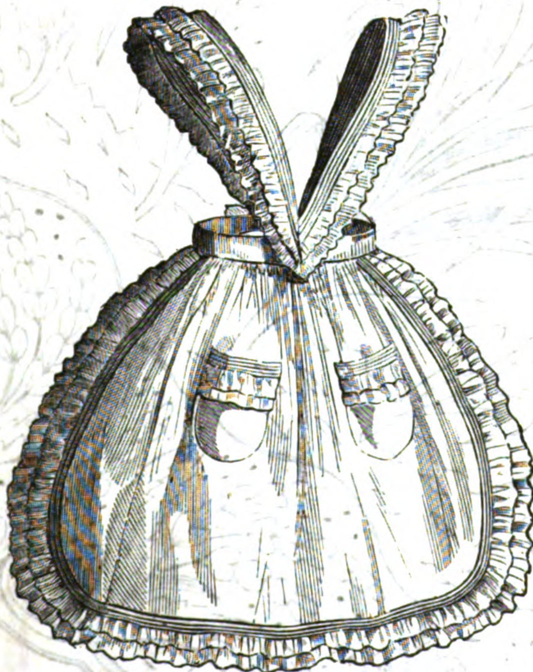
Digitized by Google



LADY'S VEST.



INFANT'S FROCK.



APRON.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PATTERN FOR MORNING DRESS IN SILK EMBROIDERY.

ZOUAVES' QUICK STEP.

ARRANGED BY SEP. WINNER.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF SEP. WINNER, PROPRIETOR OF THE COPYRIGHT.

Piano.

p mf cres. f

Repeat 8va.

p mf p mf

p mf cres. f

Digitized by Google

ff p f ff

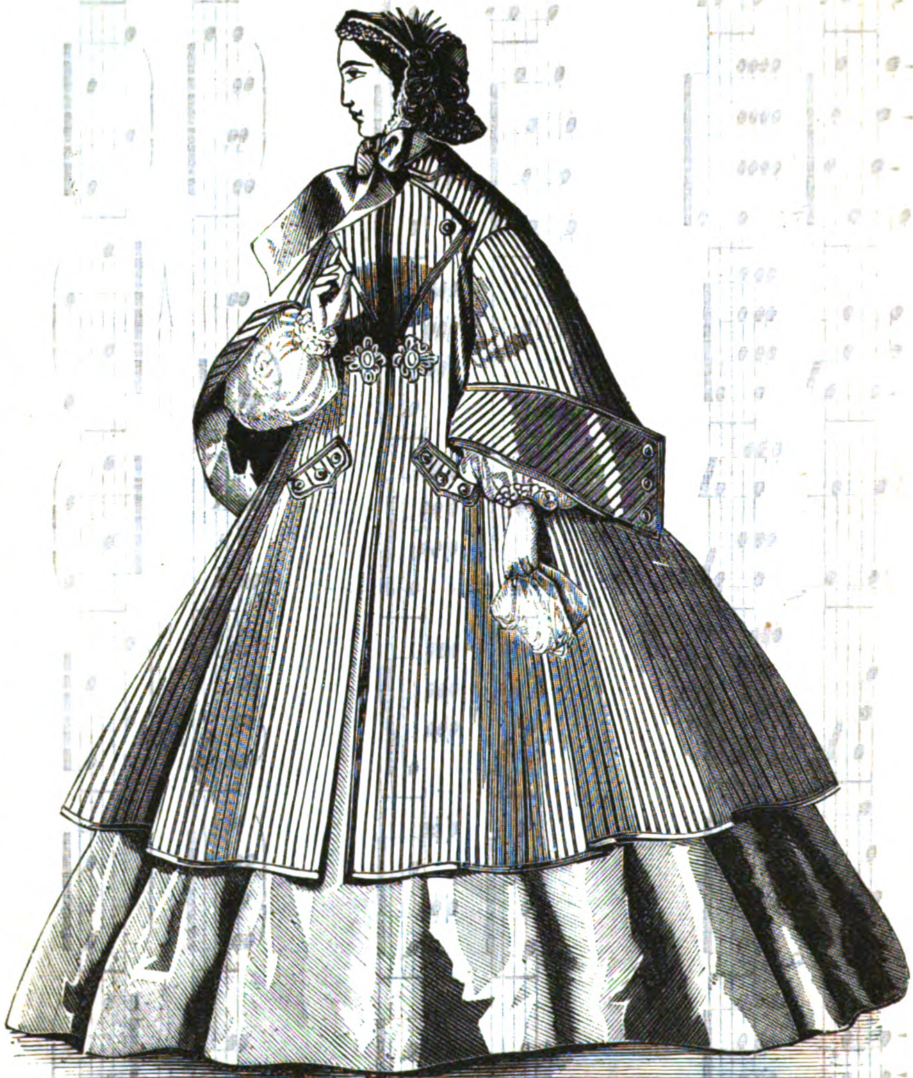
mf f

Dolce.

p

D.C.

Digitized by Google



THE FIFTH AVENUE PALETOT.

Digitized by Google

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXXIX. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1861. No. 1.

CAUGHT IN THE SNOW.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

The dining-room in the house of a New York family of wealth, position, and refinement, is one of the pleasantest places to be found at ten o'clock in the morning of a winter day; and the cosiest dining-room "up town" was that belonging to the residence of Elliott Brooks, Esq., whose very name was uttered with awe by those who were fortunate enough to approach even the outer edge of "society."

The clock had struck ten, and the elegant breakfast-service glittered on the table; but the only occupant of the room was a young lady who sat curled up, school girl fashion, with one foot under her, in a capacious stuffed chair that seemed to have been built for the accommodation of a small family. The foot that peeped forth from her dress was pretty, of course—(for who would dare to write of a heroine with an ugly foot?) and the blue trimming of the slipper exactly matched the peculiar shade of her soft merino dress, which parted in front to display the snowy skirt with its delicate tucks and embroidery.

Carrie Hilsbury was a living illustration of the assertion made by somebody somewhere, that "the American girl at eighteen is the loveliest of human beings;" she was a dainty-looking piece, all smiles and dimples—with lovely, violet-colored eyes, and rich brown hair, that waved back from a low, wide brow, and had a look of being carelessly tucked behind the little, shell-like ears. The rich bloom upon her cheek spoke of unbroken health, and the bright expression of her face told of a cloudless life.

This expression dimpled into the sauciest smile imaginable when a tall, spare, rather forbidding-looking gentleman entered the room; to whom she said,

"Uncle Elliott, how *can* you be so lazy? I am as hungry as two bears waiting for you! I have been up these three hours past."

A very stout, dignified lady entered just in time to hear this last remark; and with a smile that was habitual, she replied,

"When you have passed a little time in society, my love, you will get over this old-fashioned habit of early rising. You are now fresh from a country boarding-school, where your father *would* send you in spite of my opposition."

"I am very glad that he did send me there," said Carrie, in a manner that plainly showed she did not lack determination; "my school days at Putnam have been the happiest ones of my life."

"You are not *over* fifty, are you, my dear?" asked Mrs. Brooks, with an amiable smile.

"I shall never like this horrid New York," continued the young girl, with a pout; "no one appears to have any feeling here—and if you could only have seen the woods at Putnam, aunt Eleanor, when I left there in October—such gorgeous colors, and the delicious fragrance of the dying leaves! Nothing has half so sweet a sound to me as the autumn wind rushing through the trees. Do you remember those beautiful lines in 'Christian Ballads?'

> 'And I heard the gales, through the wildwood aisles,
> Like the Lord's own organ blow.'"

"Shall I send you a piece of beefsteak?" asked Mr. Brooks, for during the progress of the conversation the party had taken their seats at the breakfast-table.

Carrie's face dimpled at the malapropos question; but her uncle saw no occasion for smiling, and had long ago come to the conclusion that girls were always giggling.

"When have you heard from your father?" asked Mr. Brooks, solemnly.

"I had a letter yesterday, sir," was the reply, "he is at Rome now, enjoying his trip very much. He desired to be remembered to you."

Digitized by Google

Mr. Brooks bowed gravely, and addressed himself to his breakfast and his newspaper.

Fifteen years ago, Mr. Hilsbury, then a very young man, had been left a widower, with a child of three years old; and having what his sister Eleanor called ridiculous, old-fashioned notions, the little girl was placed with her mother's sister in the country—until, on the death of her aunt, she was removed to Miss Blidgeham's school at Putnam. In vain Mrs. Brooks advocated the finish of Madame D'Olsey —Mr. Hilsbury preferred country air and sound morals; and his sister's only consolation was to provide the child with a Parisian wardrobe, and cloud the vacations, which were spent at her uncle's, with numerous visits to the dentist's, hair-dresser's and dress-maker's, and lecture her continually on her mode of standing, walking, and sitting.

When the October vacation began, Miss Hilsbury was "finished;" there was no keeping her at school any longer, much to Carrie's sorrow, for her vacation impressions of New York had been by no means favorable. Mr. Hilsbury, who was a man of wealth and leisure, spent a great deal of his time in traveling—now and then making flying visits to New York to see his child; and Carrie felt that her acquaintance with her father was very slight. Now, however, he wrote of coming home very soon to stay; and Carrie loved to dwell on those portions of his letters descriptive of the home of which she was to be the mistress, and the beautiful things that were to be brought from abroad for its adornment.

While Mr. Brooks was busy with his paper, his niece read Mrs. Brooks various extracts from her father's last letter.

"Won't it be delightful, aunt Eleanor?" asked the young girl, enthusiastically, "I shall take such pride in managing papa's house properly—and Miss Blidgeham, you know, used often to let me go into the kitchen and make cake."

Mrs. Brooks smiled benevolently.

"Some one else may require a housekeeper," said she, "before your father returns."

"What do you mean, aunt Eleanor?" asked Carrie, in some perplexity.

"I mean," replied her aunt, "that girls sometimes get married."

"*I* have no idea of doing so," said Carrie, while a bright, indignant color blazed on her cheek, "there is no one in New York worth marrying."

"You have not seen all New York yet," replied Mrs. Brooks, composedly; "there is one 'bright, particular star,' who is to make his appearance here on New-Year's Day for your express benefit."

"Aunt Eleanor," exclaimed Carrie, warmly, "if there is anything that I perfectly detest, it is New-Year's Day in New York! I had a taste of it last year, you know, although I was not exactly 'out.' Sensible men appear like fools, and foolish ones seem still more silly. I am sure I told you of my intended visit to Grace Upland, to get rid of that very institution! Grace was one of my warmest friends at Putnam; and she has replied to my letter in the greatest delight at having me with her again."

"This is really absurd!" replied her aunt, "you are a young lady, now—quite old enough to see something of the world; and Eustace Gilsford, the gentleman of whom I spoke, is not one who goes everywhere. I am not at all sure, yet, of his coming—but Mr. Dillman said that he would try his best to bring him. He is the greatest catch in New York—all the girls are crazy after him, and such a match as that would be something worth making."

"I do not wish to make any match at all," said Carrie, proudly, "but if I ever do marry, it will not be a spoiled, city dandy. This Mr. Gilsford is just the kind of person whom I could hate cordially—and I shall spend New-Year's Day with Grace if only to get rid of him."

Mrs. Brooks' angry disappointment was too deep for words; and she knew that words would be of no avail, for Carrie had unlimited authority from her father to do as she pleased.

Although the entree of the Brooks' Mansion was considered very desirable, it was also regarded as rather formal at dinner-parties and like occasions, for there were no young daughters to give it a cheerful air; and Mrs. Brooks, quite sensible of this want, had hailed the arrival of her pretty young niece, the acknowledged heiress of a wealthy father, with great satisfaction. "My niece, Miss Hilsbury," was seldom off her lips; and although Carrie was just from school, she considered it her duty to get her married as speedily as possible. But Miss Carrie did not prove a very tractable subject; the life of a New York young lady appeared to her a very unmeaning and unpleasant phase of existence, and she looked back to dear old Putnam with regret and longing.

On the day appointed, which was two or three days before the New-Year opened, Carrie turned her back upon New York, much to her aunt's dissatisfaction, and resolutely set her face Putnam-ward. The journey was delightful and exhilarating, even on that cold, December day; and the old red stage at the railroad depot, with

Digitized by Google

its impracticable step and rickety gait, was a pleasant sight.

Grace Upland was the only child of a well-meaning, middle-aged couple, who lived in one of the best houses in Putnam, and were very comfortably off. Grace was a delicate-looking little snow-drop of a thing, whose refined face and manner seemed strangely at variance with her country associations. Her prevailing characteristic was an intense admiration for Carrie Hilsbury; this amounted to a perfect passion, and everything that Carrie said, did, or looked, was, in her friend's eyes, the very perfection of grace and beauty. It was extremely agreeable to be regarded so partially; and Carrie knew that a visit to Putnam would be a very agreeable thing.

The first meeting between the friends was, of course, indescribable—the talkings were interminable, and the embracings rapturous. Carrie declared that dear old Putnam was just the same as ever; to which Grace assented with a sigh, for she would have liked more gayety.

Even the tallow candle that lighted them to bed was pleasantly suggestive to the city visitor; and the old-fashioned clock in the hall came in for a large share of enthusiasm. The great, high-posted bedstead, in which three or four might have slept without touching each other—the tall wardrobe to match—and the funny, little, three-cornered toilet-table, were all old friends; and as the wood blazed and crackled in the fire-place, while the wind kept up a constant song without, Carrie thought how much pleasanter it was than being at uncle Elliott's—although city people generally would have considered it an unpromising season to make a visit in the country.

Mrs. Upland, who had one of those sweet, placid faces that never seem to be ruffled, came in, as usual, to air the night-clothing at the fire, and offer the guest a light, but wholesome repast of mince-pie and doughnuts before retiring, which offer was laughingly declined.

Carrie went to sleep with Grace's hand tightly locked in hers—wishing, not for the first time, that she had a sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Upland appeared to think that their whole duty consisted in promoting the happiness of "the girls," and kinder or more attentive entertainers it was impossible to find. Grace was delighted to have her friend with her, but she could not help wondering how Carrie could leave the city in the midst of the winter gayeties, which appeared to her so irresistibly fascinating.

Every one said that Carrie, with her bright bloom and look of perfect health, was far more like a country girl than Grace; and, as far as their natures were concerned, their positions should have been reversed—for all that Grace appeared so gentle and retiring. Carrie did not scruple to call her friend a rank coward; and many a laugh did she have at her weakness. Grace jumped at the sight of cows, shrieked at strange dogs, and was indescribably wretched at the idea of passing a stray man in the road. This cowardice afforded Carrie an endless subject of amusement; and her rosy, dimpled face, that grew still brighter in the keen winter air, was a picture that continually changed its beauty.

On New-Year's Day, Carrie proposed a long walk; but it was sometime before she could coax Grace from the warm fire in the parlor. The sky was lead-colored, and the air raw and piercing.

"It looks just like snow," said Grace, shivering, "I am afraid that we shall be caught in a storm."

"Well," replied Carrie, laughing, "we are neither sugar nor salt, Gracie, and I perfectly dote upon storms. I hope that we *shall* be caught in one—but I am afraid there is no such good luck in store for us, as I have just discovered enough blue sky to make the 'Dutch sailor,' who is supposed to rule storms, a pair of pantaloons. Come, here are your furs and things—let us be off."

Two prettier creatures had never perambulated the vicinity of Putnam than Grace and Carrie in their winter costume. Of course, the intense, mystical sort of friendship that exists between school girls required that they should dress exactly alike—that is, as much alike as Grace's dependance upon the less skillful country dress-maker and milliner permitted; and the jaunty little hats, with bows and plumes—the stylish dresses, with deep capes to match—the diminutive muffs, and inevitable Balmorals—and the kid boots with astonishing heels, for neither of the damsels was as tall as she aspired to be, were pronounced by Melinda, "the kitchen girl," to be as much alike as two peas—although two peas are often widely different.

Grace's especial pet, a ridiculous little dog, *mis*-named "Beauty," was of the party; and he trotted along, apparently executing the most difficult manœuvres to put himself in the way. This was almost the only living creature of which Grace was not afraid; and although Carrie could not bestow much affection on the absurd, little object, she tolerated him to encourage her friend.

Digitized by Google

Grace complained bitterly of the cold, and wished herself back by the comfortable fire; but Carrie pronounced it "splendid," and ran down the hills, and climbed over the fences in such exhilaration of spirits that it almost wearied Grace to look at her.

At last, it began to snow—great, thick flakes that nearly blinded them; and they hastily retraced their steps, although Carrie protested that she should like nothing better than to remain out-of-doors, and said that she perfectly longed for some kind of an adventure.

They were just passing the edge of a piece of woods, where the thick, gnarled trees spread their branches over the road, and Grace whispered, with a shudder, that a murder had once been committed there—when Beauty suddenly gave a startling, terrific sort of bark, and Grace exclaimed, in a terrified voice,

"There's a *man!*"

Such objects were scarce in Putnam, and Carrie turned to survey the singular creature.

At this moment there was a flash—a report—and the two girls sank to the ground insensible.

A man who was driving a hay-wagon at a little distance came to their aid; but he of the gun had made his escape. It was very soon discovered that Grace was uninjured, beyond a severe fright; but Carrie's arm was the recipient of some small shot that was anything but agreeable. She was a brave little creature, and bore up well under the pain and terror; but the indignation of Mrs. Upland was beyond all expression.

Carrie was immediately deposited in the softest of beds in the state bed-room—which was a more honorable lodging, to be sure, but not half so easy or familiar as the room that had been shared with Grace; and the country doctor, who talked through his nose, and under the additional disadvantage of a chronic quid of tobacco—but who, nevertheless, understood his business—took the arm in hand with the greatest alacrity, for such jobs were unusual windfalls.

Mr. Upland was justice of the peace; and having indignantly talked the matter over, he came to the conclusion that it was an outrageous piece of business—as useless and unprovoked a cruelty as shooting canary birds—and that "the man *ought* to be punished, there were no two ways about it." But as the man had run away, this was not an easy matter.

Carrie would not allow them to alarm her aunt and uncle; the arm was doing very well, and there was no need of sending for Mrs. Brooks, who was all flutter and excitement in a sick-room, and of no manner of use except to sail around and look grand. Grace's loving care was much preferable, except that she had a nervous way of bursting into tears whenever she looked at the injured arm; and Mrs. Upland treated Carrie, as tender-hearted people are apt to treat sick ones, as though she had been a child of five years old.

"What sort of looking creature *was* the man, Gracie?" asked the sufferer, with the natural curiosity of girls of eighteen.

"Oh! a horrid-looking object!" replied Grace, shuddering, "I can't bear to speak of him!"

"Was he old or young?" persisted Carrie, in spite of this remark.

"I cannot tell," replied Grace, "all that I know about him is, that he looked just like a murderer."

"I can't imagine what he shot me for," continued Carrie.

"Natural ugliness, I guess," observed Mrs. Upland, "some people are so hateful that they'll attack any one who comes along. I remember my uncle Joshua, who had a terrible temper—"

At this juncture, Melinda called Mrs. Upland out of the room, and Carrie lost the account of uncle Joshua's evil doings.

Mrs. Upland staid down stairs sometime; and when she returned, her face wore an expression of intense astonishment.

"The murderer is here," said she, quite oblivious of the fact that Carrie was alive and flourishing, "and wants to see you. He declares it was all an accident—but *I* don't believe him."

"Poor man!" said Carrie, pityingly, "I dare say he has been unhappy ever since. What does he look like?"

"*I* don't like his looks," replied Mrs. Upland; but as this was rather indefinite, Carrie concluded to see for herself.

She was lying on the sofa, in the prettiest of white dressing-gowns, while a broad, blue ribbon supported the injured arm; and although the rich bloom on her cheek was considerably dimmed, she seemed to look all the more lovely. A mass of tangled-looking curls were floating over the pillow on which she leaned, because Grace, who now took Carrie's toilet entirely upon herself, declared that they looked picturesque. She expected to see a clumsy countryman, who would stammer out his regrets in the most awkward manner: and she resolved to be as kind to the poor man as possible.

Mrs. Upland entered the room with a severe air, rather timidly followed by a tall, elegant-looking man, of about twenty-five, with dark, expressive eyes, and a slight moustache. He

Digitized by Google

appeared spell-bound at the vision of beauty that met his sight; and the color returned suddenly to Carrie's cheek beneath the admiring gaze that rested on her. She saw tears, too, in the eyes that were bent upon her; and there is no withstanding the sight of tears in a man. The stranger's cause was pleaded before he had opened his lips; and Carrie was almost ready to say, "You may shoot me as much as you please, if it will be any comfort to you."

The gentleman approached the couch in a reverential manner, as he said, "I feel your kindness very deeply, Miss Hilsbury, in granting this interview to a person who has caused you so much suffering—but I need not say how unintentional it was on my part, although I shall never cease to deplore my clumsiness."

Carrie murmured something that sounded like consolation; and the stranger continued,

"I had gone out to shoot partridges, and, happening to stand on the outskirt of the wood as you passed, I was naturally surprised at such a vision in a lonely country place. The sudden barking of the dog startled me—and, before I knew what had happened, my gun went off, and you were both lying on the ground. I am visiting a friend, whose country-seat is a short distance from the village; and, not knowing how much mischief I had done, I started for his dwelling to procure proper assistance—but when I returned, there were no traces of my victims. As soon as I could discover your name and residence, I hastened to report myself; and I am very glad indeed to find that the injury is less than I expected—although quite enough to cause me life-long remorse."

The gentleman expressed himself very fluently, but his concern at what he termed "his unpardonable carelessness," was painful to witness; and Carrie hastened to assure him that her arm was scarcely troublesome at all, and that it was rather pleasant than otherwise to be just sick enough to be waited on.

"Your kindness only makes me more uncomfortable," replied the stranger, "and if you can make me useful in any way, I shall feel very grateful."

Carrie thanked him with a sweet smile, as she replied that she was already overwhelmed with attention; and Grace, who had hitherto remained in a state of silent admiration, declared that the accident was all Beauty's fault for barking in such an unwarrantable manner. She was rewarded with a bow and smile that quite disturbed her serenity; and she almost wished that it had been she, instead of Carrie, who was wounded.

Although disposed to prolong the visit indefinitely, the gentleman was fully aware that a long stay, under the circumstances, would be intrusive; but, as he took his departure, he requested permission to call occasionally and inquire as to the progress of his victim, which could not reasonably be refused.

"Gracie!" exclaimed Carrie, as soon as the door had closed upon the visitor, "you are the most stupid child I ever saw! (Carrie was five months the eldest.) The idea of calling that splendid man a horrid creature, and saying that he looked just like a murderer!"

"Well, I was so frightened," pleaded Grace, "that I could not see him well—and besides, he had a hideous fur cap on his head—that always makes people look ferocious. I shouldn't say that *now*. How very different he is from our few distressed beaux!"

"What did he say his name was?" asked Carrie.

"I don't know," replied Grace, rather bewildered, "I don't think I heard it."

Mrs. Upland and Melinda were both questioned; but, as no one could recollect his name, Melinda said that "she guessed it was French"

That very afternoon, a huge, pyramidal bouquet of fragrant exotics, and a basket of hot-house grapes, were sent to "Miss Hilsbury," who had little difficulty in guessing the donor; and Grace, who was addicted to novels, declared, with a sigh, that it began to look very romantic. Poor Grace! this was the very hero for whom she had been waiting ever since she was fifteen; and now that he had come, it seemed hard that he should be at once appropriated by her friend.

The gentleman made his appearance again the next day; and Carrie's eye and cheek gave token of her pleasure at his coming. He had brought with him a box of rare mosaics for the young ladies' amusement; and from the pocket of his overcoat was produced a volume of Lowell.

"Have you ever read the 'Vision of Sir Launfal?'" said he. "If you have not, perhaps you will permit me to read it to you."

"I have read it," replied Carrie, "but not lately—I should like very much to hear it again. I always meant to learn that description of a day in June."

Grace was perfectly spell-bound by the stranger's voice; it was what novelists call "thrilling," and every syllable was distinctly uttered. "The Vision of Sir Launfal," beautiful as it is, gained new beauty from such reading; and the girls were almost ready to sob at the conclusion.

The visitor seemed perfectly to understand

Digitized by Google

the art of departing while the pleasure derived from his presence was at its height, so he rose and left.

"What is his name?" asked Carrie again.

"I have not the least idea," replied Grace, "I never thought of it."

No one in the house was any wiser.

"I hope that his first name is Horace, or something like that," observed Grace.

"*I* don't," replied Carrie; "Philip would suit him a great deal better—it is so strong and manly."

"*I*'ll get his name out of him the very next time that he comes," said Melinda, with great determination.

On his next visit the gentleman was taken into the parlor; and as Melinda turned to go up stairs, she said very naturally, "What name shall I take up?"

"Tell the ladies that it is the gentleman who was here yesterday," replied the visitor.

Melinda was completely baffled, and gave it as her opinion that the gentleman had some horrid name that he was ashamed of.

Carrie had no idea that a convalescence could be so pleasant; and she dreaded getting perfectly well, because that implied returning to New York Flowers, and fruit, and books were arriving daily; and the gentleman without a name appeared to be unhappy unless he was doing something to show his regret for what had happened.

The days seemed to fly; but at last, there came a letter from Mrs. Brooks, with the announcement that the steamer in which Mr. Hilsbury had sailed was expected daily. Of course, Carrie prepared for an immediate departure; much to Grace's regret, for more reasons than one.

The gentleman, whose name by some strange fatality had never been discovered, whispered, as he assisted the young lady into the carriage, "We shall meet again in the city."

Carrie was folded in her father's arms as soon as she arrived; and when she was sufficiently at her ease to examine him, she found that her papa was one of the most elegant-looking men she had ever seen, scarcely excepting her Putnam acquaintance, and so youthful in appearance, that she almost wondered if he would like to have such a great girl calling him father.

But this feeling was soon dissipated by Mr. Hilsbury's affectionate manner. He repeated the word "daughter" as though he loved to dwell upon it, and would scarcely permit Carrie to leave his sight.

All was bustle and confusion during the days that succeeded before they were settled in their own house. Numerous boxes had accompanied Mr. Hilsbury, and the beautiful things that they contained were sufficient to elate any ordinary girl of eighteen; but Mrs. Brooks noticed, with surprise, that Carrie was by no means the same that she had been before that visit to Putnam. There was something at the bottom of this that was yet to be explained; for Carrie's enthusiasm about a home appeared to have subsided, and all the preparations into which her father entered with such zest were rather tolerated than participated in.

About a week after Carrie's return, she entered the drawing-room, one evening, in a listless frame of mind; and seeing her aunt in conversation with a gentleman was about to withdraw—but Mrs. Brooks detained her by saying,

"Carrie, my love, let me introduce Mr. Gilsford—my niece, Miss Hilsbury."

"My niece, Miss Hilsbury," stood, with crimson cheeks, quite unable to do anything that was expected of her, and Mr. Gilsford murmured something about having had the pleasure of meeting Miss Hilsbury before; but Mrs. Brooks was completely puzzled, and her manner plainly demanded an explanation.

"Has not Miss Hilsbury mentioned to you the accident she met with at Putnam?" asked Mr. Gilsford, in some surprise.

"No," replied Mrs. Brooks, with an injured air, "I have heard of no accident whatever."

"I had the misfortune to shoot the young lady on New-Year's Day," continued Mr. Gilsford, "and her magnanimity now is just what it was then."

Mrs. Brooks was shocked beyond all expression. "Carrie hurt, and she not informed of it! How very incomprehensible!" And Carrie had considerable trouble in soothing down her wounded feelings.

But Mr. Gilsford," asked Mrs. Brooks, "what took *you* to such a place as Putnam on New-Year's Day, of all days in the year?"

"Because I detest New-Year's Day in the city," replied Mr. Gilsford, "and my friend, Mr. Raynor, being of the same mind, we betook ourselves to his father's country-seat, which had been abandoned to the servants—and there we enjoyed ourselves finely until the unlucky *contretemps* which has given me cause both for regret and pleasure."

Carrie saw a smile hovering around her aunt's mouth during the whole evening; and when they separated for the night, Mrs. Brooks' parting embrace was more than usually affectionate.

Digitized by Google

Carrie's thoughts on the road to bed all centred in one subject; and that was that the hero of Putnam should actually be the Mr. Gilsford who had partly driven her off! It was very queer certainly, and decidedly provoking. She had no idea that there could be so much to admire in "a great catch."

A pretty English basement house, neither inordinately large nor inconveniently small, and *not* on Fifth avenue, was purchased at once by Mr. Hilsbury; and in a very short time, the father and daughter were settled in their new abode. It was delightfully comfortable-looking; and all the arrangements were such as could only proceed from a refined taste. Carrie felt somewhat guilty when she heard her father say that everything had been selected with a view to *her* comfort and pleasure; but it was not long before Mr. Hilsbury began to suspect that there was a conspiracy afloat to deprive him of his housekeeper.

Poor Grace was quite wretched, for Putnam now seemed duller than ever; and she wrote her friend such a moving letter, that Carrie at once asked permission to invite her to the city. Mr. Hilsbury granted a ready consent; and Grace was speedily transferred from Putnam to New York.

She pronounced Carrie's home a perfect paradise; and testified such respectful admiration of Mr. Hilsbury's taste and acquirements, that she was at once established in his good graces. Her visit was indefinitely prolonged; the father and mother at Putnam feeling quite satisfied that their darling was enjoying herself—and Mr. Hilsbury was glad to have a companion for his daughter, and not at all displeased at the deferential attention with which he was always listened to by his young guest.

The only satisfaction that was received from Mr. Gilsford respecting his concealment of his name, was that, at first, he felt ashamed to have it known—and afterward, he became curious to see how long it could be withheld. Grace had quite recovered from her *penchant* for her friend's lover, and came to the conclusion that her proper *beau-ideal* was a man whom she could look up to. There was such a tone of fatherly kindness mingled with Mr. Hilsbury's politeness that she was perfectly charmed; and, before long, she began to regard him as the incarnation of all excellence.

Mr. and Mrs. Upland, however, were considerably surprised when they heard that Grace had been invited to fill the place which Carrie was about to vacate, and that she was willing to accept it; but when they knew Mr. Hilsbury, they did not so much wonder at it. Carrie approved of her father's choice; for she knew that, while Grace would be petted and indulged like a favorite child, the young girl's natural dignity would aid her to fulfill properly her duties as mistress of such an establishment. Mr. Hilsbury said laughingly that Grace quietly slid into his heart when nothing was farther from his thoughts; and as Carrie was ungratefully leaving him, he thought it would be a pleasant thing to have a young wife to lecture.

And so, upon the whole, a great deal came of being CAUGHT IN THE SNOW.

THE PICTURES ON THE WALL.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

A YEAR its vigil hours had kept
  Since in her youth and pride
An earl's sweet wife unconscious slept,
  Death's cold but peerless bride;
And now her child, with heavy heart,
  Trod her ancestral halls;
She sought a face that smiled apart
  From pictures on the walls.

How dear the glance that speaking fell
  Soft answering to her own!
How eloquent the silent spell
  O'er that mute canvas thrown!
She thought how oft that silvery tongue
  Had held a witching thrall—
Ah! many a heart before they hung
  Her picture on the wall.

She well remembers how in state
  Her lady-mother slept,
While fond friends mourned her early fate,
  And strong men bowed and wept;
She sees again in fancy stand
  The limner, proud and tall,
As springs to life beneath his hand
  That picture on the wall.

Those pictures! oh! 'tis sweet to know,
  Though dead, they answer yet;
Sweet to possess through weal and woe
  The forms she might forget;
And every day as soft she sings
  Where joy or duty calls,
She treasures as most holy things
  The pictures on the walls.

Digitized by Google

"COBWEBS."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MRS. SMITH'S PARTY."

"Hist! look there."

The speaker was one of two young men, who had come up to the mountains, on a pedestrian and sketching expedition, from Philadelphia. As he spoke, he laid his hand on his companion's arm.

The person he addressed, looked and saw a little girl, about ten years old, advancing along an old blackberry path. She was brown as a berry, from exposure to the sun; and her feet and arms were bare; but there was a grace about her, as she came tripping forward, that a princess might have envied.

Just in front of her, a spider had spun his trap across the path, and, as the young man spoke, she slightly stooped her head, and raising her hands, pushed the cobwebs aside. It was this artless, natural movement, which completed the picture.

"I should like to paint her," said he who had spoken.

"What! love at first sight?" answered his companion, laughing. "To think of the fastidious Clarence losing his heart to a sun-burnt fairy. You are eighteen, and she about ten—oh! you can afford to wait."

This conversation had been carried on in whispers. The child, still advancing, had, by this time, come opposite to the two young men. On seeing them, she stopped, and stared curiously at them, as a young deer, that had never been hunted, may be supposed to stop and regard the first stranger that enters the forest. Her bright, speaking face, as she thus stood, gracefully arrested, was not less beautiful, in its way, than her lithe figure.

"My dear," said the last speaker, "would you like to be made into a picture? My friend here is a painter, and will give you a dollar, if you will let him sketch you."

The child looked from the speaker to his friend. Something, in the latter's face, seemed to restore the natural confidence, which the free-and-easy air of the other had, for the moment, shaken. She drew, coyly, up to him, as if for protection.

"I have read of pictures," said she, gazing up into his face, "but never saw one. Is it a real picture of me you will make?"

The artless, appealing manner of the child went to the young man's heart. He would as soon have joined in bantering her as in bantering a sister. He took her hand, as he replied,

"I will make as good a picture of you as I can, if you will let me. A picture like one of these."

And he opened his portfolio, which contained various sketches.

"Oh! how beautiful!" cried the child. It was evident that a new world was opened to her. She gazed, breathlessly, at sketch after sketch, till the last had been examined, and then heaved a deep sigh.

"Please, sir," she said, timidly, at last, "will you give me my picture when you have painted it?"

"No," interposed the other young man, "but we will give you a dollar."

She turned on the speaker, let go the hand she had been holding, and drew herself up with sudden haughtiness.

"I don't want your dollar," she said, with proud delicacy.

She was turning to escape, when the artist, recovering her hand, said, soothingly,

"Never mind him, my dear. I will paint two pictures, and give you one. Come, will that do?"

Reassured, the child took the position indicated to her, and Clarence Harvard, for that was the young artist's name, began rapidly painting. Before noon, two hasty sketches, in oil were finished.

"There," he said, drawing a long breath, "you have been as quiet as a little mouse; and I'm a thousand times obliged to you. Take that home," and he handed her the sketch, "and maybe, some of these days, you'll think of him who gave it to you."

"That I will, all my life long," artlessly said the child, gazing rapturously on her new possession, with an enthusiasm, partly born of the artist-soul within her, and partly the result of a child's pride in what is its own especial property.

"Oh! yes," interposed the other youth, "you'll promise to be his wife, some day, won't you, Miss Cobwebs?"

Digitized by Google

The child's eyes flashed as she turned on the speaker. Her instinct, from the first, had made her dislike this sneering man. She stamped her pretty foot, and retorted, saucily,

"I'll never be yours, at any rate, you old snapping-turtle," and, as if expecting to have her ears boxed, if caught, she darted away, disappearing, rapidly, down the path whence she had come.

Clarence Harvard broke into a merry laugh, in which, after a moment of anger, his companion joined him.

"You deserved it richly," said Clarence. "It's a capital nickname too. I shall call you nothing else, after this, than Snapping-turtle."

"Hang the jade!" was the reply. "One wouldn't think she was so smart. But what a shrew she'll make! I pity the clod-hopper she marries; she'd hen-peck him out of all peace, and send him to an early grave."

Nothing more was said, for, at that moment, a dinner-horn sounded, and the young men rose to return to the road-side inn, where they had stopped the night before. Their time was limited, and that evening, knapsack on back, they were miles away from the scene of the morning. A week later they were both home in the city, Clarence hard at work perfecting himself in art, and his companion delving at Coke and Blackstone.

Years passed. Clarence Harvard had risen to be an artist of eminence. His pictures were the fashion: he was the fashion himself. Occasionally, as he turned over his older sketches, he would come upon "Cobwebs," as he was accustomed, laughingly, to call the sketch of the child; and then, for a moment, he would wonder what had become of the original; but, except on these rare occasions, he never even thought of her.

Not so with the child herself. Nellie Bray was a poor orphan, the daughter of a decayed gentleman, who, after her father's death, had been adopted by a maternal uncle, living on a wild, upland farm among the Alleghanies. Her childhood, from her earliest recollection, had been spent amid the drudgery of a farm. This rude, but free life had given her the springy step and ruddy cheek, which had attracted the young artist's attention; but it had failed to satisfy the higher aspirations of her nature, aspirations which had been born in her blood, and which came of generations of antecedent culture. The first occasion on which these higher impulses had found congenial food was when she had met the young artist. She carried her sketch home, and would never part with it. His refined, intellectual face haunted all her day-dreams. From that hour a new element entered into her life: she became conscious that there were other people, beside the dull, plodding ones with whom her lot had been cast; she aspired to rise to the level of such; all her leisure hours were spent in studying; gradually, through her influence, her uncle's household grew more or less refined; and finally, her uncle himself became ambitious for Nelly, and, as he had no children, consented, at his wife's entreaty, to send the young girl to a first-class boarding-school.

At eighteen the bare-footed rustic, whom the young artist had sketched, had dawned into a beautiful and accomplished woman, who, after having carried off the highest prizes at school, was the belle of the county town, near which her uncle's possessions lay. For, meantime, that uncle had been growing rich, like most prudent farmers, partly from the rise in the value of lands, and partly from the judicious investments of his savings.

But in spite of her many suitors, Nelly had never yet seen a face, that appeared to her half so handsome as the manly one of the young artist, whose kind, gentle words and manner, eight years before, had lived in her memory ever since. Often, after a brilliant company, where she had been queen of the evening, she found herself wondering, in her chamber, if she should ever see that face again.

"Are you going to the ball, next week?" said one of Nelly's friends to her. "They say it is to be the most splendid affair we have ever had. My brother tells me that Mr. Mowbray, the eloquent young lawyer from Philadelphia, who is in the great will case here, is to be present."

"I expect to go," was the answer. "But Mr. Mowbray being there won't be the inducement."

"Oh! you are so beautiful, you can afford to be indifferent. But all the other girls are dying at the very thought."

The ball came off, and was really superb. Mr. Mowbray was there, too, with all his laurels. The "great will case," which had agitated the country for so many months, had been concluded that very day, and been decided in favor of his client. No such speech as Mr. Mowbray's, it was universally admitted, had ever been heard in the court-house. Its alternate wit and argument had carried the jury by storm, so that they had given a verdict without leaving the box. The young lawyer, at that ball, was like a hero fresh from the battle-field. A hundred fair eyes followed his form, a hundred fair bosoms beat quicker as he approached. But he saw only

Digitized by Google

one, in all that brilliant assembly—and it was Nelly. Her graceful form, her intelligent face, her style and beauty, arrested him, the moment he entered: he saw that she had no peer in the room; and he devoted himself to her, almost exclusively, throughout the evening.

Nor had Nelly ever shone so brilliantly. She could not but feel that it was a great compliment, to be thus singled out from among so many. But she had another motive for exerting herself to shine. At the very first glance, she had recognized, in Mr. Mowbray, the companion of the artist who had sketched her eight years back. In hopes to hear something of his friend, she turned the conversation upon art, the city, childhood, and everything else that she thought might be suggestive: but in vain. She could not be more definite, because she wished to conceal her own identity, for it was evident Mr. Mowbray did not know her: besides her natural delicacy shrank from inquiring about a perfect stranger.

The next day, as soon as etiquette allowed, Mr. Mowbray was seen driving up to the farm. Nelly appeared, beautifully attired in a neat morning dress, and looking so fresh and sparkling, in spite of the late hours of the night before, that it could hardly be considered flattery, when her visitor assured her that she looked lovelier than her loveliest roses. Mr. Mowbray was full of regrets at the cruel fate, which, he said, compelled him to return to the city. He could not conceal his joy, when Nelly's aunt, inadvertently, and to Nelly's secret annoyance, let out the fact, that, in the fall, Nelly was to pay a visit to an old school-mate in Philadelphia, Miss May Stanley.

"Ah! indeed," cried the visitor, and his face flushed with pleasure. "I am so delighted. I have the honor to know Miss Stanley. You will be quite at home in her set," he added, bowing to Nelly, "for it is, by common consent, the most cultivated in the city."

Nelly bowed coldly. Her old distrust in the speaker had revived again. Through all the polish of his manner, and in spite of his deferential admiration, she recognized the same sneering spirit, which believed in nothing true or good, from which she had shrunk instinctively when a child. During the interview, she was civil, but no more. She could not, however, avoid being beautiful; nor could she help speaking with the intelligence and spirit which always characterized her conversation: and so Mr. Mowbray went away, more in love than ever.

A few months later found Nelly domiciled, for the winter, in Philadelphia. Hardly had she changed her traveling dress, when her friend came into her chamber.

"I want you to look your prettiest, to-night," said Miss Stanley, "for I expect a crowd of beaux, and, among them, Mr. Mowbray, the brilliant young lawyer, and Mr. Harvard. The former claims to have met you, and raves everywhere about your beauty. The latter, who is the great artist, and very critical, laughs at his friend's enthusiasm, and says he'd bet you're only a common rustic, with cheeks like peonies. So I wish you to convert the heretic."

"Only a common rustic," said Nelly to herself, haughtily: and she resolved to be as beautiful as possible. Perhaps, too, there was a half-formed resolve to bring the offender to her feet, in revenge.

A great surprise awaited her. When she entered the drawing-room, that evening, the first stranger she saw was the identical Clarence, who had painted her as a bare-footed little girl; and then, for the first time, it flashed upon her that this was the great artist who had spoken so contemptuously of her charms. Her notion proved correct, for Miss Stanley, immediately advancing, presented the stranger to her as Mr. Harvard. A glance into his face reassured Nelly of his identity, and satisfied her that he had not recognized her; and then she turned away, after a haughty courtesy, to receive the eager felicitations of Mr. Mowbray.

There were conflicting feelings at war in her bosom that evening. All her old romance about Clarence was warred upon by her indignation, as a belle, at his slighting remarks and at his present indifference. For he had made no attempt to improve his introduction, but left her entirely to the crowd of other beaux, prominent among whom was Mr. Mowbray. Piqued and excited, Nelly was even more beautiful and witty than usual. Late in the evening, she consented, at Miss Stanley's request, to play and sing. She first dashed off some brilliant waltzes: then played bits of a few operas; and, at last, at Mr. Mowbray's solicitation, sang several ballads. Few persons had such a sympathetic voice, and Clarence, who was passionately fond of music, drew near fascinated. After singing, "And are ye sure the news is true?" "Bonnie Dundee," and others which had been asked for, Clarence said,

"And may I, too, ask for my favorite?"

"Certainly," she answered, with the least bit of hauteur. "What is it?"

"Oh! too sad, perhaps, for so gay a company: 'The Land of the Leal.' I hardly dare hope you'll consent."

Digitized by Google

It was her favorite also, and her voice slightly trembled, as she began. From this, or some other cause, she sang the words, as even she had never sang them before; and, when she finished, her eyes were full of tears. She would have given much to have seen Clarence's face, but she could not trust herself to look up; and partly to conceal her emotion, partly by a sudden impulse, she struck into the *miserere* of "Il Trovatore." Nobody there had ever before realized the full tragedy of that saddest, yet most beautiful dirge. Even the selfish heart of Mr. Mowbray was affected. When the last chord had died away, he was the first to speak, and was profuse in admiration and thanks. But Clarence said nothing. Nelly, at last looking toward him, saw that his eyes had been dim as well as her own. She felt that his silence was the most eloquent of compliments, and from that hour forgave him having called her a "common rustic."

Clarence soon became a constant visitor at Mr. Stanley's. But he always found Mr. Mowbray there before him, who endeavored, in every way, to monopolize Nelly's attention. Reserved, if not absolutely haughty, Clarence left the field generally to his rival; and Nelly, half-indignant, was sometimes tempted to affect a gayety in Mr. Mowbray's company, which she was far from feeling. Occasionally, however, Clarence would assert his equal right to share the society of Miss Stanley's guest, and at such times, his eloquent talk soon eclipsed that of even the brilliant advocate. As Nelly said, in her secret heart, it was Ruskin against Voltaire. And the more Clarence engaged in these conversations, the more he felt, that, for the first time in his life, he had met one who understood him.

One morning, the footman came up to the little, paneled boudoir, where Nelly and her friend were sitting, saying that Mr. Mowbray was in the parlor and solicited a private interview with the former. Nelly rose at once, for she foreboded what was coming, and was only too glad to have this early opportunity of stopping attentions which had become unendurable to her.

Mr. Mowbray was evidently embarrassed, an unusual thing for him. But he rallied, and came directly to the purpose of his visit, which was, as Nelly had suspected, to tender her his heart and hand. He was proceeding, in a strain of high-flown compliment, when Nelly said, with an impatient wave of her hand,

"Spare me, sir. You did not always talk so."

He looked his astonishment.

"Many years ago I answered you the same question which you now ask."

He colored up to the temples. "I surely do not deserve," he said, "to be made a jest of."

"Neither do I make a jest of you. Do you not know me?"

"I never saw you till this summer."

"You saw me, eight years ago. You and a friend were on a pedestrian tour. You met a little, bare-footed girl, whom your friend made a sketch of, and whom you jeered at and then nicknamed." And rising, she made a mock courtesy, for she saw she was now recognized. "I am Cobwebs, at your service, sir."

The discomfited suitor never forgot the look of disdain with which Nelly courtesied to him. His mortification was not lessened, when, on leaving the house, he met Clarence on the door-steps. He tried, in vain, to assume an indifferent aspect, but he felt that he had failed and that his rival suspected his rejection.

Nelly could not avoid laughing at the crest-fallen look of her old enemy. Her whole manner changed, however, when Clarence entered. Instead of the triumphant, saucy tormentor, she became the conscious, trembling woman. Clarence, who had longed for, yet dreaded, this interview, took courage at once, and in a few, manly words, eloquent with emotion, laid his fortune at Nelly's feet.

Poor Nelly felt more like crying, with joy, than anything else. But a little of the old saucy spirit was still left in her; she thought that she owed it to her sex not to surrender too easily: and so she said, archly glancing up at Clarence,

"Do you know, Mr. Harvard, who you are proposing to? I am no heiress, no high-born city belle, but only—let me see—what was it? —ah! I have it now—only a common country rustic." And she rose and courtesied to him.

"For heaven's sake don't bring that foolish speech up against me!" he cried, passionately, trying to take her hand. "I have repented it a thousand times daily, since the unlucky moment I was betrayed into saying it. Do me the justice to believe I never meant it to be personal.

"Well, then, I will say nothing more of that matter. But this is only a whim of yours. How is it, that, having known me so long, you only now discover my merits?"

"Known you so long!"

"Yes, sir!" demurely.

"Known you?"

"For eight years."

"Good heavens!" he cried, suddenly, his

Digitized by Google

whole face lighting up. "How blind I have been! Why did I not see it before? You are——"

"Cobwebs," said Nelly, taking the words out of his mouth, her whole face sparkling with glee; and she drew off and gave another sweeping curtesy.

Before she had recovered herself, however, a pair of strong arms was around her, for Clarence divined now that he was loved. Nelly, all along, had had a half-secret fear, that, when her suitor knew the past, he might not be so willing to marry the bare-footed girl as the brilliant belle; but all this was now gone.

Two months later there was a gay wedding at St. Marks. A month after that, the bridal pair, returning from the wedding tour, drove up to a handsome house in one of the most fashionable streets in Philadelphia. As Clarence led Nelly through the rooms, in which his perfect taste was seen everywhere, she gave way to exclamation after exclamation of delight. At last, they reached a tiny boudoir, exquisitely carpeted and curtained. A jet of gas, burning in an alabaster vase, diffused a soft light through the room. A solitary picture hung on the walls. It was the original sketch of her, taken eight years before, and now elegantly framed. The tears gushed to Nelly's eyes, and she threw herself into her husband's arms.

"Ah! how I love you!" she cried.

Nobody, who sees that picture, suspects its origin. It is too sacred a subject for either Nelly or Clarence to allude to. But it was only the other day, that a celebrated leader of fashion said to a friend,

"What a queer pet name Mr. Harvard has for his beautiful bride! In anybody except a genius it would be eccentric. But you don't know how pretty it sounds from his lips."

"What is it?"

"Cobwebs!"

IN THE CHURCH-YARD.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

The restless wind is sobbing wildly by,
It stirs the long grass o'er the buried dead,
As if from out thy coffin came a sigh,
And ghostly fingers stirred the leaves o'erhead.

Last night I dreamed I saw thee, and thy eyes
Were pure and bright as they were wont to be;
This morn I looked up to the cold, gray skies,
And knew that thou wert gone from earth and me.

And now I silent stand where, low beneath,
Thy head with golden hair is pillowed soft,
I cannot see thy face, nor hear thy breath,
Nor clasp the hand mine own hath fondled oft.

I know that silent in thy snowy shroud,
With pale, cold lips which never move or speak,
Lies the beloved, so pure, so fair, so proud,
Yet it is gloom this haunted spot to seek.

The wind grows wilder, and the hurrying clouds
Sweep up with long, black banners all unfurled,
The spirit of the storm is chiding loud,
And bitter Winter rules my inner world.

My outer garment closer round I draw
And take the last fond look at thy low bed,
Then face the wind blowing so chill and raw,
Piercing my frame with numbness like the dead.

Shall I, when I have done with life, and passed
The vale of shadows with the ghostly guide,
Hear thy lips say, as close thy form I clasp,
"Thine, always thine, whatever shall betide?"

AN EMBLEM.

BY ELEANOR CLAIR.

By day—by night the mighty, solemn sea
Pours itself round the shore;
Enwrapped in this embrace, the islands lie
Guarded forevermore.

In Summer heat the waters give their breath
To cool the thirsting lands;
To charm the Winter, breezes warm and soft
They waft from tropic lands.

Oh! God, as to the great, the fathomless sea
The steadfast shores incline;
Circled and ended, so, in Thee should be
All aims, all works of mine.

Thy presence would set free my uneven soul
From earthly chill and heat,
Thy love would make the changing airs of life
Balmy and safe, and sweet.

Digitized by Google

THE HADLEYS AND BLAIRS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

"How old are you, Laura, poor child?"

"Nineteen."

"Yes; old enough to know whether you do really give yourself to that man, heart and all, or are likely to, ever. If you don't answer me, Laura, I shall believe that you don't love him, don't expect to; but that because he and your father will it, you will some morning, or some evening, stand by him in the saddest of all mockeries, and give him your hand and be made his for the rest of your days. Oh! Laura, not one word! If this isn't execrable, I don't know what is!"

"James," said she, raising the pale face to look into his. "I want you to promise me one thing."

"Let me hear it. I know but one promise in the world worth making. This I am not to be allowed to make. Your father forbids my making it, because I have but a pittance to offer. This is his word, 'a pittance.' 'A mere pittance, sir,' he said, 'while Mr. Hernden's income is fifteen hundred. And besides,' your father said, 'Mr. Hernden has friends who are ready to advance him; to advance him, sir. Mr. Hernden's is a rich, old, exclusive family'—and your father's lips parted with the word 'exclusive' slowly, as if it were a precious word, as no doubt it is with your father, ex-president of A—— College, author of Hannibal's Exigesis—yes, I see by your face that I don't get it right exactly. He says he has always wanted 'some such connection for you, but that since, for certain—certain economical reasons, in short, he retired to this place, he has seen no ground for hope until Mr. Hernden came. His coming had made a change. He had been struck with your superior education, your breeding, your manners, from the first. He had lately signified his wishes in terms sufficiently explicit—sufficiently. Would I allow him, then, to shorten our interview upon this subject? The curculios were at work upon his plum trees. Mr. Hernden had recommended it to him to try a certain new means of—of extirpation, in short. Would I allow him then, at once, to wish me a good morning? As a neighbor,' he said, turning back a little in one door, while I was in another, 'as a neighbor, he would be pleased at any *convenient* opportunity, to see me; beyond this, good morning, Mr. Blair; good morning, sir; good morning.' And you know the bow he made me. It is easy enough for you to imagine. It was stiff with his own old honors and the prospective honors of Hernden's round income and his family connections; and my heart was bitterer than gall. It is now; for think what my father was! think of my mother! you know what she is, Laura Hadley! My heart is bitterer than gall!"

"This is what troubles me most of all," said she. "If you weren't so angry, if you would be patient and wait, I think something might happen to alter things. I think *he*—Mr. Hernden, I mean—might in some way show pa that he isn't what pa thinks he is. I don't know; but perhaps something would happen; and then you would be glad that you had been patient and had waited. I want you to promise me that you will be patient; that you won't grow bitter and hard toward pa, or toward anybody. It would change you so!—you would have such a hard, sad time of it! Will you promise me that you will be patient and wait?"

"I can't, for I know nothing about it, how it will be; I don't know what I have got to bear, here where, at any turn, I may meet your father's stiff bow, as if I were a dog. Hernden's mocking, derisive bow, as if I were a string to be twisted round his finger. All I know is that I would be glad to be calm, because I owe it to myself, but that I am not calm. I am bitter enough now. Not toward you," he added, with raised voice, with added sternness on the honest, handsome features. "Not if they allowed me to speak what I feel. You know this. You will know it as long as you live; let you be whose you will, let me be what I will. Good-by."

"Good-by." The pale face, the tones, sad as if her heart were broken, again smote him. His knees grew weak under him, his lips sank. But the next instant he saw Hernden lightly dismounting from his saddle at the gate.

Hernden threw his bridle over the post, gave his coat-sleeve a light brush, settled himself with light vigor in his pants, then opened the gate and met but resentful James Blair in the middle

Digitized by Google

of the walk. Without stopping, they exchanged a few words; but no one, then or afterward, knew what they were. All Laura knew was that of all Hernden's airy mornings this was the airiest; that while he yet twisted the fingers she was trying to extricate, he began to say what a clever brick uncle Alf was! He had just written—here was the letter in his coat-pocket—no, not in that one, nor in that one; but no matter where the letter was; uncle Alf had written to say that if he would go to P——, and take charge of the company's works there, they would raise his salary to a thousand dollars a year. Wasn't that pat? slapping his waistcoat pockets. Her brother already there, principal of the academy among the pines and student at law with the Clements—first-rate fellows!—wouldn't it be pat? She knew what a green nest it was; she had been there; say! wouldn't it be pat?—didn't she see that it would be pat? pat? •

Poor Laura did not see. Standing there where James had left her, she felt as if her sight, her hearing, and all her life were deadened forever.

"Say! hi! don't the girl see?" he repeated. Knowing that she did not see, thinking angrily of Blair, he started suddenly for the garden, where, in the midst of the thick overgrowth and the thick undergrowth, he saw the ex-professor hunting curculios.

CHAPTER II.

The next morning, Hernden ran lightly through the works at H——, saying to clerk and owners, "I'm off this afternoon for Boston. I must see my uncle; on business."

The next morning, James Blair, sitting with heavy eyes at the breakfast-table, told his mother he believed he must be off that afternoon for Belfast. He waited to see cousin Dan. There could be no better time than then, when his part of the works was to be stopped a few days, and when he, in fact, needed to stir a little. Only, he could see that his nice little mother was fluttered by it.

But there was never a more unselfish little mother. She packed his traveling-bag, saying, as she locked it, "I have put in a good deal more than you will want, I hope; but it is best to have enough." She went with him to the station, carrying the papers he was to read by the way.

Hernden came, bowing right and left, to one lady, one pair, one group of ladies and another, saying, "Ah, Miss Amanda, it breaks my heart to go!"

She guessed it did! much! she answered, striking him with her parasol.

"Tell Lily that if she forgets me, I shall consider myself ruined. Ha!" Suddenly espying James, who was standing beside his mother on a distant part of the platform. Wheeling himself up close to Miss Amanda, he added, "There's Jupiter! You see him! He's the royal Thunderer; his bag is stuffed with bolts. I must look out for him. I met him yesterday at old Hadley's (I rode round, you see, for the sake of telling the old gentleman how he can kill every curculio on his peach trees, big and little; tell Lily so.) I met *him* there; him, I mean," tipping his thumb over his shoulder toward James. "His looks went *into* me! would have cut me all up, if they'd been daggers, as I've not the least doubt he wished they were. Look here!" lowering his voice, "he knew I was going to Boston this train. I told him so yesterday; and, if I understood him right, he bade me go to—pardon me. Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

His laugh reached James' ear, as he meant it should. It was for this reason he made it so loud, so utterly derisive; and it was certainly a very angry look with which James met the outbreak, and the face now turned in mockery toward him. It was well his mother did not see the look; well that he had time to master it, before she withdrew her eyes from the approaching train to fix them again on him.

When the bell rang, waving his hand, bowing low, Hernden sprang upon the platform of the rear car. At the same time, but with different steps, far different mien, James looked back to show his mother his face once more, and then disappeared within the forward car.

CHAPTER III.

At N——, where many of the passengers left the cars to saunter a little, Hernden was among them. "Hallo!" he called out, seeing an acquaintance hurrying by. "Stop and speak to a fellow!"

"How d'do?"

"Tremendously bored! bored to death! not a handsome girl on the train, and it's dull work! There! there's a fellow, James Blair, of H——, he's jealous of me; jealous enough to shoot me. Perhaps he will, while we're down here, without witnesses. I've got his Laura, or can have 'er if I want 'er; ha! ha! ha!"

James turned, as Hernden meant he should, at the laugh, saw again the derisive features, fixed upon him, this time with open mockery and insult.

Digitized by Google

"You see 'im, old fellow! You saw 'im. Wouldn't he like to tip me over? If nothing is heard of me after this, you just let this little incident be known to the authorities; and tell Abby Gale of South street I died with a lock of her hair in my left waistcoat pocket."

He jumped upon the already moving train, and that was the last of him at N——.

The gentleman with whom he had been speaking met Mr. Harding of H—— at that moment, and related to him what he had just heard and seen. So, when two weeks had passed at H—— without intelligence either from James or Hernden, when it became known through the place that Mrs. Blair had written twice to the former without receiving answers, that, within a day or two, a letter had come to the latter from Boston, with his uncle's well known superscription, then it began to be told from one to another, what Mr. Harding had heard at N——, what Miss Amanda Boker had heard and seen at the station at H——. Little by little was admitted the possibility of misfortune to James through Hernden—intimations despised most immensely by the ex-professor. He took his crispest steps with regard to them. It was a low affair! he said, looking angrily over his glasses at his daughter; a low affair when public sympathies took such a turn. The affair was transparent enough. If anything had happened between the two, it was easy enough to know through which it came. A gentleman of Hernden's family, of such expectations, was by no means so likely as another to involve himself in a low proceeding. He was exasperated!

To Mrs. Blair, none of the intimations came; she had, therefore, only the anxieties arising out of James' prolonged absence and out of his silence, to bear. And this for her tender, widowed heart was sufficient. Laura clinging to her with warm, fond hands, saying tearfully, but with courageous smiles, "I am sure he is safe, Mrs. Blair! I am sure he will come, for think how good and prudent he is!" was her only hope. Once when Mrs. Blair said, "I don't know what I would do now if it weren't for you, dear!" Laura answered, "And I don't know what I would do if it wasn't—I mean if I couldn't come in here across the gardens five times a day (as I believe I do!) to see how you do, and to try to comfort you—as I can! for I am sure he is safe!"

CHAPTER IV.

When James reached Belfast, he had the disappointment of hearing that his cousin was absent on a tour of business for his firm. The cousin had no family at Belfast: so, remembering that, at Belmont, five miles farther inland, he had an old intimate friend of his school days, Penn Sherman, James went there the next morning. But, at Mr. Sherman's, he was informed that his friend was up the river many a mile, with a party of men employed by his father at "clearing land," and "getting logs down the river." James remembered the stories of forest life his friend had told him, as they sauntered or sat together at H——; remembered his old longings for the light of the night-fires upon the pines, for the stars overhead, for the depth of shade, the coolness by day, and the reverberations of the woodmen's axes and loud voices, and the song of the hermit thrush heard between. The old longing reviving itself gave him life. He ate of the well-cooked, hospitably-served dinner with the relish he felt for his meals before his troubles came; and then, carrying a basket of nice delicacies for himself and his friend, he took his place in a boat that was going up, with fresh provisions for the men.

At night, as the solemn darkness was closing in, they came to the rude landing of logs and "brush," just inside which the boatmen expected to find the party. But, upon holding their oars still to listen, not a sound was heard—not one sound in all that vast region, save the murmur of the river, the ripple upon the boat and the unseen shore, and the song of the late birds, here and there. No light of fire or of rising smoke was seen. When they called, the forest only answered. So it was determined to "camp down" where they were for the night, trusting to the morning to show them some signs of the course the party had taken. The hardy boatmen, used to such exposure and lodging, woke in the morning a little heavy-eyed, feeling a little stiff, a little out of humor, that was all. But James was almost too lame, chilly, and weak to move. They ate their hearty breakfast; James, stupified with the gathering fever and pain, hardly knew whether he ate, or what went on around him.

The boatmen, believing that they would find the party not far distant, started, and James with them, going this way and that, calling out here and there, but hearing no sound, finding no clue. They were often obliged to halt for James to rest and gather clearness to his aching, dizzy brain. Sometimes they left him, while they climbed or rounded a hill, or followed a brook through its tangled environment, returning to him, calling out to him if they were any time at a loss, on their way back to him, and helped by his answering, "Hallo!" or "Here!" But, at

Digitized by Google

last, when they left him so, he fell into a profound stupor. He tried to arouse himself, tried to listen and wait for the men; but at length he sank, not where the men had left him, but beside a knoll a few rods distant, to which he had walked in his efforts to resist the tendency to sleep. When he woke he found that it was night. The stars were shining through the black pines, and how still and solemn they were! How it touched him (for now his brain was very clear) thinking of the two homes and the gardens between, afar off, on which those stars were shining! He was so weak, his life seemed so broken up by the aggravations that had come into it of late, by the sinful thoughts with which he had met them, the stars so laid bare and rebuked the sin, that he wept large, silent tears. He might as well weep now, he thought, now when he was separated from all, when nothing but the silent stars could look upon his tears. Then thoughts of the ever-watchful God, the ever-tender, loving, and true, stole in upon him. He felt Him so real, so precious, that he was, as it were, at rest upon His breast; and, pillowing his cheek, like a little child, on his hand, he murmured, thankfully, "Good-night, thou beloved mother, thou precious girl." Feeling the thought of them beginning to shake him, he dismissed it, looked up once more through the giant trees to the distant stars, saying, "Good-night, thou peaceful world, made and sustained through all the sin and disquiet by His hand," and then sinking into a quiet sleep. He was often awake during the night, but the peace lasted. It was there in the morning. Lost, with no sound of human being near, so weak that he lay helpless as a little babe, but clear and happy beyond anything he had ever felt or conceived before, he listened to the birds that, without number, in the solitude of the old forest, sang their happy morning songs. When one alighted on a tree-top above him, and, lifting its white throat, poured out a continued flood of sweet music, he could have gone upward, so it seemed to him, to the world that is without pain, sin, or sorrow, borne upward of that bird's song, and his own longing and joy.

CHAPTER V.

Saratoga, July 30th, 18—.

"BOTCH, my dear fellow, did you ever get up among the clouds, the round, white ones, and walk there, and sit there, and have a good time? If you ever did, you know where I am. She's immensely rich, you see. I mean, Miss Augusta Peters is! I knew her a little at Newport, last year. I came here because a fellow told me she was here. I came determined to get her, for I must be rich or die! I hate my life at H——! I hate it and humdrum of all sorts, with a *tremendous* hatred. Her father is a dotard, (I wonder if all fathers are?) but she's grander than Victoria. Victoria is tame, in comparison. I'm as sure of her father as if I had him in a box; but not so sure of her. I've tried nine dodges. I've just thought of the sentimental. Jove! I'll try this, and won't I be an objek of interest?

"Money is gone here before a fellow knows it; this *pulls* a fellow down. Send me a hundred or two by the next mail, and you shall have a bonus that will astonish you.

"Innocent uncle Alf thinks I am at H——, trudging this moment from the factory to the dye-house; innocent H—— thinks I am walking State street leisurely, with my elbow touching uncle Alf's; so *mum* is the word, old fellow! I shall see you on my way back. I am to accompany the Deterses home and stop with them a little. They have a fine place on the Hudson, at Hastings. I am to go there. Augusta is the only child, and she has no mother. She has a maiden aunt though; of course I wish her in—Burgundy, a very nice place, as you know.

"Think of the bonus and send me the money. Remember the word—*mum*.

"Adieu. A. H——."

"*New York, August 4th*, 18—.

"JOHN—Send me some money—one hundred dollars. I'm here on company business, which makes it all right. Send over to the bank, if necessary. Of course this is necessary and right—this demand, I mean. If my uncle, supposing that I have got through here, and that I am round at H—— by this time, writes to me, keep the letter or letters till I come. See to the money at once. H——."

CHAPTER VI.

"OH! but I hate him, auntie! In the first place, I'm not even pretty; I'm neither pretty, nor graceful, nor showy, nor anything one of his flimsy character would choose, only he knows that pa has a good deal of money. This is all! I am sure of it; and I abominate him!"

"I guess your head aches, daughter."

"No; it is what I always feel. And pa thinks he is the greatest man in the United States. There isn't another, who, in pa's mind, is so faultless, so deserving; and it is because he

Digitized by Google

understands pa's—pa's liking for being attended to, followed, flattered; and so he leaves me, or goes straight by me any time, to show his great politeness to pa, his attention to pa. This suits pa; it makes pa feel so large! He is fond of me next to himself; my other 'adorers' have made him angry by leaving him, passing him to come to me. Hernden saw it with his little, round, sharp eye, that is like a pig's—it is, auntie!—and acted on it. You'll see, Miss Auntie, that it is so. He'll be here in less than an hour, and you'll see that he's as false as—oh! I hope there isn't, on this whole earth, another creature, animal or human, so false and miserable as he!"

"Oh! I guess it isn't as bad as that, Augusta! There is another new dress that you didn't have on while you were gone. What——"

"I wouldn't put it on! It was pretty; I was afraid it would 'attract;' and I was determined to wear nothing, do nothing that would 'attract.' I will tell you what I would like. I would like to go away to some green, quiet country place, where there are brooks, rows and dots of trees, lambs, birds, and honest, substantial people, with simple manners and truthful lips. I would be glad to turn my sleeves back and go to work for those I loved, and be a woman amongst them. I'm a puppet now."

"I'm going to tell you what I sometimes think. Shall I?"

"About——?" The girl's color came. She dropped her head low over her glove-mending to hide it.

"About one person we met last summer, at P——, the principal of the Academy among the pines. We met him often; he was a superior person. I thought I never knew one who knew so much, and was, at the same time, so modest. He knew all the pleasant paths, I remember; knew where to find all the haunts of the wild-flowers; we met him one day, I remember, in the sweet-scented path through the pines; he had flowers in his hand, you had flowers in yours; he knew all the names of his and yours. See—what was his name?"

"I guess you remember, auntie; I guess you are just mischievous; do you mean Mr. Hadley? I suppose you mean Mr. Hadley."

"Yes. He was agreeable. I thought he liked you; I thought you liked him." She waited, but got no answer. She knew, however, what the changing color meant, and the light tremor of the fingers, and the drooping of the small, handsomely shaped head. "It is all right if he did like you, if you liked him. It was natural that it should be so, considering what he was, what you were. He couldn't like a more sensible girl; I dare say you couldn't like a more sensible man."

Augusta still sat in silence, with drooping head, flushed cheeks, and tremulous fingers, mending her glove.

CHAPTER VII.

JAMES BLAIR TO MRS. BLAIR.

"*Belmont, August 6th*, 18—.

"I HAVE been pretty sick, my mother, or I would have written you ten letters, perhaps, by this time. You see where I am. Cousin Dan was off on business; and I thought it best, as I was so near Penn Sherman, and as he is so good a fellow, to come and see him. I shall never forget the great kindness shown to me here, when in fact I was in considerable need of it, with my mother and my home so far off. Another has been kind to me; that is God. I don't think I shall forget Him, long at a time, all the rest of my days.

"Tell old Ponto I am coming. Tell him if he sits down at the corner of the house, his nose toward the road, in four days from this date, he will probably see a cadaverous-looking fellow coming up the lane. Tell him he had better not bark at him. YOUR BOY."

In what a grateful, glad, loving tremor was the little woman in black, sitting to read this letter again and again through her tears! She wished Laura would come in to know what had kept him. She came while the widow was wishing it; and then the widow poured out the full flood of her gratitude and love. Laura cried a little in her pity for him, in the love that swelled so at her heart, in her anxiety respecting what lay before him. The two did not know how to part that day, the common love, gratitude, and pity so knit them together.

CHAPTER VIII.

HE came on the fourth day by the noon train. They did not expect him until evening; and there was Laura, when he came in at the open door, putting some flowers she had brought over into the vases, bending, working assiduously, so that she did not see him, until, wondering why it was so still there where Mrs. Blair was with her busy lips, her busy feet, she raised herself and saw him standing with his mother's hand in his, looking so pale, so majestic and tall now he was so thin! looking so pure, so—

"Oh, why, James!" She said it, crowding back the uprising pride in him, the gladness,

Digitized by Google

love; purposely bringing thoughts of her father, of his promise to the wretched Hernden, to be between herself and James, helping to crowd back the love and gladness. "We—that is, your mother didn't expect you this morning; how do you do?"

Oh! but how tall and sick he looked, coming forward without speaking, but with his thin, white hand held out to her! How, as he stood before her, did the light fade out of the eyes that were blue and lovely as heaven, when she first looked into them on raising herself! They were heavy enough now; sad enough now. What could she say to him?—what could she do? Here were James and his poor mother, there were her father and Hernden—for she had no doubt that Hernden was safe somewhere, and ready any day to show himself at H——.

So, withdrawing her hand from James, who had seen how her face changed with the changing thoughts, she began to look after her hat and to say she must go; adding, "You won't mind my going now, Mrs. Blair, now James has come?"

She was in the door tying her hat. She would look back and speak once more to James, if she could for the awe of his changed looks, his wonderfully changed mien and expression; if she could for the shame she felt at having given him so cruel, so stupid a reception. But all she could say was that she was sure from his looks he must have been very sick; that he would soon be well again, she hoped, now he was at home with his mother and Ponto and—only, where *was* Ponto?—why wasn't he there to——?

While they were looking round a little for Ponto, she said to Mrs. Blair, "You must have him tell you all about his sickness; I shall want to know; come in this evening and tell me, won't you? Good morning; good morning, James."

James stood a moment without stirring. Perhaps it was the sight of Laura, going with thoughtfully bent head past the windows, that aroused him and led him to say, "I am going to open the gate for her as I used to; nothing shall keep me from doing this."

She tried to conceal her face from him, pulling down the hat-rim and hastily wiping the tears that had started the moment her back was turned toward them. She thanked him, trying to speak with steady tones, when he told her what he came for. He touched her fingers somehow, as she was going out the gate; he did not know how it happened, but he felt it thrill him with new comfort and strength.

"Dear, busy little fingers!" he said, within himself, on his way back. "Precious, good girl!" He was happy, any way. No king on his throne was happier than he. There might be a hundred Herndens, but not one of them would ever know the delight he felt at that one light touch of the little, busy, useful fingers.

CHAPTER IX.

Now it happened that John Sinclair, the company's clerk, had been at P—— since the day on which he received Hernden's letter, so there was no one at H—— to clear the mystery of Hernden's absence until Sinclair returned, which was in a day or two after James' arrival. The same day came uncle Alf. The next morning, while the uncle and Sinclair were in the counting-room together, just after the cars were heard entering the village, Hernden came into the room, clapping a hand on the shoulder of each, and exclaiming, "Ha! ha! uncle Alf! little John! didn't I play a neat joke? Wasn't it capitally done?"

Uncle Alf gravely told Sinclair he would release him to his dinner; and what passed afterward between him and the reprobate nephew, no one ever knew. It was only known that Hernden left H—— in the afternoon train, down; and that they all pitied the good uncle when they saw with what a pale, grave face he went through the works and along the street. He remained several weeks at H——. This was a new thing for him to do; but, in every department, he found more or less disorder that had grown out of his nephew's neglect or mismanagement. He gave the agency to James Blair, who, up to that time, had been machinist to the company. The salary, for one of James' habits, was a most liberal one; the post was one of trust, and, compared with that he had been filling, of leisure and comfort. He was young to be so trusted; so uncle Alf told him; but he had the qualities that warranted it. He gave it to him with a sense of secure trust in his faithfulness and good judgment new to him of late.

CHAPTER X.

And now, going forward one year, we will see how it was at that time with the persons of our little drama.

In the piazza of the cottage we know so well at H——, (only it has been built out into large, handsome proportions, and is surrounded by a beautiful flower garden,) a gentleman and lady walked back and forth, and the lady was saying, "Yes; pa will be proud of Mr. Peters' wealth,

Digitized by Google

of his horses, carriages, servants; Mr. Peters will be proud of pa's learning, of his titles, and college connections. With pa it will be 'Mr. Peters, Mr. Peters, Mr. Peters,' with Mr. Peters it will be 'Professor Hadley, Professor Hadley.' When he speaks of him among his acquaintances, it will be 'the ex-President, ex-President Hadley;' so they will be like two children with their gaily painted toys. One thing I see, Mr. Peters feels the greatest respect for Henry, as he certainly has reason to, for Henry knows so much, and is so gentle, so manly! Augusta says he is her star! She says she sometimes is glad that she will bring so much money to their home, sometimes she wishes she had nothing, so that she could work hard for him, get his meals, be orderly, economical, and help him up to prosperity. She thinks it would be a dear thing to do this, she loves him so!"

The gentleman smiled upon her upturned face, her animated discourse, and she went on, "And you know how I pitied Henry when he went to P—— to teach because he was so poor! I little thought what would come of it. We don't always know, do we, husband mine, when we really have reason to be glad, or when sorry?"

"We can know, beloved, that we are always to trust. I learned that in my sickness off there. I had the theory of trust before, as so many have; since, I have the thing itself. It never fails me for a minute."

"That is what makes you happier, wiser, better, handsomer than anybody else in the world." She laughed a little, but with tears in her eyes. "Mother!" with her hand still on his arm taking him out toward a little lady in black, who sat within one of the windows reading a newspaper, "isn't he the handsomest, best boy in the world?"

"Yes, dear; but here is something about that miserable Hernden. A nest of gamblers has just been broken up in New York, and one of the principal offenders is Alfred E. Hernden, from Massachusetts. Well-dressed, so the report says; but he resisted like a tiger; talked of friends who would see him avenged; but no friends appearing, he was committed. Miserable creature! poor uncle Alf!"

They were all silent awhile in their sorrow for the beneficent old uncle; then they brightened and said that when he came to Henry and Augusta's wedding, they would so surround him with their love and respect, that no pain or shame on the nephew's account, could evermore invade his spirit. They said they would persuade him to come and make it his home for the rest of his days, at H——, where so much of his property and business lay, where everything was so green, so quiet, and peaceful!

And he came. He boards at the Merrimack House; but, almost any pleasant evening he may be seen with the Blairs and Hadleys, sitting outside the windows, reading sometimes grave chapters in book, newspaper, or review to a quiet little lady in black, who sits within and listens as she rests or does her little bits of sewing; sometimes talking gravely, but with cheerfulness, on politics, literature, life. And it is seen that he does the vain little professor good; that the professor is less vain at times; that at times he withdraws his thoughts from the poor honors of his professorship, his authorship, and lets them settle on the honors of such as seek the Kingdom of Heaven.

MR. JONATHAN SMITH.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

Mr. Jonathan Smith was a very wise man,
His motto was, "Govern your wife"—if you can.
For his wife was a shrew, and whene'er she said go,
Mr. Jonathan Smith didn't even *look* no,
But he put on his hat, and slipt out of the house,
To do as she bade him, as meek as a mouse.

Mr. Jonathan Smith dearly loved a dispute,
In logic he thought that no one was so 'cute:
He could argue for this, he could argue for that,
He would prove fat was lean, and then show lean was fat.
But I wish you could see how his ardor would cool,
If his wife but said, snappishly, "Hush, you old fool!"

Like other great men who will sometimes unbend,
Mr. Jonathan Smith likes to dine with a friend;
He can tell a good story, and sing a good song,
And though sipping his claret, he takes nothing strong,
But he dines out no more, for why go to a feast?
When his welcome at home is, "You tipsy old beast."

Mr. Jonathan Smith thought he'd buy him a farm,
"Rural life," he declared, "has a wonderful charm."
He'd grow his own corn, and he'd eat his own peas,
And serenely grow old in the shade of his trees.
But his wife said 'twas throwing his fortune away,
It would beggar them all—and he'd nothing to say.

Mr. Jonathan Smith was a sleek, portly man,
When to rule o'er his wife he so bravely began.
But he found 'twas a game at which two could go in,
And since he's the loser, he gets very thin.
He has given up everything, even his boast:
Only one thing is left, 'tis to give up the ghost.

Digitized by Google

THE RUINS OF A SOUL.

BY MAGGIE B. STEWART.

HELEN RICHMOND was the daughter of a wealthy man in a great city. Her mother died during Helen's childhood, and her father married again—a dashing, fashionable widow, with one child, like his own, a daughter.

Louise, the step-sister, was finished at Madam Bellair's. Helen did not wish to leave home, so she was left to herself. What time had her lady-mamma to spend on her daughters! Mrs. Richmond lived solely for society. Still young and beautiful, she was only fearful lest her fairer daughter should eclipse her own charms. So Louise was kept in the background until she would stay there no longer. Only too well had she imbibed the teaching of such a parent, and before she was eighteen she had made her debut, passed a "season" in society, and broken a score of hearts. If you had seen Helen Richmond at nineteen you would never have dreamed of her being beautiful. Yet there was a haughty fire in her dark eyes that suggested a latent power. Her father's library was large, well-selected, and little used. She had her time at her own disposal: so she made books her friends. She knew no other.

Love and friendship were names—not realities to Helen's heart. Louise, whose being seemed permeated with the gold of the glowing sunlight, owned no inner life to match with her glorious presence. The two girls had no sympathy—no tastes in common. Into society Helen rarely ventured. The few that met her at home knew her as a quiet, unsociable girl, and so it happened that the "select circles" rarely beheld her until she burst into magnificent bloom on their bewildered gaze. But of that hereafter.

It was at this period of her life that she first knew Brian Chasmar. He was an admirer of Louise Alison's. He had been attracted by that splendid butterfly during her first summer at Newport. Calling one morning on Louise, he was presented to Helen. With an artist's intuition he saw through her haughty, unassured air, the germ of a splendid woman.

Talented, well read, traveled, with that elegance which makes such a man distinguished in society, he was well calculated to impress a nature like that of Helen Richmond. He prided himself on having read woman's heart to the end, and here was a new page. It was a rare relief to the world-weary man, and like a fastidious epicure he promised himself a fresh delight. He understood the thousand arts of coquetry, and so he set himself to "bring out" this embryo flower. It was an easy task. It needed but a chance word, a look of interest, a kindly, encouraging smile, and Helen was a changed being.

Brian Chasmar was her first friend, her ideal of all that was noble and great in mankind—as such she worshiped him. He stood to her fresh, young heart as the incarnation of the old-time heroes. She received his teaching with eager delight. He praised and criticised as he saw need. Her dress became marked for its elegance and good taste. An artist's hand had been at work. Now that she had an object for being beautiful, she strove to become so. She must not annoy her friend. He must not be ashamed of her. She learnt new confidence in herself from him. His homage not only made her more important in her own eyes, but others began to notice what a splendid girl was Helen Richmond. For this she was grateful to her friend. She had no littleness of vanity in her soul, she was too proud for that. But her lonely heart drank in the incense of friendship. Could it be otherwise? If Brian Chasmar had been contented with this. But no; he must see how this splendid creature would look in love. *She must love him!* When he was assured of *this*, *perhaps* he would do her the honor of making her Mrs. Chasmar! He had not fully made up his mind. Meantime he set himself to his work. By-and-by Helen was conscious that he was more to her than a common friend. She could have hid her head in the dust for very shame when she made this discovery; for pride would not allow one thought of an unrequited love. But memory came to her aid; she brought back many a tone—many a look of tenderness that convinced her she was beloved.

In the world it was the same. No one sought her society and lingered near her with such evident pleasure. No other face seemed to possess such power over him. How often he had said, with tenderness in tone and manner,

Digitized by Google

"Your heart is the only one that has ever given me sympathy. Be my sister always, dear Helen." And she pitied and loved him the more. She received his homage so calmly that Chasmar was puzzled. Did she love him? So he said, one day, "What has changed you so? You are very different since I first knew you." Helen's voice was very low, and her cheek flushed, as she answered, "I have to thank *you* for being my friend. It is this which has changed me so much." Chasmar watched her changing color and downcast eyes with secret delight. He was satisfied, and always broke off the conversation at such points.

But at length the pleasure began to pall. He must vary it a little. He would try what jealousy would do. He came but rarely to Helen's side. He found a new object of admiration in the person of one of the reigning belles, Miss Julia Deveraux. Superficial and artful as she was beautiful, he despised her; but artful as herself, he feigned to be entirely fascinated. It was without result. Helen was too much accustomed to such a life to be surprised. Besides she *could* not be jealous. Noble-souled, she trusted with unwavering faith. He was received with the same calm kindness. He was at fault, skilled player, in this absorbing game! If she would but give one sign. He must try a new test. Meantime he observed that a wealthy merchant was frequently in his place during the evenings which had been devoted to him alone. It was his turn to be jealous.

At a brilliant party he observed Helen seek a silken-curtained recess, wearied with dancing. He looked at her as she sat there half-hidden, so fair, so queenly! He felt a sense of proprietorship in her and gloried in it.

But did she love him? He sought her side. "You have been my sister, Helen, may I come to you with a brother's confidence? You know Julia Deveraux—do you think she is suited for my wife?" He watched her closely. "Now," he thought, "if there is one sign I shall be contented." The rich bloom on her cheek never deepened. She looked with clear eyes into his, and her tones were calm and musical as ever, as she said,

"From what I know of Julia Deveraux, I think her admirably suited to you, Brian."

Had his ear deceived him? Did she mean a sarcasm? There was no trace in that quiet face, nor in that quiet, grave voice. "I value your counsel, dear Helen, I will do as you advise."

"If you love her, I advise you to marry her."

"Provided she consents," he added.

"Certainly," with an arch smile. Some one called him away at that moment, and he did not see her again that evening.

No one would have known from Helen's demeanor that anything had occurred to agitate her. In her own room she quietly disrobed and placed her ornaments in their proper places. Louise came in eager and triumphant. "I've something to tell you, Helen," she said, as she sat down, and on she rattled of her various flirtations, of which Helen did not hear a word. She finished with announcing herself engaged. "Dalton has proposed *at last*—I thought he never would. I'll have such an elegant establishment. How provoked some people will be. There's Julia Deveraux, she tried her very best to get him. What a fool Brian Chasmar makes of himself over her, to be sure. Why we all thought him so devoted to you. I declare, Helen, you're asleep. Why don't you answer?"

"Do be still, Louise—I'm so tired I can't talk——"

"Well, I hope Julia will jilt him."

Helen arose, locked the door, and sat down. She sat there gazing fixedly into the fire until the last ember blazed up in a dying glare. What her thoughts were, only those who have passed through a similar furnace of fire can know. Pride and love fought for the mastery in so fierce a conflict that her life seemed frozen. But pride triumphed and love was slain. Unrelenting Helen laid the fair, dead corse in the grave, and piled stones above the coffin-lid: she would have no troubled ghost to haunt her after life. The deed was fearful, but pride gave her courage. Only once did she relent, and that was when her eye fell on a ring she wore—it was a gift of Brian's. She threw the costly gem among the embers. Then memory woke, she had a tale to tell of tender words and looks. But Helen sternly bade her be silent. The dead love seemed to stir—pride crushed down the coffin-lid. *It should die!* It did!

The gray light of dawn sent Helen shivering to her pillow. She pleaded illness for a day or two as an excuse for her woe-worn face.

She went more than ever into society after this. She became more magnificently beautiful. Brian Chasmar had taught her power. Of him she saw but little. When he called she was never alone—received him with stately, chilling politeness—answered his remarks, then turned with jest or smile to some of the butterflies of either sex, who were now admitted where he had been the only favorite. He was vexed. He saw his mistake, and bitterly repented it. One morning he found her alone, a very unusual thing now. After chatting awhile on in-

Digitized by Google

different topics, he took up a volume of poems and commented on some passages in the old, familiar way. Helen answered—he was constrained to hope, so he said softly, "I miss our 'reading hours' very much. Why cannot they be renewed?"

"I have no wish for them, Mr. Chasmar, let them go with 'things that were.'"

"And do *you* wish to forget *all* the past, Helen?"

"Certainly—why not?"

"Helen, *I* cannot forget it—I love you. Why are you so changed?"

"I think Mr. Chasmar can answer that question," said Helen, coldly. He sprang up and took her hand.

"Helen—dear Helen—may I come back? I do love you—I have always loved you——"

He was going on impetuously—but she withdrew her hand, and that proud, quiet voice checked him. "It is too late for such words now, I do not love you, our friendship has wornout. It is well."

"Did you never love me, Helen?"

"I think you have no right to ask me that question—but since you wish to know I will tell you: I confess that I loved you once. No, not you—I loved an ideal called by your name—I was deceived—my ideal and you are very different. You gave me reason to think I was beloved. I believed you good and true, I fully trusted you. You have helped me to a fuller confidence in myself. For that, I thank you. You have shown me yourself in your true light. For that, I thank you also. I do not blame you. I was awakened by your own words concerning Julia Deveraux. I had not been jealous all the time, but that night you stood revealed to me. I suffered as I hope I never may again—as *you* never *could* suffer in a life-time of agony. Urge me not, Brian Chasmar, my love is dead. My heart answers not, I do not love you."

But he knelt with a prayer for love and forgiveness. She pitied him, so she said sadly, "I am very sorry for you—but I do not love you—I will never love again. I accepted James Burnham last evening, I shall marry him—I do not love him, but he will give me position and a name. I cannot marry *you*, Brian Cheamar."

He rose up sadly—passionately kissed her hand, again and again, and left her without a word.

A month from that time, the bells rang out a merry peal for her bridal. She married a rich man thrice her years. She was more magnificent than ever. The world applauds her choice; for the world's shallow penetration is dazzled by the glitter of diamonds and the sheen of silken robes. The world sees nothing of the desolate ruins of Helen Burnham's soul, so fair and bright she moves to outward gaze. But when memory lifts a coffin-lid, in solitude, she shudders at the sight of the sweet, sweet face of her dead love. When she turned heart-sick from the shipwreck of her hopes, there was for her no higher object for which to live. She had never been taught the true meaning of life. To shine in society seemed woman's only mission. Had Chasmar been a noble man, he might have taught her the true solution of that problem which puzzles so many of mankind.

He found a fair garden—he left a desolate wilderness. Her faith in man's truth was uprooted forever. When earth's barren fountains mocked her parched lips, she knew of no living fountain where she might drink to find healing.

And so because of this false mode of education, Helen Burnham's soul was, like thousands of others, a barren desert, and her life a bitter disappointment.

THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

BY MARGARET LEE RUTENBUR.

"Brother! kind one, draw the curtain,
  I would see the rising sun,
He begins his daily circuit—
  Brother! mine is nearly done!
Sister gentle, warble to me,
  Weak, and weaker grows my breath,
Sing the 'Dying Christian's' triumph,
  It will light the vale of death."
As the brother drew the curtain,
  Softly rose a thrilling strain,

When its last pure echo vanished,
  Then the dying spoke again:
"Angel mother! draw me near thee,
  Place my head upon thy heart;
Blessed father! kneel beside me,
  Pray my spirit would depart!"
As the father's prayer ascended,
  While the mother's arm caressed,
With a smile, the dying blossom
  Closed its petals on her breast!

Digitized by Google

BARBARA'S AMBITION.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE, AUTHOR OF "NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD," &C., &C.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by J. T. Trowbridge, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.]

CHAPTER I.

"I HAD the curisest dream last night, or ruther this morning," said the widow Mayland, arranging the little china teacups—two in number; the last of a set; the same she and her late husband had drank from together, oh, how often! sitting opposite each other at the same little old walnut table at which she now sat with her only son.

She paused, looking into the cups. Perhaps she saw a speck of dust; or maybe visions of the past swept before her—the happy mornings of long ago; the manly, beloved face; the bright bridal days, when the unstained joys of life were as new, and fresh, and pure as the translucent china, since so sadly used by time—of six cups, only two remaining, and one of those cracked.

"A dream!" said Luther, starting as if he himself had just awaked from one. He had been unaccountably gloomy of late. He ate his meals in silence, if he ate at all. He did not sleep well. His face grew care-worn. He carried pieces of paper in his pocket, upon which he wrote mysteriously with a pencil. His mother had watched him with tender solicitude, observing his unspoken trouble. "It is either business, or Barbary Blaxton," she said to herself; but she forbore to question him. It was a week since he had shown an interest in anything beyond the profound calculations that absorbed his mind; and she regarded it as a favorable symptom that he appeared eager to know her dream.

"I was thinking," she said, with a sigh, proceeding to fill the cups from the pewter teapot—"I declare, I wish Mr. Smith's dog would larn to hold his tongue when I am dreaming! He had to bark and wake me up just as I——"

She paused again, taking a "visitor" out of Luther's cup with a spoon, looking very grave; her head, with its ancient cap covering her thin, gray hair, slightly bowed; then a thoughtful smile played upon her pale, simple face.

"'Twas the curisest dream!" passing the cup to Luther. "I was standing on the bridge, looking up the street—seems to me I was waiting for you; when all to once I heard a noise, and looked, and see the underpinning of the store all cracking and crumbling to pieces—what seemed to be stones I thought was nothing but sand—and then the whole building was a toppling, just ready to fall. Why, my son, what makes you look so pale?"

"Strange you should have such a dream as that!" said Luther, nervously buttering his toast.

"Nobody seemed to be afraid, though every minute I thought the store was going to tumble down. Fact, nobody but Follen & Page appeared to know there was any danger; and they had got you to stand under one corner, for a prop; and Mr. Blaxton had lent them his head, which they used to block up the sill, while he stood by and rubbed his hands, and seemed to think it was all just right—and there I stood, and screamed to warn ye, till that plaguy dog barked, and I woke up in the most interesting part."

Luther rose from the table in great agitation, and seized his hat.

"Why, my son, ain't you going to eat any breakfast?"

"Mother, Follen & Page are going to fail!"

"Fail!" ejaculated the widow. "How you talk!"

"Oh! I might have known it—I was sure something was wrong!"

"Then it's business that's been troubling ye so!"

"I don't care much for myself—but Barbara's father—you know he lent them a thousand dollars—all he has in the world!" said Luther, chokingly.

"Don't be frightened—don't be rash!" entreated the widow. "After all, 'twas only a dream."

"A dream—but one of *your* dreams, mother!"

Indeed, Mrs. Mayland was noted for possessing, in a remarkable degree, that faculty of the soul, that inner sense, which is often most awake when the outer senses sleep. Her mental vision seemed peculiarly fitted to observe, on the horizon of the future, that "refraction of events," which "ofttimes rises ere they rise." Even in her waking, she saw signs, and felt premonitions; but most clearly in dreams, when the world was silent as Eden at the creation of Eve, and the fountain of the spirit, which springs

Digitized by Google

in the midst thereof, was unruffled by any wind, the forms of truth and shadows of things to come imaged themselves in the calm waters.

There, in the old-fashioned kitchen, the poor widow sits; her hand on the handle of the pewter teapot; a simple, uncultured woman, not conscious of a mission; a careful housekeeper, kind to her cat, thoughtful of the poor, devoted to her son; her life chiefly spent in sweeping, scouring, knitting, baking pies—occupation humble enough; yet within the folds of her delicate brain lie written all the wonders, all the mysteries of the human mind, whereof there is none more wonderful, more mysterious, than this power of dreaming.

There are dreams of various kinds; those of a wanton fancy, running riot; dreams of indigestion, as when you eat too much cheese for supper, and imagine yourself chased by elephants; dreams of a weary or excited brain, in which pictures of the past appear, incoherent, distorted, like your face in a spoon. But the highest dreaming faculty commonly manifests itself in pictorial prophecies. As the winter night paints frost-pictures upon your window-pane, so sleep crystallizes, from the breath and atmosphere of events, vivid shapes, which the morning light finds traced upon the windows of memory; no mere chance-pictures, but the results of law, bearing a symbolical correspondence to the events themselves.

The widow Mayland's dreams were of this order. Luther, who had learned to credit and interpret them, saw, in the figure of the store toppling to its foundation, the truth to which his own forebodings and calculations with pencil and paper had significantly pointed. Yet he had resisted conviction; living on in the sultry air of doubt and suspicion, and the dream had come like a thunder-storm, to clear his sky. Impatient to face the danger openly—resolute to prop up his corner of the falling house, if need be, but also to hold his employers in their places, and to save Mr. Blaxton's head—he turned his back upon his mother's mild counsel, and hurried away.

"I wish that dog hadn't barked, then I might have seen how it would turn out," mused the anxious widow. She drew her chair once more to the table, drank her tea, and tried to eat a little of the brown toast, which had been so nicely prepared, and scarcely tasted. She succeeded in swallowing a few crumbs, assisted by a sense of duty and some apple-sauce. But toast is like certain other good things necessary to our well-being—like knowledge, like piety—which must be received into the constitution with joy and desire, to insure healthy digestion and assimilation. The widow's appetite was gone; put to flight by its deadly enemy, anxiety; just as the nobler appetites of the soul are driven out and destroyed by vulgar cares. How mournful, what a mockery of life it is, at such times, to sit and nibble your dry crust of bread or of duty; not from love, but habit, or something you call conscience; moistening the sad morsel, not with generous juices of the grateful palate rushing up to welcome it, but with stimulating sips of artificial tea; and solacing your tongue, between bites, with sauce of the apple of temptation!

Noon came, but no Luther, and no news; and having kept the dinner waiting for him an hour, Mrs. Mayland left the table where it stood, untouched, shut the cat out of the kitchen, put on her bonnet, and walked into the village. She entered the store. Appearances were by no means alarming. Loungers were sitting around the door on empty boxes, which they notched with their knives, or drummed upon with their fingers, making trades, or telling stories. Within, the under clerks were attending to their customers with all the assiduous politeness for which they were noted. The bland Mr. Follen, senior partner, was talking to a wealthy farmer in his smooth, low tones, and Mr. Page was gossiping gayly over the counter, with the young minister's fashionable wife.

"Foolish," thought the widow, as she glanced around upon the lively scene—"foolish enough, to imagine Follen & Page are going to fail!"

But where was Luther? While she was looking for him, something descended upon her like a mist. All things changed. The people around her talked and laughed the same, but on every face was a mask, and while the masks grimaced and assented, the faces behind were sad, or crafty, or careworn—some of them corpselike. Under the smiling and painted exterior of the young minister's wife, darkened a countenance full of anger and disgust. A pale, restless ghost shrunk within the gay disguise of the junior partner. Even the bland Follen's visor was transparent, and beneath it grinned, somewhat troubled, a determined and malignant visage. Then again, as in her dream, she saw the store toppling to its foundation, her son still serving as a prop, but now struggling desperately to raise the corner sufficiently to get Mr. Blaxton's head from under the sill.

"Where is Luther?" asked the widow, coming to herself.

"He is absent just now, on a litttle matter of business," said Mr. Follen, with a smooth-

Digitized by Google

ness, a smiling condescension, altogether inimitable.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Mayland returned home with a sad heart; prepared an early supper, thinking Luther would be very hungry when he came; waited hour after hour, sitting up for him until midnight, then with a weary sigh, and a tallow candle, going to bed. She had no more dreams that night, for reasons.

The next morning she set out to return to the store. But she had scarce stepped into the street, when an unaccountable change was wrought in her feelings. It seemed as if a crisis had passed. The anxious tension of her mind relaxed. She looked up, and around, and saw how beautiful was the day. All night she had heard a wretched wind moaning about the house; but now perfect calmness, a Sabbath peace, rested upon the earth. The October sky was soft and clear. The hazy hill-sides basked in the sun. Above, a few white, scattered clouds, like a flock of snowy lambs, couched upon the blue plains of heaven. The village street was spotted with sun and shadow. A few faded leaves fluttered down from the old elms as she walked under them; some rustled under her feet; some were rotting by the roadside. How like her own heart was this autumnal morning, ripe, and mellow, and peaceful; the wretched, moaning night-wind mysteriously fled! It was not now the fragrant spring, not the flushed summer, but the golden October of her life, beautiful even with its fading and falling leaves.

She passed the blacksmith's shop, and saw Mr. Blaxton within, scattering sparks from the anvil, his leathern apron on, his powerful arms bare, and a good head still on his shoulders, notwithstanding her dream.

"There's Mis' Mayland goin' by," said young Master Blaxton, blowing the bellows.

"Look here, sister Mayland!" cried the smith, "Good morning!"

He dropped his hammer on the anvil, returned the iron to the fire, and stood in the shop door, wiping the sweat from his brow.

"There ain't any trouble over there to the store, is there, think?" lowering his voice.

"What trouble do you mean?" replied the widow.

"Wal, I don't know. There seems to be a good many failures, here and there, this fall, and I've heard it hinted Follen & Page ain't likely to get through without a little diffikilty. And as I see Luther drivin' to town yesterday, with Follen's hoss, faster'n I ever see him drive afore—for Luther ain't none of your harum-scarum boys—I didn't know but something was to pay."

"Why, brother Blaxton," said the widow, "you don't re'ly think there's any trouble of that kind, do you?"

There was art for you, in a woman of fifty! You should have seen the innocent face, the perfectly surprised look with which she appeared to hear, for the first time, the subject mentioned which had for twenty-four hours filled her mind with the most distressing doubts.

"Well, never mind. Mebby I hadn't ought to've said anything to you about it. I've spoke to Mr. Follen, and he talks fair. I never heard a man tell a smoother story, so I ain't goin' to be made uneasy—though, fact is, if such a thing *should* happen as Follen & Page failin'—but of course there can't be any danger of that. I don't see how it's possible, do you?"

"There's nothing impossible in this world, you know, brother Blaxton. We ought to be prepared for anything."

"That's so, sister; though if I thought *that* was coming, the way I'd prepare for it would be to secure my money. But, you see, I ain't much alarmed," laughed the blacksmith. "If there was any actooal danger, of course Luther would know it, and he'd tell you, and you'd be pretty sure to tell me, under the sarcumstances, I guess. But I won't keep ye standin' here. You better step into the house as you go by; Barbary'll be glad to see ye."

With a lighter heart the smith returned to his work. And the sparks flew, and the anvil rang, and the steel hissed in the water-tank. And the day still smiled without; the trees dropped their golden leaves; the cocks crowed musically, and the hens shook out their feathers in the warm dust of the road. But what ailed the widow? She walked on quickly, stopped, turned back, and then walked on again. She had assumed a new burden; somehow that which had just slipped from Mr. Blaxton's shoulders had alighted on her own, and she did not know what to do with it.

"I'll go back and tell him, sartin's the world! No, I won't neither—I'll just hold my tongue. He'd go distracted if he knew; and, if matters are bad, he'd only make 'em wus—though if Follen & Page *should* fail, and he should lose his money, he'd blame me, and I should blame myself, for not givin' him warnin', and that might make an everlasting trouble 'twixt Luther and Barbary. I declare there's Barbary now!"

Digitized by Google

"Why, Mrs. Mayland! how do you do?" cried a sweet girl's voice.

There was a little brown cottage, with a row of tall maples before it; a small, neat garden between the trees and the house; and a very young girl skipping along the leaf-strown path.

"Good morning, Barbary!" said the widow.

There was a soft lull in her voice, and a tender, almost tearful emotion in her face, as she gave her hand to the young girl's ardent pressure, and looked into those happy blue eyes.

"You ain't going by, are you, without coming in?" said Barbara, winningly.

"I don't know, dear. I hadn't thought of stoppin'—I don't know but I will, though, just a minute."

"Oh! do; only make the minute an hour! The front door is locked; I'll run around and open it."

The light and graceful form disappeared behind the rose-bushes.

"Strange, what a feeling I have for that girl!" thought the widow. "I feel just like a mother to her since her own mother died, and I can't look at her without, somehow, always thinking of Luther. Bless her! she'll love somebody, some time, and I hope she'll be happy; but, oh! life is full of trials and dangers. How little girls of her age know about it!"

The front door opened, and Barbara appeared, bright and smiling.

"The girls have gone to school, George is at the shop with father, and I am all alone," said the pretty housekeeper.

"What an excellent mother you do make to the younger ones!" exclaimed the widow.

"Oh! I know I don't fill *her* place—that never can be filled!" replied Barbara, tears suddenly dimming her eyes. (It was but little more than a year since she was left motherless.) "But I try to do all she would have me do; and sometimes, as you know, I can't but think she is with me, helping me."

"I don't doubt but she is; and it's a beautiful belief," said the widow. "It seems to me always as if I was going to meet her right face to face, when I come into the house. Just now I saw her over your shoulder, plain as ever I did in my life, Barbary!"

"Oh! Mrs. Mayland, how happy you always make me when you come here!" Barbara, kneeling, pressed the widow's hand to her lips and shed a little April shower of tears upon it. "You make me cry, but it isn't grief. Forgive me!" She sobbed awhile, with her face in Mrs. Mayland's lap, a kind hand caressing her fair curls and beautiful head, a kind voice soothingly speaking to her, as it were, in her mother's name. "There! I won't be foolish any more!" And brushing away her tears, she looked up with a countenance so softened, so sweet, that the widow thought:

"If Luther could see her now!"

Then Barbara arose, and the two sat together by the open window, the mild October air blowing gently upon them, and the sunshine, glancing through the scarlet maples, falling in slant rays into the room.

"Barbary," said Mrs. Mayland, "you've had as hard a trial as any girl I can see, since your mother went; but it's done you good—there's no telling how much good it's done ye! You was a wild girl before, you know—not a hard-hearted girl, by any means, but thoughtless and giddy. You ain't the same creatur' now, do you know it? though I'm sure you are quite as happy."

"Oh! happier, a great deal happier!" cried Barbary. "But I have to thank you for it. What should I have done, but for you? Other people came and talked to me—so stiff and solemn—and told me it was my duty to be resigned, but I couldn't be; they only made the world look blacker to me, and I was wicked enough to wish they would keep away. But when you came, though you always made me cry, you left with me such a sweet feeling, deep down in my heart—such a love and peace—oh! if you could know how glad and strong it always made me!" said the grateful Barbara.

In such communion, Mrs. Mayland almost forgot the care that had occupied her mind. At the sound of a light-wheeled vehicle, she looked eagerly up the road.

"Who's that, Barbary? look!"

"That—it is"—Barbara blushed deeply—"why, it is Luther!"

"I declare, so it is! Your eyes are better than mine," said the widow. "He's turning up to the shop, isn't he?"

"Yes, and there's father coming out to speak with him. What can be the matter? Father runs back for his hat; now he is getting into the buggy—here they come!"

Luther waved his hand to his mother and Barbara, as he drove rapidly by.

"Some business, I guess," said the widow. "What a pretty place you have here!"

"Yes, very," stammered Barbara, her eyes following the vehicle. "Father thinks he shall buy it in the spring. Deacon Ward won't sell until he can have twelve hundred down; but father says he can raise that. Follen & Page owe him almost that amount. I shall be so glad

Digitized by Google

to have him own this house, free from debt—it's what he has been hoping so long and working so hard for!"

The widow's lips quivered, and her eye avoided Barbara's.

"If anybody deserves to have a home he can call his own, it's your father, Barbary. But, after all, what's an 'arthly home to a heavenly one? The things of this world are just like running water. There's always about so much water—a little more or a little less, but it isn't the same—the stream never stops, the waves flow on, the bubbles break, and new waves and bubbles take their places. Just so with life. Everything is rolling on, rolling on, to the sea."

"The waves are events, and we are the bubbles," replied Barbara. "When we break I think we become vapor, and rise up in the beautiful sky."

"That's a pretty idee," said the widow. "Did you ever think how little real hold we have of the 'arth, with all our grasping? Even the trees out there have a firmer hold on't than we have —they are rooted in it, while we only live on it. Strange a man never has a bit of ground he can re'ly call his own, till he's planted too—in the 'arth, and not on it! It is sown a nat'ral body, and it is raised a spiritual body," said the widow, musingly.

Her eyes were turned upward, her hands were crossed upon her lap; a profound silence followed. Barbara gazed with reverence and affection upon the rapt face of her friend, wondering what visions of truth or of angels filled her eyes of faith. But she felt no idle wish to question her. There are persons of such fullness and purity of character, that the silent influence which passes out from them, though no silent mood of a companion—a jingling, cop-words are spoken, satisfies better than eloquence. It is a dull nature that fails to respect the high, per mind, that, in your deep moments, offers you "a penny for your thought."

CHAPTER III.

"There is father alone—what has happened?" exclaimed Barbara.

The widow started. "Why, where was I? Your father?"

"How fast he walks! How excited he looks!" said Barbara.

The flushed blacksmith entered the house, blowing, and fanning himself with his hat.

"Barby—Mrs. Mayland—oh! you desaitful critter!" he cried, shaking his brawny hand at the widow. "Oh! I'll remember it of you! Barby, Barby, a glass of water!"

The frightened Barbara ran to obey. The big blacksmith walked to and fro, and swabbed his face with his sleeve, and fanned himself, and shook, and laughed.

"That boy Luther, I tell you what—I ain't had such a time afore! Don't be scar't, Barby; it's all right, it's all right!" And Mr. Blaxton drank the contents of the glass his daughter brought him at a breath.

"What's the matter, father?"

"Don't you think, that thousan' dollars't I've been savin' up to buy this place with—you know all about it, Mis' Mayland. Another glass, Barby!"

"Don't drink too much while you're heated, Mr. Blaxton," quietly said the widow.

"Wal, you are the coolest woman! Any other in this town would have let the secret out, when I was talkin' with you this mornin', but you *did* keep on the soberest face!"

"Wasn't it best that I did?"

"Best! I tell ye," cried the burly smith, "if you had gi'n me a hint of what you knew 'bout Follen & Page, I should have run distracted; I should have gone tearin' about the town like a mad bull! And I guess I should have got my money 'bout as much as you can git the moon out of a pond, by jumpin' in heels over head arter it!"

"What has Luther done?" the widow asked.

"Done! He's got my head out from under the sill!" roared the honest smith.

"Oh! I am glad of that!"

"He told me that dream o' yourn, widder, goin' over, to kind o' break the news to me, easy like, though I had a suspicion what the matter was, the minute I see him drive up to the shop. But, I tell ye, the thunderbolt didn't strike me fair till he'd got me into the countin'-room, and brought Mr. Follen to me, right face to face, an' says he, 'Mr. Follen,' says he, 'fore I had time to ketch my breath, 'this man must be paid,' says he.

"'Paid?' says Follen, with his smooth grin, 'what do you mean?'

"'What I say,' says Luther, and he locked the door. 'He must be paid 'fore either of us leaves this room,' says he.

"Then Follen began to chafe, and champ the bit, and kick, but 'twan't no use; that boy o' yourn held him to it—there wan't no gettin' away—Luther had him, and led him right up to the work, jest as if he'd been tamin' a young colt. It seems he has had things a little in his own hands since yesterday, when he went to

Digitized by Google

the store and called Follen to an account, and got out of him that they re'ly was preparin' to fail; but he promised to stand by 'em, and help 'em, if they'd deal honorable; and he'd gone to the city to get some notes discounted for 'em at a bank where he knows the cashier; and he'd brought back some drafts, and he had 'em in his pocket there, and says he, taking me by the collar, says he, 'This is an honest man, and a poor man, and whoever suffers, he mustn't; and now,' says he, 'just put your name on the back of one of these drafts for him, and I'll keep it in my hands till he gives me the note'—for, you see, I'd left Follen & Page's note in the till of my chist, here to home. Wal, to cut a long story short, the thing was done; and if I ever forget Luther's doin' of me this sarvice—why, then, Barby, I hope you'll show yourself more grateful."

Astonished, and thrilled with joy at, she scarcely knew what, Barbara could do nothing but blush and smile, through tears at her father and Mrs. Mayland.

"I am thankful," said the widow, fervently. "I rejoice for you, brother Blaxton! But there's danger of becoming too much attached to the things of this world. I hope 'twouldn't have broke your heart, even if you'd lost the money."

"Widder," said the smith, "that *would* have broke my heart! I've been years savin' up that money, hopin' to buy a place with't some day. I've got a family of children growin' up. I shall soon be an old man, and if I don't, within a few years, have a home of my own for them, and for me in my old age, I never shall."

"But you haven't got your money yet, it seems," replied the widow.

"It's in Luther's hands, and I'd trust him with anything!" cried Mr. Blaxton. "There he comes now, with the draft! Barby, run to the till of my chist, and git me that note!"

Barbara skipped from the room, lightly as if she had had wings. Luther, smiling, triumphant, hat in hand, entered. The smith embraced him with enthusiasm—with tears. With silent emotion, Mrs. Mayland looked upon her son, in whom she was never so well pleased. Then Barbara, radiant with modesty, happiness, love, came noiselessly into the room. And that morning, at parting, Luther reverently and tremulously took his first pledge of affection from the pure lips of Barbara.

In a dream of bliss, the young man walked home with his mother. Oh, lovely sky of October! airs so cool and sweet! heavenly haze on the hills! refulgent gold and scarlet of the trees! music, the softest ever heard, in the gentle murmur of the brook by the roadside, in the light rustle of colored leaves on the ground.

"Mother," said Luther, "I think Barbara likes me. I never felt so sure of it before. She has not always treated me well. I have thought she was capricious, sometimes cruel."

"Why, that's the way with girls," replied the widow. "When they treat you that way, 'pearing to encourage you one day, then, without any provocation, saying or doing something to hurt your feelings, you may be sure they like you—unless it's a heartless coquette, which, of course, we all know Barbary isn't."

Reaching home, the widow made haste to get dinner. The lover was hungry.

"What happened to you, my son, about nine o'clock this morning?"

"Why, mother?"

"Because, just at that time, the strangest feeling came over me! Though I'd been worried all day yesterday, and kep' awake all last night, all of a sudden, just as I was going out of the house, every bit of my trouble seemed to leave me, and I was just as calm as I ever was in my life."

"It was just about that time," replied Luther, "that I got the drafts into my hands, which I had been waiting all night for, and started for home. I felt that Mr. Blaxton's money was safe, and that was all I cared."

"How curis it is!" said the widow.

The result proved that Mr. Follen was something of a villain, and Mr. Page his timid accomplice. It was only through Luther's firmness and sagacity that they were prevented from defaulting, with considerable sums of money on their hands. Their debts to townsmen, who he knew held their notes for borrowed money, or for produce, he compelled them to pay, after which their business was made over to their principal creditors in the city, and that was the last of Follen & Page.

CHAPTER IV.

The store was closed but for a few days. It was reopened with a new stock of goods, and a new sign over the door. "Cobwit & Co.," a house of distinguished name and immense wealth, had converted it into a branch establishment. The name alone inspired the townspeople with confidence and pride. Mr. Cobwit came out from the city, to look at affairs, and receive the homage of a community which he condescended to honor with his great presence and great reputation. At his departure, he left his mantle with his vicegerent.

Digitized by Google

Mr. Montey, the head of the new establishment, was a person of fine address, sociability, good looks, and exceedingly handsome whiskers. He was thirty, and a bachelor. He took lodgings at the hotel, drove a gay horse, and made havoc with ladies' hearts.

Luther, who retained his place in the store, and was very useful to Mr. Montey, introduced him one evening to the blacksmith's family. Although belonging to the great house of Cobwit & Co., Mr. Montey was not proud.

"He's just the most perfect gentleman ever I see in my life!" Mr. Blaxton declared, glowing with satisfaction, after the polished merchant had taken his leave.

"Gracious! didn't he look sweatmeats at Barby!" observed young Master Blaxton.

Barbara looked very red, and very strange. Luther felt an unaccountable pang. Of course he was not jealous; but as he tried to speak, his heart choked him.

"Say, Barby, wouldn't you like to ride after that smart trottin' hoss of his'n?" continued George.

"Hush yer nonsense, boy!" said the smith, frowning. "Mr. Montey is over thirty year old"—with a thoughtful side-glance at Barbara.

"Ten years—that ain't much difference 'twixt a man and his wife," muttered young Blaxton, who was justly sent to bed for his impertinence.

Somehow, the parting between the lovers was unusually cool that night.

A week later, Barbara did actually ride after that "smart trottin' hoss," with Mr. Montey.

"Do tell!" said the gossips. "I *should* think he'd look higher than that!" "Only a blacksmith's daughter!" "Where's Luther Mayland?" "Won't little Barby feel her consequence now!" with other such charitable remarks.

The invitation had been unexpected. Mr. Blaxton thought it would not be polite to refuse it. And Barbara did not have time to ask Luther if she ought to accept it. Even if she had asked him, how could he have withheld his consent? He and Barbara were not engaged, although there had been a tacit and sweet love-confidence between them ever since the affair of the borrowed money.

"I have no right to complain. I ought to be glad, if it was a pleasure to Barbara," said Luther to his mother. But it was quite evident that his magnanimity did not prevent his feeling very unhappy about something.

"Barbary is a young girl yet; and all young girls are vain," said Mrs. Mayland. "No wonder it pleased her to have attentions from a man that everybody is praising up to the very skies. But I wish she wouldn't."

Mr. Blaxton did not forget his ardent gratitude toward Luther, in his enthusiasm for Mr. Montey.

"I owe everything to that young man!" he one day declared, when the merchant drove up to the shop to see where his horse's shoe pinched.

"He seems to be a fine young fellow. Look at his off foot," said the merchant. "He helped you out of some trouble, I believe?"

The blacksmith hammered the hoof, and told his story.

"No doubt the young fellow meant well," said Montey, carelessly. "But I don't imagine your money was in actual danger."

"Do you think so?" replied the smith.

"I hope the bank pays you interest—where is my whip?"

"No, it don't; I only leave it there for safe keeping. I expect to use it in the spring. I ain't goin' to resk that money agin, I tell you!"

"But you are losing sixty or seventy dollars a year by its lying idle," observed Mr. Montey. "You can't afford that. Besides, banks fail sometimes, you know, as well as traders."

"I've thought of that; but I'm blamed if I know what better I can do," said the smith.

"Let me see—I am going to town to-morrow. I'll ask Mr. Cobwit if he can use it, if you like."

"Wal, that would suit me, of all things," said the smith. He seemed to think the honor alone would be sufficient compensation for lending money to the great house of Cobwit & Co.

The next day Mr. Montey went to town, and the day after he sent for Mr. Blaxton. Cobwit & Co. had concluded to use the money.

"I want you to feel perfectly easy about it, if we have it," said Montey. "I can give you any kind of security you want, if you have any doubts of our paper." The smile with which he said this was very humorous; the idea of anybody doubting Cobwit & Co.'s paper appearing so decidedly funny! The blacksmith blushed. As if *he* could have been guilty of such an absurdity!

"I should be ashamed to ask for security; Cobwit & Co.'s name is security enough for me," said he.

"It's contrary to our custom to borrow such small sums—indeed, to borrow money any way," observed Mr. Montey, writing, "so I'd a little rather you wouldn't speak of it."

Mr. Blaxton blushed again. He had thought that his lending money to Cobwit & Co. would be a thing to be proud of, and to mention with satisfaction.

Digitized by Google

"Sartin, sartin," he said. "Of course, 'twouldn't be much of an honor to a great firm like yourn, to have it said you've borrowed money of me!"

Mr. Montey made out the note. It read, "Twelve months from date, I promise to pay——" but that was only a form, and Mr. Blaxton could have his money at any time, (the merchant said,) by calling for it. It was signed, "Horatio Montey."

"Why, see here, I thought you was going to give the firm's signature," said the surprised blacksmith. "Cobwit & Co."

"That is precisely the same thing. I am the 'Company,'" replied Mr. Montey.

"I don't doubt that, and I don't imagine it makes any material difference; but somehow I kind o' want Cobwit & Co.'s name—just for the looks—just for the sound—if nothing more."

"Oh, I see! Mr. Montey smiled, tore up the note, and wrote another. "It is precisely the same thing to us," and he signed the name of the firm.

Mr. Blaxton, who knew that the transaction was entirely a personal favor to himself, felt very uncomfortable, on account of the want of confidence he had shown. Moreover, the merchant's easy manners, and fair and obliging disposition, were of so polished a surface that they cast reflections upon the rude and embarrassed smith; and he saw his own roughness and ignorance as in a glass. He accepted the note in its new form; gave in return a draft upon the bank, for the money; thanked, perspired, and apologized profusely, and departed, singularly ill at ease for a man who carried Cobwit & Co.'s paper for a thousand dollars in his jacket pocket. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR SUE.

BY ANNA L. ROMAINE.

Knew ye ever gifted maiden
With such wondrous beauty laden
  As our love, our darling Sue,
She whose feet are lightly dancing,
With the soft eyes upward glancing,
  A star entangled in their blue,
Mellowed with the light that fell
From far off fields of Asphodel?

Have you heard her accents tender,
Speaking thoughts the graces lend her
  To each one anear her thrown,
Rich and soft as sweet refrain
From the warblers after rain,
  When first the sun hath shone,
Telling her heart's gladness
When her eye hath lost its sadness?

For long ago a shadow fell,
Cold, and chilling with its spell
  O'er our love, our darling Sue,
And her step then lost its lightness,
And her eye its wondrous brightness,
  Dew-drops mingle with its blue:
For though solemn troth was plighted,
Her rich heart for gold was slighted.

But long before the shadow lifted
Through its rents the sunlight drifted,
  And sank into her soul;
Then from out her sorrow
Dawned her brighter morrow,
  And her heart was whole,
With a treasure in its keeping
Worth the sorrow and the weeping.

THE SNOW-MANTLED FOREST.

BY JAMES RISTINE.

No throstle sits on yonder tree
  To sing her tender lay;
No flowers spread in ripening bloom
  Beside the forest way;
Nor come the warmer breezes there
  To pour their perfume round;
Nor hop the twittering little birds
  Along the fleecy ground.

For silence, like the calm of death,
  Is brooding o'er the wood,
Where but the winds of Winter with
  An icy touch intrude;

And starlight silvers o'er the snow
  That sleeps upon the spray,
Shedding below along the glade
  A strange, a ghastly ray.

And here within this aching heart
  The frost of care is spread,
And hope, and joy, once radiant,
  Are lying with the dead;
And but the gleam of other days
  Returns to cheer awhile—
Amid the melancholy gloom
  To cast a vacant smile.

Digitized by Google

NANNIE.

BY MARY LEE PERKINS.

The doctor put on her cloak, Mrs. Thornton tied her furs, Kate arranged her hood, Fred buttoned her fur-lined boots, little Nannie handed her muff. Nan laughed cheerily, kissed them all, and took her seat in the sleigh *en route* for home; Dr. Thornton came out with the lantern to see that she was made quite comfortable, the rest standing in the door reiterating their adieus and good wishes.

"Take good care of Miss Anna, Pat," the doctor said to the driver.

"Yes, your honor, it's meself that will be sure to do that," was heartily responded.

The passengers, one and all, looked to see what kind of a person she might be for whom all seemed to care so kindly. Then Pat cracked his whip, the bells jingled merrily, and off they went.

It was a bright, cold mid-winter evening, about "early candle-light." The sleighing was magnificent. Nan felt very happy thinking of her charming visit, and of how glad brother Tom would be to have her home again. Then she fell to wondering who the tall gentleman beside her, all wrapped in furs, might be; if there was any one who would be glad to see him; and wished his face was not so muffled that she might see it. She thought he must be asleep he was so quiet: but she would have changed her mind on that point could she have seen the bright way he smiled behind his fur collar as Pat would look back, touch his hat and say,

"Are ye quite comfortable, Miss Anna?"

"Yes, Pat, quite comfortable, thank you."

"Misther Clinton will be glad yer afther coming home."

"Yes, Pat."

After a little, the brightly-lighted houses and the gaunt trees, which she was watching as they flew past, began to grow less and less distinct: and the next thing she was conscious of was the voice of her brother Tom calling,

"Anything for me there, Pat?" and then springing into the sleigh. "Why, Nannie, you little dormouse, making a pillow of your fellow passengers; wake up and kiss a fellow."

And she was very much astonished and shocked to find that through more than half of her ten miles' drive, she had been quietly sleeping against this same fur coat that had so excited her curiosity. She apologized very prettily: and he of the fur coat replied "that it had never been put to a better service," and then he stood on the steps of the hotel watching them as they drove off. Nan ran gaily up their own steps, not forgetting to send Pat a glass of wine. She and Tom sat by the glowing fire a long time that night, he telling how he had missed his little housekeeper, she of her visit, of the Thorntons: and wondering a little why Tom appeared so inattentive when she spoke of her dear Kate, whose virtues she never could enumerate, or sufficiently extol. She had often felt a little hurt, too, that Kate manifested so little appreciation of her brother. Altogether it puzzled her a little. Nevertheless that night, after our little lady was "snugly tucked up" in bed, her *chateaux en Espagne* were all inhabited by Kate and Tom, each all in all to the other: she never thinking in her unselfish little heart what would become of her the meanwhile.

Meantime, our fur-coated friend, which garment by-the-way he had doffed, was sitting in his room at the hotel, feeling particularly comfortless and cheerless, thinking of that little face leaning so trustingly upon his arm, of soft words and genial smiles, and hearty welcomes and kisses. He sighed to think how little he had known of such things, and wondered why if there were good, true, earnest women in the world, which he believed in his heart of hearts there were, it had never been his good fortune to fall in with such.

The next morning, as Anna was busying herself about some onerous domestic duty, Biddy informed her that Mr. Clinton would be glad to see her in the library. As she entered, Tom came forward looking particularly pleased.

"Nannie, I have the pleasure of making you acquainted with Mr. Radcliffe, of Boston; Mr. Radcliffe, my sister."

Mr. Radcliffe bowed, hoped Miss Clinton was well. Miss Clinton expressed her great pleasure in seeing Mr. Radcliffe, adding, that the introduction was a mere form, for she had long known him through his never-failing goodness

Digitized by Google

to Tom, and his many generous and disinterested acts of kindness.

"Yes, little sister, I want you always to feel that; that Mr. Radcliffe's benefits to me are inestimable; that we must ever remain his debtors."

Mr. Radcliffe disclaimed all merit, and, even allowing it, he did not understand why Miss Clinton should assume Tom's responsibilities: but he looked rather pleased withal, and thereupon there followed a very animated conversation. At last Tom says,

"Nannie, dear, will you not impress upon Mr. Radcliffe how much more comfortable he can be with us than at the hotel? I have already explained to him that the doors of your little heart are thrown wide open to him, and that anything will be a pleasure to you that may add to his."

"Do let me persuade you, Mr. Radcliffe: I should be so gratified. I do not consider that I can ever do enough for, or make enough of, one who has been so kind to Tom."

She spoke with such sweet entreaty, and looked so thoroughly hospitable, that he ordered his baggage to be sent up at once from the hotel; and with other things came that same wonderful fur coat, though, as he had no occasion to wear it during his stay, Nan never once knew or imagined it.

Probably never did any old musty bookworm of a bachelor have a wider or newer field opened to his vision and understanding than now presented itself to John Radcliffe, Esq., Boston, Mass. He thought it was a wonderful thing to see Nannie's quiet household ways. He thought the intelligence and love and worth and charity that lighted up her countenance were beautiful to behold. He thought he would give all his wealth, all his influence, all his learning, for a little sister like Tom's. He thought her songs the most melodious he had ever heard, her manners the most simply elegant and refined, her taste the most perfect. While he and Tom sat discussing the old Boston days, when Tom was his law student, he noted how truly industrious, patient, and womanly she was. And so it fell out that the two or three days in which he had thought to settle the details of the Rice *vs.* Rice, *et al*, case, lengthened themselves into as many weeks.

And finally, after his return to Boston, his brother lawyers, clerks, and students wondered what had befallen the indefatigable Radcliffe, who, from being the most watchful, unwearying, relentless practitioner among them, had become careless, inert, and absent-minded.

The fact was, all Mr. Radcliffe's energies were bent upon solving the following metaphysical problem: Why was it that the most thoroughly, sumptuously, and perfectly arranged house, with no Nannie, appeared to him empty, void, and meaningless, while the merest cottage, with her, seemed overflowing with light and happiness? The conclusion of the whole matter was this:

"By Jove, she rested quietly and happily on my arm the first time we met, I will ask her if she will make use of it for the slumbers that remain to her, until a mightier and surer arm, which gathers up such lambs as she, shall hold her."

By the next mail a line was dispatched to Tom, saying that that troublesome Rice case again demanded his presence in their parts. The letter was speedily followed by himself. Anna welcomed him very cordially, innocently remarking that business had taken Tom somewhere into Dr. Thornton's neighborhood, but he would be back very soon.

Then they had a very lively *tete-a-tete*, Nannie doing divers things to make her guest comfortable, and he watching her every movement. Finally a very embarrassing pause ensued. Nan was becoming quite nervous, when Mr. Radcliffe approached her, and, in a very deep-toned voice, full of feeling, said,

"Nannie, I have been all my life an eager, grasping man, seeking for happiness which I have never found. It rests with you now to give it to me, or doom me ever to the darkness in which I have been groping. I have fastened my every hope, wish, and desire upon you."

She was very, very quiet, her head sank lower and lower, still she gave no sign.

In a voice overcharged with passionate emotion, he said, "Nannie, will you give me what I ask?"

There was a sudden lifting of a bowed face. Two little hands came fluttering into his, and then the head sought the resting place it had so unwittingly and quietly appropriated before.

"Why, Mr. Radcliffe, I loved you before ever I saw you, and I have loved you every moment since. Didn't you know it?"

But suddenly a troubled expression fell upon Nannie's face.

"What is it, my darling?"

"Oh! how wicked and selfish I am to forget my dear Tom, who has been everything to me since mamma died! How can I ever leave him, Mr. Radcliffe?"

"How does it happen that your little woman's heart, that seems to know everything without

Digitized by Google

learning it, has not discovered that Tom's business takes him surprisingly often out to Dr. Thornton's?"

"Oh! Mr. Radcliffe, do you truly think so?"

"I do, indeed, my blessing."

If a more delighted person than Nannie, or one more happy to the heart's core than Mr. Radcliffe, could be found, it would be worth while to see them produced.

Late that night, when Mr. Radcliffe related to Tom what he had been saying to Nannie, it happened just as he had surmised that Tom had a similar confession to make in return, for he and Kate had been holding a conversation of like import. They shook hands upon it most heartily and wished each other joy, and each appeared to feel that he was nearer realizing it than any one had ever been before him.

A few months later found Nannie happily domiciled in Boston, surrounded by all the elegancies and luxuries that money, taste, and love could procure.

One morning, sometime after, they were in the breakfast room. Mr. Radcliffe was apparently reading the morning papers, but really watching his little wife, as she was arranging the silver.

"My little Nan, come here."

She came at once, as all good wives should do.

"When was the first time you slept on this arm?"

"You shock me, asking such things. The night of the fifteenth of June, when I promised to love, honor, and obey you, of course."

"No, wifey."

"Why, John, what can you mean?"

"Did you never take a quiet little nap in a sleigh, coming from Dr. Thornton's?"

"John, you do not mean that you are the gentleman that belongs to the fur coat?"

"Exactly."

"Well I might have known it. Else of course I would not have done it."

And John had no more to say.

FAREWELL TO AUTUMN.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

Farewell to brown Autumn's tread!
Farewell to his swift-winged hours!
Farewell to the sweets which his regal hand
Pressed from the Summer flowers!

Farewell to the golden fields,
Erst wet by Spring's rife showers;
Farewell to the emerald carpet that graced
This beautiful earth of ours!

Farewell to the birds that cheered
Our hearts 'mid the leafy bowers;
Farewell to the hopes that closely clung
To Autumn's lingering hours!

Farewell to the purple grapes
That hung in the latticed bowers;
Autumn is treading their rich juice out,
As he speeds from this earth of ours!

But tho' he is passing away,
And blighting the painted flowers,
He is filling our garners with corn and wine,
A truce for stern Winter's hours!

Oh! heart, bid farewell to sin:
Let it die with the Autumn hours;
Oh! culture and cherish virtue's plant
To bloom in eternal bowers!

Then a hope for guileless youth,
Elysium's cold petaled flowers!
May their hearts be feasted with love and truth
Ere they soar from this world of ours!

And a hope for ripe old age,
Eternity's Autumn-marked towers!
Oh! may they enjoy an excelsior bliss—
The three score and ten of ours!

WE CAN FORGET.

BY MRS. C. H. CRISWELL.

Forget! ah, yes! we can forget love's dreaming,
When years, long years, have slowly traveled by;
For, o'er the spirit then, no light is beaming
Of love's sweet magic from the shaded eye.
We can forget!

We can forget the hours of peaceful gladness
That passed while ling'ring with the chosen one;
We can forget the days of gloom and sadness,
When from our hearts all joy, all hope was gone.
We can forget!

We can forget love's last and mournful parting,
When sighs of anguish rent each heaving breast;
When trembling tears in our sad eyes were starting,
And when our lips together wildly pressed.
We can forget!

We can forget the loved ones when they leave us,
Alone descending to the dismal tomb,
That tomb whose chambers dark may soon receive us,
Though now, perhaps, rejoicing in our bloom.
We can forget!

Digitized by Google

BARBARA SHERBORNE, SPINSTER.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Barbara Sherborne, spinster, aged forty-five!

The words are not unfamiliar to me, yet they strike my eye strangely as I see them traced in my own crabbed, unfeminine hand.

Here is a whole sheet of paper covered with the same uncouth scribblings. I have wasted hours in this silly, mechanical task, while my thoughts have been as uselessly employed with the memories which those words called up.

This is the way it came to pass.

I was here in my sitting-room after breakfast reading the morning paper—the masculine privilege usurped by every solitary old maid—when Honour, my woman, entered and said that the "census man" was below.

"Shure, what'll he want your senses?" she added, somewhat mistaking his errand; "it's little good mine are to mysel'; but I'm thinking I'll not spare 'em to him, any way."

I explained his mission, and told her to give him my name.

"Isn't he axin' the ages too—the omadhaun—bless the Virgin, I don't know mine, so I'll have no shame about it at all."

I smiled a little at Honour's energy, and lest she should, between passion and stupidity, make some of the ridiculous mistakes habitual with her on every possible occasion, I wrote upon a slip of paper my name and age. As I did so, I remembered that it was my birthday.

My interesting handmaiden stared as earnestly at the line as if she had been able to read it, then walked discontentedly down stairs, leaving the door wide open as was her wont.

I heard the petulant speech with which she gave the paper to the man, heard too his derisive laugh as he read the words aloud,

"Martha Sherborne, aged forty-five. Why a body would think your mistress was writing an inscription for her own tomb-stone," he added. "Wal, wal, old maids is queer. But I say, Irish, the old lady don't have any more birthdays, does she?"

Barbara flung a torrent of invectives at his head, and I think fairly pushed him out-of-doors, for I heard a scuffle. He went off laughing, and his last words were,

"You must be a nice pair, you and the spinster, aged forty-five."

I repeated the name over and over to myself; I still held the pen and began to write: the only words I framed were,

"Martha Sherborne, spinster, aged forty-five."

So the forenoon has slipped away and here I sit still, idle, listless, and letting the first day of my new year drift from me without even an effort to begin it in some useful manner.

This is dreary autumn weather; the leaves are dropping slowly from the trees; the last fall flowers in the garden are bending patiently to the wind. My chair is drawn near the window, so that I command a view of the street. I cannot say that the prospect is a particularly pleasant one. Our yards are at the front of the houses instead of the back; this is Monday, and every yard is filled with clothes hung up on poles and lines to dry, while twenty-four slatternly Irish girls scream to each other across the fences as they pursue their labors.

The whole street looks like an immense laundry establishment, and I can see several of my neighbors at their windows, taking a careful inventory of such portions of my wearing apparel as Honour has chosen to spread out to the public gaze. I am going to make a remark which may sound foolish, but I am an old maid, and so have a right to be squeamish. I do not like to wear petticoats that have been stared at by everybody that chooses to look: I always feel as if there were two eyes in each pair of stockings I put on my feet.

It would please me better, too, if I could cultivate my flowers in some less exposed spot than I am obliged to do; but I would rather be stared at by passers by, and laughed at by my neighbors, than give up my chief pleasure. Mine are very old-fashioned flowers with homely names—I think I love them more from their associations than for themselves.

Years, and years, ago I cultivated and loved such blossoms in my pleasant country home. Since that time so many holy and pure feelings have been torn from my heart, that I wonder I am not changed to stone, yet the love for those flowers has survived it all. Often the sight of them has caused me the keenest pain; many a time their odor has driven me almost insane, yet I love them still; and I only ask that when kind hands prepare this poor body for the grave,

they will place upon my bosom a cluster of the old time blossoms that have been with me all my life.

That country home, it was indeed a pleasant place. The house was old, and could boast no architectural pretensions—a long, irregular, wooden building, with wings jutting out and verandahs covered with vines—a sweep of woodland to the right—at the left an immense garden and an orchard stretching down the hill at the back, with a wild brook rushing through its midst, the murmur of whose waters came up to the chamber I occupied and soothed me to rest—the happy, dreamful rest of girlhood.

There I lived with my step-mother; for of my own mother I had no remembrance; and while I was still a child we followed—the second wife and I—my father's corpse as it was carried, for the last time, out of the old homestead, and laid at rest in the village grave-yard miles beyond.

I had no relatives, except some distant connections of my father's family, of whom I knew very little, so that I gave my step-mother the fullness of affection which lies in every young heart, ready to offer itself in return for any evidence of kindness or sympathy.

My mother had almost as few to love as myself. She never spoke to me of any relatives, except a nephew, who was being educated in Europe, the son of a favorite sister, who had long been dead; and in this young man she seemed to have centred all the love which had once belonged to his dead parent.

I was seventeen years old when Wallace Landry returned to America, and came to visit my step-mother. She was greatly excited as the time for his arrival approached, she could talk and think of nothing else; and when we received news that he had actually landed and would be at Ashburn within two days, she was so overcome that I feared she would make herself ill.

She related to me numberless anecdotes of his childhood, and I remember—a week after his arrival I would not have believed it—they all impressed me unfavorably, and I thought if he had grown up with the same reckless, selfish disposition, there was everything to fear, and little to hope in regard to him.

Wallace Landry came to Ashburn. Let me recall him as he looked that first evening seated in the most comfortable chair in the room, the one that had always been especially my step-mother's, but which she ceded to him at once, and which he took, as he did every other attention or sacrifice, with the most graceful, winning manner, and the most beautiful indifference.

He was twenty-one at that time, appearing somewhat older from the perfectly easy, self-possessed manner, which, I am certain, must have been peculiar to him from his cradle.

He was not tall, but extremely well made, his movements lithe and graceful. I never see anything similar now that I do not have a feeling as if a serpent were near me: and I like a man who is awkward and angular: but it was different then. His face was a fair oval—would have been perfect in its shape, except for the slightly retreating chin—his mouth was so changeable in its expressions that it was impossible to tell which was its habitual one—a certain evidence of his fickle character. There was a singular mingling of weakness and strength in his face, and his phrenological developments would have puzzled Combe himself.

Do not suppose that I made these reflections while looking at him then—it is only in regarding him by the light of experience that I see him as he really was—to me then he was the incarnation of human beauty and perfection.

Even at that age he possessed wonderful conversational powers, and was, altogether, a man of great and peculiar talent. He was naturally indolent—an inveterate day-dreamer, and no crisis would have forced him into more than temporary action. In every art or accomplishment that he essayed he showed glimpses almost of genius, but nothing was ever completed. I have seen pictures of his which were full of promise, but he never finished them; portions of novels, fragments of poems and plays, but after the first burst of enthusiasm he threw them aside, and they were powerless to interest him again.

It was the same in his intercourse with those who fell in his way. He formed sudden and violent friendships—gave himself up to passion and love; but once certain of the heart he had burned to secure, his love paled to ashes, and no power could again have rekindled the flame.

The most miserable feature in his character was, that, for the time he was wholly in earnest, every thought and feeling was centred in that passing dream—heavens, how I loathe a nature like that! I could have more respect for a cold-blooded, systematic deceiver—I can forgive premeditated sin easier than the contemptible weakness of a fickle mind.

But I say, that of all these things I was, at that time, ignorant. I was not old enough,

Digitized by Google

nor, thank God, wise enough to comprehend his nature—the consequence was that he wrecked my life.

I cannot tell how it came about, I do not know how or when I began to love him, but I did, and loved him with an intensity, an entire devotion, which no human being looking at me to-day, cold, silent, almost apathetic, would, for an instant, believe.

My affection was neither unsought nor unreturned. Wallace Landry loved me with all the passion of his reckless, ill-formed nature, but—it was as he had loved a score of women before, and has adored numberless others since—neither more or less. I know that there are women who would be fools enough to console their vanity with the idea that the affection he had given them, was different from the passion that he felt for others; for the time purer, nobler, and however far he might have strayed beyond the dream, that somewhere in his heart it was cherished as a holy remembrance: but I am not so egregrious an idiot.

I am not a coward. I never saw the time I had not the courage to look truth boldly in the face. It is less shame for me to acknowledge that I have been a puppet, a dolt, than to sting my pride with the consciousness of having lied to my own soul.

Well, I loved him. I speak the words neither in bitterness nor scorn—each has alike passed out of my soul. There is not a memory linked with his name that has the power to move me now.

We were very, very happy during those long summer months. For the time, Wallace had not a thought beyond the pleasant routine of our lives, and I—oh! no matter—as I look back, I can only pray—God help the young!

I need not tell how the days passed. I have been alone neither in my love nor my desolation—I cannot even enjoy the martyr thought that I have borne griefs deeper than others—I know that every heart has known a summer season of delight like mine, too many the after agony and woe.

My eighteenth birthday came. Wallace was still with us, but was soon to leave for the South: there was business connected with property which rendered his presence necessary. An unforeseen and terrible event detained him still longer.

While we were yet gay with the little festivities of my birthday, my step-mother was seized with a sudden illness. Only a week passed—a week of anxiety and suffering, then I stood by her death-bed. The last friend who could have aided or counseled me was gone: there was only my mad heart and my wild love to direct me then.

I was nearly frantic with grief, and Wallace appeared to suffer as much as myself.

Very soon after the funeral he was obliged to leave me. I thought the agony of that parting was the most terrible suffering I should ever have to endure. The evening that he was to leave Ashburn we were together in the parlor, where we had never known sadness until a little time before.

We wept like children. Nay, he was weaker far than I; his grief was like that of an insane person.

We heard the carriage which was to take him away drive to the door. The feverish energy that always came upon me in moments of great excitement nerved me then. Again and again he folded me to his heart, uttering every vow and tender word that passion could suggest.

"Barbara!" he exclaimed, suddenly, "I cannot part from you so; be my wife."

"You are mad," I said. "Oh! Wallace, remember my poor mother!"

"I know—I understand! Listen, Barbara: let us swear an oath which shall bind us for life—here before the portrait of your father. He will hear—it will be registered in heaven!"

He seized my hand and drew me in front of the picture. We knelt and repeated the vows which we should have spoken had we been standing before the altar. I grew faint as I felt Wallace's kiss on my forehead and heard him say,

"You are my wife now—you would not dare do anything which would separate us. Stop, it shall be made legal."

He went to a table, seized a paper and pen.

"There is no ink," he said, impatiently; "never mind, this will do as well."

He snatched a sharp knife from the desk and gave his wrist a reckless thrust. I cried out as the blood dropped upon the paper.

"It is holier ink than a priest would have used," he exclaimed, and, dipping the pen in it, he wrote a certificate acknowledging me as his wife, signed it and gave it into my hands.

"You are my wife," he said, exultingly, "my own, own wife."

With those solemn vows still upon our lips we parted. He out into the busy world, and I settling down in the quiet of my home, for a season so filled with blissful dreams that I had no thought of loneliness.

One of my step-mother's last acts had been to send a message to a relative of my father,

Digitized by Google

requesting her to make her home with me for a time, since it was impossible for me to live alone. She had left Ashburn to Wallace, it having been a part of her marriage portion: but I was to remain there until my twenty-first birthday. I had inherited a sufficient fortune from my father, and as he had appointed my eighteenth birthday as the time of my majority, I was not fettered or controlled by the caprices of a guardian.

So I sat down in the homestead with my great love beside me, to console me in the grief I suffered at the loss of my step-mother and the separation from Landry.

It was not long before Mrs. Bates arrived. I must frankly confess that her companionship brought me little pleasure. I have no doubt that she was a good woman—she was tiresome enough to have been—and I am glad to remember that from me she always received consideration and kindness.

She was stiff and angular as an old maid—as much so as I am to-day. She never laughed; poor old soul! she had known much trouble and perhaps had forgotten how. At all events, when other people would have laughed she only snuffled. She had a horror of novels beyond credence. When she was not reading, she occupied herself with some interminable needlework. The good creature had a theory in regard to yellow flannel petticoats—the only theory she ever formed, I think—she believed them conducive to health, and the number she made during her residence with me was incredible.

She was kind enough to furnish me with several of the articles, but I derived little benefit from them, perhaps owing to the fact that they were immediately stowed away at the bottom of a chest, and never again saw daylight to my knowledge.

There could be no intimacy between us. I doubt if she liked me at all; but Ashburn made her a pleasant home, after her years of martyrdom among sisters and nieces, a poor widow: and her presence gave the countenance and protection which my years demanded.

The winter passed slowly away. For several months I received letters regularly from Wallace, letters so beautiful, so full of passion and eloquence, that in a novel they would have gone far toward making its reputation.

In the early ones, he always addressed me as his wife. I was so. According to the laws of the state our marriage was a legal one: in the sight of heaven it was sacred and indissoluble as if we had stood before an altar, and a priest had dictated the vows which we pronounced before my father's portrait, in a room made holy by a thousand precious memories.

Once Wallace wrote to me to borrow a sum of several thousand dollars. I supposed he needed it for some business purpose; had it been the last cent I possessed he would have had it. I sold stocks to obtain the amount; it was a sufficiently large one to diminish my income by a thousand dollars.

At length any letters failed to reach me. Another man would have written at intervals, broken off gradually: it was not his way. The moment his passion died, and I can understand that the flame went out as quickly as it had been kindled, he ceased to write at once.

I was far from suspecting the truth. I wrote once, twice, after that no more. I would have cut my right hand off sooner than have made an appeal or demanded an explanation.

The spring had come, the trees were budding, the plants in the garden putting forth their green leaves; in my heart there was the tempest of mid-winter.

Days and weeks of suspense, of hope and fear, of every species of suffering that suspense brings, more terrible to bear than the desolation of a defined grief.

One evening, at the tea-table, Mrs. Bates handed me a magazine which had that day arrived.

"I have not read it, of course, my dear, I abhor stories; but I saw Mr. Landry's name among the contributors—your mother's nephew, you know—I thought you might wish to see the book."

I took the pamphlet up to my room, and there I read the tale written by Wallace Landry; a beautiful story, full of brilliant imagery, but to me it had a meaning beyond its romance. It proved the necessity of fickleness in love, the downright sin of the one left to suffer in venturing to blame the deserter; it was the fault of the woman if she had no longer the power to charm the wayward spirit of the deceiver.

I read the tale, closed the magazine and laid it down. That story had been written for me, it was a reason for his silence, a bold, insolent justification of his own conduct.

What did I do? I could tear my heart out when I think of it: but I went mad! For three months life was a blank to me, wasted in the ravings of a sick room.

Pass that over! I never yet recalled the memory of that time without longing to dash my brains out against the wall: but so be it. I went mad, at times sinking almost into driveling idiocy.

Digitized by Google

I rose from that bed with the gray hairs which are folded back from my forehead to-day, with no trust in God or man. I wonder heaven did not punish me for the sins I committed.

That season passed, of course. I found at length the only consolation that could aid me in my trial.

As soon as I was able I left Ashburn, took a house in New York and there we lived. The years went on. I heard of Wallace Landry's marriage; after a time learned that Ashburn was sold, it was only one pang more, I could bear it.

Landry lived South; much of the time he passed in Europe. He made a certain reputation, wrote a novel or two, a volume of poems, made speeches, accomplished nothing after all.

At length, Mrs. Bates went to heaven. I do not mean it irreverently, but I really think it was the best place for her. One of the last requests she made was to be buried in a flannel shroud; I made a compromise with my conscience, and ordered it to be of white woolen at least. Her pug dog did not long survive her; I cannot say that in regard to his peace I am quite certain, for a more vicious, ill-conditioned animal I never saw.

I missed the old lady—I was all alone then. I lived alone after that; I had ceased to care what people said or thought. I saw my youth passing from me, and heartily I thanked God for it.

Five years after his marriage Wallace Landry wrote to me. He possessed his old eloquence; it was a friendly, general epistle, with of course no allusion to the past. At the close, he asked me for the loan of a few hundred dollars. That was my husband—that was the man for whom I had gone mad!

On through the years that were so unchanging, they seemed like one continued day!

I was thirty years old.

I cannot sit and howl, and groan over my sufferings—weaker women would have died. It had pleased heaven to make me of a different mould; and, since it was necessary for me to live, I made what I could of the broken fragments of life left to me.

I had passed through every stage of suffering, anguish, bitterness, hate. Had seen the time when I felt inclined to throw that man into prison. It was all over, there was nothing left but scorn, the ice of indifference fast gathering even over that.

I mourned for my blighted youth, the feelings and sympathies crushed forever: but that man's memory had no longer power to move me. I did not connect him with my grief—I put him out of my heart—there was not even a gravestone above that desecrated love—its ashes had been blown to the winds.

This is what happened during my thirtieth winter. I was sitting alone one evening in this very room, when I heard a ring at the bell, and my servant's voice in parley with some visitor. A voice replied—I had not heard those tones for twelve long years, but I knew them.

I neither felt faint or angry. For one instant I was back in the old home, my youth and I—the feeling passed—I stood in simple wonder.

"Step into the parlor, Marian," he said; "I will run up stairs to see Barbara; I can find the way, my good girl, don't trouble yourself."

Up the stairs he came with the quick, bounding step of old. The door opened, and Wallace Landry hurried in, greeting me with the most perfect assurance, and as he might have done a dear relative.

"My dear cousin Barbara, I am so glad, so happy to see you again after all these years! My wife is below—so anxious to know you—in short, cousin, we have come to make you a visit."

I have cut his speech short. All the time he was shaking my hand, while I stood dumb. At length I recovered my self-possession, received him kindly enough and went down stairs.

He presented his wife to me with the same cool assurance. She was well enough looking still, had evidently been pretty, and that night she looked so weary that my heart quite warmed toward her.

My simple dinner had been over for hours, but I ordered them supper, and we sat until late talking gayly: that is, Wallace talked and we listened.

Sometimes I wondered if it could be real that we three, that man and the two women he had so wronged, were sitting there together.

But I had little time for reflection, he talked so incessantly; and between whiles I was called out to anxious consultations with my woman, who was quite upset by this unexpected arrival. When their baggage was brought in, I saw that they must intend remaining somewhere for a long time. I gave up my own bed chamber and sitting-room to them, and, my hospitable arrangements being completed, went back to my guests.

Before we retired, I learned that they had no intention of returning South—they were ruined—had been living for two years, first on one relative, then another.

"The fact is," said Landry, "we haven't a

Digitized by Google

penny left—birds without a nest," and he looked quite happy about it; his wife sat passive and indifferent.

Then he went on to tell me what his plans were: It was time for him now to act. He would write a book that would make him a fortune at once. In an hour he had woven a thousand wonderful projects. I saw that he would do nothing—with all his fine talk he would live on anybody who would take care of him.

He did not appear very much changed—a little stouter, perhaps—his face somewhat worn—but he had all the grace and elegance, the childish playfulness of old times. His wife was a weak woman, her health delicate, her jealousy of her husband stronger than her love.

I staid awake till daylight, thinking, wondering, and as incapable of forming a plan as when I lay down.

Three days after, they were as fully established, as much at home, as if we had made one family all our lives. Wallace had the best sofa moved from the parlor into his sitting-room, and lay on it the whole morning in a magnificent dressing-gown, smoking his meerschaum, and talking beautiful poetry or philosophy to any listener that he could secure.

I could see him then as he really was—feeling no longer blinded my judgment—there was not the slightest shadow of prejudice in my mind which could lead me to consider his character harshly.

He had all the qualities which we are wont to consider belong to men of genius: exquisite sensibility, a vivid imagination, so extreme a love for the beautiful, that an unsightly object in a room utterly destroyed his comfort. He gloried, reveled in beauty in every form. Against these qualities set indolence, base sensuality, selfishness, fickleness, and you have a faint idea of the man.

I wish I could repeat entire some one of his brilliant discourses. There is no other name for them, for he never waited for, or listened to, a reply.

He was capable of generous actions—had he money he would have given it to the first who asked—had he been dreaming after dinner he would not have stirred to save a human being's life.

They staid in my house five years. Each year Landry sank lower in the scale of humanity. At length he added drinking to his other vices. I wondered, for a long time, what made him so variable in his moods. At length I discovered that, for years, he had been an habitual opium eater.

Marian never did anything, kept but one servant, and I was obliged, after they came, to assist her a great deal; while my guest read novels up stairs. Sometimes Landry would write a little, but the money he earned was always wasted. I had an income of two thousand—of course it was all required to support us.

I had but a single outbreak with him. One night, Landry was out very late. I sat up for him, as Marian had gone to bed with a headache. It must have been three o'clock in the morning when I heard him fumbling with his night key at the outer door; I went into the hall just as he entered, reeling, and droning out a bacchanalian song.

I gave him one look and returned to the parlor; he followed me and began talking a vast deal of nonsense, to which I made no reply.

"How cross you are, Barbara!" he said. "Don't be vexed with a man for being a little elated after a jolly supper."

I kept my eyes on the book I had taken up; he laughed a drunken, idiotic laugh.

"Where's Marian?" he asked, in a husky, stammering voice.

"In bed, long ago."

"And you sat up for me! You're a dear woman, Barbara," and he laughed again in the same vacant way. "It is like the old time sitting here," he added.

It was the first allusion he had ever made to the past. There was a feeling at my heart as if some one had pressed a hot iron against it.

"Have you forgotten our little romance, Barbara?"

I did not speak. It was all I could do to keep from rushing upon him, and tearing the life out of his wretched body.

"Y-you look quite handsome to-night," he continued, "'Pon my word, I could almost fall in love with you again. I could, really."

He rose from his chair and staggered toward me. I never saw upon any man's face the expression there was on his; but I did not move.

"Barbara, you're my wife, you know. Eh, Barbara?"

He put out his hand; I pushed him away, and he went reeling into the sofa. He appeared somewhat sobered for an instant.

"Listen!" I said, in a voice at which I fairly shuddered, myself. "If ever, by word or look, you offend me again, I will send you to prison. I swear it."

He understood. For a moment he cowered before me, then began to whimper like a child; finally he stretched himself upon the couch, and fell into a heavy, drunken slumber. I covered

Digitized by Google

him up with some shawls and went to my room.

For his own sake, I dreaded to meet him the next morning. I thought that even he would be overcome with repentance and shame—I believe a woman never ceases to be a fool!

As I entered the breakfast-room, he looked up with a careless nod,

"You were a good soul, Barbara," he said, "to cover me up so comfortably last night. I wish, though, you had thrown another shawl over my feet. I am afraid I've taken cold."

Not long after that a child was born to them. It lived but a few months. I was glad when the poor thing died. I never could look at it and think of its living without a pang. Its wan, old face had all the worst features of their two faces: the father's retreating chin, the mother's ill-formed head. It was always a sufferer. Marian moaned and wept a great deal over it, and told me often that she would gladly die for it, but I have known her to read a novel for hours while her babe lay moaning upon my knees.

Once, when the poor infant was free from pain, actually trying to crow as it rested on its mother's breast, Landry wept with delight, assured us that he was the happiest of men, made a hasty but effective sketch of the two, and half an hour after proposed its being carried into a cold room above stairs, because it had the ill-luck to annoy him by a wail of suffering.

The child died a few weeks after that. Poor, weak Marian was quite overcome, and Landry went into a spasm of grief, for which I should have had more sympathy had I not seen him swallow a great pill of opium an hour before. The day it was buried he wrote a beautiful poem, so touching and natural that one would have sworn it could only have been the production of a good man, made wholly desolate by his loss. That very evening he went out with a party of friends, and, somewhere toward daylight, I heard him mounting the stairs with slow, uncertain step.

Marian's health declined rapidly. Her constitution never was worth anything, and her mode of life had been of itself enough to kill her. She lingered along for several months, bearing her sufferings with a patience I could not have expected. During her sickness there appeared more of the true woman in her than had ever before been manifest. Sometimes she tried to talk with Landry, urging him to change his mode of life; but he found a way of going off into such spasms of grief, that she had not the heart or strength to contend against them.

She died in my arms at last, begging me with her last breath to take care of Wallace. During her whole sickness she had spoken of him as if he had been a child that must be petted and gratified without restraint.

Of course he was heart-stricken at her loss. I suppose he did feel it for a time. I advised him to take a journey to improve his spirits; he complied willingly enough, and returned at the end of six weeks, wearing his mourning with so jaunty an air, that one might have believed them festal garments.

I advised him to go to Italy, saying I would send him quarterly sufficient to make him comfortable. He accepted the gift with the best grace imaginable and made ready at once.

The night before his departure he came to see me, talked eloquently of his talents, his aspirations, his delicate organization, and ended by asking me to become his wife before the world, that I might go with him—I should be his guiding star—his hope—his angel.

It was too pitiful for anger, too mean for contempt, and I only said,

"Don't be afraid, Landry, you will not fail to receive your money regularly," bade him good-by and went away.

Ten years have passed since his departure, and here I am to-day, a lonely, desolate woman.

I am willing to live, I believe that my life is not wholly a useless one; but if it please God, I could wish that upon my tomb-stone might be inscribed—

"BARBARA SHERBORNE, AGED 45."

THEN AND NOW.

BY MIRIAM CLYDE.

Last May-time, when the moon was bright,
Under this very tree we stopt,
As down upon our clasped hands
A fragrant bunch of blossoms dropt.

I kissed the flowers, and then you said,
You'd keep them till another May,
Then bring them back to claim my love,
And throw the faded things away.

But have you come? As now I stand
Beneath that bending orchard tree,
The moon climbs lightly up the sky,
The blossoms fall on only me.

Digitized by Google

THE BROKEN LIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER I.

I STOOD in the oriel window that withdrew from the parlor and looked toward the east: that is, it commanded a broad view from all points, save the direct west. The heavenly glimpses of scenery that you caught at every turn through the small diamond panes were enough to drive an artist mad that so much unpainted poetry could exist, and not go warm and fresh to his canvas. I am an artist, at soul, and have a gallery of the most superb brain pictures stowed away in my thoughts, but among them all there is nothing to equal the scene, or rather scenes, I was gazing upon.

The window was deep, and when the green curtains shut it out from the parlor it was the most cosy little spot in the world. A deep, easy-chair and a tiny marble stand filled it luxuriously; and on the outside, white jasmines, passion flowers, and choice roses crept up to the edges of the glass in abundance, encircling you with massive wreaths of foliage and blossoms.

You ask who I am that this lovely spot should have been my favorite retreat. Well, I can hardly define my own position. The young lady of that household was not exactly my pupil, yet she was constantly coming to me for information. Our ages were too far apart for the entire sympathy of friendship, and yet she came to me in all her troubles; and her bright, innocent joys I always shared; for, like a flower garden, she sent back the sunshine that passed over her, enriched and more golden. I can hardly tell you what a thing of beauty she was; yet, I doubt if you would have thought her so very lovely. She did not strike people at first as the other person, who will pass directly into this domestic narrative, had the power of doing. There were certain reserves about her that won gently upon you, the reticence which keeps a sanctuary of feeling and thought quite away from the world. Yet she was frank and truthful as the flower which always folds the choicest perfume close in its own heart.

I was thinking of Jessie Lee while I lazily sat in the easy-chair, looking down the carriage road that led through our private grounds from the highway; for ours was an isolated dwelling, and no carriage that was not destined for the house ever came up that sweep of road. It cut the pleasure-grounds in two, just below the front of the house, leaving a terrace crowned with a wilderness of flowers, and ascended, by a flight of steps on one side, and a sloping lawn on the other. The gleam of these flowers, and the green slope beyond, were a part of the scenery on which I gazed.

We expected company. The carriage had gone over to the country town which lay behind the hills piled up at my left, and I was listening for the first sound of its wheels on the gravel with a strange thrill of anxiety. Why was this? What did I care about the young widow who had been invited to spend a few days with our Jessie? She was only a watering-place acquaintance that the family had met the previous season—a clever, beautiful woman of the world, who, having a little time on her hands, had condescended to remember Mrs. Lee's half-extorted invitation, and was expected accordingly. Jessie was rather excited with the idea of a guest, for it so chanced that we had been alone for a week or two; and though I never saw a family more independent of society than Mrs. Lee's—pleasant guests always bring expectation and cheerfulness with them in a well appointed country house.

"I wonder what keeps them?" said my darling, softly lifting one side of the silken curtains, and unconsciously dropping them into the background of as lovely a picture as you ever saw. "Here are some flowers for the stand, aunt Mattie. She'll catch their bloom through the window, and know it is my welcome."

I took the crystal vase from her hand, and set it on the tiny table before me.

"Hush!" she said, lifting the drapery higher, and bending forward to listen. "Hush! Isn't that the carriage coming through the pine grove?"

I turned in my chair, for Jessie was well worth looking at, even by a person who loved her less fondly than I did. Standing there, draped to artistic perfection in her pretty

Digitized by Google

white dress, gathered in surplice folds over her bosom, and fastened there with an antique head, cut in coral, and with its loose sleeves falling back from the uplifted arm, till its beautiful contour could be seen almost to the shoulder, she was a subject for Sir Joshua Reynolds. I am sure that great master would not have changed the grouping in a single point.

"No," I said, listening. "It is the gardener's rake on the gravel walk, I think."

She bent her head sideways, listening, and incredulous of my explanation. Some gleams of sunshine fell through the glass, and lay richly on the heavy braid of hair that crowned her head in a raven coronal.

We always remember those we love in some peculiar moment which lifts itself out of ordinary life; or by some important association; or, as in this case, by the singular combinations of grace that render them attractive. To my last breath, I shall never forget Jessie Lee, as she stood before me that morning.

"Well," she said, with an impatient movement that left the curtains falling between us like the entrance of a tent, "watched rose-buds never open. I'll go back to the piano, and let her take me by surprise. I'm glad you're looking so nice, aunt. She'll be sure to like you at first sight: and as for liking her, I defy you to help it."

As Jessie said this, her hand fell on the keys of the piano, and instantly a gush of music burst through the room, so joyous that the birds that haunted the old forest trees around the house burst into a riot of rival melody, and amid this delicious serenade the carriage drove up.

I saw Mr. Lee alight, in his usual stately way; and then Mrs. Dennison, the young widow, sprang upon the lowest step of the broad flight that led up to the terrace, scarcely touching Mr. Lee's offered hand. There she stood a moment, her silk flounces fluttering in the sunlight, and her neatly gloved hands playing with the clasp of her traveling satchel, as the servant took a scarlet shawl and some books from the carriage. Then she gave a rapid glance over the grounds, and looked up to the house, smiling gayly, and doubtless paying Mr. Lee some compliment, for his usually sedate face brightened pleasantly, and he took the lady's satchel, with a gallant bow which few young men of his time could have equaled.

Our guest was a beautiful woman: tall, queenly, and conscious of it all. I could see that as she came up the steps; but I did not like her. One of those warnings, or antipathies, if you please, which makes the heart take shelter in distrust, seized upon me, and I felt like flying to my darling, who sat amid the sweet harmonies she was herself creating, and shield her from some unknown danger. I did leave my seat and pass through the curtains, thinking to warn her of the arrival; but, when I was half across the room, our visitor came smiling and rustling through the door. She motioned me to be still, and, darting across the carpet, seized Jessie's head between both hands, bent it back, and, stooping with the grace of a Juno, kissed her two or three times, while her clear, ringing laugh mingled with the notes which had broken into sudden discords under Jessie's fingers.

"So I have chased my bird to its nest, at last," she said, releasing her captive with a movement that struck even me—who disliked her from the beginning—as one of exquisite grace. "Hunted it to the mountains and find it in full song, while I searched every window in the house, as we drove up, and fancied all sorts of things: a cold welcome among the least."

"That you will never have," cried Jessie, and the smile with which she greeted her guest was enough of welcome for any one. "The truth is, I got out of patience, and so played to quiet myself while aunt Matty watched. Aunt, this is Mrs. Dennison."

"And this is the dear aunt Matty that I've heard of a thousand times," said the guest, coming toward me with both hands extended. "Ah! Jessie Lee, you are a fortunate girl to have so sweet a friend."

"I am fortunate in everything," said Jessie, turning her large, velvety eyes on my face with a look of tenderness that went to my heart, "and most of all here."

"And I," said Mrs. Dennison, with a suppressed breath, and a look of graceful sadness. "Well, well, one can't expect everything."

Jessie laughed. This bit of sentiment in her guest rather amused her.

"Ah, you never will believe in sorrow of any kind, until it comes in earnest," said the widow, with an entire change in her countenance; "but I, who have seen it in so many forms, cannot always forget."

"But," said Jessie, with one of her caressing movements, "you must forget it now. We are to be happy as the day is long, while you are here. Isn't that so, aunt? We have laid out such walks, and rides, and pleasant evenings—of course you have brought your habit."

"Of course. What would one be in the country without riding?"

Digitized by Google

"And your guitar? I want aunt Matty to hear you sing."

"Oh! aunt Matty shall have enough of that, I promise her; the man who follows with my luggage has the guitar somewhere among his plunder."

"I'm very glad," said Jessie, smiling archly. "Now everything is provided for except——"

"Except what, lady bird?"

"Except that we have no gentlemen to admire you."

"No gentlemen!"

"Not a soul but papa."

The widow had certainly looked a little disappointed for the first instant, but she rallied before any eye less keen than mine could have observed it, and laughed joyously.

"Thank heaven, we shan't be bothered with compliments, nor tormented with adoration. Oh! Jessie Lee, Jessie Lee! I am so glad of a little rest from all that sort of thing: ain't you?"

"I never was persecuted with it like you, fair lady, remember that," replied Jessie, demurely.

"Hypocrite! don't attempt to deceive me, I had eyes at the sea-side."

"And very beautiful ones they were—every lady agreed in that."

"There it is!" cried the widow, lifting her hands in affected horror; "when gentlemen are absent, ladies will flatter each other. Pray put a stop to this, Miss——"

"Miss Hyde," I said, rather tired of these trivialities; "but Jessie, in the eagerness of her welcome, forgets that our guest has but just time to dress for dinner."

"Ah! Is it so late?" said Mrs. Dennison.

"Shall I show the way to your chamber?"

"We will all go," said Jessie, circling her friend's waist and moving off.

We crossed the hall, a broad, open passage, furnished with easy-chairs and sofas, for it was a favorite resort for the whole family, and opened into a square balcony at one end, which commanded one of the heavenly views I have spoken of. The widow stopped to admire it an instant, and then we entered the room I had been careful to arrange pleasantly for her reception. It was a square, pleasant chamber, which commanded a splendid prospect from the east; curtains like frost-work and a bed like snow, harmonized pleasantly with walls hung with satin paper of a delicate blue, and fine India matting with which the floor was covered. We had placed vases and baskets of flowers on the deep window-sills, which a soft, pure wind wafted through the room; the couch, the easy-chair, and the low dressing-chair were draped with blue chintz, with a pattern of wild roses running over it.

Mrs. Dennison made a pretty exclamation of surprise as she entered the room. She was full of these graceful flatteries, that proved the more effective because of their seeming spontaneousness. She took off her bonnet, and, sitting down before the toilet which stood beneath the dressing-glass, a cloud of lace and embroidery. Smoothing her hair between both hands, she laughed at its disorder, and wondered if anybody on earth ever looked so hideous as she did.

"This woman," I said, in uncharitable haste, "this woman is insatiable. She is not content with the flattery of one sex, but challenges it from all." Yet, spite of myself, I could not resist the influence of her sweet voice and graceful ways, she interested me far more than I wished.

"Now," said Jessie, coming into the hall with her eyes sparkling pleasantly, "now what do you think? Have I praised her too much?"

I kissed her, but gave no other answer. A vague desire to shield her from that woman's influence possessed me, but the feeling was misty and had no reasonable foundation. I could not have explained why this impulse of protection sprang up in my heart, had the dear girl guessed at its existence.

But she was perfectly content with the approval which my kiss implied, and went into the parlor to await the coming of her guest. That moment Mrs. Lee's maid came down with a message from her mistress, and I went up stairs at once.

Mrs. Lee's dwelling was a singular structure of solid stone, stuccoed like many houses that we see on the continent. It was built against a hillside, and the basemented front with square balcony over the entrance, and the oriel window I have spoken of in the end gable, had an imposing effect. Thus the entrance hall, dining, and morning-room looked to the east and opened upon the first terrace, which was one labyrinth of flowers; while the upper hall ended in the square balcony which I have mentioned on the east end, but opened upon a flower garden cut from the hillside on the west, which gradually sloped down to the precipitous lawn that rolled greenly down from the summit of the hill, which was crowned with a thick growth of forest trees: thus two stories of the house were completely surrounded with flowers; the back and side windows of the parlor opened upon the upper terrace, a wooden platform some ten feet wide surrounded that portion of the dwelling, and along its arabesque railings fuchsias, passion

Digitized by Google

flowers, Noisette roses, and orange trees wove themselves in luxurious garlands. Back of the house, carrying out the extreme wing, a massive stone tower arose, overtopping the pointed roof some twenty feet and commanding a glorious landscape, breaking into the horizon only in one point, and that was where the hill cut off the western view, and shut out the county town, which lay in a broad plain stretching between two mountain ranges in that direction. It was in this tower that Mrs. Lee pursued her solitary life. She had been an invalid for some years, and had only left her home when sea bathing had been prescribed as a last resort. It proved injurious rather than otherwise. So the poor lady returned to her home, constrained to give up hope and make the best of her limited scope of life.

I wonder if Mrs. Lee ever could have been a beautiful woman like her daughter. She had married late in life, and I had no means of knowing about her youth, for Jessie was ten years old when I first came to the house; and then Mrs. Lee's tresses, though long and heavy, were more than half gray.

Now the mountain snow was not whiter. Her face, too, was of opaque paleness; while her delicate eyebrows were black as jet; and the large eyes beneath them had lost nothing of their penetrating brightness.

Mrs. Lee was lying on a crimson couch, in the light of a broad window which opened to the south; her chamber was high up in the tower, and every morning her couch was moved, and the window drapery lifted that she might command some feature in the landscape, over which her eye had not wearied the day before. It was a harmless enjoyment, and one which the whole family loved to encourage. Indeed, there was not a fancy or caprice of hers which was even questioned in that house.

"Ah, Miss Hyde, it is you; I am glad of it. For when I am ill at ease, you always do me good."

She held out her little, thin hand while speaking, and pressed mine almost imperceptibly.

"What has happened, Miss Hyde? During the last half hour something oppresses me, as if the atmosphere were disturbed; yet it is a clear day, and the roses on the terrace look brighter than usual."

"Nothing has happened, dear lady. Mr. Lee has come back from town, bringing the lady we all expected."

"Mrs. Dennison?"

"Yes, Mrs. Dennison. She has just gone to her room."

Mrs. Lee closed her eyes a moment, and opened them with a faint smile, which seemed to ask pardon for some weakness.

"Have you seen her?"

"Yes. I was in the parlor when she came in, and went with her to her room."

"And you like her?"

I hesitated.

"She is beautiful!"

"Yes, in a certain way," I answered; "but when one has got used to our Jessie's style, nothing else seems to equal it."

The mother smiled and held out her hand again.

"You love Jessie?"

I felt the tears filling my eyes. There was something so tender and sweet in this question that it made a child of me. The mother turned upon her couch, bent her lips to my hand, and dropped it gently from her hold.

"Martha Hyde, what is this which troubles me?"

"Indeed I cannot tell."

"Does Jessie seem happy with her friend?"

"Very happy; I have seldom seen her so animated."

"But you have not told me plainly. Do you like this lady?"

"I—I cannot tell. She is beautiful; at least most people would think her so; rich, I believe?"

I rather put this as a question.

"I think so. She had splendid rooms at the hotel, and spent money freely, so Mr. Lee was told, but that is of little consequence; we want nothing of her riches if she has them, you know."

"Certainly not; but if she has expensive habits without the means of gratifying them within herself, it is a valuable proof of character," I said. "May I ask, dear lady, who introduced Mrs. Dennison to you or your daughter?"

"Oh! a good many people spoke highly of her, she was a general favorite!"

"Yes; but did you meet any person who had known her long?—who had been acquainted with her husband, for instance?"

"No, I cannot remember any such person."

"And yet you invited her."

"That is it, Miss Hyde. I cannot quite call to mind that I did invite her. Something was said about our house being among pleasant scenery, and she expressed a desire to see it. I may have said that I really hoped she would see it sometime; and then she thanked me as if I had urged her to come. Still Jessie liked her

Digitized by Google

so much that I was rather pleased than otherwise, and so it rested."

"Well," I said, "if Jessie is pleased that is everything, you know, madam. I sometimes think the dear girl ought to have the company of younger persons about her."

"Yes, certainly; but with a girl like my Jessie, so sensitive, so proud, for she is very proud, Miss Hyde."

"I know it," was my answer. "I have never seen more sensitive pride in any person of her age."

"Well, with a disposition like that, the kind of young persons she is intimate with is very important. This is the reason I wished to see you and learn what you think of our guest: my own feelings are strangely disturbed."

"You are not as well as usual this morning," I replied. "Let me draw the couch nearer and open a leaf of the window."

She assented, and I drew the couch so close to the window, that with a sash open she could command a view of the richest corner of the flower garden and a slope of the lawn. A narrow stone balcony ran along the bottom of the window, in which pots of rose geraniums and heliotrope had been placed. Mrs. Lee loved the breath of these flowers, and sighed faintly as it floated over her with the fresh morning air. She had been lying sometime in this pleasant position without speaking. When she was disposed to be thoughtful we seldom disturbed her, for, so sensitive had disease rendered her nerves, that the sudden sound of a voice would make her start and tremble like a criminal. So I kept my place behind the couch, looking down into the garden and thinking of many things.

All at once, sweet, dear voices rose from among the flowers, and I saw our Jessie and the widow Dennison turning a corner of the house, each with an arm around the other's waist, laughing and chatting together. Jessie had not changed her dress, but a cluster of crimson roses glowed on one side of her head, and a pair of coral bracelets tinted the transparency of her sleeves. The sun touched the black braid which surrounded her head as she came out of the shadow, and no raven's plumage was ever more glossy.

Mrs. Dennison was strangely attired. The period of which I speak was years before the Zouave jacket took its brief picturesque reign, but this woman was, in a degree, her own arbiter, and something very similar to this jacket fell over the loose habit shirt that draped her bosom and arms. This garment of black silk, richly braided, matched the rustling skirt of her dress, and the Oriental design of the whole was completed by a net of blue and gold, which shaded half her rich brown hair, and fell in tassels to her left shoulder.

In my whole life I never saw a more striking contrast than these two persons presented. I cannot tell you where it lay. Not in the superiority which the widow possessed in hight—not in her elaborate grace. Jessie was a little above the medium hight herself, and a more elegant creature did not live. But there was something which struck you at once. It is of no use attempting to define it. The difference was to be felt not explained. The mother felt it, I am certain, for her eyes took a strange, anxious lustre as they fell on those two young persons, and she began to breathe short as if something oppressed her.

She looked up to me at last to see if I was watching them. I smiled, observing that she was, at any rate, a splendid creature.

"No one can dispute that! But our Jessie! Do you know, as I was looking at them, something came across me, and I saw a bird with its wings outspread flitting in the folds of a serpent? The picture passed through my brain one instant, and was gone—gone before Jessie, who had stooped to gather something, regained her position. This has happened before in my life—what can it be?"

"You are anxious and nervous, dear lady, that is all."

"I hope so," she murmured, passing a pale hand over her eyes. "But there was another in the group behind Jessie's frightened face, I saw that of Mr. Lee."

While she was speaking, I saw Mr. Lee come out of the hall door, and cross the platform which led to the garden, where his daughter and her guest were walking. He was a handsome man, one of the most distinguished persons, in fact, that I ever saw. It was from him that our Jessie had inherited her queenly pride, which the exquisite sensibility of the mother's nature had softened into grace.

Mrs. Lee closed her eyes, and I saw her lips turn pale; but she repulsed my approach with a motion of the hand. What had she seen which had escaped me? I have no idea. But when I looked again, Mr. Lee was talking with his daughter; while the widow stood by grouping some flowers which she held coquettishly in her hand. I saw Mr. Lee look at her, indifferently at first, then with smiling interest. They were evidently talking of her graceful work, for she held it up for both father and daughter to admire.

Digitized by Google

As Jessie lifted her eyes, she saw us near the window, and, forgetting the bouquet, waved a kiss to her mother. That instant I saw the widow press the bouquet lightly to her lips.

Mr. Lee reached forth his hand; but she shook her head, laughed, and placed the flowers in her bosom. Mrs. Lee was not in a position to see this. I stood up and had a better view; but she instantly complained of dizziness, and faint spasms of pain contracted her forehead.

I had seen nothing, absolutely nothing. Yet the glances of that woman, as she looked at Mr. Lee over the cluster of flowers, had absolutely wafted kisses with her eyes. Jessie saw nothing, save that the little cluster of blossoms somehow found its way into her friend's bosom. So, in her sweet unconsciousness she passed on, and was lost on the other side of the tower.

Mrs. Lee never went down to dinner, or, if she did, it was so rarely that we looked upon her presence as a sort of holiday. She was very dainty in her appetite; and on ordinary occasions was served by her own maid, a singular girl, who had lately come into the family. I think she had rather intended to come down that day in honor of our guest, but the illness that had seized her drove this idea from my mind: so, leaving her with Rachel, I went away restless and unaccountably unhappy.

How bright and blooming they came in from the garden, bringing its fragrance with them to the dinner-table! What a joyous, piquant conversation it was, that commenced with the soup and sparkled with the wine! There is no disputing it, our guest was a wonderful creature, her graceful wit sparkled, her sentiment fascinated. She was calculated to keep the man her beauty should win, no doubt of that. Her conversation charmed even me; as for Jessie, she was constantly challenging admiration for her friend—interrogating me with her eyes, and looking at her father to be sure that he fully appreciated the brilliancy which filled her own heart with a sort of adoration. But the widow seemed quite unconscious that she was an object of special admiration to any one. Nothing could be more natural than her manner. At times she was really child-like.

Still I did not like her. Why, it is useless to ask. Perhaps Mrs. Lee had left an impression of her weak fancies on my mind—perhaps the atmosphere which surrounded her mingled with the subtle vitality of my intelligence and gave me the truth.

We had music in the evening. Our Jessie possessed the purest of soprano voices. Many a celebrated prima donna has won laurels from inferior capacity. As in all other things, her musical education had been perfect. Mrs. Dennison was her inferior in this. She performed splendidly, and her rich contralto voice possessed many fine qualities; but our birdie swept far above her, and soared away upon an ocean of harmonies that seemed born of heaven. The windows were open, and we knew that this heaven of sweet sounds would float to the invalid's chamber. Indeed, when I went out upon the platform, back of the house, I saw Mrs. Lee lying in her white, loose dress on the couch, as if the music had lulled her to sleep.

I think Mrs. Dennison was not quite satisfied with herself, and that the glorious voice of our Jessie took her by surprise, for after the first trial she refused to sing again, but still kept the piano and dashed through some fine opera music with spirit. Was she exhausting her ill-humor in those stormy sounds?

On the next day, our young ladies rode on horseback. Both were superb equestrians; and Mr. Lee's stately management of his coal black horse was something worth looking at as they dashed round a curve of the road. Jessie turned on her saddle and waved me a kiss, as I stood on the square balcony watching them. What a happy, bright creature she looked!

It took me by surprise; but when the equestrians came back two gentlemen had joined the party. One was a young man, who lived in a fine old country place, a mile or two down the river. He was a fine young fellow enough, who had of late managed to join our Jessie in her rides oftener than any supposition of mere accident could warrant. The dear girl seemed a little annoyed when these meetings became more frequent; but she bore our joking on the subject pleasantly, and up to that morning had evidently given little thought to his movements. The other man I recognized as a person who had visited the neighborhood a year before. He was remarkably distinguished in his appearance and courteous in his manners. I have seldom seen a man who impressed me so favorably as he had done. I afterward learned that he was a distant connection of Mr. Bosworth's, and on a visit to his father's house.

This gentleman—his name was Lawrence—rode up with Mr. Lee and Mrs. Dennison, who was evidently dividing her fascinations very equally between the two gentlemen. Jessie followed them with her cavalier, and I observed, as they dismounted, that her cheeks were flushed and her lips lightly curved, as if something had disturbed her.

Digitized by Google

The gentlemen did not dismount, for Jessie, the moment her feet touched the ground, left Mrs. Dennison on the foot of the terrace steps, and, without pausing to give an invitation, ran into the house.

I left the balcony and went up to her chamber. She was walking to and fro in the room with a quick, proud step, the tears sparkling in her eyes.

"What is it?" I said, going up to where she stood and kissing her. "Who has wounded you?"

"No one," she answered, and the proud tears flashed down to her cheek, and lay there like rain-drops hanging on the leaves of the wild rose, "no one. Only, only——"

"Well, dear?"

"You were right, aunt Matty. That man really had just the feelings you suspected, I could hardly prevent him from expressing them broadly. Keep as close to papa as I would, he found means to say things that made my blood burn. What right has any man to talk of love to a girl until she has given him some sort of encouragement, I should like to know?"

"But perhaps he fancies that you have given him a little encouragement."

"Encouragement! I? Indeed, aunt Matty, I never dreamed of this until now!"

"I am sure of it; but then you allowed him to join your rides and seemed rather pleased."

"Why, the idea that he meant anything never entered my mind. Ah! aunt Matty, haven't we said a thousand times that there must be some blame, some coquetry on the lady's part, before a man, whom she is sure to reject, could presume to offer himself?"

"But has he gone so far as that?" I asked.

"Let me think. Alas! I was so confused—so angry, that it is impossible to remember just what he did say."

"But your answer?"

"Why as to that," she cried, with a little nervous laugh, "I gave Flash a cut with the whip and dashed on after the rest. Aunt Matty, upon my word, I doubt if I spoke at all."

"My dear child, he may half imagine himself accepted then."

"Accepted! What can you mean?" she exclaimed, grasping her whip with both hands and bending it double, "I shall go wild if you say that."

"Why do you dislike him so much?"

"Dislike! no. What is there to dislike about him?"

"Well then," I said, a little mischievously, "he is rather good-looking, well educated, of irreproachable stock, and rich."

"Don't, don't, aunt Mattie, or I shall hate you."

"Not quite so bad as that," I cried, kissing her hot cheek. "Now let us be serious. All young ladies must expect offers of this kind."

"But I don't want them. It distresses me."

I saw that she was in earnest, and that young Bosworth's attentions had really distressed her. So, drawing her to a sofa, we sat down and talked the matter over more quietly.

I told her that it was useless annoying herself; that until the young gentleman spoke out more definitely she had nothing to torment herself about; and when he did, a few quiet words would settle the whole matter.

"But can't we prevent him saying anything more? Or, if he does, will you just tell him how it is?" she said, anxiously.

I could not help smiling, there was no affectation here. I knew very well that Jessie would give the world to avoid this refusal; but in such cases young ladies must take their own responsibilities: the interference of third parties always produces mischief.

She began to see the thing in its true light after a little, and talk it over more calmly. Many a girl would have been delighted with this homage to her charms; but Jessie was no common person, and she felt a sort of personal degradation in inspiring a passion she could not return. Besides, it placed upon her the necessity of giving pain where it was in every way undeserved, and that she had never done in her life.

While we were talking, a light knock at the door heralded Mrs. Dennison. There was nothing to call her to that part of the house, and her first words contained an apology for the intrusion, for we both probably looked a little surprised.

"I beg ten thousand pardons for rushing in upon you; but the gentlemen are waiting in the road to know if they can join us to-morrow. I could only answer for myself, you know."

"Let them join you," I whispered; "the sooner it is over with the better."

Jessie stood up, gathered the long riding-skirt in one hand, while she walked past her guest with the air of a princess, and stepped out on the balcony, from which she made a gesture of invitation, which the two gentlemen acknowledged with profound bows, and rode away.

"That's an angel!" exclaimed Mrs. Dennison, laying her hand on Jessie's shoulder. "I almost

Digitized by Google

thought something had gone wrong by the way you left us. Poor Mr. Bosworth was quite crest-fallen. By-the-way, did you ever see Mr. Lawrence before?"

"He was in this neighborhood last year for a short time," replied Jessie, with a little coldness in her tone.

"Ah, an old acquaintance. I should not have thought that by the way you met."

Jessie seemed annoyed, and replied, with a flush on her cheek, "That it was rather difficult to be demonstrative on horseback."

"At any rate, he's a splendid man," said the widow. "Rich or poor? Bond or free? Tell us all about him."

"What strange questions you ask!" answered Jessie, and the color deepened in her cheek.

"Well, well, but the answer?"

Here I interposed, "Mr. Lawrence is not rich. At least I never heard that he was."

"What a pity!" whispered the widow. "But the other questions?"

"If having no wife is to be free, you can hardly call him a bondman. Mr. Lawrence has never been married."

"What has he ever done to distinguish himself, then? Can you tell me that, Miss Hyde?"

"He is considered a man of brilliant parts, certainly," I answered; "but at his age few men have won permanent distinction, I fancy."

"At his age! Why the man can't be over eight-and-twenty, and half the great men that ever lived had made their mark in the world before they reached that age."

"Well, that may be," I replied; "but in these times greatness is not so easily won. The level of general intelligence, in our country, at least, is raised, and it requires great genius, indeed, to lift a man suddenly above his fellows. In a dead sea of ignorance superior ability looms up with imposing conspicuousness. This is why the great men of past times have cast the reflection of their minds on history. Not because they excelled men of the present age, but from the low grade of popular intelligence that existed around them."

"Why, you talk like a statesman," said the widow, laughing. "I had no idea that anything so near politics existed in the ladies of this house."

"What is history but the politics of the past? What is politics but a history of the present?"

"Perhaps you are right," said the widow, flinging off her careless manner, and sitting down on one of the rustic chairs, where she sat, dusting her skirt with the fanciful whip fastened to her wrist. "I have often wondered why it should be considered unfeminine for an educated woman to understand the institutions of her own or any other country."

Was the woman playing with my weakness? Or, did she really speak from her heart? If the former, she must have been amused at my credulity, for I answered in honest frankness,

"Nor I, either; except in evil, which is always better unknown. I can fancy no case where ignorance is a merit. Imagine Queen Elizabeth pluming herself on lady-like ignorance of the political state of her kingdom, when she opens Parliament in person."

Mrs. Dennison laughed, and chimed in with. "Or the Empress of France being appointed Regent of a realm, the position of which it was deemed unwomanly to understand; yet, on the face of the earth, there are not two females more womanly than Victoria of England, and Eugenie of France."

"What true ideas this woman possesses!" I said to myself. "How could I dislike her so? Really the most charming person in the world is a woman, who, under the light, graceful talk of conventional society, cultivates serious thought." While these thoughts passed through my mind, the widow was looking at me from under her eyelashes, as if she expected me to speak again, so I went on,

"It is not the knowledge of politics in itself of which refined people complain: but its passion and the vindictive feelings which partisanship is sure to foster. The woman who loves her country cannot understand it too well. The unwomanliness lies in the fact that she sometimes plunges into a turmoil of factions, thus becoming passionate and bitter."

"How plainly you draw the distinction between knowledge and prejudice!" she said, with one of her fascinating smiles. But you must have discussed this subject often—with Mr. Lee, perhaps?"

"Yes, we talk on all subjects here. Nothing is forbidden, because nothing that is not in itself noble and true ever presents itself."

"I was sure of it!" exclaimed the lady, starting up with enthusiasm. "I have never been in a house where everything gave such evidence of high-toned intelligence."

She sat down again thoughtfully, dusting her habit with the little whip.

"I have not yet seen my hostess; but that does not arise from increased ill health, I trust. She seemed very feeble when we met on the sea-shore, last season—somewhat consumptive, we all thought."

I did not like the tone of her voice. There

Digitized by Google

was something stealthy and creeping in it which checked the rising confidence in my heart.

"Mrs. Lee is very far from well," I answered, coldly.

"Not essentially worse, I trust."

She was looking at me keenly from the corners of her almond-shaped eyes. It was only a glance, but a gleam of suspicion sprang from my heart and met it half way.

"It is difficult to tell. In a lingering disease like hers one can never be sure."

"Mr. Lee must find himself lonesome at times without his lady's society, for she struck us all as a very superior person."

"On the contrary," I replied, with a quick impulse, for she still kept that sidelong glance on my face, "on the contrary, he spends most of his leisure time in her chamber, reads to her when she can bear it, and sits gently silent when she prefers that. A more devoted husband I never saw."

I saw that she was biting her red lips, but as my glance caught hers the action turned to a smile.

"There is Mr. Lee going to his wife's room now," I remarked, as that gentleman passed the hall door, with a little basket in his hand filled with delicate wood moss, in which lay two or three peaches, the first of the season.

The exclamation that broke from Mrs. Dennison at the sight of the fruit arrested his steps, and he turned into the hall, asking if either of us had called.

She went forward at once, sweeping the cloth skirt after her like the train of an empress.

"Oh! what splendid fruit—and the basket! The bijou!" She held out both hands to receive the fruit, quite in a glow of pleasure.

"I am very sorry," said Mr. Lee, drawing back a step, "but this is—is for my wife. She is an invalid, you know."

"You misunderstand," replied the lady, coloring to the temples. "I only wished to admire the arrangement. It is really the prettiest fancy I ever saw."

He hesitated an instant; then held out the basket and placed it between her hands, with some little reluctance, I thought. Her side face was toward me; but the look, half-grieved, half-reproachful, which she lifted to his face did not escape me.

"Shall I take the basket to Mrs. Lee?" I said, reaching out my hand. "She must have heard the horses return sometime ago, and will expect some one."

"No," said the gentleman, bending his head, and taking the fruit. "I cannot allow you to deprive me of that pleasure."

"And I," rejoined the widow, with animation, "I must take off this cumbersome riding-dress."

I went to my room early that evening. Indeed I had no heart to enter the parlor. Anxieties that I could not define pressed heavily upon me—so heavily that I longed for solitude. In passing through the hall, I met Mrs. Dennison's mulatto maid, who had, I forgot to say, followed our guest with the luggage. She was going to her mistress' chamber, carrying something carefully in her hand. When she saw me her little silk apron was slyly lifted, and the burdened hand stole under it, but in the action something was disturbed, and the half of a peach fell at my feet. I took it up very quietly, told the girl to remove her apron, that I might see what mischief had been done, and discovered a second basket filled with moss rose-buds from which the half peach had fallen.

I laid the fruit in its bed, saw the girl pass with it to her lady's chamber, and then went to my own room sick at heart. The half of a peach, offered among the Arabs, means atonement for some offence. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

RUPERT'S RAID.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

Up! it is day, cavaliers gay,
Over the moor gallop away,
Harry the Roundheads out of their beds:
Hark! the horses snort for the fray.

Necks stretched low, nostrils a-glow,
Hoof strokes ringing, rapid they go.
The road is on fire, the town darts nigher—
Back! 'tis the river swirling below.

Ride for the ford: Now, by the Lord!
Swim for your lives. (How the thing roared!)
Up, tally ho! forward we go,
Each, as he gallops, loos'ning his sword.

Yonder the wall frowns on us tall.
Now, by your ladies, charge, gallants all!
Sabre the swine: ha! 'tis a mine,
Hell hurtles up, Heav'n will fall.

Reels, in a ring, earth, everything—
Over the chasm we go with a spring.
How the knaves run! Quarter to none.
Down with the traitors to Church and King.

Digitized by Google

COMING OUT RIGHT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"It will all come out right in the end."

This was Adam Ringstrom's word of consolation, spoken to himself, in every trouble; his sheet-anchor in every storm.

Faith must have been a very strong element of his nature, for things never did seem to come out right with him. He was always experiencing some trial, sorrow, or misfortune. But no one heard a murmur against Providence from his lips. And yet Adam Ringstrom was not a man of low sensibility. On the contrary, he suffered acutely in his troubles and disappointments; and the marks of the suffering were visible in his still, abstracted eyes, and sober mouth. In repose, his face did not take on a serene expression. You saw in it the signs of inward pain—of pain only; not of discontent. When he spoke, however, it lighted up beautifully. This sudden lighting up of his features, as if sunshine had fallen over them, always gave you a pleasant impression of the man, and made you forget the look of pain that touched your sympathies a little while before.

The wife of Adam Ringstrom had none of his faith in ultimate results. If things failed to come out right to-day, she had no hope in to-morrow.

So, Adam had the burdens of disappointment, and trouble to bear without a helper; nay, she who might have been a helper, only gave the burdens additional weight.

Mrs. Ringstrom was a very ambitious woman; and her husband was not without love of the world, and a desire to stand side by side with the foremost. He started in life with a determination to accumulate property, and no man devoted himself to business with a more untiring assiduity. But for all his faith in things coming out right, they never did come out right; at least not in the sense he had expected. Just as everything pointed to success, and like the milk-maid in the fable, Mr. Ringstrom began to build his airy castles, some false step; some wreck of a neighbor with whom his affairs were involved; or some more widely reaching disaster in trade, would scatter his golden dreams.

Then would follow a period of deep suffering; and his mind would sit in darkness, but not despair.

"It will all come out right in the end." He never lost faith in this sentiment, even in the gloomiest hour.

Three times had Mr. Ringstrom toiled up the difficult hill of trade, gaining a height that made him the envied of many observers; three times had his feet slipped; and three times had he found himself lying, stunned and bruised at the bottom, with scarcely strength enough to stand, much less to try the hard ascent. His third fall was at a time when he was sixty.

Again, and for the last time, Adam Ringstrom sat down, in darkness, amid the ruins of earthly hope; but only for a time. Like Job, he had no comforters among his friends; even his wife was rather an upbraider of his patience, than a sustainer and consoler.

"And this is what you call coming out right?" she said, bitterly, when her mind took in the full measure of evil that had befallen them. She meant it as a reproof, but it awakened thought in the true direction.

"There is some good involved in all this, Grace," he answered, patiently, yet with a touch of sadness in his voice which he could not hide.

"Good! I'm provoked at you!" she responded, with impatience.

"Good has come of our misfortunes, heretofore; and I will believe in nothing less than good now," said the old man, his voice growing firmer, and his countenance brightening.

"I never saw any good," was moodily replied.

"Let me refresh your memory and my own. It will be of use to us both. Twenty years ago, I failed in business, and we were reduced from comparative luxury to want. Our Frank was a wild boy of nineteen, and in great danger. We were preparing him for college, but he did not give his mind to study, being fonder of pleasure and gay companions than of books. Suddenly reduced to poverty, we had to change our views in regard to him. The college idea had to be abandoned; and, of necessity, Frank was placed in a store where he could earn something toward his support. You grieved yourself sick over his blasted hopes. But it has turned out right for him. He showed a different character at once: became industrious, thoughtful, earnest, and

Digitized by Google

affectionate toward us, and grew up to be a useful and good man. I fear, Grace, that, but for what we regarded, at the time, as a great calamity, our son would have been lost. I have always seen the hand of a good Providence in that destruction of my worldly hopes.

"Ten years later, and misfortune came again. Good fortune, I have, sometimes, called it; for it saved our darling Ellen from a fate worse than death. We were thought to be rich; and as Ellen was beautiful, she possessed double attractions. You know how young Hayward won her heart, and how wild and bitter were our fears, when we found that we could not break the charm he had thrown around her. Like a lamb to the slaughter, we saw her moving toward the altar of sacrifice, and we had no power to hold her back. But, help came, ere it was too late; came under the shadows of misfortune, an angel in disguise. Riches took unto themselves wings and flew away. From the high places to which we had arisen, suddenly were we cast down. How quickly did old friends recede. We went back into obscurity, and few could find us out. One never did; and that was Hayward. Poor Ellen! It was a sad experience for her; but oh, how blessed! for it stripped the false exterior from the one she loved, and she turned from the real man with a shudder of repulsion.

"How is it with Ellen, now? Have we not cause to bless the calamity that saved her? Has it not all come out right?"

"I never could see that she had done so very well," was the moody answer of Mrs. Ringstrom. "Her husband is poor, and likely always to remain poor."

"But she is rich in the love of a true, good man; rich and happy. Not done well? Grace! Grace! How can you speak so? If I were worth a million of dollars, and she the wife of that abandoned, unprincipled Hayward, could my riches ease her heart-ache? No! And so I say, thank God for the misfortune that made her a happy wife! Look at Alice Grand, and Flora Carter. A fate like theirs was in store for our child, when trouble gathered like a cloud around us, and hid her from the destroyer's eyes."

We see the hand of Providence in the events of our lives only after the events have passed, and we view them in relation to other events. Happy is he who can have faith that all is right: all for the best; even while the darkness is around him, and the cup of sorrow at his lips.

In this last misfortune that wrecked again the earthly hopes of Mr. Ringstrom was a ministration of God not so apparent as in the previous cases, because involving more that was higher, or interior. There was, as we have said, the stuff in him of which angelic life is made, and it had to come out clear from grosser substances. To this end he must pass through the fire again. What had he looked forward to in the morning of life? What had he been toiling for? On what had he rested his hopes of happiness?

Suffering, misfortune, trial, disappointment, and sorrow, had not yet sufficed to extinguish a love of mere worldly things, on which his mind still rested for happiness, as a wall rests on a crumbling and uncertain foundation. His last misfortune was to the end that this love of the world might be extinguished, and a new and purer love take its place.

So, he went out from his place among men, and sought a humble position. Years, and failing health, warned him against any new attempt to restore his fallen fortunes. The ruin was hopeless, for he had no strength to build again.

After another decade of years, filling up the number to three score and ten, let us see how it is with Mr. Ringstrom, if all is coming out right. He is an old man now, with snowy white hair, and form bent from its fine erectness. This plain little house, with its small, well-kept garden, is his home. How different from the elegant mansion that he dwelt in ten years ago! A few rods distant stands the splendid residence of a retired merchant, whose days are also falling into the "sere and yellow leaf." The one has been crowned with successes; the other with misfortunes. Whatever the hand of one was laid upon, had turned to gold; whatever the other's hand was laid upon, had turned to dross. And now, in their old age, as in the earlier period of their lives, they stand near together, but as different in character as in external condition.

For all his successes, nothing has come out right with the rich old man. His children have not taken honorable places in society, as useful, intelligent men and women. They are discontented idlers, and wasting spendthrifts; and, in consequence of this, there is constant strife between them and their father, who, as he grows older, grows less patient with everything not in accordance with his views and feelings. Having no employment, after long years of a busy, active life, and no taste for reading or art, his mind beats about restlessly all the while, hurting itself against the narrow walls of the prison he has been building for it since early manhood, and from which it cannot get free. All day he

Digitized by Google

moves about with a restless manner, and a discontented face; or sits for long periods in moody silence; and half the night he sighs on a sleepless pillow. Life is a burden. He takes no interest in anything or anybody out of his own narrow circle; and in this there is not a single agreeable aspect. What compensation does he find in his luxurious home, and its ample, richly-cultivated grounds? The starving mind will not draw healthy nutrition from these; nay, it turns from them in loathing.

If this is coming out all right, as the consummation of a man's life in this world, then is life indeed a failure. But there is a coming out right in a different and higher sense; and it was in this different sense that Adam Ringstrom had come out right. He did not gain ease and competence for his declining years, but something better: the privilege (some would say necessity, for so it seemed, looking from the outside) of being usefully employed as a means of providing for the body's needs. In this employment, which did not tax him to weariness, his mind found a resting-place, to which it could return and quietly repose for a season, and then lift itself again, and pass into tranquil regions, where light from a sun, not of this world, filled all the crystal air with heavenly brightness. And as year after year made white his head, and duller the lustre of his eyes, hopes, and fruitions, and sweet experiences were born in his soul, and the peace of God that passeth all understanding was laid upon it.

"I am sorry to find you thus, in your old age," said a former business acquaintance, alluding to his poverty.

"It is all right," was the smiling answer. "All right, my friend, and I would not that it were otherwise. He," and he raised his thin finger upward, "knows best. If I could have had my own way, I would have surrounded myself with earthly riches. But He saw what I see now, that my heart would have rested in them as the greatest good, letting go my hold on the more substantial things of heaven; and just in the degree that I had done so, just in the degree that I had turned myself away from spiritual good, to eat the chaff of nature, would I have been unhappy. Once, I called my failures and losses misfortunes; now I see them to have been disguised blessings from the hand of God. It is all right, sir. All right, so far as I am concerned; and I bless the Wisdom that made my path, and the Hand that led me safely along its rough places and difficult ascents."

Not so clear-seeing, not so submissive to the Divine Will was Mrs. Ringstrom. Yet, even her dim eyes were growing clearer, and she could see, as earth lights grew feebler, and her mind gained some degree of spiritual perception, that her husband's steady faith had not been mocked.

"I think," she said, one day, after a call at their rich neighbor's; a call more of charity than friendship, for trouble had fallen there. "I think a more wretched family I have never seen. There is no mutual affection; no sympathy, even, one for the other, in suffering; no mental strength; no looking away and beyond the hard present; no reaching out of the narrow circle of self. Why, Adam!" and her face brightened, "our home is a paradise."

"It might be larger, and more richly attired, Grace," answered her husband, "but I am sure it could not be a happier home. He knows best. I knew it would all come out right, and the right grows plainer every day."

Mrs. Ringstrom did not, by look, or word, or gesture even, say "No," as in times past, to this sentiment; for her eyes were getting clearer also, and she was beginning to see beyond the veil of time into that world, where, for the rich in that faith which is made vital by good deeds, there are mansions whose splendor no earthly palace can approach.

HER LIFE WAS BUT BRIEF.

BY WILLIAM LINN KEESE.

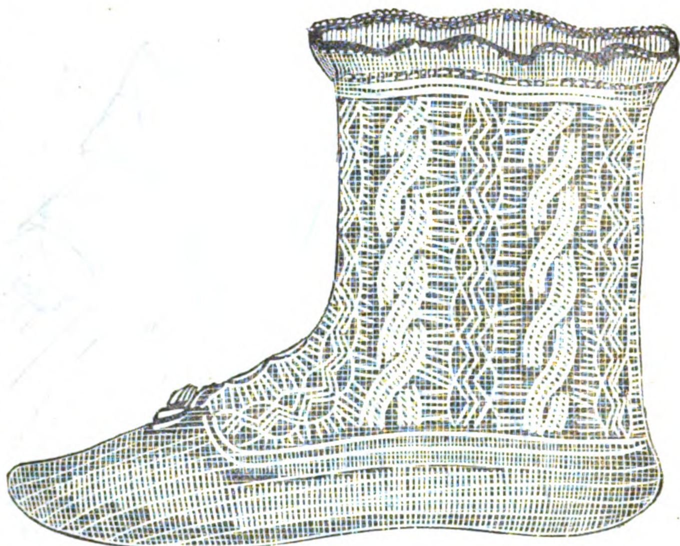
Her life was but brief—but her tenderness clings
  In the depths of our memories yet;
Time bears the remembrance afar on his wings,
  But 'tis not in our souls to forget.
He bears it away to the uttermost clime,
  Until years are forgotten in years—
But hearts, fleeter far than the pinions of Time,
  Float it back on a river of tears.

Her life was but brief—yet the soul never strays
  When the angel records it a prize—
Like an exquisite star which falls down as we gaze,
  She died while we looked in her eyes.
She waves her white hand from the infinite sphere
  Far away from the world and its care—
Ah! sigh not to think 'tis farewell to us here,
  But remember who welcomes her there!

Digitized by Google

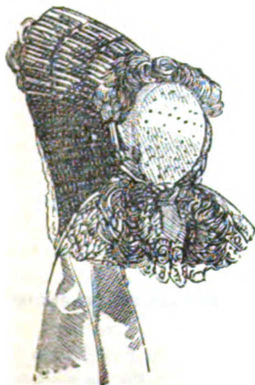
BABY'S KNITTED SHOE AND SOCK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

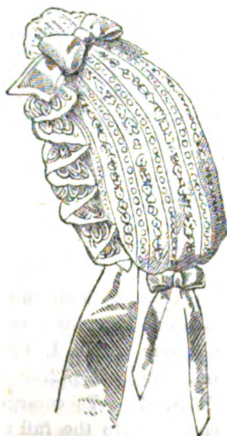


THESE are knitted on steel needles, in Berlin wool of two colors. The shoe in one color, and the sock in white, form the prettiest contrast; pink and white, maize and white, or blue and white, are all suitable. The shoe is in plain knitting, and ought to be worked tight and even; the sock is in the cable and hem-stitch pattern, the top being completed by two rows of netting, the first row being on a larger mesh than the second, one stitch of the netting in every stitch of the knitting. A narrow ribbon, the color of the shoe, is interlaced round the ancle, which ties in the front with a bow, and keeps it from slipping off the foot. The row of netting on the fine mesh ought to be in the colored wool.

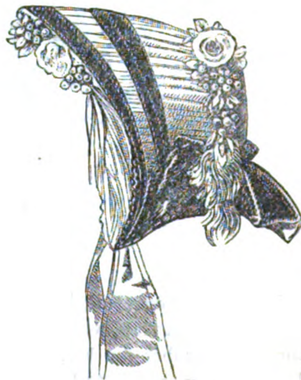
BONNETS AND CAP.



GREEN SILK BONNET.



CAP.

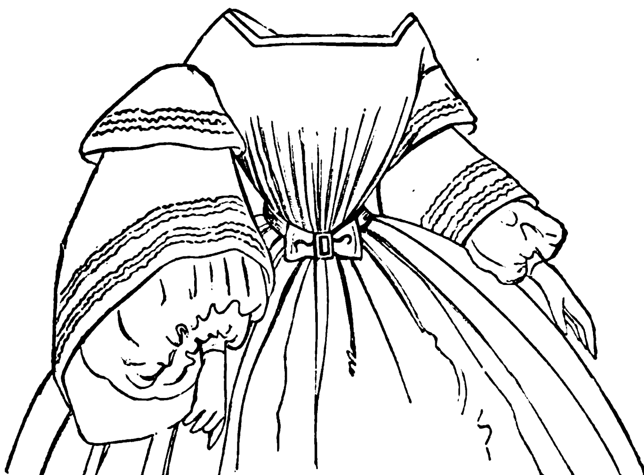


WHITE SILK BONNET.

Digitized by Google

PRINCESS ROYAL BODY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



FRONT OF PRINCESS ROYAL BODY.

BACK OF PRINCESS ROYAL BODY.

The very elegant Body of which we give a front and back view, will be universally adopted for muslin robes for balls, &c. It is a square baby's body, made full back and front. In Paris it is worn without a *chemisette*. This, of course, is a matter of taste with the wearer.

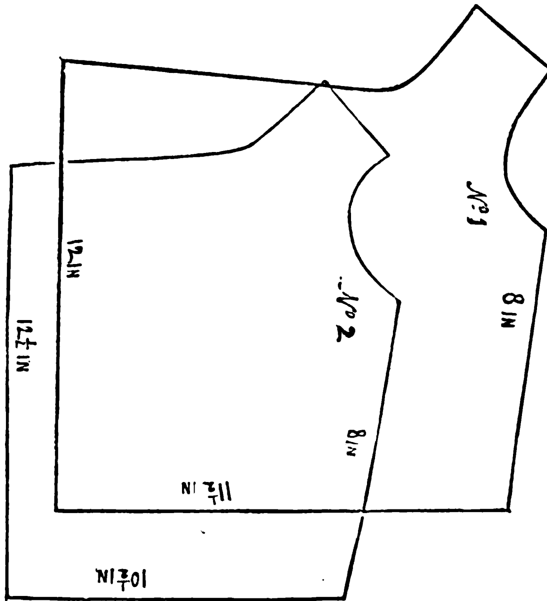
We give also diagrams, on the next page, by which to cut out the body, so that any lady, without the aid of a mantua-maker, can make one for herself.

No. 1. Front.

No. 2. Back.

To enlarge the pattern, from these diagrams, to the full size required, take a piece of newspaper, or, if equally convenient, plain white or brown paper, of the size you suppose to be

Digitized by Google



DIAGRAMS OF PRINCESS ROYAL BODY.

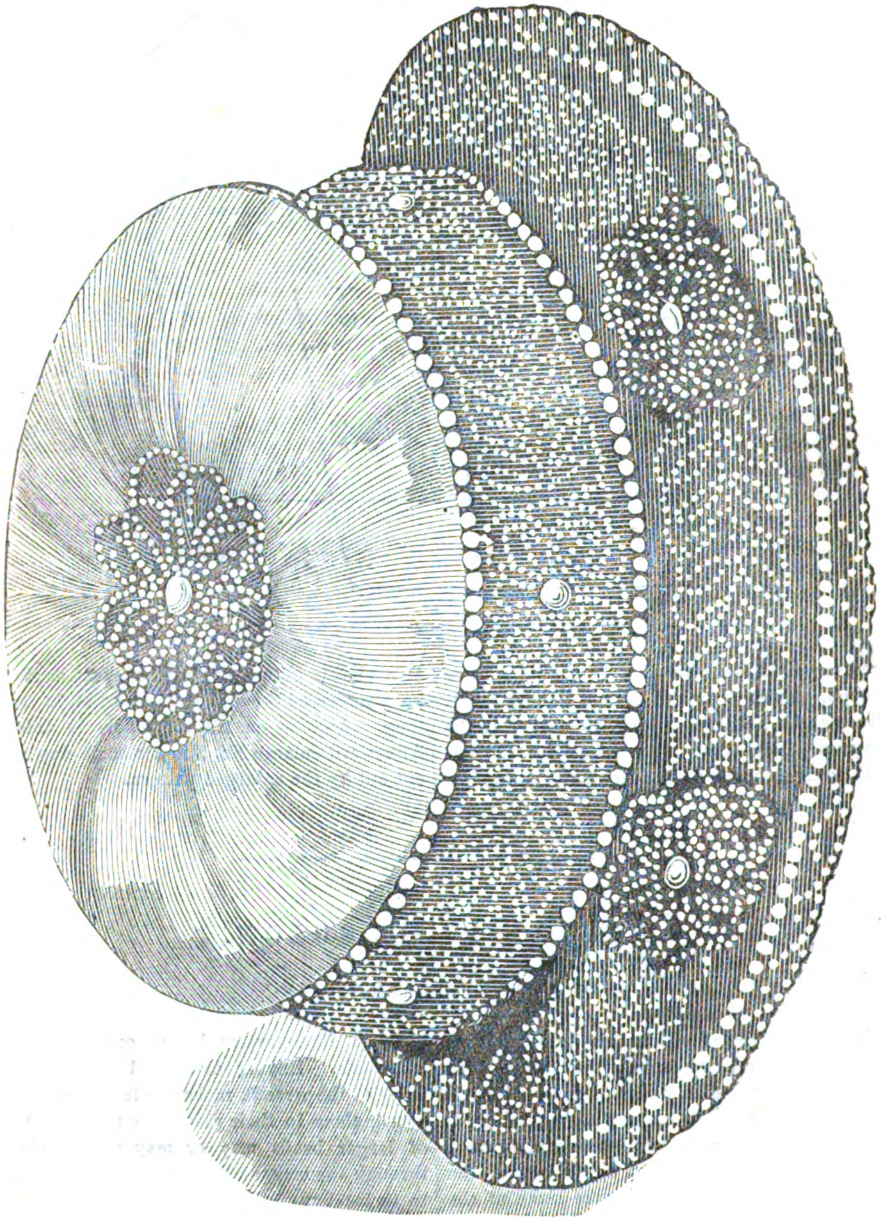
necessary, taking care that it shall be large enough. Then draw the bottom line of No. 1, eleven and a half inches long, as marked in the diagram. Next draw, at right angles, the left side, twelve inches high. Next, the right side, at a sightly obtuse angle (the exact angle can be transferred from the diagram) eight inches long. And so on till the whole is finished. Afterward enlarge No. 2 in the same way: then cut out by the enlarged pattern.

BRIDAL PINCUSHION.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

The materials of which this beautiful Pincushion is formed must be either white satin or white watered silk, and two sorts of small beads. Commence by cutting a strip of cardboard two inches wide and fifteen inches long; form this into a ring, and cover it with the satin well stretched. Then take some of the fine wire used for making artificial flowers, and some small beads, and thread a sufficient length to form a loop or leaf. Fasten this down at its stalk end with a few stitches, and thread a second loop of the different beads as much smaller as will allow of its being placed within the first, so as to form a double loop. Continue this in the way shown in the engraving, until a sufficient length is done for one-quarter of the circle, which must have had a mark placed on each of its quarters before commencing the beadwork. Having completed the four divisions of the wreath, make the four flowers, and attach them in their respective places. A row of larger beads may or may not be carried through the centre of this leaf-work, according to taste; but if the stitches which fasten down the wire should happen to show, it will be an advantage to insert them. This being done, a round cushion of white calico or linen must be made to fit the interior of the circle, and raised up in the inside, and a round of cardboard sewn in for the bottom. All this being done, another round of cardboard must be taken for the stand, sufficiently large for the pincushion to be placed in the centre, and leave two inches clear, all round, on which a similar row of leaves and

Digitized by Google

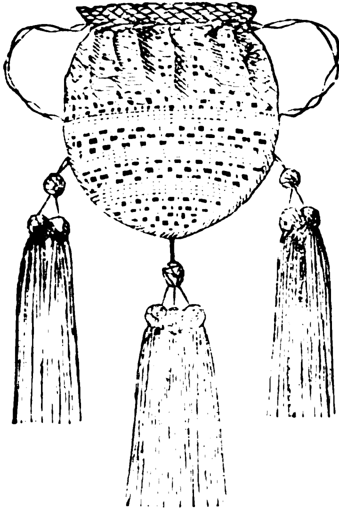


flowers is to be worked; after which it is to be lined and have short loops of beads carried all round its edge, as a border, one over-wrapping the other. The cushion must then be placed in the exact middle of the mat, and strongly tied down by means of a mattress-needle brought through from underneath, looped through a bead-flower previously prepared, returned down again through the cushion, and the two ends finally tied together. The beads employed may be white, both opaque and transparent, pearl, gold, silver, or steel; and with any combination of these a most elegant article may be produced, well worthy of its name of the "Bridal Pincushion."

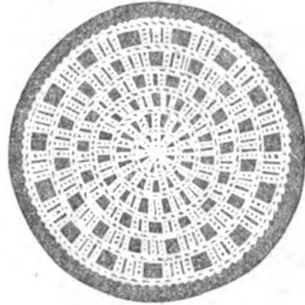
Digitized by Google

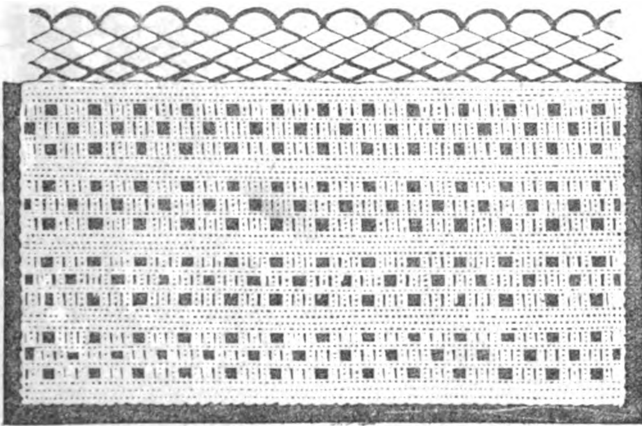
PURSE IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give an engraving of a new and pretty purse, to be crocheted with gold thread. Annexed is the pattern for the bottom. Below is the side. They are to be crocheted together, and the purse finished with tassels. These purses, made in gold, are all the rage this winter.





THE BERLIN WOOL-WORK PATTERN.

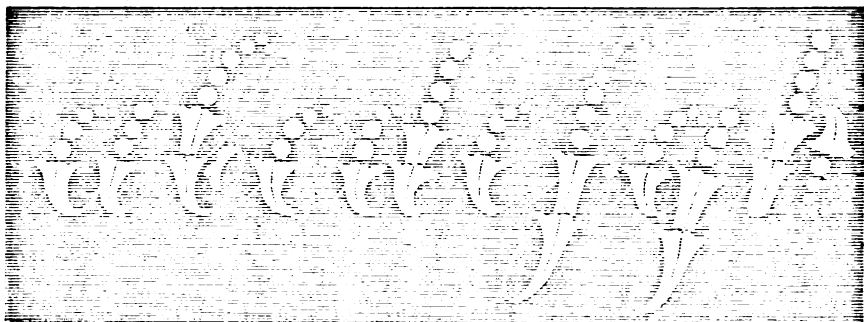
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

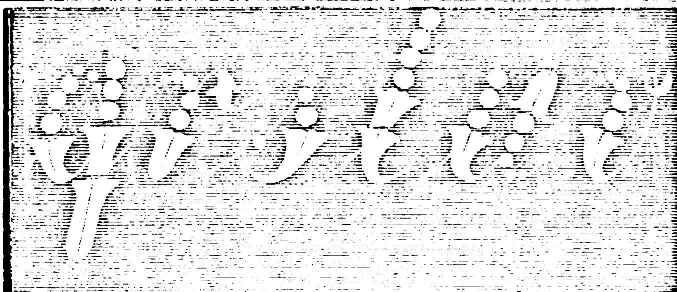
This pattern, so elegant in design and color, and altogether the most costly affair of the kind ever got up in America, is intended for a bag, which should be mounted with a broad steel clasp and steel chain. It should be worked in very bright wools, and, in selecting the shades,

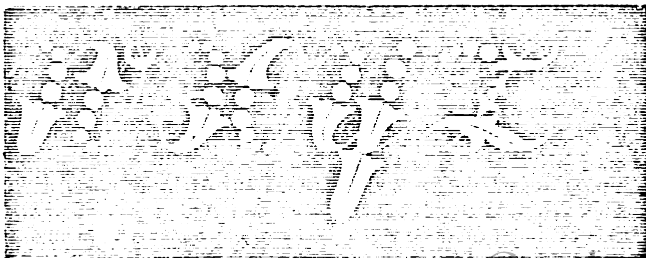
Digitized by Google

care must be taken that they are all very distinct, and the colors dissimilar. It may be grounded in any color that the worker may prefer; for instance, maize, white, or even a beautiful light-blue, would have a very good effect. Worked on coarse canvas, in double wool, it would answer for the bottom of a chair, by extending the grounding on the four sides to the size required.

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.



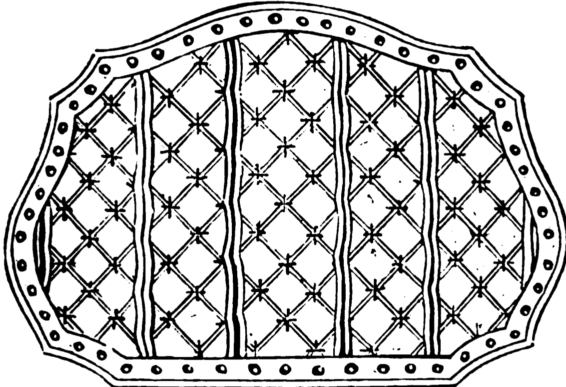




Digitized by Google

VELVET PORTMONNAIE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, above, an engraving of a new portmonnaie, full-size, to be done in green velvet and gold braid. Lay the gold braid in diamonds, as seen in the engraving, sewing a small jet bead at the points of the diamonds. The horizontal stripes are made by sewing gold braid over the diamonds. Many might prefer the portmonnaie without these horizontal lines. Send it to a portmonnaie manufacturer to make up.

LADY'S WORK-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, above, an engraving of a new style of Work-Bag, to be done in Berlin wool, in light-blue, dark-blue, and yellow floss silk. The ground-work is light-blue, the diamonds

Digitized by Google

PATTERN FOR PART OF SIDE OF LADY'S WORK-BAG: FULL-SIZE.

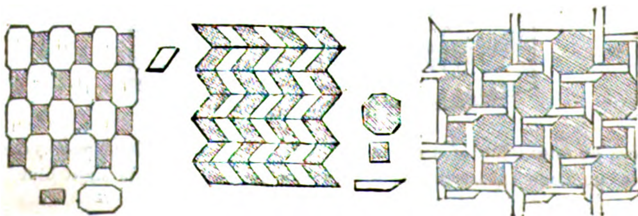
are in dark-blue, and the lines are in floss silk: as seen in the pattern above, which is of the full-size.

The bottom, which is circular, should be twelve inches in diameter, and covered with light-blue silk. The side should be five inches high. It will be seen that we give only a portion of the pattern of this side; but this is all that is necessary. This side is to be sewed to pasteboard, and lined with silk. The bag is to be made of light-blue silk; the handles to be made of cord.

Where the bag is sewed on to the side there should be a quilling of blue ribbon.

COMBINATION DESIGNS IN PATCHWORK.

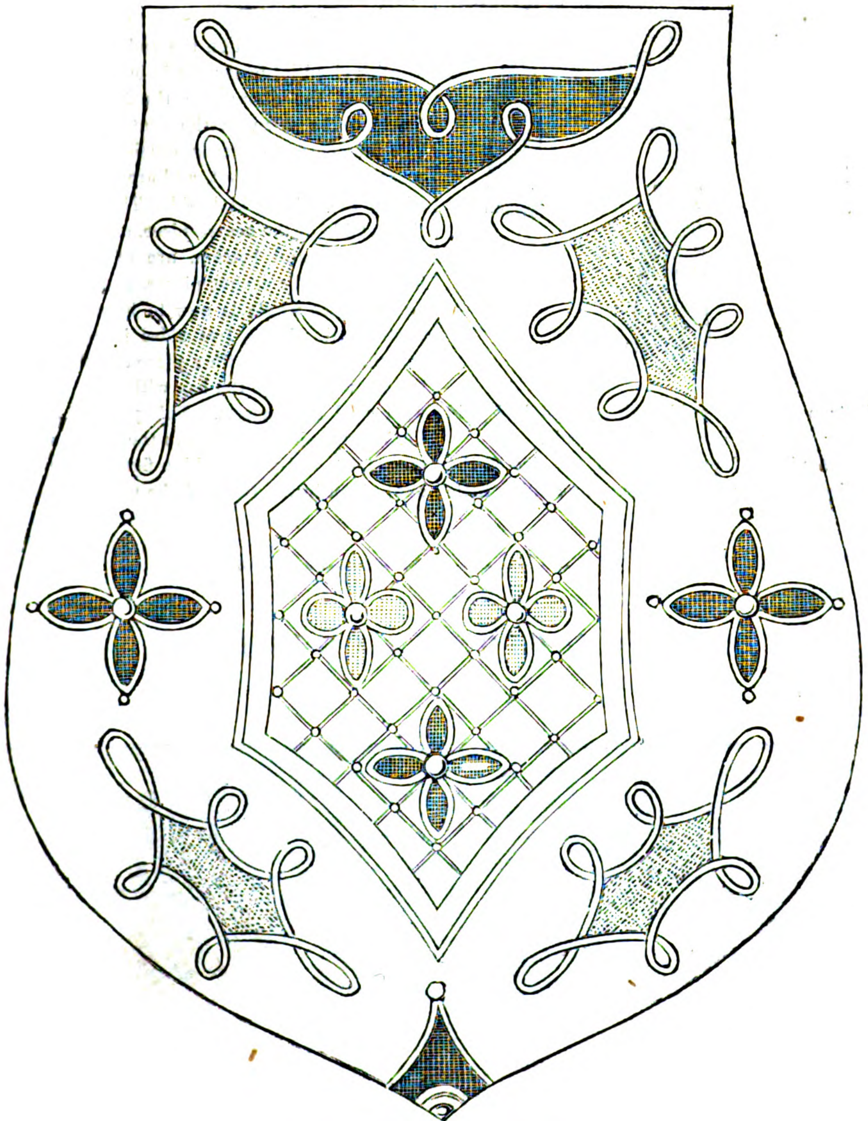
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Digitized by Google

THE GIRDLE POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

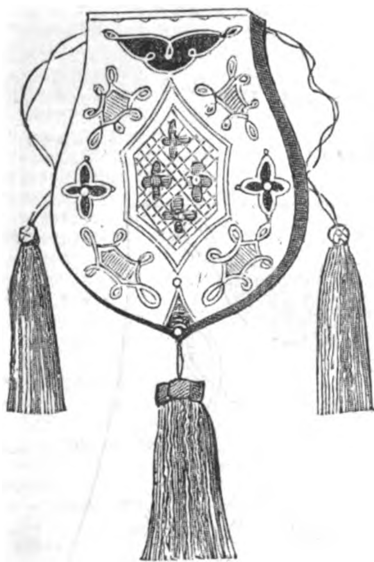


PATTERN FOR GIRDLE-POCKET: FULL-SIZE.

THIS beautiful affair has just appeared in Paris, where it is all the rage. It is used to carry a handkerchief and portmonnaie. We give, on the next page, an engraving of it, as it appears when made up; and above a pattern of one side, full-size.

MATERIALS.—Quarter of a yard of sky-blue silk; some small pieces of black, red, and green

Digitized by Google

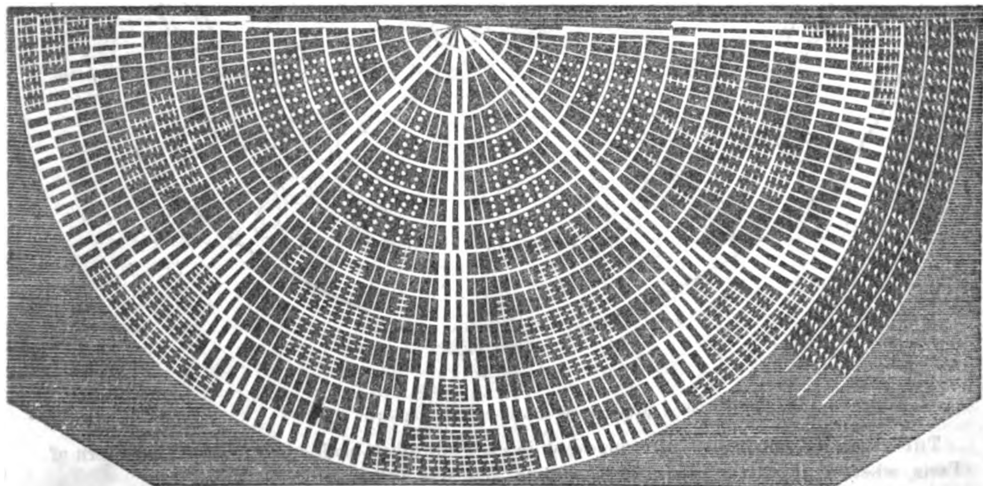


velvet; a spool of gold braid; a spool of gold thread; and two sizes of black beads.

Cut a piece of pasteboard of the size of the full-size pattern; and the sky-blue silk a little larger so as to allow for the seams; cut the centre-piece of green velvet, and lay it on the blue silk, as in the design, covering the edges with the gold braids. The four stars, in this centre-piece, are to be as follows: the top and bottom ones of black velvet, and the two side ones of red velvet: and they are put on in the same manner as the centre-piece itself. The gold thread is now to be laid across, in diamonds, and fastened on the under side: and the smaller sized jet beads are to be sewn on, at the points of the diamonds: the larger sized jet beads to be sewn in the centre of the stars. The four corner patterns, outside of the centre-piece, are of red velvet, and are braided, on the edges, with the gold braid. The two stars on the outside of the centre-piece, and the patterns at the top and bottom, are of black velvet, braided like the corner-pieces, and finished with beads. The whole is now to be sewed on the pasteboard. Make two sides in this manner. Put them together with a piece of velvet ribbon, bonnet width; line the bag with silk; and finish with cord and tassels. This pocket is worn at the waist, being attached to the belt, as seen in one of the full-page fashion figures (the sitting one) given in the front of the number.

PINCUSHION IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is to be worked in different shades of pink, as seen by the marks, interspersed with white. We give part of the top. It is easy enough even for beginners.

Digitized by Google

DRAMATIC: AN ACTING CHARADE.

BY S. ANNIE FROST, AUTHOR OF "PARLOR CHARADES AND PROVERBS."

CHARACTERS.

Marston Haynes, a stage-struck poet—John Carroll, a wealthy merchant—Nellie, Mr. Carroll's daughter—Maggie, Nellie's maid and confidante—Jerry, Mr. Haynes' servant.

SCENE I.—DRAMA.

Scene.—Mr. Carroll's parlor.

Curtain rises—Discovering Nellie seated at a table, with a large book open before her. Mr. Carroll, a handkerchief over his face, asleep before the fire.

NELLIE.—(*Reading in a dramatic manner.*)
"Come, gentle night! come, loving, black-brow'd night;
Give me my Romeo! and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars."

MR. CARROLL.—(*Moving uneasily.*)—Eh? What?

NELLIE.—Nothing, father; I was only reading.
"Sleep on! Sleep dwell upon thine eyes."

MR. CARROLL.—(*In a sleepy, cross tone.*)—How can anybody sleep when you keep up such a chattering?

NELLIE.—(*In a tragic tone.*)—I am dumb!

MR. CARROLL.—For mercy's sake stay so then.

NELLIE.—To hear is to obey. (*Silence for a moment, then Nellie reads, at first in an under tone, but gradually getting louder.*)

"Oh! brawling love! Oh! loving hate!
Oh! anything of nothing first create!
Oh! heavy lightness—serious vanity!
Misshapen chaos of well seeming forms!
Feather of lead, (*very loud.*) bright smoke, cold fire."

MR. CARROLL.—(*Starting up.*)—Fire! Where? Fire! Fire!

NELLIE.—What is the matter?

MR. CARROLL.—I thought some one shouted fire.

NELLIE.—It was I! I was reading this glorious drama.

MR. CARROLL.—You are always reading some glorious drama! Glorious fiddlesticks! You had better be learning to make bread. I will go to the library and see if sleep is possible there. *Exit.*

NELLIE.—What a hard fate is mine! The only child of a man wealthy and aristocratic; there is no opening for my talents. Ah! for poverty. Then could I tread the boards, and sway the souls of listening multitudes. What field so glorious as that the drama offers? But I alas! have no occasion to exert myself, no sympathizing soul to share my transports or anguish. None! I am wrong. Marston! He, too, worships the drama. My own Marston!

MARSTON.—(*Behind the scenes.*)
"It is my soul that calls upon my name!"

Enter Marston.

NELLIE.—Oh! Marston, how imprudent you are! My father has just left the room, and you know how angry he would be to find you here.

MARSTON.—I have been in the hall, hidden behind a cloak on the hat-rack, for two hours, waiting for him to leave the room.

NELLIE.—How romantic! Oh! Marston, I am so glad you are poor!

MARSTON.—Thank you! I cannot, however, exactly sympathize in the sentiment.

NELLIE.—If you were rich, father would probably quietly consent to our marriage, and we would have a hum-drum wedding, take a month's journey, and settle quietly down just like the rest of the world. But now an elopement, rope-ladder——

MARSTON.—Is that necessary?

NELLIE.—Necessary! It is delicious! If there is no rope-ladder, I refuse to elope. Why think of the romance, Marston? It will be exactly like a scene from a drama.

MARSTON.—Be it as you will. Anything to call you mine!

Enter Maggie.

MAGGIE.—Oh! Miss Nellie—Lor! Mr. Marston, are you here? Why, Mr. Carroll is just a-coming in here.

NELLIE.—(*Dramatically.*)—We are lost!

MARSTON.—Not until I am found. Ain't there a closet?

MAGGIE.—No. Get in here, under the table. (*Marston hides under table.*)

NELLIE.—Oh! how my heart beats with terror.

MAGGIE.—Goody! How I palpitates!

Enter Mr. Carroll.

MR. CARROLL.—Nellie, get your bonnet. I want you to go with me to call upon Mrs. Judson.

NELLIE.—To-day, Papa? I cannot. I have a head-ache! I tore my best dress! I can't make a call in an old bonnet! I have some work to finish——

MR. CARROLL.—Is that all? Come, no excuses. Run and get ready. Why, this morning you were wild to go, because I told you the lady was literary.

NELLIE.—But, papa, I want to finish something.

MR. CARROLL.—(*Sarcastically.*)—A new drama, probably.

NELLIE.—Yes, "The Unrelenting Parent; or, The Distressed Lovers."

MR. CARROLL.—Nonsense! Your head runs eternally on the play.

NELLIE.—Don't say play, dear papa, it is so horridly vulgar. Say drama.

MR. CARROLL.—Are you going with me?

NELLIE.—To-morrow, dear papa.

MR. CARROLL.—Well, I'll not insist now, but remember I shall certainly expect you to go to-morrow.

Exit Mr. Carroll.

NELLIE.—Come forth, my prisoner.

MARSTON.—(*Creeping out.*)—That is a particularly uncomfortable table.

NELLIE.—Can you not bear a little inconvenience for my sake? *Enter Mr. Carroll.*

MR. CARROLL.—I forgot my cane. Hey dey! Who are you, sir?

NELLIE.—It is a friend of mine, father, Mr. John Jones.

MR. CARROLL.—Don't fib, Nellie. Mr. Haynes, I believe I have already intimated to you that I prefer meeting you *outside* of my house.

NELLIE.—Dear father, do not reproach him.

MARSTON.—(*Gloomily.*)—Do not speak, Eleanor. I can bear my fate.

NELLIE.—(*Kneeling.*)—Spare him, father! See, I kneel with tears to implore his pardon.

MR. CARROLL.—Get up, you idiot! Are you insane?

NELLIE.—(*In a very tragic tone, with much gesture.*)
"Mad! Mad! Ay, that it is! Ay, that it is!
Is't to be mad, to speak, to move, to gaze,
But not know how, or why, or whence, or where?
To see that there are faces all around me,
Floating within a dim, discolored haze,
Yet have distinction, vision but for one?
Oh! I am mad—wildly, intensely mad!"

MR. CARROLL.—Upon my word I think you are.

Digitized by Google

MARSTON.—A mere quotation, sir. Fazio!

MR. CARROLL.—What?

MARSTON.—Fazio, a drama.

MR. CARROLL.—Drama! Do not mention the word again. I hear nothing else from morning till night. I have tragedy for dinner, comedy for breakfast, farce for supper. Nellie go to your room. (*To Maggie.*) You go with her.

NELLIE.—(*To Marston.*)—For a short period, farewell!

MARSTON.—Stay! I will go! Mr. Carroll, good day, sir. Nellie, farewell! farewell! *Exit Marston.*

MR. CARROLL.—A stage-struck puppy, without brains enough to keep himself from starving.

NELLIE.—(*Sadly.*)—Gone! Oh! Marston.

"Think how long the time will be
To these eyes that weep for thee!"

MR. CARROLL.—(*Sarcastically.*)—That, I presume, is another *quotation*, from another *drama*. Remember I will have no more visits from that *John Jones*. I will go tell the servants not to admit him. *Exit.*

NELLIE.—Maggie, get your bonnet, now, to take a note from me to Marston. No course is left us now but flight. Quick, Maggie.

MAGGIE.—I'll be ready in five minutes. *Exit Maggie.*

Nellie sits down to the table to write.

Curtain falls.

SCENE II.—TICK.

Scene.—Mr. Marston Haynes' room. Upon a table are foils, books, pens, ink, and paper, a number of bills unreceipted. The whole room wears a disorderly look.

Curtain rises—Discovering Marston shaking a coat, and Jerry on his knees picking up books and papers from the floor.

MARSTON.—Come, Jerry, get me my hat and cloak. What time is it?

JERRY.—Sure, sir, its eleven jist.

MARSTON.—A whole hour yet before the time set for our elopement. Jerry, you are sure you understood all my directions?

JERRY.—Indade, sir, I did. It's to buy new furniture for the room I am, and a new carpet, which won't come, sure, before it's wanted, and I'm to have all ready a week from to-day.

MARSTON.—When I shall return with my bride from our wedding tour. (*Aside.*) My pawned watch and studs must pay the expenses of the trip.

JERRY.—Mr. Haynes, I'll have everything beautiful; but sure there's one thing you have forgot.

MARSTON.—Oh! the curtains! Be sure you remember them.

JERRY.—Sure, sir, it ain't the new curtains that's on my mind.

MARSTON.—Nor on my windows. Oh! I know, Jerry. I forgot to give you particular directions about the delicate repast my love must find prepared.

JERRY.—As ye plaise, sir, it's niver a bit o' that either.

MARSTON.—Out with it, then, Jerry. What is it?

JERRY.—It's the money, sir. Niver a cent have you given me for all the new things, sure.

MARSTON.—Money! Filthy lucre!

JERRY.—It may be filthy, sir; but it's mighty convanient intirely.

MARSTON.—So, it is the money that has weighed on your mind?

JERRY.—Ay, sir, heavier than it weighs on my pocket.

MARSTON.—Jerry, you must procure these articles without money.

JERRY.—Sure, sir, how'll I do it?

MARSTON.—You must get them, Jerry, upon tick.

JERRY.—What's that, sir? Sure I never heard of it afore this blessed day.

MARSTON.—Tick, Jerry, tick is the synonym for credit.

JERRY.—Sure, sir, is it that same?

MARSTON.—You will tell the store-keepers that your master has just married an heiress, an only child, with plenty of money coming from a rich father, (*aside.*) who is willing to forgive her, (*aloud,*) and say that all bills will be paid when I return.

JERRY.—And is that tick? Sure your honor has been living on it for sometime. (*Pointing to the bills.*)

MARSTON.—True, Jerry, too true. Never mind, when my great poem is finished, fortune's tides will turn, and then, Jerry, we will bid farewell to poverty——

JERRY.—And tick!

MARSTON.—It is time I left. The appointed hour draws nigh. Remember my directions, Jerry. (*In a dramatic manner.*) Now, Marston, now for Eleanor and love. *Exit.*

JERRY.—Good-by. Good luck to yees both. (*Imitating Marston.*) Now, Jerry, now, for furniture on tick! *Exit.*

Curtain falls.

SCENE III.—DRAMATIC.

Scene.—Same as scene II.

Enter Maggie and Jerry.

MAGGIE.—So that is the reason the rooms were not refurnished.

JERRY.—Dade an' it is. Niver a bit of furniture could I get without the money down; an', when I mentioned Misther Marston's wife, didn't they tell me that was an old dodge, an' I couldn't come it over them.

MAGGIE.—Miss Nellie is a bad wife for a poor man. It is twelve o'clock, and she ain't out of her room yet.

NELLIE.—(*Calling from behind the scene.*)—Maggie! Maggie!

MAGGIE.—Coming, mum!

JERRY.—(*Taking a letter from his pocket.*)—Here, Maggie, give this to Mrs. Haynes. I must go down town of an errand. Good day to ye, darlint. Take this (*kisses her*) an' my blessing. *Exit, singing Rory O'Moore.*

NELLIE.—(*Calling again.*)—Maggie! Maggie!

MAGGIE.—I'm coming, mum! I wonder what's in this letter? (*Tries to peep.*) *Enter Nellie.*

MAGGIE.—I guess it's from Mr. Carroll.

NELLIE.—Why don't you come when I call you?

MAGGIE.—(*Handing the letter.*)—I was just seeing if this was directed to you or Mr. Haynes, mum.

NELLIE.—Go into my room, and lay out my bonnet and cloak. I may go out. *Exit Maggie.*

NELLIE.—(*Opening the letter.*)—From papa! (*Reads.*) How provoking! Was there ever an unfortunate girl so persecuted as I am? Here is papa writing to forgive us. Says my letter was so pathetic he cannot refuse his pardon for my disobedience. Of course I had to write a penitent letter, but it is too absurd for him to forgive us. Just as Marston and I had made our arrangements for going upon the stage. Were to call together, this morning, upon the manager of the Walnut Street Theatre. We are sure to succeed. Stop! I have it. *This letter never reached me.* Marston shall know nothing about it, and we *will* call. (*Tears the letter, and throws the pieces into the fire.*) *Enter Marston.*

MARSTON.—Good morning, love.

NELLIE.—Where have you been, Marston?

MARSTON.—Why, I am accustomed to early rising, Nellie, and I have been out attending to some business. (*Aside.*) Selling my seal ring to buy the dinner. (*Aloud.*) No letter from your father?

NELLIE.—It may come to-morrow, Marston.

MARSTON.—The stage seems now our only hope. Your father would surely have answered before this, had he intended to forgive us.

NELLIE.—I think so! Are you prepared for our interview with the manager, or shall we rehearse some scenes before we start?

MARSTON.—We will rehearse now, if you are willing.

Digitized by Google

NELLIE.—(*Dramatically.*)—Willing! Eager!

MARSTON.—I shall first give him the interview between Hamlet and his father's ghost. *Enter Jerry.*

MARSTON.—And, in good time, here comes the ghost.

JERRY.—Where? Let me go. (*Starts to run.*)

MARSTON.—Jerry, stay here. Mrs. Haynes and I wish to rehearse a few scenes. (*Calling.*) Maggie! *Enter Maggie.*

MARSTON.—You and Maggie will assist us. First, I am Hamlet; you, Jerry, are my father's ghost.

JERRY.—Av ye plase, sir, I'd rather be the gentleman. I never was a ghost, sir.

MARSTON.—Mrs. Haynes will tell you what to say. Now! Stand there! (*Striking an attitude, and speaking, with much gesture, to Jerry.*) "Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak! I'll go no further."

JERRY.—Sure, sir, I don't want you to.

NELLIE.—Jerry, say, "Mark me!"

JERRY.—Arrah then, I don't want to be marked.

NELLIE.—Say it——

JERRY.—Oh! very well. "Mark me!"

MARSTON.—"I will!"

NELLIE.—(*To Jerry.*)

"My hour is almost come
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself."

MAGGIE.—Oh! Lor, mum! What have you been and done?

NELLIE.—Jerry, that is your next speech.

JERRY.—Av ye plase, I don't exactly like the sentiment.

MARSTON.—Oh! botheration. Who can be inspired under these circumstances?

NELLIE.—Suppose we try a scene from your play.

MARSTON.—"The Languishing Lovers?" Well, we will. Jerry, you stand there; you are the willow tree, behind which Orlando listens to the outpourings of Constantia's soul. You, Maggie, are Clarinda, Constantia's confidante. Now! (*Goes behind Jerry.*) Are you ready? Begin.

NELLIE.—(*To Maggie.*)—"Give me thine ear——"

MAGGIE.—Lor, mum, what do you want with it?

NELLIE.—Do not interrupt me.

"Give me thine ear, Clarinda, whilst I tell
The story of my love: 'Twas on a Summer's eve
I sat beneath the whispering cedars, whilst the lark
Poured forth his tuneful melodies. Sudden before me rose
A form, more, more than mortal."

MAGGIE.—Land, mum, wasn't you skeered?

NELLIE.—(*Not heeding her.*)—'Twas he! Orlando! My Orlando!

MARSTON.—(*Rushing forward suddenly, and knocking Jerry down.*)—Constantia! My Constantia! (*Nellie rushes to Marston, faints, and falls upon the floor.*)

NELLIE.—(*Rising, in an indignant voice.*)—Why didn't you catch me?

JERRY.—(*Rising too.*)—And me.

MARSTON.—(*To Nellie.*)—You came forward too quickly. Try it again. "Constantia! My Constantia!" (*Opens his arms.*)

NELLIE.—(*Rushing at him violently.*)—"Ah! that voice!" (*Faints. Marston staggers, falls on one knee, letting Nellie slip to the ground.*)

MARSTON.—Mercy, Nell, how heavy you are!

NELLIE.—(*Rising.*)—We *must* learn to faint properly. Try it once more. For pity's sake don't let me fall again.

MARSTON.—(*Standing with open arms.*)—"Constantia! My Constantia!

NELLIE.—(*Standing opposite.*)—Ah! that voice." (*Both rush forward together, miss each other. Marston falls against Jerry, and Nellie runs against the wall.*)

MARSTON.—Once more! Turn your face this way. (*Opens his arms. Nellie walks slowly across the room and faints into Marston's arms.*)

JERRY.—(*Opening his arms.*)—Maggie! My Maggie!

MAGGIE.—(*Rushing into Jerry's arms.*)—Ah! that voice.

MARSTON.—(*Kissing Nellie.*)—My love! My sweetest one! Speak! Look upon me.

JERRY.—(*Kissing Maggie.*)—Arrah, Mavourneen. Spake. Look this way.

NELLIE.—(*In a feeble voice.*)—Orlando. Oh! bliss unutterable! (*Faints again.*)

MAGGIE.—Be done wid yer blarney.

MARSTON.—She faints! She dies! Darling, look up!
Enter Mr. Carroll.

MR. CARROLL.—Are you all deaf? I've rung four times. (*Marston, Nellie, Jerry, and Maggie, all stand erect, and speak at once.*)

MARSTON.—Mr. Carroll.

NELLIE.—Papa!

MAGGIE.—The ould gentleman!

JERRY.—Who in the world's that?

MR. CARROLL.—What are you doing? What does all this mean?

NELLIE.—We were rehearsing.

MR. CARROLL.—Nonsense! As a married woman I hoped you had dropped all this nonsense. Mr. Haynes, as you are now my daughter's husband, I trust you will aid me in the endeavor to correct this exaggerated taste for dramatic exhibitions.

MARSTON.—(*Gloomily.*)—We must go upon the stage, or starve.

MR. CARROLL.—(*Good-naturedly.*)—Nonsense! For the present you will come home with me, and then we will discuss business.

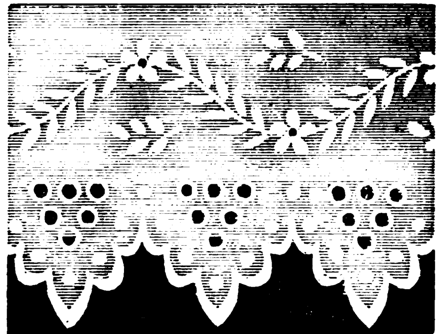
MARSTON.—(*Taking Mr. Carroll's hand.*)—I feel ashamed, sir, to have ever deceived so noble a nature. Forgive me! My future life will prove my sorrow.

NELLIE.—(*Dramatically, taking Mr. Carroll's other hand.*)—Forgive us both. (*Kneels. Marston also kneels.*)

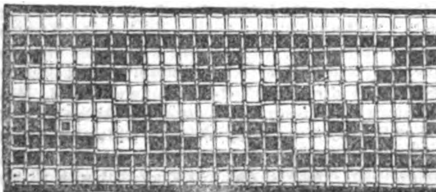
MARSTON.—Bless our union, father. (*Jerry and Maggie kneel.*)

JERRY.—And ours, too, av ye plase. *Curtain falls.*

PATTERNS.



EDGING IN EMBROIDERY.



CROCHET.

Digitized by Google

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE LAST TIME.—You remember him, do you not? What a fine-looking fellow he was, and not a bit spoiled by college life! He bade you a pleasant "good morning" and went away with a smile on his lips. There was nothing unusual in his manner—he was always tender and gentle, always respectful and affectionate. He galloped from the door, his bright curls nodding, his fine form erect; and proud seemed the milk-white horse of his handsome burden.

Alas! it was his ride to death. That "good morning"—that happy, sunny smile were his last—and who dreamed it might be so?

Now, how we linger on the recollection of that voice! How we strive to think there was some look, some tone more tender than usual! How we press the hot, throbbing temples as we cry, "Oh! that I had known I should never see him again!" But vain the wild wish; it jars against the doors of the sepulchre.

Mary! the sweet home flower.

We see her now, standing with a half-mournful, half-bewildered look on the platform of the crowded cars. Somebody jested with her upon the possibility of her obtaining a seat because she was young and handsome. As she entered, she turned once, and a smile broke like a sunbeam over her bright face.

"May she have a happy journey!" said we, "she is going to her bridal. One waits for her, with love and impatience, a few miles from here, and they will both be home to-morrow." What a bright, beautiful glance she gave us! as if all the brightness and beauty of her maidenhood combined to make the last recollection of Mary glorious to remember. It was the last, for soon a fearful sound shocked the ear. A cloud of dust and cinders, fire and broken wood—a heavy plunge—a cry of mental agony—and where was Mary? Dead! under the ice of the river—and when they brought her forth, the strange, mournful, uncertain look that first clouded her young face, rested there now; but the smile! that is imperishable while we live, for it was her last.

He had been ill, but was better now. How glad you were as you took his cool hand in yours and felt the temperate beat of the pulse! His smile was yet languid, his speech faint. The dark locks hung listless over his brow, on which disease had traced bluer veins and paler tints: but he was better. The doctor said so, the nurse said so; he himself murmured, "I am better." So you parted from him with a light heart, looking back before you closed the door, to add some word of advice. The white face answered your glance eagerly; the large eyes—you will never forget their soul-language while you live—it recurs again and again. It is painted on the walls of night in fadeless colors; it was the last time—the last loving, life-look—and how you will treasure it!

That laugh!

It sounds over the bridge of death till its arches ring again. In that familiar attitude he stood, one hand on the marble frame of the fire-place, one foot crossed over the other, his head thrown back, his brown locks shaken by the jubilant glee to which the whole frame danced. You thought what a happy, jovial, handsome fellow he was! full of life and wit—roaring his jokes, telling his capital stories, making mother, sister, and wife proud of his beauty, his geniality, his love. And you knew that with all his jollity he was gentle as the lamb, true as steel, reverent toward all, good, pure-hearted. Your pleasure grew as you saw him in his young manhood, laughing the beautiful laugh of innocent hilarity. You left him still in the midst of his jesting—you thought of his merry eye even till the day following; and, at its close, a shock came that you will never forget. The evening paper lying damp on your knee seemed suddenly wet with the dews of the grave. There it was in capital letters—great disaster—steamboat explosion—names of the killed and wounded—*his* name heading the list. In vain you tried to think it a dream—could he be dead?—that beautiful creature!—the hope of so many hearts!—the pride of so many eyes!

You go shrinkingly to his home—if proof had been wanting, there it is—wild posture, shrieking sorrow, and dumb and tearless grief.

Who does not remember some last look? The aged man, pillowed on his chair, his eyes following languidly the object of his dearest love. The mother wrestling with the anguish of bidding her babes farewell. The brother, unfolding new plans for life, even till the death-grasp is on his vitals. The sister, frail as a beautiful flower, and fading as surely. The wife, lingering long on the brink, while the golden cord of earthly love unwinds with every slow pulsation of the dying heart. The husband, with eyes fastened upon the face that has bent over him with ceaseless solicitude, and whose tears cool the hot fever of the brain. The little babe, helpless as the violet crushed by a careless foot. We have all seen the last look in some of these; for what would we exchange the memory? How we dwell upon it! and the eyes, long closed and sealed in the slumber of the grave, beam with fresh lustre as we think. The lips press ours again—the smile brightens the lovely face. Lightly rings the laugh through our soul's winding-places—softly echo the words of endearment, thrilling with the charm of old, and we love to preface every mention of the lost with the words,

"The last time I saw him."

BE CHEERFUL.—Always be cheerful. Nobody ever gains anything by desponding. It is astonishing how difficulties disappear before a sunshiny disposition. You think your own troubles are the most serious in the world, but if you knew all the secrets of your next door neighbor, you would find that there was care, and sorrow, and disappointment there also. True courage consists in overcoming difficulties, not in being overcome by them. Not only your own happiness, but that of your household also, depends on your being cheerful. Welcome your husband home with smiles. He has his own troubles, at that office, store, or work-shop of his. If he does not bring them home, but manfully spares you the annoyance of them, imitate his example and keep your own to yourself. If he comes to you, worn out by them, for sympathy, or repose, or counsel, be cheerful, and so reinvigorate him for the arduous battle of life. A cheerful home makes good-tempered children, for example is always better than precept. Always be cheerful!

OUR COLORED BERLIN PATTERN.—We think we may say that this is the most superb pattern, as it is altogether the most costly one, ever published in any magazine. *It is printed in no less than twelve colors.* Remember, no other American periodical gives these patterns (thus printed in colors) at all. Next month, we shall publish a pattern, entirely different, in style, but quite as splendid and costly. Through the entire year, 1861, we shall have a brilliant succession of patterns.

Digitized by Google

"PETERSON" FOR 1861—BETTER THAN EVER.—On the cover, this month, will be found our Prospectus for 1861. Every year's experience teaches us how to do better for our subscribers; while the continual increase in our circulation enables us to afford costlier and still costlier attractions. Hence it is that we make no idle boast in saying that "Peterson" has improved with every year. Hence also we are able to promise that "Peterson" for 1861 will be even better than for 1860.

In addition to our usual quantity of original stories, from the best writers of the country, we shall publish, in 1861, the following copy-right novelets:

A BROKEN LIFE,
BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

BARBARA'S AMBITION,
BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

HARLEY BROOKS,
BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE GIRL GUARDIAN,
BY GRACE GARDNER.

One of these—that by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens—will run through the entire year. The others will be shorter. No other Ladies' Magazine, we predict, will have any novelets half so good. Everybody concedes the superiority of the stories in "Peterson."

Now is the time to get up clubs! Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are but fairly presented. *Be first in the field!* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that your own copy need not be injured. *Do not lose a moment!*

WHAT IS ECONOMY?—Economy is not hoarding, any more than extravagance is liberality. He who can afford to spend five thousand a year, does injury to trade, if he does not spend it. He would be just as wrong as he, who having but a thousand a year, should spend two thousand. Of course, no one is justified in spending his entire income, even when it is derived from a realized fortune; for there are always exceptional expenses, such as refurnishing, sickness, &c., which, otherwise, would eat into his capital. Much the less ought anybody in business to spend all he makes. But niggardliness is to be equally avoided. The smallest income can be so distributed as to bring more or less of the refinements of life. We do not live merely to amass money. We live, on the contrary, to make our homes cultivated and our families happy: to advance in all moral and spiritual well-being: to grow "brighter and brighter to the perfect day."

THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.—Messrs. J. W. Byram & Co., 112 south Third street, Philadelphia, have just issued a new edition of their great picture of Mount Vernon, printed in fifteen oil colors. This has been one of the most popular pictures ever published in this country. We would advise all who have not done so, to secure a copy at once. Price, fifty cents, post-paid, to any part of the country.

"GROWING TWO INCHES."—A little girl of twelve, who sends us a large club, says:—"I got all these names myself, and have earned my extra copy. I've grown two inches since I made up the club, at the idea of having my own Magazine." *That* extra copy went quick.

"BETTER THAN A SWEETHEART."—A young lady writes to us:—"I cannot do without my Magazine. I miss it more than I would my sweetheart, for it is certainly more entertaining."

OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVING FOR CLUBS.—Our old friends know that we do not give people premiums for subscribing to "Peterson." We hold that every subscriber gets his or her money's worth in the Magazine. But we have always made a practice to give a premium to anybody getting up a club. The premium for 1861, is, we think, the most desirable we have ever offered. It is, as described in the Prospectus, an engraving of the largest size for framing; is done in line and stipple; and is one of the best works of the late Thomas Illman. It has never before been published. In no other way can it be had except from "Peterson." So get up a club, if you wish this costly affair! To those who prefer an Album, we will, as stated in the Prospectus, send an Album, instead of the engraving, if they write for it. Or we will send $1.25 worth of T. B. Peterson & Brothers' publications.

NEW MUSIC.—"Winner's Dime Book of Violin Tunes," No. 4, 5 and 6, are just issued. No. 4 contains the celebrated "Rochester Schottische," "The Wife's Dream," and five other beautiful pieces. No. 5 contains "The Hand Organ Hornpipe," "The Caledonian Quadrilles," and other airs. No. 6 "The Musidora Mazourka," "Zingara Polka," "Moonlight on the Ocean," and several other popular melodies, all of which are arranged in an easy and pleasing style. Copies will be sent, post paid, upon receipt of the price, (ten cents per number.) Address the publisher, Sep. Winner, 716 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia.

LIFE SUBSCRIBERS.—A lady, remitting two dollars for 1861, says, "I find the fireside is not complete without 'Peterson.' Therefore consider me as a life subscriber." This is what hundreds declare.

INCREASE IN 1861.—The indications are that we shall have a larger edition than ever in 1860. Everybody, everywhere, is subscribing for "Peterson."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Forest Hymn. By William Cullen Bryant. Illustrated from original drawings, by John A. Hows. New York: Townsend & Co.—This exquisite volume is certainly an era in American illustrated book publishing; fully equal in every respect to the best English productions of a similar class. We have been so long accustomed to seeing illustrated works slovenly got up, with designs showing mediocre talent, engraving and printing of the most ordinary sort, that no one can take up this charming volume without a feeling of gratification and pride, that it has, at last, been proved that American publishers can produce such a work, that an American artist has been found fully master of the task he has undertaken. For three years past the pictures of Mr. John A. Hows have attracted much attention in various exhibitions, and the publication of this book has made for him a reputation at an age when most men are only struggling into momentary notice. Here are thirty-two designs—so varied, so excellent in every particular—showing a power and imagination equal to that evinced in the poem—that the book, from the first page to the last, is a succession of delightful surprises. Mr. Hows has evidently lived and reveled in the glory of our American forests. Beautiful landscapes, dark hemlock groves, luxuriant masses of flowers, ferns, and creeping vines meet the eye wherever it falls. The title page, with its massive arch, through which one looks into the recesses of a forest, forms a fitting portal to the beautiful scenes that lie beyond. The daily and weekly press have teemed for months with notices of this work—several leading English publications have pronounced it quite equal to the efforts of Birket

Digitized by Google

Foster; yet, we confess we were not prepared for the originality, the power, the wealth of fancy and poetry which are displayed in it. There is nothing here to remind one of any by-gone book, any other artist. Mr. Hows has gone at once to nature, scorning in numberless instances old established forms, and the consequence has been that nature has unfolded to him the secrets and the beauties which others seek in vain to depict. The mechanical portions of the work are so admirably done, and these gems so fittingly enshrined, that the publishers have placed themselves, by its production, at the head of their craft in this department of book-making.

The Three Cousins. By J. A. Maitland. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Novels of incident will always be more generally popular than novels of character. The present fiction belongs to the former class. The story has no let up, in its interest, from beginning to end. The distress of a needle-woman in New York arrests the reader in the earlier chapters; then follows a description of a storm and shipwreck off the coast of Kent; then the narrative bears one away, on board a South Sea whaler, to the Pacific; and finally, after an ever-changing series of adventures, the tale concludes happily, as all such tales should. T. B. Peterson & Brothers will send this, or any other of their books, to any place by mail, free of postage, on receipt of the price. The price of "The Three Cousins," bound in cloth, is $1.25.

Winnie and Walter; or, Story-telling at Thanksgiving. Winnie and Walter's Christmas Stories. Winnie and Walter's Evening Talks with their Father about Old Times. 3 vols., 16 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—These three modest little books for children come most opportunely now, but they may be read with great pleasure at any time. They are charmingly written, and have the faculty of engrossing the attention of persons older in years, than those for whom the stories are intended. It is impossible to decide which is the best volume of the three, when all are so very good. The type and paper are unexceptionable.

The King of the Mountains. From the French of Edmond About. By Mary L. Booth. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—The scene of this story is laid in Greece, the hero being a brigand chief, whose head-quarters are in the mountains, not far from Athens. In addition to the robber and his band, two English women, two Americans, a German doctor, and several other personages figure in the story. The descriptions of modern Greek life are excellent; the story is full of incident; and the style is sprightly. The publishers issue the volume in very handsome style.

Where There's a Will There's a Way. By Alice B. Haven. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—There is no writer of books for the young who excels Mrs. Haven, better known, perhaps, to her readers as "Cousin Alice." We know no one, in fact, who equals her. The object of the present tale is to show the difference between self-will, which is wrong, and will which is right; and this moral, so useful and so necessary, is inculcated in a charming story about Carrie Abbot and her papa. The volume would make a very suitable gift for the holiday season.

The Prince's Ball. By E. A. Steadman. 1 vol. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—A lively satire on the flunkeyism, which broke out, more or less, during the visit of Baron Renfrew to the United States. The ball, at New York, comes in for an especial share of the satire. The volume is illustrated.

May Coverdale. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—A story of a London dress-maker's apprentice, told with touching pathos, and full of religious feeling. We know few books so good of their kind. The publishers have issued it in very neat style.

Harry Coverdale's Courtship and Marriage. By Frank E. Smedley. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a handsome edition, illustrated with spirited engravings, of one of the most mirth-moving novels in the language. Mr. Smedley, even in his "Frank Farleigh" and "Lewis Arundel," has not been happier than in "Harry Coverdale." A good laugh, physicians say, is better than a month of medicine. Weighed, by this standard, "Harry Coverdale" is worth a year's prescriptions. Price, $1.25.

The Greatest Plague of Life; or, the Adventures of a Lady in Search of a Good Servant. By a lady who has been almost "worried to death." 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a novel with which thousands of our fair readers will sympathize. We believe this is the first time that experiences of this peculiar kind have been put upon record. The book is full of whimsical anecdotes, the tale is clearly told, and, on the whole, a more comical affair we have never read. Price, fifty cents.

Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical. By Herbert Spencer. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The author of this book, as the publishers, in their preface, truly say, is "eminent among the pioneer thinkers of the age." What such a man writes, on a theme so all-important as education, is of interest to every parent, to every teacher, to every friend of his kind. We find the work thoroughly broad, in its exposition of its subject, and recommend it, as such, to the public generally.

Legends of the Madonna as Represented in the Fine Arts. By Mrs. Jameson. 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is an edition, "in blue and gold," of one of the most popular works of this popular writer. It is a book especially interesting to women. We know no surer sign of culture than to see a volume like this on a centre-table. The present edition is a corrected and enlarged one. For the frontispiece there is a good portrait of the author.

Hopes and Fears. By the author of "The Heir of Radclyffe." 2 vols., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This new fiction will be eagerly read by thousands. After Miss Mulock, and the author of "Adam Bede," there is no female novelist so popular as the writer of this book. We have not yet had leisure to peruse the work, having received it just as we go to press; but the London journals describe it as quite equal to the best of Miss Yonge's former stories.

Considerations on some of the Elements and Conditions of Social Welfare and Human Progress. By C. S. Henry, D. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is a collection of lectures delivered at the New York University. To discuss them properly would require more space than we have to spare at present. We may say, however, in brief, that there is much truth in most of what Dr. Henry advances.

The Great Preparation; or, Redemption Draweth Nigh. By the Rev. John Cumming, D. D., F. R. S. E. First Series. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—Dr. Cumming has made himself famous, wherever the English language is spoken, by his attempts to explain prophecy. This is one of his best treatises on this inexhaustible subject. Thousands will read it with interest.

Home Ballads and Poems. By John Greenleaf Whittier. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—A collection of the later fugitive pieces of Mr. Whittier. The volume is printed in the usual handsome style of Ticknor & Fields.

The Big Night-Cap Letters. 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is the fifth book of a well-known series, and is by the same author as the preceding ones. It is a capital work for children.

Digitized by Google

Quiet Thoughts for Quiet Hours. By the author of "Life's Morning," "Life's Evening," "Sunday Hours," &c. 1 vol., 16 mo. *Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.*—A very excellent book, beautifully printed, and illustrated with taste. It would be particularly suitable for a Christmas, New-Year's, or birthday gift.

Wa-Wa-Wanda. A Legend of old Orange. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: Rudd & Carleton.*—The merits of this poem, which are considerable, would be more generally acknowledged, if the same measure was not used as in "Hiawatha."

New Fairy Stories for my Grandchildren. By George Keil. Translated from the German, by S. W. Lander. 1 vol., 18 mo. *New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—A very suitable book for young children. The volume contains several pretty illustrations.

HORTICULTURAL.

LAYERING PLANTS.—The operation of layering is applicable to shrubs, and also to other descriptions of plants. Carnations, picotees, and even pinks are propagated to a considerable extent by layers; and there are very few plants which have sound stems that keep alive through the winter but what may be propagated in the same way. The operation is similar in either case. At a proper distance from the top of the branch, say three or four joints down, or even more if the joints are close, the incision is to be made on the under part, half an inch below a joint, and the knife is made to approach very near to the centre of the stem, and to pass the joint upward; the portion severed below the joint is then cut close up, the earth stirred an inch or two below the surface and mixed with a little sand, and the branch is then pegged down so that the cut portion is half an inch below the surface, and well watered immediately. The plant, in fact, must be kept moderately moist until the layers begin to grow and root well. In a few weeks it may be tried whether the layers have rooted, by withdrawing the peg, and trying gently to raise the layer. But many of the bottom shoots of the pink, picotee and carnation are found too short to layer at all. These then have to be cut off and struck under a handglass, according to the usual method.

There is some doubt as to whether a layer or a cutting is the best for growing and blooming; but practice among the best growers has long decided that all the shoots that are long enough should be layered, and all those that are not long enough should be cut off and struck. The same principle that rules with regard to shrubs applies to the hardy perennials. It is by lessening the nourishment from the plant that the layer is made to supply the deficiency by making new roots; and the principal care required in layering is, not to leave the portion attached to the plant less than half the thickness at any one place, because it would endanger the supply, but it ought to be cut very near to half the thickness.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

Bills of Fare for Dinners in Winter.—Soups.—Carrot soup, celery soup, pea soup, rice soup, mock turtle.

Fish.—Cod, crabs, eels, oysters, rock.

Meat.—Beef, mutton, veal, venison.

Poultry.—Chickens, fowls, geese, pigeons, rabbits, turkeys, wild duck.

Game.—Partridges, pheasants, snipes, woodcocks.

Vegetables.—Beetroot, cabbages, carrots, celery, lettuces, onions, potatoes, salad, spinach, sprouts.

Fruit.—Apples, chestnuts, filberts, walnuts.

Filling for a Roast Goose.—Four large onions, ten sage-leaves, one-quarter pound bread crumbs, one and a half ounce of butter, salt and pepper to taste, one egg. Make a sage and onion stuffing of the above ingredients; put it into the body of the goose, and secure it firmly at both ends, by passing the rump through the hole made in the skin, and the other end by tying the skin of the neck to the back; by this means the seasoning will not escape. Put it down to a brisk fire, keep it well basted, and roast from one and a half to two hours, according to the size. Remove the skewers, and serve with a tureen of good gravy, and one of well-made apple-sauce. Should a very highly-flavored seasoning be preferred, the onions should not be parboiled, but minced raw: of the two methods, the mild seasoning is far superior. A ragout, or pie, should be made of the giblets, or they may be stewed down to make gravy. Be careful to serve the goose before the breast falls, or its appearance will be spoiled by coming flattened to table. A large goose will take to roast one and three-quarters hours; a moderate one, one and a quarter to one and a half hours.

Rice Dumplings.—Pick and wash a pound of rice, and boil it gently in two quarts of water till it becomes dry, keeping the pot well covered, and not stirring it. Then take it off the fire, and spread it out to cool on the bottom of an inverted sieve, loosening the grains lightly with a fork, that all the moisture may evaporate. Pare a dozen pippins, or some large juicy apples, and scoop out the core. Then fill up the cavity with marmalade, or with lemon and sugar. Cover every apple all over with a thick coating of the boiled rice. Tie up each in a separate cloth, and put them into a pot of cold water. They will require about an hour and a quarter after they begin to boil, perhaps longer.

Poached Eggs.—Poached eggs make several excellent dishes, but poaching them is rather a delicate operation, as in breaking the egg into the water, particular care must be taken to keep the white round the yolk. The best way is to open the small end of the egg with a knife. When the egg is done (it must be very soft), it should be thrown into cold water, where it may be pared, and its appearance improved, before it is dished up. Poached eggs are served up upon spinach, or stewed endive, or alone with rich gravy, or with stewed Spanish onions. They may also be fried in oil until they are brown, when they form a good dish with rich gravy.

Sponge Biscuit.—Beat the yolks of twelve eggs for half an hour; then put in a pound and a half of beaten sifted sugar, and whisk it until it rises in bubbles; beat the whites to a strong froth, and whisk them well with the sugar and yolks, work in fourteen ounces of flour, with the rinds of two lemons grated. Bake them in tin moulds buttered, in a quick oven, for an hour; before they are baked sift a little fine sugar over them.

Mince Pies.—Butter some patty-pans well, line them evenly with thin puff paste, then fill the pans with mince-meat; moisten the edges of the paste, and close carefully; trim off the paste; make a small opening in the centre of the top crust with the point of a knife. Bake them half an hour in a well-heated, but not fierce oven. It is as well to place a piece of white paper over the pies, while baking, to prevent them taking too much color.

Ormskirk Gingerbread.—Two pounds flour, one pound butter, one-half pound sifted oatmeal, three-quarters of a pound of moist sugar, one ounce ginger, the same of citron and candied orange-peel, all mixed together; then add one pound of treacle. The whole should be mixed the day before it is intended to be baked.

Essence of Lemon.—Cut off, very thin, the rinds of any number of lemons, put the pieces of peel in a phial, and cover them with spirits of wine. After a day or two this will have taken up all the oil of the lemon peel, and become far better in quality than that usually sold.

Digitized by Google

RECEIPTS FOR THE TOILET.

A Cheap Pomatum.—Half an ounce of white wax; half an ounce of spermaceti; eight ounces of olive oil. Dissolve in a basin set in hot water before the fire: add some scent just before pouring into bottles. *Or*—Get a quarter of a pound of hog's lard, and three-quarters of a tumblerful of olive oil, about a tablespoonful of castor oil, a dessert spoonful of eau-de-cologne, and a pennyworth of gum; the hog's lard and the oil should be warmed a little, till the hog's lard melt, then the rest may be put in. It should be allowed to cool before use. *Or*—Half a pint of best olive oil, half an ounce of best yellow beeswax, half an ounce of spermaceti, and about two pennyworth of any pleasant perfume. Cut the wax and sperm up small, melt in the oil, and add the scent.

Receipt for Preventing the Hair Falling Off.—Onions must be rubbed frequently on the part. The stimulating powers of this vegetable are of essential service in restoring the tone of the skin, and assisting the capilary vessels in sending forth new hair; but it is not *infallible*. Should it succeed, however, the growth of these new hairs may be assisted by the oil of myrtle-berries, the repute of which, perhaps, is greater than its real efficiency. These applications are cheap and harmless, even where they do no good; a character which cannot be said of the numerous quack remedies that meet the eye in every direction.

Cleansing the Hair.—Nothing but good can be derived from a due attention to cleaning the hair. Once a week is perhaps desirable, but this will depend upon the individual; persons with light, thin, and dry hair will require it more seldom than those with thick, greasy hair, or who perspire very freely. Nothing is better than soap and water. The soap should be mild, and well and plentifully rubbed in the hair.

A First-rate Tooth Powder.—One ounce of precipitated chalk, one-quarter ounce of powdered Peruvian bark, one-quarter ounce of powdered bol. Armenia, and four drops of oil of cinnamon, well mixed together.

Crystalized Cream.—Take spermaceti, one ounce, olive oil, ten ounces. Dissolve the spermaceti in the oil by placing it over a slow fire in an earthen pan. Scent with bergamot, or any other scent, as agreeable.

RECEIPTS FOR THE SICK-ROOM.

Laxatives.—Infusions of Epsom salts and senna are often taken as laxatives, or opening medicines. It is a well known fact that a teaspoonful of salts in a tumbler of cold water, if drunk before breakfast, is as effectual a dose as the usual ounce. Senna, too, if steeped in cold water, is equally efficacious, and free from the nauseous bitter taste which it has when infused in boiling water.

Cure for Diarrhœa.—Take Indian corn, roasted and ground in the manner of coffee, or coarse meal browned, and boil in a sufficient quantity of water to produce a strong liquid, like coffee, and drink a teacupful warm, two or three times a day. One day's practice, it is said, will ordinarily effect a cure.

A Receipt for the Nettle-Rash.—The best treatment for the nettle-rash is to dislodge the offending matter by an emetic of ipecacuanha, (eighteen grains, or one scruple of the powder for an adult), and afterward a brisk aperient should be taken. The warm bath often gives relief.

A Liniment for a Bruise.—Mix one pennyworth of each of the following, and rub upon the bruise every evening:—Spirits of wine, laudanum, camphor, opodeldoc, sal. ammonia, and turpentine.

Chilblains.—Put the hands and feet once a week into hot water, in which two or three handfuls of common salt have been thrown. This is a certain preventive as well as a cure.

RECEIPTS FOR ICE CREAMS, ETC.

To Make Barley Sugar.—Take a sufficient quantity of clarified sugar in that state that on dipping the finger into the pan the sugar which adheres to it will break with a slight noise; this is technically called "crack." When the sugar is near this point, put in two or three drops of lemon-juice, or, if you do not happen to have a lemon in the house, a little vinegar will answer the purpose, which is to prevent its graining. When it is come to the crack, as it is termed, take it off instantly and dip the pan into cold water to prevent its burning. Let it stand a short time, and then pour it on a marble slab, which must be previously rubbed with oil. Cut the sugar into small pieces, when it will be ready for use. Some persons like the flavor of citron, and where they do, a single drop will suffice for a considerable quantity.

To Make Rose Lozenges.—To a pound of finely-sifted loaf sugar, put an ounce of powdered gum arabic: mix it into a stiff paste with rose-water, and grind up with the paste a little of the conserve of roses, which gives both flavor and color; punch the mass into round or oval lozenges, each containing about fifteen grains, and dry them in a stove. *Or*—To a pound of finely-sifted loaf sugar, put an ounce of powdered gum arabic, or tragacanth; mix it into a stiff paste with rose-water, and to which may be added a drop or two of the attar of roses; or, still better, grind up with the paste a little of the conserve of roses. Punch into round lozenges, about fifteen grains each, and dry in a stove.

Currant Ice Cream.—Put into a bason a large spoonful and a half of currant jelly, with half a gill of syrup; squeeze in the juice of one lemon and a half, add a pint of cream and a little cochineal, pass it through a sieve, and freeze it in the usual way.

Cherry Ice Cream.—Pound half a pound of preserved cherries unstoned, put them into a bason with a pint of cream, the juice of a lemon, and a gill of syrup; pass it through a sieve, and freeze it in the usual way.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

Fig. I.—Evening Dress of black watered Silk.—The full skirt is trimmed with bands of velvet put on in deep points. At the top and bottom of each point is a bow and ends of velvet. A jet fringe edges the end of each bow. The body is Grecian, with a bow of velvet in front. A full puffed muslin sleeve is worn under the velvet sleeve. The head-dress consists of a wide roll of black velvet, with a long ostrich plume intermixed with gold.

Fig. II.—Evening Dress of pink Silk.—The skirt is trimmed with seven ruffles of pinked silk, below each of which falls a narrow ruffle of white lace. The body is pointed at the waist, and square at the top in the Raphael style, and is trimmed with white lace. The head-dress is formed of bows of gold cord and balls.

Fig. III.—Cloak of black Cloth.—The sleeves are long and wide. The front is made to fasten over or not, according to the weather or wishes of the wearer. The trimming is a plain black gimp.

Fig. IV.—The Zouave.—The skirt of this dress is dove-colored poplin, and trimmed at the bottom with a broad band of black velvet. At the top and bottom of the band is a narrow band of black guipure lace. The Zouave Jacket is also of black velvet, made tighter and deeper than those lately worn.

Fig. V.—The Virginia Cloak of black Velvet.—It is made very deep and full at the back, falling over the arms in front, where it is trimmed with a row of stars formed of gimp and jet beads. The hood is trimmed with black Honiton lace.

Digitized by Google

Fig. VI.—The Louis Quinze Basque is made of black silk, fitting close to the figure. The sleeves are nearly tight to the arm; and the cuffs, as well as the pelerine, are trimmed with a quilling of black silk.

Fig. VII.—The Girdle Dress.—This dress is made of green silk, trimmed with four flounces. The corsage is made round, and fastened part way up the front, where it is finished with a turned-over collar of black velvet. Under this body is worn a plaited chemisette. The sleeves are tight to the elbow, above which are three puffs, the middle one being of black velvet. A deep velvet cuff, and a narrow Valenciennes lace finishes the sleeve at the hand. This dress takes its name from the pocket worn at the belt or girdle.

Fig. VIII.—The Fifth Avenue Paletot is made of heavy gray striped cloth. It hangs loosely at the back as well as in front. The wide sleeves are made with cuffs, trimmed with buttons. The revers, which are turned back, can close over the chest in front, adding greatly to the warmth.

General Remarks.—When colors are worn, dresses of a solid color, such as blue, brown, green, claret, and gray are most fashionable. If these are figured, the figures are quite small and far apart. Black seems, however, to be the most in favor this winter, particularly black when combined with white or gold. For dresses, either of these (to our taste) is too showy for the street. We have seen a black dress gored toward the top, with a small black and gold cord running up each seam; another had several puffings around the bottom, the puffings separated by a gold cord, and the bodies and sleeves, of course, corresponded in trimming. This gold ornament is used in various ways, and is very showy. The combination of white and black is even more showy than the black and gold. The contrast is more violent, and consequently more noticeable. It is very beautiful, however, for a dinner-dress, or for small evening companies, and is even proper in a carriage. The usual way of trimming one of these dresses is to flounce the bottom of the skirt, and bind the top and bottom of each flounce with white silk. Some have even worn a black silk, with alternate flounces of black and white. We saw a very elegant dinner-dress, the other day, made of black watered silk. At the bottom was a black velvet flounce, about a quarter of a yard in depth, covered at the top and bottom with white silk. This flounce was put on in box plaits. The skirt was slightly gored, and up each seam was a row of large white buttons, not very near together, and covered with black lace. In all cases the trimming on the body corresponds with that of the skirt. Dresses of solid color, such as green, blue, or gray, have frequently a deep puffing of black silk at the bottom, finished on each side by a quilling of black, or of the color of the dress.

It appears to be certain also that front and side trimmings for the skirts of dresses will again be fashionable this winter. We have seen a dress of violet silk trimmed with three bands of black moire, one passing up the front of the skirt, and one on each side. These bands are scalloped at each side, and trimmed with narrow black lace. The trimming on the sleeves and corsage corresponds with that on the skirt. A dress in the same style as that just mentioned has been made of black silk, and trimmed with bands of violet moire edged with lace. In the sleeves of dresses there is little or no variation of form, but we may mention that they are not worn quite so wide as they were. Sleeves with revers and pagoda sleeves are in favor. Dresses with bodies open in front, like that of the Chatelaine dress in figure VI., are beginning to be worn, but will most probably not become very popular till warmer weather. The heavy dresses, such as merino, poplins, &c., which are so very serviceable, are, of course, to be made without any trimming at the bottom, but are ornamented up the front, sides, or seams, as fancy may dictate.

White is a very favorite color for evening dresses. It is generally relieved by trimmings of green, blue, crimson, or black, as may suit the taste or fancy. For young ladies, this is particularly suitable. A beautiful white crape dress was made lately with three puffings around the skirt, each of which was separated by a band of narrow black velvet. Bunches of green fern leaves were placed at each side of the skirt, on the puffings, and the wreath for the head was of green fern leaves. A similar dress was trimmed with pink moss roses, and the puffings were looped with black velvet bands. The skirts of ball dresses are made with a train, and expanding like the tail of a peacock. The trimming is very varied; it is rare, however, to see any reach above the knee. Narrow flounces, perhaps, form the most general style. In light materials, the robe is as wide at the top of the skirt as at the bottom, while in heavier articles it is frequently made quite flat at front, and on the hips. It is not probable that this fancy will be lasting.

Puffings form one of the favorite trimmings for light dresses, and robes for evening wear. We have seen the corsages of some velvet dresses trimmed with cords, plaits, grelots, and buttons of gold. In the trousseau recently prepared for a Parisian lady of rank there was a dress of black velvet made with the corsage high, and trimmed with brandebourgs of gold. Another dress composed of violet velvet had the corsage high and plain. It was trimmed up the front of the skirt and corsage with a row of buttons in dead gold. One of the newest evening dresses is composed of white lace, and has three skirts; the two lowest raised up in bouillons fixed at the sides by bouquets of flowers and strings of gold beads. The corsage is pointed at the waist, is trimmed with folds of tulle and rows of blonde; the folds of tulle being fixed by strings of gold beads. The coiffure to be worn with that dress consists of one small bouquet of flowers and strings of gold beads.

Bodies of clear white muslin, trimmed with rows of black velvet, are very much worn by young ladies. These are serviceable, as old skirts can be worn out in this manner.

Fichus or Capes are also very fashionable. A style of fichu which we particularly like, especially for young persons, because it is very elegant and youthful, is that made with very small flat plaits, edged with velvet bias-pieces as braces and round the square neck; while to this velvet is superadded a narrow white guipure. Pointed collars and cuffs are also made with small plaits; and after them come square collars and cuffs of clear muslin, having a dead white border formed by a bias-piece of muslin. Under these collars little fringed scarfs are put, tying in flat bows and fastened in the middle by a large button of jasper and onyx. Little bands, miniature copies of this scarf, are tied under the cuffs.

Small silk embroidered cravats, trimmed with lace, are fashionable under pique collars, with ends crossing in front. These ends are fastened by a large gold button. Sleeves to match, with the ends crossing, and fastened by a large button, should be made up on balloon sleeves of thick muslin.

The Cloaks which have been prepared for the autumn and winter are of various forms. They are rather long, and many have wide sleeves. Some have pelerines, and others are trimmed with berthes. We have seen several made in the casaque form, with large plaits at the back. The materials chiefly employed for cloaks, suited to the coming season, are velvet and cloth, and the trimmings are lace, guipure, and passementerie. Cloaks composed of velvet are extremely ample, and they are frequently lined with colored satin. The magnificent lace and rich passementerie, or gimp trimmings, with which the new velvet cloaks are trimmed, add greatly to their elegance. We may observe that the passementerie of the present season has attained a higher degree of perfection than ever. Many black cloth cloaks and paletots are trimmed with only a

Digitized by Google

cording of white silk, or merino. This is very stylish. Others are stitched with white silk, and trimmed with white and black buttons. We have also seen gold cording introduced on cloaks, but principally on velvet.

BONNETS of a new and most becoming shape have just been introduced. The front projects very much over the forehead; at the sides it is slightly turned back. Many of the newest bonnets are, however, similar in form to those which have been for sometime worn, though they are of somewhat larger size. Among the newest bonnets of the season which have been received from Paris, one, composed of black velvet, is trimmed with ruches and puffs of blonde, a bouquet of damask roses without leaves; and a long, black ostrich feather, passing along the right side, is disposed much in the same way as on the round hats. A bonnet of black quilted silk has been trimmed with fuchsia-color velvet, white blonde, and black lace, and an agrafe of jet.

MORNING CAPS are usually round in form, *a la Charlotte Corday;* they are composed of insertion and guipure, and are trimmed with a frill of guipure and bows of ribbon. Morning caps are sometimes lined with silk of different colors, as lilac, blue, &c.

IN EVENING COIFFURE, ornaments of gold are very fashionable. Gold combs, with or without jewels, will be generally adopted. Large rings of gold are also worn in the hair, especially when dressed in the mode introduced by the Empress Eugenie—viz: with curls drooping with the plaits of hair over the back of the head. The curls are then passed through the rings. One of these rings and a gold comb form of themselves a suitable coiffure for full evening dress. A bandeau of chased gold is equally fashionable, and among other ornaments for the hair, may be mentioned gold twists, plaits, bees, stars, &c., &c.

GLOVES are now worn, fastened with three gold studs, and sewn with silk, to contrast with the color of the glove: for instance, lemon-colored ones sewn and embroidered with blue or cerise silk.

CRINOLINE still continues in favor. The circumference of the dresses does not appear to be diminishing, although certain toilets have been noticed entirely without it: but this peculiarity is as much opposed to good taste as the contrary exaggeration. For full and ball-dresses, steel petticoats are worn, covered with flounces or puffings of muslin or tarlatan.

We have seen some new PURSES, made of a network of gold and silver, with several divisions inside. They have handsome clasps, and may be fastened to the waist by means of a gold or silver hook. The taste of a lady is as well seen in the selection of these little matters as in the choice of her principal articles of dress.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A CHILD OF TWO YEARS OF AGE.—The dress is of white cashmere, and is trimmed with nine rows of cashmere cut in vandykes, and edged with light-blue braid. The sleeves and body are trimmed to correspond. Net of white cord, ornamented with blue ribbon.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.—The dress is of claret-colored poplin. The coat is of black velvet, lined with white silk. The deep, round cape is trimmed with a band of swansdown. Round hat of black velvet, with a turned-up brim, over which falls a full white ostrich plume. A white pompoon is in front of the hat.

FIG. III.—POLISH DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY.—The boots are high, with red tops. The pantaloons and coat are of black velvet. The coat fastens diagonally across the breast, and is trimmed with a bordering of chinchilla fur. Under the coat is worn a jacket of scarlet cashmere: the sleeves only of which show. Round black velvet hat, with a turned-up brim, ornamented with peacock's eyes.

FIG. IV.—DRESS OF GREEN SILK, SPOTTED WITH BLACK.—Paletot of black cloth, trimmed with three rows of crimson braid, around the collar, sleeves, down the front and around the bottom. Round black felt hat, trimmed with heron's plumes.

FIG. V.—INFANT'S DRESS OF WHITE CAMBRIC, with a broad ruffle around the bottom. Above the ruffle are three bunches of tucks. Cloak of white cashmere, lined with rose-colored silk. Large cape, embroidered at the edge.

FIG. VI.—DRESS OF GRAY MERINO.—The skirt is gored, and up each seam is a piping of green silk. The body is cut square, and is worn with a chemisette of thin muslin. The sleeves and body are trimmed with pipings of green silk.

FIG. VII.—DRESS OF PLAID SILK.—Loose gray paletot, with a collar and sleeve trimming, &c., made of a rough cloth, which imitates fur. Hat of gray felt, trimmed with heron's plumes.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

HOW TO REMIT.—Procure a draft, if possible; if not, send bank-notes; but tell nobody; the fewer you let into the secret, the more certainty there is of your money coming to hand. If you send gold, secure it carefully in the letter; otherwise, it is apt to work out of the envelope. Be careful and pay the postage on your letter, directing it to Charles J. Peterson, 306 Chesnut street, Philadelphia. Add the name of your post-office and state.

POSTAGE ON "PETERSON."—This, *when pre-paid quarterly at the office of delivery*, is one and a half cents a number, per month, or four and a half cents for the three months: if not pre-paid it is double this.

SUBSCRIBERS IN THE BRITISH PROVINCES must remit eighteen cents extra, each, to pre-pay the American postage to the lines.

"PETERSON" AND "HARPER."—For $3.50 we will send a copy of "Peterson" and one of "Harper's Magazine," for one year.

YOUR COUNTY PAPER.—Always take your county newspaper and "Peterson:" the first for the local news, the last for stories, patterns, fashions, &c. Most country papers club with "Peterson," by which both can be got at a reduced rate.

CLUB SUBSCRIBERS.—Old as well as new subscribers may join a club. Nor need the subscribers all live in one post-town. If desired, the Magazine will be sent to as many different post-offices as there are members of the club.

PERSONS ORDERING THE MAGAZINE from agents, or dealers, must look to them for the supply of the work. The publisher has no agent, whether local or traveling, for whose contracts he is responsible.

PREMIUMS.—Always say, in remitting for a club, *who* is the person entitled to the premium, and *which* of the premiums is preferred. If no choice is made, we shall send the "Bunyan."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

UNIV. OF MICH.

Digitized by Google

LES MODES PARISIENNES.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

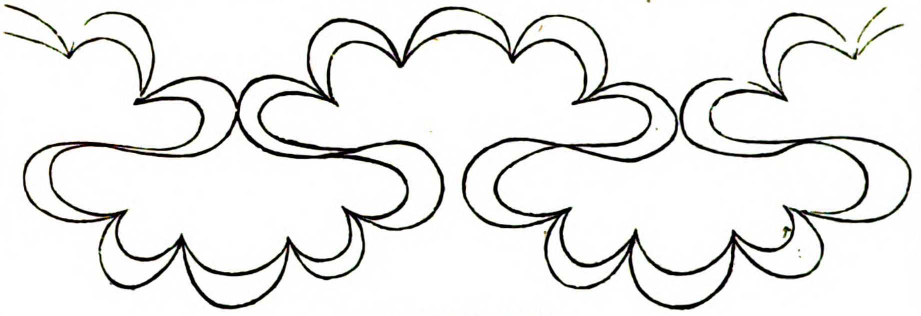
THE SUMMER TIME.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

AL HABET FOR MARKING.

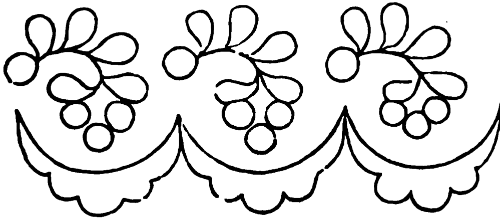
Digitized by Google



PATTERN IN BRAIDING.

THE EUGENIE CLOTH PALETOT: FRONT.

Digitized by Google



PATTERN IN EMBROIDERY.

BUTTON-HOLE.

THE EUGENIE CLOTH PALETOT: BACK.

Digitized by Google

THE VICTORIA PALETOT: FRONT.

Digitized by Google

THE VICTORIA PALETOT: BACK.

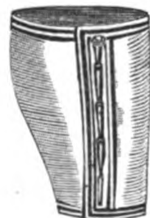
Digitized by Google

NEW STYLE SLEEVE.

BOY'S TROUSERS.

BOY'S COAT.

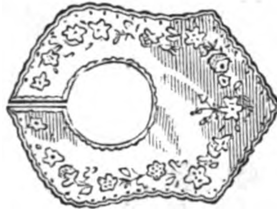
GAITER.



LEGGIN.

Digitized by Google

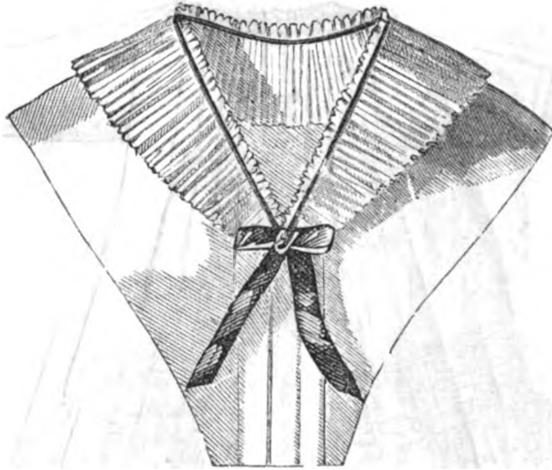
CHILD'S SACQUE.



BABY'S BIB.

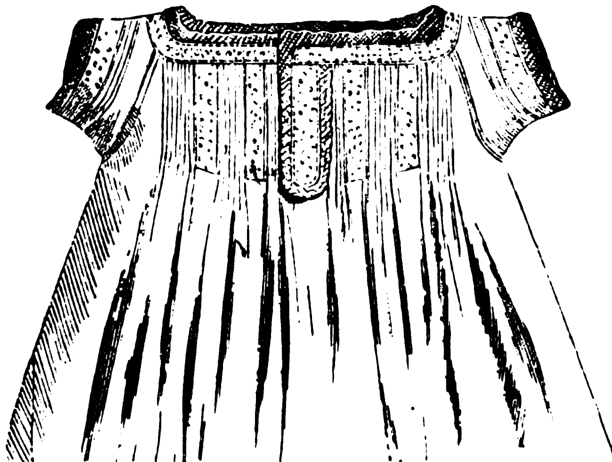
CHILD'S UNDER SKIRT.

Digitized by Google



CHEMISETTE, ETC.

HOUSE SACQUE FOR INFANT.



CHEMISE.

Digitized by Google

CHILD'S DRAWERS.

NEW STYLE MUSLIN BODY.

Digitized by Google

"I'm Waiting, Love, I'm Waiting."

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR.

WORDS BY MRS. L. L. DEMING, MUSIC BY W. J. DAVIS.

Digitized by Google

PALM LEAF IN BRAIDING: FOR SCARF.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Digitized by Google

᠎# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXXIX. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1861. No. 2.

JANE'S VALENTINE.

BY MRS. H. M. LADD WARNER.

What a singular *tableau!* Three beautiful girls convulsed with laughter, and one plain-faced maiden bathed in tears. It was St. Valentine's Eve. Missive after missive had been brought into the back parlor at Judge Milford's by the obsequious waiter. Some of these offerings were large and expensive; some tiny and delicate; some replete with flattery; some redolent with perfumery: all eminently silly.

But none of these had occasioned the mirth of the trio, or the grief of the one. Some vulgar person had sent a vile caricature to the plain sister, accompanied by an exaggerated description of her ugliness, in verse.

It was quite painful enough to Jane to know that she possessed no claim to personal beauty. Could she have lost sight of that fact she would have appeared very differently at times. But her sisters always managed to bring their own prettiness into such forcible contrast with her plainness, that she was rarely free from a nervous sort of consciousness of her personal defects.

But she had good sense and a patient spirit, which they had not. Still, when they grew so merry over her solitary Valentine, she finally burst into tears, in spite of all her efforts to the contrary; for Jane was in the habit of controlling her emotions, when wounded and heart-sore, until safely concealed in her own room.

"Look!" exclaimed Isabel, opening her large black eyes to their utmost capacity, "the child is really weeping. Why, Jane! you are more like the picture than ever. You would never do for a heroine in a novel, for they are always represented as irresistible in tears."

"Mercy! how red your eyes are," ejaculated azure-orbed Clara. "You do look frightful!"

"The poor child can't help being ugly!" interposed Fanny, gazing complacently into the mirror opposite, where her red lips and auburn ringlets were advantageously reflected.

"That is just what pains me," sobbed Jane. "Because God saw fit to create me plain, I do not see why I should be made the butt of every coarse jest. I suppose I have feelings like other people. Should my faults of temper or omissions of duty be chosen as subjects of ridicule, I am sure I would not complain; but to ridicule my personal appearance, I think, savors of coarseness and ignorance."

Isabel's black eyes flashed. Jane, the youngest of them all, always so submissive, always so humble, to burst out so suddenly, with so pointed a declaration!

"Mr. Lee, in the drawing-room, wishes to see Miss Jane," announced the servant at this juncture.

"Are you certain he said Jane?" demanded Clara.

"Yes, mem," replied the waiter.

"Lottie is ill again, no doubt," suggested Fanny. "Jane is such an excellent nurse;" and Isabel added, "I wish cousin Charles had come in to spend the evening in a sociable way."

It would certainly have been very agreeable, for Charles Lee was rich, fine-looking, and intelligent; a widower and remotely related to the Milfords. No wonder the three graces at Milford Hall found cousin Charles an interesting gentleman, his little daughter Lottie a perfect angel, and his country-seat a terrestrial Paradise.

Jane loitered on the way to the drawing-room, striving to efface all traces of her recent grief. "Is Lottie ill?" interrogated she, as Mr. Lee approached her.

"No, Jane," he replied, "Lottie is well, but in want."

"In want!" Jane repeated.

"Yes, in want of a mother, and I of a wife, and I have come here to-night to offer myself to little Jane Milford as her Valentine for life.

Digitized by Google

if she will accept a man old enough to be her father."

"Why, I am very plain!" she faltered forth, "I have just received the most horrid caricature you ever saw, in consideration of my claims to extraordinary ugliness."

"I recollect thinking you plain when I first saw you," he replied; "but now, in my eyes, you are the prettiest of the four. Besides, I do not base my preferences on personal beauty. You are good, gentle, and sweet-toned; and I love you. But about the Valentine: do you consider me particularly ill-looking?"

"You, Mr. Lee!" said Jane, innocently; "why, you are handsome."

"Well, I received a Valentine to-day quite as grotesque as your own, I'll be bound," and he unfolded a sheet, revealing a lone widower shivering over a miserable fire. "But this awakened me to a sense of my desolate condition, and I determined to appeal to you, notwithstanding my fear of your reply, when I considered my thirty-six and your eighteen years. Is that a barrier, dear Jane?"

Dear Jane! What a charm lingered all around those two little words! Who had ever pronounced them so softly and tenderly before? No one, she was positive; and she naively replied,

"Oh! I should never think of that."

"What can keep Jane so long?" said Clara, restlessly, "I can't think for my life what cousin Charles could want."

Jane entered the room just as she had spoken these words.

"Where is cousin Charles?" queried Fanny.

"In the study with papa," was the answer, and, taking a light, Jane glided from the room to be alone with her new happiness.

The next morning, wonder, chagrin, and disappointment could be discovered in the faces of the three sisters, on hearing their father congratulate Jane on the very eligible match she had made. "For," said he, "I have always hoped to see Charles Lee my son-in-law, and, though you are no beauty, I think he has manifested good sense in his selection."

Jane keeps her caricature. She says she looks at it occasionally, for fear her other Valentine (Charles) should succeed in making her believe herself pretty.

MISTAKEN.

BY MIRIAM CLYDE.

Putting aside the sunshine and the bloom,
And all the gush and melody of song,
That in sweet places waited for me long,
I trod a path of gloom.

Fainter and fainter fell the shining ray—
Farther and farther rose the voice of song
Till both were gone, and somber shadows hung
Round where I kept the way.

Then thorns sprang up and checked my weary pace,
The shadows deeper and more darkly rolled;
And winds came up and blew their chilling cold
Into my haggard face.

Fainting and chilled I sank beneath their force,
And prayed for Heaven and help to come to me,
And save me from the darkness yet to be
Along my onward course.

My prayers were heard, and Heavenly light and aid
Became my strength to gain the path I'd lost,
When, in my human weakness tempest-tost,
My wand'ring feet were strayed.

Now flowers again spring up along my life,
Sweet songs of gladness fall upon my ears,
And scattered far are all my blinding tears,
While time with joy is rife.

WILD FLOWERS.

BY MARGARET LEE RUTENBUR.

I ask no other flowers than these, the lovely and the wild,
They were a blessing on my way when but a simple child,
I gathered them by wood, and stream, and near the homestead door,
And asked not if the spacious earth had richer things in store.

Long years have come and gone since then, but yet I love them now
As well as when in earlier years I wreathed them 'round my brow;
They seem to me like seraph gems flung lightly from on high,
To tell us of those happier isles of beauty in the sky.

Low by my mother's grassy bed, and o'er my father's breast
They meekly linger in their bloom, telling of love and rest;
Oh! when I go to lay me down with those dear forms for aye,
May wild flowers bloom in beauty there above my mouldering clay.

Digitized by Google

THE "KITTEN" CASE.

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

Van Buren Bunce, familiarly called Van, and myself were "chums" at college, and in consequence, as is apt to be the case, close friends and cronies, not only while there, but also after taking leave of our Alma Mater.

A circumstance that knit us more closely together, was the fact that we had both adopted law as our profession. We had established ourselves in O——, situated in one of the Western states, an overgrown town which scarcely merited the distinction of being called a city, but which became highly indignant at being alluded to in any other light. Here Van and I hung out our "shingle" in technical phrase, and went into partnership: our capital in business consisting of a couple of second-hand desks, two or three office chairs considerably the worse for wear, and a library altogether more remarkable for quality than quantity.

We waited day after day in vain for the article which newly-fledged members of the bar find it so difficult to obtain, viz: clients. Finding this irritable delay tedious, I purchased a cheap edition of Dickens' works, in which I read indefatigably, taking care, however, if any chance acquaintance dropped in to substitute some ponderous tome more in keeping with the profession I had chosen. My partner, not being of a literary turn, amused himself by smoking a pipe —both of us having long since given up cigars as too expensive a luxury—while he varied the monotony by marching his six feet of humanity up and down the office, grumbling that it was no larger, and winding up by dropping off into what he called a "brown study," but what I considered a device for obtaining a comfortable nap.

One morning, Van was recounting his grievances to me, and among others that his washerwoman threatened to desert him on account of unpaid arrears. "Ah," he cried, "I see I shall be obliged to resort to paper bosoms and collars." He added, lugubriously, that he wanted a new pair of boots, and ended by declaring that, from long deprivation, his desire for an oyster stew had become intense. Having finished his recital, Van was just about to console himself by plunging into one of his brown studies, when the door opened, and an elderly person of the opposite sex made her appearance. My partner bristled up immediately, nodded to me, and placed a chair for our visitor. I, for the nonce, was too deeply immersed in the contents of a huge folio before me to be conscious of the new entrance. Van, by a vigorous slap, having recalled me to the outer world, I advanced, and, making a solemn bow, said with an air of importance,

"What can I do for you this morning, madam?"

The person addressed, who appealed to the sympathy of the beholder through the medium of a rusty black dress, and a long widow's veil, drew forth a handkerchief from a black bag she carried in her hand, diffusing a snuffy odor through the apartment, and, wiping her eyes, rejoined,

"I have the misfortin', as you see, sir, to be a widow. My husband departed this life," (she announced this fact as if she were reading from a tomb-stone) "December 29th, 1832, and I was left, as you may say, to look arter myself and one darter, the only child I have. Little did I think when I used to be a-curlin' of her hair, and a-dressin' her up smart, and a-makin' on her little apple-pies, of which she was allers particlerly fond, that when she growed up it was to be a blighted flower, as you may say."

But as it would be tedious to relate our visitor's story at length, I will simply state that Mrs. Griggs, as she styled herself, had allowed her daughter to receive the attentions of an individual whom she denominated a "perfidious villain," but whose proper cognomen was Plunkett. The said Plunkett had assiduously courted the "blighted flower;" had proposed, been accepted, and the young lady had even prepared her *trousseau*, when the ungallant Plunkett retreated without alleging why or wherefore. Here Mrs. Griggs summed up at length the various expenses she had incurred, to say "nothin'," as she appended, of his being continually at the "meals," which as the delinquent Plunkett was possessed of no small appetite, made his presence there, as she gave us to understand, a no inconsiderable item.

Of course, Van and myself joined in denouncing this last personage as a scoundrel of the

Digitized by Google

deepest die; and after Mrs. Griggs took her departure, proceeded to draw up papers for a breach of promise, damages ten thousand.

We had agreed to call upon Mrs. Griggs in person, for the purpose of eliciting further particulars from her injured daughter, whom the mother tenderly designated as July, an abbreviation, it appeared, of Juliet.

As we wended our way thither, Van and myself pictured a forlorn, pallid-looking damsel, worn out with weeping; and Van, who was as tender-hearted as a woman, told me that he feared any allusion, even to the subject in hand, would be too much for the feelings of the poor thing, concluding with,

"I shouldn't wonder if she were to faint away, or go into hysterics;" this last remark embodying, for the most part, the speaker's idea of the gentler sex.

When we arrived at the residence of Mrs. Griggs, we were received by that lady, who shortly left the room, saying she would send "poor, dear July" in to see us.

We sat with solemn faces, awaiting impatiently the arrival of our client, when the door flew open, and a roly-poly, rosy little thing dashed in, a quantity of long ringlets flying about her head in every direction. In one hand she held a dish of peanuts, and, dancing up to me, she extended it with a "How d'ye do, sir? Have some peanuts, won't you?" I, thinking this popular indulgence beneath the dignity of the profession, refused, when Van immediately became the object of a similar offer, which, in a confused, uncertain way he accepted, the bewildered expression of his face, meantime, being ludicrous beyond words. After this exploit, Miss July, seating herself in a rocking-chair, opened the conversation thus:

"Dear me, I suppose you've come to hear all about that great goose Plunkett, haven't you? Well, I'll tell you: to begin with, I never wanted to marry him in the world; but he teased me so that I thought I would, just for the fun of it, you know."

I immediately frowned upon this frivolous way of treating so important a subject, but in vain. The young lady refused to look upon her "*affaire du cœur*" in any other light than a capital joke.

The questioning, I saw, would devolve solely upon me, for my companion was still in a state of hopeless bewilderment, so I asked whether any correspondence had passed between herself and the perjured Plunkett. With a flirt of her curls she replied,

"Oh, la yes! He wrote me piles of letters." And disappearing from the room, she presently returned with a bundle of documents, which she tossed at me, saying, "There they are; you can have 'em all. I don't care a snap for them."

We rose to go, and Miss July, seeing that Van had not yet disposed of his peanuts, for the poor fellow had done little else but stare at her since her first appearance, remarked,

"Why don't you put your peanuts in your pocket?"

With this suggestion my partner mechanically complied. When we had left the house I burst into a hearty fit of laughing, which Van echoed rather feebly.

"Call that a woman capable of having disappointed affections?" said I; "why, she's a perfect kitten, nothing else."

"She certainly is as playful as one," responded Van, meditatively. And from that time we dubbed our first legal experience the "Kitten Case."

Upon our return to the office, I observed that Van thoughtfully abstracted the peanuts from his pocket, and put them carefully away in his desk.

The next day, I handed Miss July's bundle of letters to Van, desiring him to look them over, for, strange to say, fortune had come to our rescue, a suit for libel having been given into our hands, and I had the papers to prepare. Van took the letters from me and plunged into them. He had not entered upon this business long, before I was interrupted by exclamations and objurgations of all kinds from my companion.

"Why, my dear fellow, what is the matter?" inquired I.

"Just listen to this, will you?" and in an excited tone Van began to read as follows:

"MY ADORABLE CHARMER—I am almost crazy to think I shan't be able to see you all day tomorrow, nor to hold your dear little hand in mine and tell you how much I love you."

"Did you ever hear such impudence?" interpolated Van.

I mildly advanced the plea, that, under the circumstances, it was perhaps allowable. But Van, shaking his head, sternly declared that nothing could justify it. Then he proceeded to favor me with extracts similar to the above, until my usually phlegmatic partner reached such a pitch of exasperation, that he handed the documents to me for perusal, with the remark that, "that kind of thing was considerably more than he could stand."

In the course of the day, a question turning

Digitized by Google

up which needed some further elucidation, I dispatched my partner to call upon the recipient of these precious epistles, for the purpose of obtaining it. With this commission my *confrere* seemed exceedingly pleased; nor could I, though busily engaged, resist the amusement of watching him while he placed himself in the proper trim for performing it. My gentleman immediately set himself about achieving the most elaborate toilet, which, under the circumstances, was possible. He performed the most extraordinary evolutions with a pocket comb, endeavoring to reduce to order his thickest of hair, which always refused to respond to such attempts upon any consideration; bent his energies upon his neck-tie until he had obtained a bow of startling magnitude; brushed his hat until I feared the nap would disappear; and after placing himself in every variety of attitude, in order to catch a glimpse of himself in the six inch looking-glass that adorned our office, finally departed in a more perturbed state of mind than I had imagined possible for him.

My partner returned, beaming so with delight that it seemed as if our dingy little office had been suddenly illuminated, declaring at the same time that he had had a most charming visit.

"Of course you attended to the business on which I sent you?" inquired I.

Van looked blank, then said deprecatingly,

"Now don't scold a fellow. But, hang it, a man can't be forever talking of business in a pretty woman's society."

I could no longer shut my eyes to the fact, Van was completely ensnared. I was not as much surprised, therefore, as might have been expected, when, a few weeks afterward, my worthy partner announced that he and the "kitten" had determined to make a match.

That worthy lady, Mrs. Griggs, seemed exceedingly well suited with the successes of the perjured Plunkett, and avowed, with an application of her ever ready handkerchief to her eyes, that she now saw plainly everything had happened "for the best." After which devout acknowledgment, she invited Van and myself to take tea with her the ensuing evening as a kind of ratification of the engagement.

When we made our appearance, in accordance with this invitation, Van honoring the occasion by wearing a vest and cravat of the most unheard of pattern, (his taste in dress was always rather alarming,) Miss July met us, her usually rosy face flushed to a deep red, and having greeted Van by pulling his hair vigorously, an operation which he appeared to relish highly, accounted for her flushed appearance, saying,

"Sakes alive, I'm half roasted! Ma's been complaining all day, so I had to get tea ready, and, if you don't like it, all I can say is, you needn't eat it."

Mrs. Griggs finally made her appearance, though in a very languishing state, as was proper for an invalid, and arrayed in a singular costume intended to correspond with her ailments, which she denominated as her "disherbill." She informed us, that "that blessed child," referring to July, had "worritted herself the whole livelong day in order to have everything just so," to which Van responded gallantly, that if the young lady alluded to had only sent word, he could have thrown business "to the dogs," to come and render all the assistance in his power.

To which Miss July responded, with a toss of her head, "I wouldn't have had you, a great, awkward thing, stumbling around and upsetting everything."

By-and-by, when Mrs. Griggs had finished the recital of her sufferings, and recounted the various fits of illness which she had passed through, we finally adjourned to the tea-table.

Notwithstanding those of my sex are presumed to be indifferent to such particulars, I could not help noticing, that this last presented a remarkable appearance, it being set forth with crockery of the most miscellaneous description, the collection scarcely embracing two dishes of similar pattern. Mrs. Griggs exclaiming at this original arrangement, her daughter retorted, that, for all she could see, one dish was just as good as another.

No sooner had we seated ourselves and begun to discuss the edibles, than the senior lady inquired in a tone of reproof,

"Why, July, what have you been doing with the oshsters (as she called them), they're as sweet as they can be."

The young lady laughed merrily, and answered as if it was the best joke in the world,

"Why, ma, I verily believe I've put sugar in them, instead of salt."

"It's just as well," chimed in Van.

I said nothing, but privately thought that the difference was considerable. A few moments afterward, Mrs. Griggs announced, by a slight shriek, that she had made another discovery,

"Deary me," she cried, "if here ain't a tack in my baked apple."

"And I have just found one in mine," said I, drawing it forth.

"And I believe I can contribute my share," added Van.

"So can I," said our impromptu housekeeper,

Digitized by Google

nowise disconcerted; then, when she had finished laughing, proffered the following explanation,

"I do think, I'm just the funniest being ever was. I wanted to flavor the apples nicely, so I stuck what I thought was a clove in each one; but I was in such a hurry that, somehow or other, I got hold of the tacks instead. Both being black, you know, and almost the same size, the mistake was natural."

From this last point of view I secretly dissented, and abstained from touching anything, not knowing what species of "natural mistakes" I might have further to combat with. As for Van, he was just as well contented as if everything had been prepared by a perfect mistress of the culinary art.

Not long after this, Van set himself vigorously to work in search of the delinquent Plunkett, who had left the town. Having succeeded in finding his whereabouts, the indefatigable Van set forth. Now, Plunkett chanced to be of a remarkably timid disposition, and, frightened quite out of his wits by the terrific character of his accusation, he was glad to compromise, by handing over one third of the amount demanded. Van, accordingly, married our heroine, the "kitten," deserted the profession of the law. declaring he had obtained all he had ever hoped to gain thereby, and, with her newly acquired fortune, went into the dry goods business, prospered therein, and is now one of the principal men in what is, at this period, the city of O——.

The last time I had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Van, she wore a cashmere gown, a present from her husband, adorned with a pattern of astounding size, and held in her arms a baby which was a marvel of diminutiveness, and whose tiny claws were embedded in her curls, which still flew about her head in every direction. My quondam partner gazed upon the twain as if there never had been such a pair since the world began, and with tears in his eyes announced to me, that he didn't know what he had ever done to deserve such happiness.

Well, opinions differ; but when I marry, it will assuredly be (for I am a little man myself) a woman upon a larger scale than Mrs. Van, who must always possess, however, some share of my regard, as our first client.

Mem. I have steadfastly refused all Van's invitations to dine with him, from a suspicion that possibly his wife might have some share in the preparation of the repast.

LIFE'S STREAM.

BY J. S. M'EWEN.

When in life's loneliness, I view
With gladness and with sorrow
To-day a scene of pleasure true,
Reversed, perhaps, to-morrow;
Scenes in memory flitting by,
Pure as sun-beams shining,
Some hid by clouds that intervene,
And others joy divining—
Life seeming like some boundless ocean
Filled with waifs in rude commotion.

Stop, kind friends, and view with me
This scene as some vast river,
Filled with sticks and straws that we
Are lost amid them ever:
See them there of varied color
And form each sphere commanding—
Some swiftly moving—some in torpor
'Long the shore are stranding:
Thus sage and youth, in ceaseless vying,
Unheeded gain the shore when dying.

The tide still ebbing swiftly on,
All heedless of their story—
The sun gilds bright the paths of some,
From others hides his glory:
The silver moon would fain, indeed,
His partial reign discover,
And heal the heart that's left to bleed
With her love-light—to cover
All the wrongs of his dire dealing here,
And silver-sparkle in each waif's career.

Thus 'tis in life, or this life-stream,
That pleasures seem deriding—
For, though we glide forth to her sheen,
The wavelets have no 'biding,
But bear us 'neath some sturdy cliff,
Some cloud-shade, tree or mountain,
And mock us—keep us still adrift
At eve as by the fountain:
Yea, make us weary of this life and trying,
Hoping, praying—to only rest when dying.

Oh, life! vain pleasures! gilded ye
With but the sun's bright shining:
Gold, gems, and all—the ice as free
Sparkles in rays refining,
But when the gently stealing breath
Of evening comes to kiss it,
'Tis fled—as 'twere the kiss of death—
And all its beauties with it;
Thus as the tide still softly moves till even
Leaves some to sink—bears some to Heaven.

Digitized by Google

MEENA.

BY MRS. J. WORCESTER.

CHAPTER I.

During the ravages of that fearful disease, which has of late years rendered desolate so many hearth-stones, a gentleman was passing through the streets of the beautiful town of C——, in Kentucky, when he was attracted by the sobs and cries of a child who sat on the door-step of a small tenement.

"What is the matter, my little girl?" he inquired, looking kindly on her.

The child's sobs ceased for a moment and she gazed in his face, as if wondering at the gentle voice: but they were quickly renewed, and she repeated the cry of "Mamma, mamma!" as if her heart were bursting.

It was early dawn, and the street was apparently deserted. Mr. Markland looked around and glanced into the half-open door of the cottage, on the step of which the child was seated; but no other person met his view, not a sound reached his ear.

"This is strange!" he mentally ejaculated, as he proceeded a few paces; but the deep sobs of the little one still rung on his ear, and he involuntarily turned to soothe her.

"Where is your mamma?" he asked, in that tone of sympathy which ever reaches the heart of a child. She pointed into the dwelling.

"I must see what this means," said Mr. Markland, and, taking the little creature in his arms, he entered the room. No living being was there, but on a cot, in a corner of the apartment, lay the form of a female of about twenty years of age. Her features, rigid in death, but denoting extreme beauty, were calm and serene. There was little in the room, and that little, although neat and clean, indicated the poverty of its inhabitants.

"Good God!" exclaimed Mr. Markland, "what can be the cause of such destitution?"

The child had remained passive in his arms, but at sight of the body she sprang from them, and clinging to the object unconscious of her caresses, she again called frantically on "mamma, mamma!"

The building stood apart from others, and Mr. Markland endeavored to draw the child from her deathly embrace ere he went to call assistance—but she clung still closer to the corpse, and, aware of the importance of immediate aid, he hastened to summon the inmate of a neighboring tenement.

"Bless my heart, you don't say the poor, young thing is dead!" cried an elderly female, who appeared at her door when Mr. Markland's patience was nearly exhausted. "Well, to be sure, she looked bad enough when she came here, but not like going so soon. It's only yesterday I see her feeding her child on the steps; I reckon it must be this dreadful sickness, that's likely to mow us all down. She was a mighty pretty creetur, and looked for all the world as if this hovel wasn't sich a place as she was used to; but death will come to all of us. An' what's to become of the little one?"

"Is there no one to whom you can apply for advice?" asked Mr. Markland; "I am a stranger here, and only now walked up from the ferry to secure lodgings for my family."

The woman thought she could ask a doctor who visited poor people; and, putting a five dollar gold piece into her hand, Mr. Markland desired her to have the child taken care of, and consult the physician she had named on all that was necessary to be done.

A few hours later, Mr. Markland was seated at a plentiful breakfast in the principal hotel in the place, with his wife and smiling boy at his side—but the piteous cry of the desolate little one still rung on his ear; and the beautiful, but clay cold object he had seen, seemed to rise before him, as if to accuse him of desertion of her child.

"You do not eat, Edward; what has deprived you of appetite?" inquired Mrs. Markland, looking anxiously at her husband. He evaded the question, for a relation of the late incident would necessarily involve an explanation of the direful sickness which was ravaging the town, and which from fear of alarming his wife he had sedulously kept from her. But his precautions on this subject were useless, as the whole conversation, during breakfast, turned on the fearful ravages of cholera, and Mr. Markland saw his wife's cheek blanch with terror as she listened to a recital of the many appalling scenes which were hourly occurring.

"This is dreadful! horrible!" she exclaimed,

Digitized by Google

on regaining her apartment. "Oh, Edward! cannot we leave here immediately? Surely no business can be sufficiently urgent to justify us in risking life by remaining in this pestilential atmosphere."

"I am equally unwilling with yourself, dear Margaret, to have you and Rupert exposed to it," replied Mr. Markland. "The friends who came with us will proceed up the river to-day; and, as we have tested that boat, and know there is no sickness on board, I wish you and our boy to go on, and I will rejoin you at Pittsburg as soon as possible."

"Leave you here to encounter the horrors of cholera alone!" cried Mrs. Markland. "No, Edward, if you must stay, I will stay, too: so say no more about it. We are in the hands of One, without whose permission not a sparrow falls, and I was weak and foolish to fear. Let our trust be in Him!"

Mr. Markland's eyes beamed with love and approbation, as he assured his wife he would use every possible precaution to avoid exposure or fatigue; and tenderly bidding her adieu, he proceeded to his place of business.

The law suit, which had so imperiously demanded Mr. Markland's presence in C—— at this trying period, he found, on inquiry, was postponed for an indefinite length of time, owing to the absence of an important witness: and he hastened back to the hotel to give his wife the welcome assurance that he would leave the place by the first boat. He had nearly reached the place of his destination, when a hearse passed him at a very rapid pace. Not a solitary mourner appeared to be following. Suddenly, a piteous cry rung on his ear, and, hastily turning, he beheld the little creature he had seen in the morning, dragging along at a distance, and her heart-rending cries of "mamma, mamma!" attracting the notice of all who passed.

"Good heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Markland, "was there no one humane enough to take care of this desolate child?" and he rapidly retraced his steps. As the child raised her eyes and beheld him her sobs ceased. She ran forward a few steps, caught the skirt of his coat in her little hands, and again exclaiming, "Mamma, mamma!" dropped senseless on the ground.

A crowd quickly collected, but no one came forward to claim or assist the little sufferer, and, taking her up in his arms, Mr. Markland proceeded to the hotel, deposited her on a sofa in his wife's apartment; and Mrs. Markland was soon earnestly engaged in restoring her, without waiting to question her husband on a subject so strange.

"And now what is to become of the poor thing?" asked Mr. Markland, when the assiduities of his wife had succeeded in bringing back animation to the exhausted child, and she had sunk into a quiet sleep.

"Oh! papa, do take her home with us," said Rupert, who stood listening eagerly to all that passed. "See what a nice little girl she is, and what beautiful curls she has, and what a pretty, soft hand. She shall be my little sister, and I will love her so dearly—do take her home, papa."

A tear glistened in Mrs. Markland's eye as she replied, "She is about the age our Mary would have been had she been spared to us. What is best to be done, dear Edward?"

"She would be much care to you on our journey, Margaret—and also a tax in our visit to our friends; had we not better leave her here in the charge of some suitable person? We can then consider the matter, and if we judge best on our return from the North, we can then claim her."

"But, papa," urged the boy, "she may die of cholera while we are gone, and then you will feel so sorry you did not take her with us."

"She may not be kindly treated, or else subjected to evil influences," said Mrs. Markland, "and even at her tender age the foundation is laying for good or ill. I think, my love, if we design to take her at all, it will be best to do so at once; Rose has been used to the care of children and can attend to her; and as Rupert says, we should feel badly if we found, on our return, that she had become a victim to this fell disease."

Mr. Markland never opposed the benevolent resolutions of his wife, and it was decided that, if, upon inquiry, there was no one to claim the child, she should henceforth be considered as belonging to the family of her benefactor.

Rupert clapped his hands with joy, but upon his mother's caution that sleep and quiet were important for the child in her present heated and excited state, he seated himself by the lounge where she reposed to watch her slumbers.

Mr. Markland could gain no information of the mother of his little charge, but that she had come there about a week previously. She had never associated with her neighbors, and her manners and appearance were evidently superior to those around her. He was shown a change of wearing apparel of the mother's, and a little frock of the child's, which the woman he had first called to her assistance, declared was "every stitch" that could be found: these

Digitized by Google

were of fine materials, although much worn. A torn letter was also produced, in which, written, in a manly hand, were expressions of deep affection for the mother and child; but no clue to anything farther, except one allusion to "darling little Meena."

CHAPTER II.

Fourteen years had passed, and although death had made no inroads in their circle, there was otherwise as much change in the members of Mr. Markland's family as such a lapse of time usually effects.

Mr. Markland and his wife had grown older, and already a few silvery threads were discernible, mingling with his raven locks, and his wife's auburn tresses; but the hearts of both still beat warmly with love to God and their fellow-beings.

Rupert Markland, now a young man of twenty-two, with a face and figure that might have served as a model for a statue, was the idol of his parents, and beloved by all who knew him. And Meena, the little one introduced under circumstances so afflicting, was to her adopted parents a treasure beyond all price.

Meena might have heard in infancy that she was not the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Markland, but if so, she retained no recollection of it, and nothing in their conduct could ever remind her that she was a child of charity; it seemed as if they, too, had forgotten it; and Rupert had only of late recalled it.

Meena was now seventeen, her face and form were faultless, and there was a wild grace in her movements, a witchery in her manners, that no pen can portray. She was beloved by all, the admired above all where all were lovely.

"What answer am I to return to Mr. Barrett, Meena!" said Mr. Markland. "He waited on me this morning, purposely to sue for your hand for his son!"

"You can frame an answer, dear father—say that I am too young for such considerations, that you cannot part with me, or that I cannot love any one but my dear father, and mother, and Rupert." As she spoke, a slight blush suffused her cheek.

"But consider, my child, Mr. Barrett is immensely rich—George is his only child, handsome, well educated, and all that is desirable in selecting a partner for life—what reasonable objection can you have to receiving him as your lover?"

"Indeed, dear father, I do not love George Barrett," exclaimed Meena, while a tear started to her eye—"I know he is handsome, at least every one calls him so, and every one says, too, that he is rich and good—but still, papa, I do not love him, and I know you will not ask me to marry him—and mamma will not, nor Rupert"—her eyes, at this moment, encountered Rupert's; but, she knew not why, they fell beneath his gaze.

"No, my darling, I will not ask you to marry George Barrett, nor any one else your heart disapproves. I am in no hurry to resign my precious child to another," cried Mr. Markland, "so that business is settled, and I will inform Mr. Barrett that you decline the honor of his son's addresses."

"She is not my sister," mentally ejaculated Rupert, as he hastily left the room and retired into the thick wood adjoining the house, to recall all the circumstances of Meena's adoption into the family, and to analyze the feelings he was thus suddenly rendered conscious of possessing toward her.

"Mother dear," said Rupert Markland, as he seated himself in his mother's dressing-room, a few hours after the above conversation, "will you tell me all about your journey to the North, when I was a little boy, and how you came to take charge of Meena?"

Mrs. Markland started in astonishment.

"Who has been telling you anything about it, Rupert?"

"You forget, mother, that I was eight years old at the time and can recollect all that passed."

"I have so long considered Meena as our own, that I had almost forgotten it myself," replied Mrs. Markland, "and I should be sorry to have her know that she has no natural claim upon us—I do not think she has now the least suspicion of it, and her feelings are so sensitive that she would be deeply grieved, were she told that there was actually no tie existing between us."

"But, mother, there may be——" Rupert stopped, and a deep color suffused his cheek; but his mother, without noticing his embarrassment, proceeded to relate the circumstances of Meena's introduction into the family, adding to the facts we have before stated that her husband had left his address with Dr. Hanson, of C——, that he might give them information if any inquiries were ever made about the unfortunate woman and her child. "But so many years have now passed," she continued, "that there is no probability we shall ever learn anything of her parentage, and your father has determined that she shall never know she is not our child. I believe we love her almost, if not quite, as well as yourself, my Rupert, and I think she

Digitized by Google

is too dear to you to cause you any regret at her receiving the provision of a daughter."

"You do me but justice, dear mother, but yet I think—I think—perhaps it would be better——" again he stopped.

"What do you mean, Rupert, what would be better?" inquired Mrs. Markland, in surprise.

"I don't know," replied the youth, absently; and, before his mother could comment on his strange behavior, he abruptly left the room.

"If Rupert is avaricious, and feels that we are bestowing on Meena what should be solely his own, I have been deceived in my son," said Mrs. Markland to her husband, after recounting to him the foregoing conversation.

"It cannot be!" exclaimed Mr. Markland. "Rupert has ever been one of the most disinterested and generous of human beings, and he could not evince more devoted affection for a sister than he has uniformly done for Meena, and yet you find he has always remembered the events which introduced her into our family."

But the solitary cogitations of the young man may better elucidate the apparent mystery than all the conjectures of his unsuspicious parents.

"Meena will never love me but as a brother," cried Rupert, despondingly, as, on leaving his mother, he again sought the deep recesses of the forest. "Others have the privilege of sueing for that heart I would die to obtain, and I must stand calmly by, content with the affection a sister should bestow—I who have made her my idol from the moment I first beheld her!

"No, it shall not be—I will tell her all—she shall know she is not my sister—she shall know how far dearer to me she is than was ever sister to a brother, and then see if she will cast me off for some acquaintance of a day!

"But should she only feel for me a sister's love, shall I not give her the anguish of knowing she can claim no kindred—that she is isolated from all on earth! Oh, no—no! I cannot grieve her thus—it were far better to bear such misery alone—but should she love another?" Rupert clenched his hands in agony.

At this moment a loud shriek reached his ear. He could not be mistaken in the voice, it was Meena's! Rushing hastily to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, he beheld a man emerging from a stream which flowed through the grounds, bearing in his arms her who occupied all his thoughts. Rupert would have snatched the precious burthen from him, but the stranger, gently, yet firmly, resisted the attempt, and saying, "Show me where I can take her to get proper assistance," he followed the half frantic youth in his progress to the house.

The lovely object of their solicitude soon gave signs of returning consciousness, and a physician being speedily summoned, everything requisite was done to prevent any ill effects from the accident. Meena had been so quickly extricated that no ill consequences were apprehended from her sudden immersion, and she was soon able to give an account of it, and also to laugh at the fright which deprived her of all presence of mind, when, on reaching too far for a flower she wished to obtain, she lost her balance and was precipitated into the river.

"But had you not been near to rescue me, dear Rupert, it would soon have been all over," she continued, with a shudder. "Can I ever be grateful enough to you for risking your life to save me?"

For a moment it seemed as if Rupert's usual nobleness was deserting him, but he resolutely repelled the ungenerous feeling as he replied,

"You owe no gratitude to me, Meena. I was at some distance when your cry reached my ear, and only gained the spot to see you borne from the river in the arms of a stranger."

"Where is he?" cried Mr. Markland, now first recollecting that it was not Rupert who had conveyed the senseless form of Meena into the house. "We have been strangely remiss in letting one depart to whom we are so deeply indebted, without even thanking him for the obligation he has rendered."

But no one could tell anything of the stranger. In the confusion he had disappeared, and only Rupert had seen him sufficiently to recollect him, should they ever meet again. But Rupert, amid all his anxiety for Meena, felt that, among a thousand, he should recognize the splendid figure and dark, flashing eye of the man he had seen, holding the corpse-like object of his own adoration.

George Barrett's admiration of Meena seemed but the precursor of other suitors, and although Rupert saw them all dismissed with equal indifference, his mind was in such continual agony as he witnessed their attentions, that it began to prey on his health, and his parents and Meena were tortured with the most painful apprehensions as they viewed his wasted form and pale and melancholy countenance.

"It is the climate that is destroying our Rupert," exclaimed his mother, as she gazed at him from the window, while her eyes filled with tears. "He must go into a more genial air." But Rupert resolutely resisted every proposition to leave his home, and his parents unwillingly acquiesced in his determination.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER III.

Nothing had been learned of the stranger who had rescued Meena from the river, and, notwithstanding Rupert's gratitude, he felt irritated and disturbed at the frequent desire she expressed to meet her deliverer.

"It is very strange, Rupert, that we have never beheld the person to whom I am so much indebted," said Meena, as she was one morning walking with Rupert by the stream which had so nearly proved fatal to her. The subject was never a pleasant one to him, and he answered rather pettishly that it was probably some passing traveler.

"I do so want to see and thank him," cried Meena, enthusiastically. "What did he look like, Rupert? Was he old, or was he young? You saw him long enough to know how he looked, yet you will never describe his appearance."

"You cannot suppose, Meena, that at a moment of such excitement, when her I held dearest on earth lay apparently dead before me, I should make a very close observation of her preserver, although my heart is full of gratitude to him I should know him again certainly, and, if we ever meet, will endeavor to express my thanks to him, and wish I could, in any way, repay in some measure so vast an obligation."

As Rupert turned his eyes from Meena at the conclusion of this speech, he suddenly started, his before pale face grew yet paler, and then flushed as if with unwonted agitation: he hesitated for a moment, then, turning to his companion, said in a low, husky voice, "Your wish is at last gratified, Meena, there is your preserver—I cannot mistake him."

At a short distance from the youthful pair stood a gentleman, leaning against a tree. He had evidently been engaged in squirrel hunting, as a number of the little animals lay by his side, and he now rested on his gun, apparently so absorbed in watching for more game that he heeded not the approach of the intruders.

"Are you sure it is he, Rupert?" whispered Meena, her face illumined with excitement and delight. "Oh! let me speak to him and thank him!"

"Stay, Meena, and let me—*as your brother*—" The words seemed to produce a choking sensation, but after a moment, Rupert concluded the sentence, while, with a firm grasp, he restrained the impetuous girl from rushing forward.

"Let me thank him. As your brother, it is I who should do it."

The sound of their footsteps seemed now first to reach the gentleman's ear, and he turned hastily round: his face flushed, then he grew pale; while he stood as if undecided whether to advance or retreat. But the hesitation was momentary, and with the easy grace of one to whom courts might be familiar, he advanced toward the young people, conscious that he was recognized.

"We have long sought you, sir," said Rupert, his fine face now only beaming with the intense gratitude which swelled his heart, as he continued, "believe us not ungrateful for the deep obligation you rendered, that we have so long delayed our acknowledgments, but we had no clue by which to discover you."

Meena could no longer be restrained by the forms Rupert would observe, and, stretching out her hand to the stranger, while her face glowed with the excess of grateful emotion, she exclaimed,

"Oh! let me thank you! But for you, sir, my beloved parents and brother would now be saddened by my loss. How shall we ever repay you for so generously risking your own life to save that of one entirely unknown to you?"

The gentleman took the little hand that was extended, and, gently pressing it, he replied,

"Indeed, my dear young friends, you entirely over-rate the slight service I was able to render, but I rejoice to see that you, Miss Markland, have not been a sufferer from the accident."

"You know us, sir," cried Rupert. "Yet you would not give us the happiness of learning who was our benefactor, that we might endeavor to express the gratitude with which our hearts were filled."

"I learnt from Dr. Wilmot who it was I had been so happy to assist," returned the stranger, with a smile—"and from him too I heard of the young lady's restoration."

"But my father and mother are earnest to see and thank the preserver of their child," cried Meena. "Will you not go with us and give them the delight of acknowledging the obligation? Or will you not tell us where they may find you?"

There was an expression of melancholy on the countenance of the stranger, as he gazed earnestly at the lovely speaker; and he hesitated for a moment, ere he replied, "I am unfit at present, my dear young lady, to appear at your father's; but I should value his acquaintance, although not for the purpose of receiving acknowledgments which I assure you are unmerited. My residence is about five miles from this place, and my name is Clifford, and to receive any of Mr. Markland's family at my dwelling will be to me a source of pleasure." He

Digitized by Google

then made some allusion to his game, and, gathering it up, paid his parting courtesies to the young people and left them.

"Oh! Rupert, are you not glad we have seen him? Is he not a noble-looking man? Such eyes, and his figure so commanding—he looks fitted to perform glorious deeds," exclaimed the animated girl. But Rupert walked on in silence.

"You do not speak, Rupert, what is the matter? Do you not admire Mr. Clifford?"

"You leave no room for my admiration, Meena; yours is so overwhelming it will suffice for us both."

"Rupert!" cried Meena, in amazement, "what has come over you?"

The youth's face was livid with agony, and his secret trembled on his lips.

"Meena," he began, in a voice so hollow she started in affright. At this moment they perceived Mr. Markland advancing.

The unhappy young man suddenly grasped the hand of his companion and frantically exclaimed,

"Meena, you must know all, if it seals my misery; but not now—at some future moment I *must* tell you—but do not—oh! do not let the acquaintance of an hour supersede in your heart the tried affection of years!"

Agitated and alarmed at Rupert's manner, Meena would have questioned him; but Mr. Markland had now reached them, and before she could utter a syllable, Rupert had disappeared.

To Mr. Markland's anxious inquiry at her agitated manner, Meena felt, she knew not why, that nothing should be said of Rupert; but her account of the meeting with the stranger who had rescued her was a sufficient explanation of the emotion she evinced.

"Mr. Clifford!" cried Mr. Markland, on listening to Meena's recital. "It was, then, our new neighbor who so miraculously appeared for your preservation."

"You know him, then, dear father. Why have we not heard of him before?"

"Do not be in such a hurry, my little girl, to get all the news," replied Mr. Markland, laughing. "It is only since you walked out this morning that I learned Mr. Clifford had purchased Mr. Barrett's elegant plantation. To whisper a secret in your ear, Meena, it is said that your cruelty has so preyed upon poor George, that his parents, who live only for him, have determined to withdraw him from so dangerous a neighborhood; and Mr. Barrett has hastily concluded the sale of his plantation to Mr. Clifford, who is reported to be also a millionaire. Mr. Barrett is going, with his wife and son, to Europe, in the next steamer."

Meena, who really felt much friendship for George Barrett, expressed her sorrow at such intelligence, and her hope that the part which concerned herself was without foundation.

Rupert did not appear until the family assembled at dinner, and he was, then, doomed to listen throughout the meal to the extravagant praises of Mr. Clifford. Mr. Markland had not delayed a moment, after Meena's information, to call upon her preserver, and returned home in a state of delightful excitement at the new friend and neighbor they had acquired.

As soon as she could get an opportunity to speak, Meena eagerly inquired of her father if he saw Mrs. Clifford.

"I may see her now, my dear," said Mr. Markland, laughing heartily with an arch glance at the inquirer. "Why, Meena, what made you decide that Mr. Clifford had a wife?"

"He is old enough to have one, dear father, I am sure—for, although so very handsome, he must be at least forty."

"You young people think forty a very advanced age," continued Mr. Markland, still laughing. "But let me tell you, Miss Meena, that Mr. Clifford is none too old for a beau yet—he is either a bachelor or a widower, and lives at that splendid place like a prince. He is far handsomer than any young man about here, and perhaps, Meena, by appearing as attractive as possible, you may yet queen it there as Mrs. Clifford yourself."

Rupert started to leave the table, but the gay reply of Meena arrested him.

"Oh! papa, I have no hope of effecting such a conquest; Mr. Clifford is a noble-looking man, but you must allow he is not half so handsome as Rupert, and I am determined never to marry a man one whit inferior to my brother—and then to think of one's marrying a man old enough to be their father—why, I should catch myself saying 'yes sir' and 'no sir' to him—no, indeed, papa, I am determined never to marry an old man. But Mr. Clifford would not thank us for disposing of him thus summarily," she continued, laughing merrily.

"Well, my dear, you must take your own way; but I can tell you Mr. Clifford made a great many inquiries about you, and said you resembled strongly a very dear friend—so if you should change your mind, I think his heart will not be impenetrable."

The few words uttered so playfully by Meena seemed to give new life to the desponding Rupert—his eye was for awhile illumined with its

Digitized by Google

former brilliancy, and a smile again played over his countenance; but these were speedily dispelled by the intimacy which commenced between his family and Mr. Clifford; and it could not but be evident, even to an uninterested observer, that Meena was the attraction which drew their new friend to the mansion of her father. his eye followed her wherever she moved, he would always select the seat nearest to her, and, by his varied and intellectual conversation, so enchain her attention that she willingly remained by him, and would ever greet his appearance with a beaming smile of welcome.

"Meena!" repeated Mr. Clifford, when, on the first day of his introduction, he heard the name pronounced by her mother. Mrs. Markland looked up, in surprise, and perceived her guest gazing steadfastly at the girl, while his face was deadly pale: he seemed to recollect himself as his eye encountered that of Mrs. Markland, and apologized, saying,

"Pardon me, madam—but your daughter's name is uncommon—and it was borne by a mother I dearly loved."

Mrs. Markland only bowed; but the circumstance, slight as it was, considerably impressed her mind.

CHAPTER IV.

Meena was, one day, listening, with deep interest, to a recital of some adventure of Mr. Clifford's, when, on raising her eyes, she beheld Rupert gazing at her with such intensity, and a face so haggard, that she started in affright, and, forgetful of all else, she hastened toward him, exclaiming,

"You are ill, dearest Rupert—what has befallen you?"

The unhappy youth drew her arm within his own and slowly left the room. Mr. Clifford looked pityingly after them, and tears gathered in the eyes of Mrs. Markland as she watched their retreating figures.

Rupert trembled so that Meena was obliged to support him, although little less agitated herself; for there was something in his manner which thrilled her heart with apprehension as he drew her into the library.

"I must speak, Meena, I must know and reveal all, though death and destruction should be the consequence. I shall go mad to remain longer in this state of uncertainty. Answer me," he continued in a solemn and impressive tone, "answer me—and truly, by all your hopes of happiness—will you marry Mr. Clifford?"

"What do you mean, Rupert, that you act so strangely?" cried the astonished girl. "Oh! tell me, my beloved brother, what has thus agitated you?"

"Call me not by that hated name," he cried; "I abjure it forever—would that I had never heard it! But you do not answer me—tell me, Meena, without equivocation—will you marry Mr. Clifford?"

"Rupert, dear Rupert, what has happened?" exclaimed the horror-struck girl, now fully convinced that his senses had forsaken him. Oh! tell me, my precious brother, what has afflicted you?"

"Will you still call me so?" he exclaimed: "have I not abjured the title? I am no brother of yours! I have worshiped you through life—yet you will forsake me—you will leave me to marry this detested man!"

"What can you mean, Rupert? I will marry no one—never marry if you disapprove it—certainly," she added, in a calm voice, "I will never marry Mr. Clifford."

"You promise me, Meena," he cried, eagerly, "you solemnly promise me never to marry him?"

"I will promise you that, or anything, if you will only be calm; but what can have caused you to be so agitated, my darling brother?"

"Again that hateful sound. Meena, will you not believe me, I am not your brother—you are no child of my parents!"

Meena, for a moment, gazed at him in speechless agony: then, exclaiming, "No child of your parents? Who then am I?" She staggered and would have fallen, had not Rupert caught her in his arms, and strained her convulsively to his breast.

"Do not weep, my own idolized Meena," he cried, as the tears now streamed down her cheeks—"do not weep, but promise to render me happy by becoming, in reality, their daughter. Oh, Meena! you know not how I have worshiped you—the torture I have endured when I witnessed such devotion in others as I was withheld from paying. Say, Meena, will you not generously repay me for the misery I have suffered, by giving me that heart which is above all price?"

"I cannot realize what you tell me, Rupert," returned Meena, faintly; "spare me now, I entreat you, and let me get more calm, ere you say more."

It was bliss to Rupert to be allowed to support the weeping girl, and they sat there in silence, her head reclining on his shoulder, while his arm encircled her waist, until the entrance of Mrs. Markland aroused Meena, and she started, as if detected in wrong, from the arms of Rupert.

Digitized by Google

"My dear children, I have sought you everywhere," cried Mrs. Markland, as she entered. "I feared you were ill, Rupert, when you took your sister from the room, and, as soon as Mr. Clifford left, I came in search of you."

Rupert felt that Meena trembled as the name of "sister" fell from his mother's lips.

"Mother," he said, solemnly, "I have been ill—ill, almost to distraction; it remains with this dear one and my parents, to give me life, and hope, and happiness. I have told Meena all, mother—I have told her she is not your child, that I may sue her to become so. Will you not receive her anew, as a daughter, my mother—as the idolized wife of your son?"

"Willingly, gladly, my Rupert, if you can prevail on her to become so," cried Mrs. Markland; "but you are agitating her too much, now; let her go with me and endeavor to recover from the effects of your impetuosity." And, with a mother's tenderness, Mrs. Markland led the trembling girl to her chamber, nor left her till she was soothed and composed.

"How blind we have been!" exclaimed Mr. Markland, when he had listened to his wife's recital. "Well, it is not wonderful that Rupert should have bestowed his heart on her, when he knew she was not his sister; for whom can he find so fascinating, so perfect? But will she give him her heart in return, or is he to be doomed to the misery of unrequited love?"

"I think that he cannot sue in vain," replied the mother, who felt that her son's attractions must be irresistible.

When Meena appeared, on the summons to dinner, her eyes swollen with weeping, Mr. Markland stood looking out of the window—he turned as she entered, and the next moment she was sobbing in his arms.

"My darling little girl," he exclaimed, pressing her tenderly to his heart: "why this agitation? Are you not as fondly beloved as any child can be? Let me wipe away these tears, and see you look cheerful again, or I shall begin to think you only loved us for the name of parent."

"Oh, you know not how dearly I love you!" cried the poor girl, weeping piteously. "But I do not belong to any one, even my very name is unknown."

"This is wrong, Meena; you have long been our child, you must still remain so," said Mr. Markland, kindly. "But sit down by me, now, and eat your dinner like a good girl, and we will then talk all this over quietly, and, I hope, in a manner to make you feel happy again."

Rupert did not make his appearance, and the dinner passed very differently from their usual social meals.

As Mr. Markland had promised, he talked with Meena of the past, described the first moment he had seen her, and the view he had obtained of her dead mother. But he passed over the sad, rude burial, only saying he had again encountered her, weeping, in the street, and that from that time she had been cherished equally with his own Rupert.

"And now, Meena," he continued, "will you grieve us by disowning us as parents? We sue you to become, indeed, our daughter—by rendering Rupert happy, you will make us so."

"Oh, my more than father!" cried she; "my whole life will be inadequate to prove my gratitude; but spare me now on this subject—all is so strange—so wonderful—so unexpected!"

Mr. Markland suffered her to leave him, and, in the retirement of her own room, Meena sought that composure she so much needed.

In her early walk, the ensuing morning, Meena again met Rupert. What arguments he used to comfort her, we may not reveal; but certain it is, that, although her manner was somewhat agitated on her return to the house, it was less sorrowful than on the preceding day, and her eyes again sparkled with a portion of their wonted brilliancy.

The post-man's horn sounded while the family were at breakfast, and the servant soon entered with the letters and papers. Mr. Markland turned them over, and, taking up one of unusual size and thickness, he observed, in an accent of surprise, "From C——; I hope they have not raked up that troublesome law-suit again. But this package must contain more than one musty parchment." And gathering up his letters, he retired to the library.

It seemed as if the mention of C—— had impressed all present with the idea of something connected with Meena. Mrs. Markland and her son involuntarily exchanged significant glances, and Meena gazed at them both with a pale face and trembling frame. The silence which ensued was interrupted by a summons for Mrs. Markland from her husband.

Left alone with Rupert, Meena, for the first time, seemed to realize that he was not her brother; her eye sank beneath his impassioned gaze, and in vain she essayed to speak, with the artless confidence she had been wont to do, of the letter which she seemed intuitively convinced related to herself. But, as if reading her thoughts, Rupert replied to them,

"It can only be a letter of business, dearest Meena; do not be thus agitated."

Digitized by Google

Ere the girl could gain composure to reply, she, too, was summoned to the library; and, in the hope of rendering her more calm, Rupert gaily exclaimed that he was not going to be the only one excluded from a family party, and, drawing her arm within his own, he conducted her into the presence of his parents.

CHAPTER V.

The mysterious package proved to be from Dr. Hanson, of C——, with whom Mr. Markland had left his address, in the hope that some light might be thrown on the parentage of Meena.

It stated that a few days previous, the doctor had been called to attend a dying woman named Sarah Elland; that she appeared to have something on her mind that caused her much distress: and when convinced she could have no hope of recovery, had confessed to him, that, fourteen years before, she was one morning roused from her sleep by a strange gentleman knocking at her door and entreating her to go to a neighboring cottage, where a poor, young woman lay dead; that he gave her a piece of gold to take care of the child of the deceased, which she promised to do; that as soon as the gentleman left her she went to the cottage, and the first object that attracted her attention was a glittering ring on the finger of the corpse; that this she hastily drew off and secreted in her bosom; that, on searching the pockets of the deceased, she discovered a singularly wrought purse containing several pieces of gold, which she also secreted, and also a package of letters, which were with some articles of wearing apparel in a small trunk; that the lid of the trunk was marked E. C.; and that the letters and trunk she hid, lest they should impart some knowledge through which inquiry might be made for the purse and ring.

"The woman professed great penitence for the theft she had committed," continued Dr. Hanson's letter. "She declared she had never known any peace since that hour; that although she spent the gold, she never could bring herself to part with the purse and ring, but had kept them and the letters carefully hid, often determining to seek me and relieve her conscience by revealing her crime, but had been unable to gain resolution to do so until the terror of death wrung it from her. She entreated me, finally, if I knew where the gentleman was who took the child, to send the articles immediately to him and beg him to forgive her." Dr. Hanson proceeded to say,

"I therefore, sir, forward you such of the articles as I can enclose in a letter according to the address you left with me, and sincerely hope, if the little orphan is still living, they may afford a clue by which to discover with whom she is connected."

With all the tenderness of parental love, did Mr. and Mrs. Markland make known the contents of the letter, and put into the hands of the agitated Meena these mementoes of her mother, which, with true delicacy, they had forborne to examine; and when, by their kindness and caresses, the poor girl had regained some degree of composure, they silently left the room, motioning to Rupert, who unwillingly followed their example.

Feeling the relief of thus being at liberty to indulge her emotions, Meena sat with the tears streaming down her cheeks, gazing at the unopened packet: at length, with trembling hands and a silent appeal for strength in her painful task, she broke the seal.

Some half dozen letters were bound together with a ribbon, another little folded paper completed the contents. As Meena tremblingly surveyed the letters, which she expected would reveal the tale of her birth, a secret awe stole over her, and hesitatingly she glanced at the superscription as if she were invading the confidence of her mother, whose form was now mouldering in the grave!

In a bold, manly hand, on the outside, was written "Mrs. Ellen Wareham, London."

"I cannot, must not read them!" exclaimed the girl, as she hid her face in her hands. A step aroused her, and, looking up, she beheld Mr. Clifford entering the room.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, alarmed at the deathly hue of her countenance, "you are ill, Miss Markland—let me call assistance."

Meena attempted to speak, but, overpowered with emotion, she burst into tears.

Shocked at her agitation, Mr. Clifford advanced toward her and was about to speak soothingly to her, when he turned deathly pale, his eyes fixed on the letters before him. Meena gazed at him in amazement as he again moved hastily toward her, and, grasping both her hands, he exclaimed, "Who are you? Mock me not. Tell me, how came these into your possession?" He seized the letters as he spoke.

Trembling and affrighted, anticipating she scarcely knew what, Meena could only gasp forth, in almost inarticulate accents,

"They were my mother's."

"My God, I thank thee!" he cried, catching her rapturously in his arms—"my heart did not then deceive me—thou art indeed my child—my own, my long lost Meena!"

Digitized by Google

Overpowered by such conflicting emotions, Meena sunk almost senseless into the arms of her father.

At this moment Rupert Markland entered, and for a moment stood as if petrified at the scene before him; then rushing furiously toward Mr. Clifford, he exclaimed,

"Unhand that young lady, sir, or——" His speech was cut short by the renewed exclamations of Mr. Clifford, who, without appearing to notice the entrance of the youth, continued,

"And thy mother? Oh! my child, tell me of her! Of my wife!"

As Meena raised her head at this adjuration, she beheld him, who had so loved her when he believed her a friendless orphan, and gently extricating herself from the encircling arms of her father, she extended her hand to the astonished youth, saying,

"You, Rupert, will assist me to reveal all to my newly-found parent; and oh! my father, let the love of your child help to console you for the sorrows you have sustained, for all that you have yet to suffer!"

"I see it all," cried Mr. Clifford, "you would not thus have evaded replying had she been spared—but God has been very merciful—let me not murmur, but bless Him that He has restored my child!"

We pass over the delight and surprise of Mr. and Mrs. Markland, when informed of the discovery of Meena's father, one so every way deserving of her filial duty, and proceed to relate the events which separated her parents.

Ellen Halford was the daughter of a wealthy banker in London, and had just entered her sixteenth year when she first met Henry Clifford. A mutual attachment soon took place, but he was poor, and when he dared to sue the rich Mr. Halford for the hand of his heiress, he was repulsed with disdain, and Ellen forbade to think of him more.

For a time, Ellen obeyed the mandate of her stern father and refused to meet Henry; but at last, overcome by his importunities and her own ardent love, she consented to see him. One interview led to another, and finally to an elopement, and the imprudent young couple were indissolubly united ere Mr. Halford was aware of Ellen's absence from his country-seat, where she had gone with her mother and a large party of friends.

Words cannot describe his rage when informed of the event. He accused his wife, a gentle, timid woman, of conniving at his daughter's disobedience; and solemnly vowed that, unless Ellen would consent to leave her husband, she should never again enter his presence. It was in vain she wrote, and through the intercession of friends plead for pardon: the father was inexorable. Mrs. Halford secretly met, forgave, and blessed her daughter, but this was discovered by her husband, and he peremptorily forbade her to repeat it.

Henry Clifford was descended from a noble family, but he had no wealth to reconcile the connection to one to whom wealth was an idol.

When Ellen was seventeen years old, the little Meena was born, and Mr. Clifford found himself, with a wife and child to support, involved in difficulties and embarrassments.

It was at this time, when an old friend of his proposed their embarking together for America, offering to pay Henry's expenses to their destined port, to be refunded when he had amassed sufficient wealth to pay it with convenience. It was agony to Mr. Clifford to part with his beloved wife and child; but poverty was advancing with rapid strides, and after so far succeeding in reconciling the weeping Ellen to his departure, that she no longer opposed it openly, he arranged everything as much for her comfort as possible, put the little remaining of his earthly possessions into her hands, and promising she should come to him as soon as he had acquired sufficient for the expense of her voyage, he bade her what was destined to be a last farewell.

Misfortune pursued him after his arrival in America, but he wrote regularly to his wife, endeavoring to comfort her under their trying separation, and transmitting to her small sums, by which she was enabled to live, while he often deprived himself of the necessaries of life to supply her wants. Nearly three years Henry Clifford dragged on this miserable life, separated from all he held dear on earth, when he received a letter from his wife, which, while it gave him the delightful hope of a speedy reunion, yet excited the utmost anxiety. She informed him that an opportunity was now offered her to cross the Atlantic with a lady who sought her as a companion; that they were to sail for New Orleans, where it would be easy for her to get to him: she had, therefore, accepted Mrs. Wilton's offer, as she should be under respectable protection, and thus expedite their reunion.

No mention was made of the name of the vessel in which they were to sail, and Mr. Clifford had not the slightest clue to guide him in his after search for his wife and child.

For a time, Henry waited as patiently as it was possible for him to do, in the hope of hearing of his wife's arrival in New Orleans. But no such tidings reached him. Fortune, which

Digitized by Google

had so long frowned, seemed now becoming more propitious, and he soon found himself possessed of a sufficient sum to enable him to search for his wife and child, and in an agonizing state of uncertainty he departed for New Orleans; but here all his efforts to discover his lost treasures were ineffectual. Almost frantic he now sailed for London, but here again his search was fruitless; the home where he had placed Ellen was no longer there, the old buildings were displaced by new ones, and no one knew anything of Mrs. Wareham, which was the name Ellen had assumed on her husband's departure, as she declared that of Clifford should not be known under circumstances so depressed and unfortunate.

Frustrated in every attempt to find his wife, Mr. Clifford now came to the desperate resolution of going to her father and upbraiding him with his unnatural cruelty. But here, too, all was changed. Mr. Halford was dead. On his death-bed he too late repented his sternness to his only child, and, with his blessing, bequeathed to her and her heirs the immense wealth he had so long labored to obtain.

Mrs. Halford was living, but broken-hearted and alone. She had seen and blessed her daughter and grandchild the day before they sailed for America; but her after efforts to learn tidings of them had proved equally fruitless with Mr. Clifford's. She soon after died, leaving him all the property she had received from her husband, while that devised to Ellen still remained in trust, should she or her child ever appear.

"Years have passed," continued Mr. Clifford, "and still the hope has clung to me that I might, one day, discover my lost treasures. Wealth seemed to flow in in abundance when I no longer sought or valued it. A brother of my mother's returned from India laden with riches, but with shattered health, and his life was speedily terminated. Ere his death he discovered me, and I had the melancholy satisfaction of soothing the last days of my sole remaining relative. He left me all his vast possessions. But wealth is inadequate to happiness; indeed it appeared but an aggravation to my sorrow, when it could no longer benefit my wife and child.

"It seemed as if at New Orleans, if any where, I might sometime gain the intelligence my heart so desired, and here at length I determined to remain. God has mercifully restored my child. My Ellen—my wife!" His voice failed him, but the sobs of his Meena mingled with his own, and in the sympathy and devotion of his lovely daughter the long sorrowing man found peace.

Mr. and Mrs. Markland experienced a rich reward for the benevolence they had extended to a desolate orphan, and Mr. Clifford felt that he had secured every earthly happiness for his darling one, when, after tenderly embracing the blushing girl, he resigned her to the guardianship of the enraptured Rupert, and solemnly entreated the blessing of the Almighty on both his children.

AT NIGHT.

BY OLIVER WADE.

"Oh! Father, give me strength to drink
  This bitter cup of grief—
Oh! let thy quiet fall, and link
My hours of sleep with dreams of him,
  My latest, fallen leaf.

'Tis very dark to-night—the light
  Is curtained from my sight.
I hear the swaying vines tap light
Upon the pane, and strain my eyes
  To pierce the pall of night.

On yesternight when stillness slept,
  I drew the curtain up,
And Dian's silvery light in leapt,
Paling as marble, all his face
  Like jeweled lily-cup.

As pure as beautiful, thy soul
  Hath reached the perfect day,
And left the night in eyes, my sole
Delight. Thy lips are cold and pale,
  Their warmth has fled away.

This afternoon, I heard the bell
  Which tolled his passing corse.
Its pulsing waves of sound still dwell,
And echo through my brain, 'Dead! dead!'
  Up from its throat, so hoarse.

I miss my darling's nestling form—
  He sleeps with God to-night,
Safe from all harm and earthly storm.
I bless, and bow before His will,
  Knowing He ruleth right."

The mother sleeps with sorrow worn;
  But on her face so wan,
Alternate with her tears, are born
The smiles that angel whispers bring.
  Thus light and shade flits on.

Go drifting, drifting, hither, thither,
  Upon the sea of sleep,
Without a care or thought of whither;
On, on she passes, until light
  Shall kiss and make her weep.

Digitized by Google

BERTHA HOLMES.

BY MIRIAM CLYDE.

THE sunset rays are kissing the western clouds to crimson, and the winds which, all day long, have wandered over the hills, are dying in whispers among the trees.

Ah, the merry winds! How far they have traveled to-day; and how much good, and how much mischief they have done. The laborer, gratefully, lifted his hat as they passed, shook back his hair damp with toil, and breathed a blessing on the winds. The invalid's pulse quickened as they entered his chamber laden with fragrance, which told of clustering leaves and blossoms, turning his thoughts into new channels, while he mused of blue sky and bird-songs. The physician flattered himself that his last prescription had wrought an amazing change; but the winds laughed gleefully in the locust-tree at his absurdity, and then danced away over the corn-fields and down the lane, where children came from school. Only—stopping—for a light toss of their sunny hair, and a saucy whirl of dust into their bright faces, they passed on, and are now sinking in murmurs around the old farm-house.

We cannot describe Sunny Glen as it stands here, with its noble old trees, its scarlet blossomed vines, its rose-wreathed windows. Then there is a face looking out from the roses. What is it that calls that flush to the cheek, that troubled light to the eye? Bertha Holmes is young, scarcely nineteen, and her heart is yet full of youthful hopes and dreams. She stands there, to-night, with her childhood behind her, untraced by one line of sorrow; before her, life with its ungathered treasures.

She has grown weary of the monotony of her home-life, and longs for change. She is scarcely conscious of the depth of this yearning herself. Dear brother Charley, little May, father, mother—these are her household names of love. And there is another name in her heart, written more than a twelve-month ago. For when last May-time's sunshine was falling on the budding roses, and crimsoning the strawberries, Sunny Glen had a boarder. One who came to call back the strength, which fever had wasted, in pure country air: and Bertha's soul awoke to new, joyful melody. She cannot define herself. She only knows the last year of her life has been unspeakably precious because of its beautiful memories. Often, beneath the stars, with clasped hands, has she recalled the treasured smile, the glance, the words; hushed her heart-throbs impatiently, to catch the lowest tone, and looked with unconscious, trustful worship into the deep eyes. Sweet Bertha Holmes! Shall the waters of your soul flow out over desert souls, or shall verdure and bloom spring up beside their murmurings?

The last red light is gone from the sky, and Bertha turns from the window. There is a letter for her in the evening mail, urging an immediate visit to her cousin, who is passing a few months at Bridgwell, a charming summer retreat. It seems a sort of opening for her wish for change, and Bertha anxiously awaits the decision of her parents. Her cousin's plan is, to take her home to the city in September.

She is going. A week serves to complete her arrangements, and the cars bear her to her waiting relatives. She is welcomed most cordially. Walking, riding, and conversing beneath the stately trees around the village-hotel, and August is gone. "September winds her mellow hour," and Bertha is in New York. She is not one to be harmed by the frivolity and show of fashionable society. She looks with interest upon these, to her new phases of life—looks, enjoys, and learns. Gay and trustful as a child, she is fond of friends and company. But her early home education guards her, and she is safe from all wrong influence. Every week she writes to Sunny Glen and brother Charley. Every night her lips murmur prayers for them: and she knows where prayers are breathed for her. What a blessed privilege is prayer! No matter how widely separated from loved ones, we can commit them to our Father's care. We can call down blessings upon their lives. We can pray for them.

But is another name never on her lips as she kneels in her devotion? Yes, and it comes to her, sometimes, in the crowded drawing-room, to deepen the flush on her cheek, arrest the merry laugh, and put an earnest, far-off look in her brown eyes. Is it not strange that neither the worth, nor the foppery, that do her homage, have power to make her forget?

Digitized by Google

Now, October is shaking down the forest leaves by handfuls, and filling the air with its dreamy haze. Bertha sits idly watching the dying flowers, or turning the leaves of a book, which has been sent in for her perusal and opinion. An acquaintance, Nelly Hart, occupies the sofa, and is merrily talking. Bertha is not listening, till the lady, turning to her particularly, accuses her of having drawn all the gentlemen within the circle of her allegiance. And, addressing her cousin, Nelly continues,

"You would hardly believe, Mrs. Ormes, how very much I am thrown into the shade since the advent of this little piece of rusticity. I, who have considered my belleship unquestioned for the last twelve-month. I have yielded, thus far, with good grace. But now, a new star is about to arise on the horizon of fashion; and I warn you, Miss Holmes, how you intercept its rays. I have kept myself informed with regard to its movements for months. Now it is coming within range of my natural vision—and, unfortunately, yours too. But beware! I warn you beforehand."

Bertha, laughingly, inquires when, and in what part of the visible heavens, she shall look for this star, which appears to be of the "first magnitude," though certainly not "fixed," and also asks its name.

"Oh, it has been lighting some part of England, during the past year, and, either tired of English scenery, or thinking to enhance its brilliancy in American skies, is coming over the sea. It is Percy Gray. We may look for him the twentieth, his sister informs me. So prepare for parties innumerable, which shall yet be in honor of this celebrity. They say, Miss Hunter, his bride elect, and her brother will accompany him. But see if I do not give her as much as one heart-ache before they leave." And the light-hearted Nelly is gone with a laughing good-by, and Bertha is up stairs in her chamber.

It is almost night; but what is the meaning of these cold hands, and this pale face? "His bride." Now she remembers a portrait which she saw on his table once, when she went to carry flowers to his room. She did not examine it, but she knows there were blue eyes and light, curling hair. His bride! Then she has wrongly interpreted the eyes, the tones, the lingering adieu. He did not find as much gladness in the old farm-house as he left there. Their friendship, to him, was only one of many pleasant places, while to her it was life, love, all things. Only a few days, and she will see him. What bliss that would be were it not for that after knowledge. Yes, she must meet him, and with this portrait, this Miss Hunter, and then she would see the difference between his friendship and his love. "God help me," she murmurs, "what a darkened heart will go back to Sunny Glen! Yet my face must not tell that heart's secret. Never! I must be very happy to renew my acquaintance with Mr. Gray. I can do it—I am strong. My will shall keep the color in my cheeks, my hands and eyes steady."

It is the evening of the twentieth, and the parlors of Mrs. B—— are filled with wit, wisdom, and beauty. Bertha secures a shaded corner till she can still her quivering pulses and look about her. She wishes she could see him now, before other eyes are upon her. Her wishes are soon gratified, for he enters the room with Miss Hunter and Nelly, and is immediately surrounded by eager fashionables. Bertha sees only two, Percy Gray and his reported betrothed. She is the portrait. And Percy—Bertha is frightened at her own trembling, as his voice reaches her, and, retreating through the window, joins a group on the piazza, and for the rest of the evening promises to be gayest among the gay.

Poor Bertha! A bright hope sprang up in your soul once, with the first summer flowers. Amid autumn's fading leaves it still grew on, gathering freshness and fragrance, and winter snows had no power to chill it. But now it is torn up, withered by the utterance only of a few words.

Percy Gray is quietly enduring all the homage of those around him, when, suddenly, he sees a bright face far across the room. He is not dreaming. There is only one such face in all the world. He has carried its memory across the ocean, under England's skies, and home again. He expected and intended to see it sometime, but not so soon. He is almost sorry, too. He would rather have found it at the old farm-house, for there it would have been all his own.

But why has she not been to welcome him, when strangers weary him with their attention? Surely she knows he is here. It is in vain he earnestly regards her. His eyes seem to have lost all their old power. She does not look at him.

As Bertha leaves the room, Nelly Hart, who has followed the direction of his glance, and knows where it has been, says carelessly, apparently forgetting her warning and threats,

"By-the-by, Mr. Gray, you have not seen our little country girl. I wonder where she is

Digitized by Google

hiding herself? I have hardly seen her myself, to-night."

"Suppose we try to find her, Miss Hart; I am sure we can very well be spared."

Nelly takes the proffered arm, saying, "You must guard well your heart, for Berty is the personification of all beauty, pride, and piquancy. There she is now; look!"

And Percy does look, with a disturbed face, for Bertha knows he is coming, and throws all possible interest into her face as she listens to her companion. Percy sees him too, and knows his worth and excellence.

"Why, where in the world have you been, Bertha? Let me present Mr. Gray, Miss Holmes. We have been searching for you until searching is a weariness."

Bertha looks up to meet the troubled look in those eyes, but does not understand it.

"I trust I do not need presentation," says Percy, "Miss Holmes is an old friend of mine," and he takes her hand.

"Indeed! and why did not Miss Holmes inform me so, when I told her of your arrival?"

"How did I know the Mr. Gray you spoke of, and the one I had seen, were the same?" Bertha carelessly replies. Then turning to Percy,

"Believe me, Mr. Gray, I am very glad to see you again; but you must excuse me now. Mr. Gale has promised to explain a sentence I found in an old book, the other day. There is one just like it in Mrs. B——'s library, and we are going to find it."

"This is gratitude, is it? After spending our time and talents in finding you, you dismiss us with only an 'Excuse me,'" Nelly says, trying to be very much offended.

"Pardon me," is Bertha's answer, "but if I mistake not, you were enjoying the company in the parlor, not ten minutes ago; and, as for the talents, it did not require very brilliant ones to find one."

But Percy Gray is not one to trust actions. Although disappointed and pained, he will yet know the meaning of this: and to-night, too, if an opportunity can be gained. He will not intrude now. Bertha may have the full benefit of Mr. Gale's explanation. "She may look into his eyes just as she used to look into mine," he says, "for a little time; and then I will claim a few of her precious moments. It may be without her wishes, but if she is going to avoid me, the reason must come from her own lips."

Nelly shrewdly guesses something of the truth, and soon leaves the star to wander where it will. She knows report gives him to Miss Hunter, but there is no trusting that.

Bertha hardly knows how it is, but she finds herself leaning on his arm, and listening, with almost the old eagerness, to his voice. She hardly looks or replies, but is silently hearing and enjoying. Yes, it is enjoyment. She can not help that. A little farther from the scattered groups, out in the October moonlight, he leads her, at each turn in their walk, till, finally, they pause, out of all others' hearing.

"You said once, to-night, you were glad to see me; but your actions strangely belie your words, Miss Holmes. You take no interest in where I have been, or what I have been doing since we parted."

Bertha's voice is cold and steady, while she replies, "I have found no opportunity of giving expression to an interest, Mr. Gray. You have been so constantly occupied with others, that I have not wished to interrupt you."

"If you had known how wearied I was with this being occupied, it seems to me that, out of pure charity, you might have interrupted it with what you knew would be a pleasure to me—your greeting."

"I was in possession of no such knowledge, Mr. Gray. I should not have presumed on our short acquaintance, to add one more to the crowd which you admit wearied you."

"And am I presuming on our short acquaintance, Miss Holmes? Am I intruding on your time? Am I wearying you, Bertha?"

There is all of the old look in his eyes now, and all of the old tone in his voice, as he pronounces her name. And Bertha is ready to trust him again, and believe all he may say.

And she does believe, while he tells her of his unexpected call to England to settle some troublesome business affairs—of the one bright hope he had kept in his heart—how, when tired and sick beneath foreign skies, it had been his solace, his rest, his joy. How, to-night, it had been so chilled by her coldness—that it only waited a word from her to revive and fill his life with brightness, or die and leave it desolate.

What great happiness fills Bertha's soul as she stands there! She remembers her distrust only as one little island of sorrow in the midst of a vast ocean of love.

It is needless to say, that the hope of Percy Gray revives.

When the next spring days shall come, there will be a wedding at Sunny Glen. Miss Hunter, Percy's cousin and playmate in childhood, her brother, Nelly Hart, and brother Charley will be there. And Bertha will no longer stand with troubled face at the window, but will go out to make glad the life of Percy Gray.

Digitized by Google

THE LUCKY MISFORTUNE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Most children are born with great capacities for mischief, but poor Boyd Thurstan's phrenological developments in that particular were so far beyond those of ordinary boys, that one might have thought the destructive bumps of a large family had been condensed into that little cranium.

He told the truth when he said, "He couldn't help it;" but that plea did not help him, as his mother never governed her progeny upon theories laid down by our crowd of modern wiseacres; she never had read Miss Martineau, or any of her class, and if she had, would probably have wondered what business old maids had to write about children—I wonder, too, for that matter!

She knew nothing of phrenology, she was not aware that children ought to be governed according to the bumps on their heads; she held to the theory that it was their duty to obey without inquiring the why or wherefore; and if they did not, a liberal use of the rod was to be applied at once.

I have a vague idea that our grandparents reared very tolerable men and women on that principle—I have not yet made up mind that the new system of "moral persuasion" has improved the youthful portion of humanity. I think that once I occasionally saw among the juveniles some show of respect for their elders—I am not aware that anything of the kind can be found now-a-days. I cling to the opinion that the time was when children were children, instead of the abominable little monstrosities and precocities they are in the present generation. Perhaps it was owing to the fact that parents had still some recollection of Solomon's advice—perhaps it was not. We won't argue the point, but go back to Boyd Thurstan.

Twenty times each day was he in disgrace, and on every occasion he vowed that he would be a better boy, perhaps really meant to keep his promise; but the name of the devils that possessed him was Legion, and the poor, little wretch struggled in vain against their sly hints, which led him into new trouble before he was well out of the old.

Although his mother as often told him she believed that "he was possessed," she showed no more leniency to his misfortunes on that account. If a thing was mysteriously broken, it was soon proved that Boyd had been the culprit. He maimed every chair in the house by playing horse with it—killed a flock of canaries trying philosophical experiments upon them—accustomed the cat to spasms by charges from an electric battery—dressed up ghosts to frighten the housemaids, and scared himself in consequence till the place rang with his shrieks. His face was never free from scars, his legs were as perfect a calendar of distresses as those of Peepy Lillyby. There was not a tree within ten miles that he had not fallen out of, not an impossible place which he had failed to climb into, and no mischief of any sort that he had not sounded to its extremest depths.

He certainly was a new edition of Original Sin revised and corrected, the plague and pet of his mother's heart, and indeed of every one else, except his father; that worthy Christian saw in him only a source of present annoyance and future suffering. He had fully made up his mind that Boyd would, one day, be hanged. He frequently expressed that belief in the child's hearing, read every atrocious murder case in the newspapers, and looked so gloomily at his son all the while, that the boy often had a vague idea he was, in some way, connected with the horrible performances.

Luckily, although a sensitive child, he soon forgot his sorrows, or his father's treatment would have materially affected his character for life. Indeed, the creature did once determine to commit suicide after having heard a notable case read. He purloined from his mother's work-box a whole piece of broad, green ribbon, the color of which had much struck his fancy, and went out to the hickory grove, back of the house, decided to do the thing up in the most approved style.

He climbed the largest tree like a cat, fastened one end of the ribbon to a branch, tied the other about his neck, repeated, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and swung himself into the air. Fortunately the ribbon broke, and Master Boyd, instead of committing self-murder, only scratched his face and legs, and ran howling away, determined to think twice before he

Digitized by Google

again attempted such an act of heroic desperation.

The ribbon was, of course, forgotten, a grand outcry made for it in the house, and a few days afterward it was found fluttering among the tree branches. Naturally Boyd was charged with having taken it, and brought to speedy judgment, made to confess his sin, was well whipped, and heartily laughed at into the bargain.

Older brothers and sisters fretted and petted the child, until either course of treatment by itself would have ruined him. Spinster aunts shook their frizzed heads at him in pious horror, and he avenged himself by drawing caricatures of their maidenly charms, putting thorns into their virgin pillows, and every other species of retaliation that presented itself to his fertile imagination.

The brat had a keen sense of the ridiculous. He was sure to laugh at the wrong time, and bring condemnation upon his devoted head at all seasons and in all sorts of places.

He was certain to titter in church—the old minister had a peculiar way of twisting his mouth that sent Boyd into convulsions. When his grandmother died, after a sickness made even worse by her ill-nature, Boyd rose up in great delight and called to his sister,

"Come along, Minnie, we can make as much noise as we like now; grandma's dead."

He instigated that little female to cut doll pocket-handkerchiefs out of his mother's best linen sheets, took his aunt's false curls to make fish lines of: in short, from the time he got out of bed till he got into it again, squealing or pouting over his smarts or his injuries, the animal rushed from one bit of mischief to another, with an ingenuity and perseverance seldom equaled.

He had one steadfast friend beside his tried, but devoted mother, and that was Milly Bamp, the girl who had taken care of him in his infancy, and endeavored to keep him in order during his childhood.

Boyd loved her sincerely, but he never could resist the pleasure of teazing her; and certainly it was through much trial and tribulation that she kept alive her affection for him. She was always willing to conceal his misdeeds as far as came in her power, allowed him forbidden privileges, and in her way helped as much to spoil the boy as any of her superiors.

But one morning, he excited even her indignation by a performance which he had revolved for many days in his mind, and at last brought to a successful termination.

His sister Minnie had an immense flock of chickens, in which her small soul took special delight. She had a name for each separate fowl, she fed them herself, and it was a deadly sin, in her view of the case, for any one to meddle with her pets. The chickens knew her perfectly well, and her appearance, with her basket of grain, was the signal for a joyful tumult among the feathered tribe. They flew round her, turned summersets, lighted on her shoulders, and so surrounded her that she looked a mere mass of feathers, like some unknown and extraordinary species of fowl with numberless heads, walking out to take the air.

But Minnie's soul was troubled within her. Quite late in the autumn, two matronly hens, who ought to have known better, were seized with a sudden insanity to set, and no efforts of Minnie could prevent them. In vain she removed the eggs from their nests, and placed stones there instead; they persisted in their determination, and tried as hard to warm the pebbles into life as they had their own oval treasures.

They went clucking about to the annoyance of all the other fowls, and finally infected an innocent young Bantam who had never laid an egg in her life, and did not know how to begin, with the same madness. She set diligently day after day upon two broken saucers and a bit of chalk, clucking and ruffling her feathers whenever anybody approached, as angrily as if she had had a whole brood of chickens to protect.

Minnie was in despair. It had been bad enough to see old Speckle and Lady Gray behave in that manner; but when the Bantam tried to turn herself into an Egyptian incubating machine, her lamentations were loud and long.

Boyd at length offered to put an end to her troubles and revealed his plan. He had heard somewhere, that if hens were well ducked they would stop setting, and he proposed that she should allow him to try the experiment.

Minnie was unwilling, and went to the nests to essay the often repeated trial of frightening the foolish creatures from their seats: but the Bantam rose in her small might when the girl attempted to remove the piece of chalk—probably Bantam thought that held her best chicken—and gave her several such ferocious picks that she was glad to retreat.

Boyd still urged his project, and with many misgivings Minnie ceased to oppose it. He ran to the nests, seized Speckle and her gray ladyship under one arm, took the belligerent Bantam in his right hand, and started for the brook.

Minnie followed slowly, and with a sinking

Digitized by Google

heart watched his proceedings; every croak of the fowls sent a pang to her breast. The other chickens stood afar off scolding and gabbling, and evidently curious to know what was the matter. The roosters kept up a tremendous tumult, discreetly ensconcing themselves behind the hens, and compensating for that cowardice by their terrific squalls.

Boyd raised the luckless Bantam, plunged her into the water and brought her up again. She gave a yell—down she went a second time—another spasmodic burst—a twitching of the legs, and she lay very still on the grass where he placed her.

"What have you done to her?" called Minnie, rushing toward him; "you've killed her—you mean, bad boy!"

"No, no, Minnie," he replied; "she's only faint."

Plump went Mrs. Speckle into the brook—another yell, a kicking, and the same result followed as in the case of Bantam—she lay quiet as possible.

"She's only pretending," said Boyd, flushed with success; "she'd cluck this minute if she dared."

Lady Gray was about sharing a similar fate, when Minnie sprang on him and rescued her.

"You've killed them!" she cried, tragically. "Oh, you bad boy! I'll tell mamma—oh! oh!"

"They'll come to right away," said Boyd; "don't cry, sissy! See, Bantam's beginning to kick."

Minnie looked as well as her tears would permit, but Bantam made no sign.

"She's dead," repeated Minnie; "she didn't kick!"

"N-o," said Boyd, doubtfully, "I guess she didn't; but she tried to."

Neither Speckle nor Bantam stirred. Lady Gray ran off to the group of fowls and told her story with intense excitement, creating much sympathy among her friends; a big, fat rooster crowed, as if he meant to rush out and take summary vengeance upon the assailant, then retired into the privacy of an old chicken coop near.

Minnie raised her dripping pets, made a shroud of her white apron, in which she wrapped them and started for the house.

"I'll tell papa!" she cried. "Oh! won't you get a whipping—yah! yah! He's killed Bantam—he's killed Bantam. Papa, mamma, aunt Jane—yah! yah!"

"Don't, Minnie, don't!" pleaded Boyd. "Oh! my! you'll smother 'em in your apron and try to lay it to me."

"I ain't! You bad, nasty thing! Mamma, Milly, aunt Jane!"

"Stop crying," said Boyd, "and I'll give you my rocking-horse, I'm too big now to play with it."

"I don't want it," squalled Minnie; "anyhow, you gave it to me yesterday for not telling mamma you broke the flower-pot."

"So I did," returned Boyd, as if he just remembered the circumstance. "Well, I'll give you something else if you'll come back."

"I won't, I won't! Papa'll shut you up. Oh! my Bantam, my Bantam!"

"I'll tell you what," said Boyd, struck with another brilliant idea; "let's bury them—it'll be such fun!"

At that proposal, the group of fowls chorused a groan of horror, and Minnie's grief strengthened into anger. She ran off at the top of her speed, and Boyd after her. He caught her by her curls, and down they went in an indiscriminate mass, with the dead chickens lying mournfully on top of them.

Minnie's cries brought out the whole house, and, when the story was told, they consigned Boyd to immediate punishment; even Milly denounced him as a hard-hearted little wretch, that would come to no good.

"I didn't drown 'em," yelled Boyd, "I only just ducked 'em, so! I ain't a bad boy; Minnie's a little cheat—oh!"

But there were the drenched corses to bear witness to Minnie's tragic story, told between great sobs, with all the energy of passion. Mr. Thurstan seized Boyd under his arm very much as the wife had taken the chickens, carried him into the house, and all womankind followed, commiserating Minnie, and thereby increasing her grief tenfold.

I have scruples about describing the performance which the offender went through. Enough, that it was such as to make him abhor the whole feathered race for years, and that his father conducted himself as if fully determined to drive Boyd's devil out that time.

It was almost evening before he was released from the strict confinement, in which he had been placed immediately after the end of his gymnastic contortions.

Poor Boyd went out of the house and strayed down by the brook, where he had, that morning, committed his unintentional murder. He really felt himself the worst boy, and at the same time the most ill-treated one, that ever lived.

"'Tisn't any use," he had said to himself, many times during the day; "the more I try to be good the more I can't. I won't try again,

Digitized by Google

and then I'll see if there is a whipping always ready."

He was meditating upon his own wickedness, for his father had given him a chapter of a dolefully good book to commit to memory, which had increased his remorse, and would probably make him detest such volumes forever—the usual consequence of putting good things to a bad use.

While Boyd sat there in a mood which wavered between grief and obstinacy, at one moment vowing to be a better boy, the next deciding that it was of no use to try, and, anyhow, he didn't care, he saw Milly Bamp go down a path which led from the house to the brook—a tumultuous, angry mill-stream, that was always overflowing its banks and doing as much harm as possible.

Milly conducted herself in such a singular manner, running a few steps, looking back as if afraid that she was followed, then forcing herself into a gait, which, a moment after, was forgotten in the evident disorder and preoccupation of her mind.

Boyd wondered with all his might what could be the matter, and was on the point of calling out to arrest her attention, when he saw her keep down the path that led through the field at a distance from the house.

Of course Satan at once put in the young scape-grace's head to follow her, and he did so, taking care to keep far enough in her wake, so that he should not be perceived.

At last the path made a sudden turn, and came out by the brook again in the midst of a little thicket of saplings and alder bushes which screened it from the dwelling.

There Milly paused, and behind the alder bushes Boyd ensconced himself, perfectly overcome with astonishment, when a young man started up from the grass and joined the girl.

"That's James Ferguson," said he to himself, and bit his tongue to keep the words from coming out in a tone that would have been audible to the pair standing by the brook. "I should just like to know what he wants of our Milly, anyhow!"

Boyd was sorely puzzled! Thoughts of all the dreadful murders his father had read came to his mind, and his first impulse was to scream; but just then he saw Milly lay her hand in Ferguson's as if she did not feel the slightest fear, so Boyd concluded to postpone his shriek, and waited to see what would come next.

Poor Milly Bamp had a little romance and mystery of her own—at least she had possessed one; but with those great round eyes staring at her, it was doubtful if it long remained such.

Milly's mother was a widow, a hard-working, energetic woman who had buried a drunken husband many years before, and got along a great deal better without him, although left with a large family of young children upon her hands. Of these Milly was the oldest, and she had been early placed at service that she might do something toward the maintenance of her little brothers and sisters.

Milly was nearly eighteen now, and as pretty a specimen of a country girl as could have been found in the whole country. Mrs. Thurstan proved a kind mistress, and Milly had been allowed, each winter, to attend the village-school, making such good use of her time that she became quite a miracle of learning in the eyes of the young farmers in the neighborhood.

But like every other girl of her age, Milly had a restless little heart which soon brought her into trouble. James Ferguson had been her boy lover, and as soon as they were old enough, he assured Milly that he had no intention of relinquishing his claims. He was a fine, noble-hearted young fellow, but very poor: he supported his aged parents by his labors in the mill that stood half a mile down the stream from Mr. Thurstan's house.

Now Mrs. Bamp, Milly's energetic mother, was as long-sighted, clear-headed, and cold-hearted a female as ever New England produced. She had been early transplanted into another state, but it had made no difference—she was born Massachusetts, and Massachusetts she would remain, until it pleased heaven to make her a seraph, or whatever grade of perfection she might chance to take in the upper spheres.

In the plenitude of her wisdom she had always disapproved of the childish attachment between her daughter and James Ferguson; but when they grew up, and the youthful affection ripened into a warmer feeling, Mrs. Bamp rose in her wrath and decided that such things should not be.

To make matters worse, the miller for whom James worked, a cross, peevish, demijohn-stomached old bachelor as ever lived, took it into his foolish head, that ought to have known better from the teachings of his fifty years, to fall in love, likewise, with pretty Milly. As might have been expected, she treated his advances with the most unqualified disdain, snubbed him unmercifully, and never failed to make him appear as ridiculous as possible when they met at parties or sleigh-rides, and was the first to laugh at his misfortunes after. At last he made his passion known to the mother, and at once enlisted her upon his side.

Digitized by Google

She lectured, she scolded, and nearly drove poor Milly frantic. Never was there so ungrateful a daughter—here was an opportunity for her to live like a lady all the rest of her born days, and take care of her own family—and yet she had the hard-heartedness to refuse!

Milly wept and was cut to the soul, but remained firm in her refusal of the miller's hand and fortune. Things had reached a climax very suddenly, for Mrs. Bamp, with her usual decision, turned James Ferguson out of the house one Sunday evening, boxed Milly's ears, administered the other cuffs that still tingled in her fingers to every luckless urchin that fell in her way, and sent the whole flock crying to bed, while she sat down to solace herself with a cup of strong tea, and reflect upon such means as would be effectual in subduing her daughter's obstinacy.

The next morning, Milly went back to her duties at Mr. Thurstan's quite broken-hearted. For nearly a fortnight she saw nothing of James, but at length he took to sending her such desperate letters by all sorts of ingenious means, that Milly became alarmed at the frantic state in which he had been thrown.

Perhaps the epistles were a little uncouth in their appearance, might have shocked Lindley Murray by their syntax and orthography; but they expressed the sentiments of as noble and honest a heart as ever beat with the earnestness of a first love, and to Milly they were everything that was charming and beautiful.

She cried over them, she kissed them, carried them in her bosom, and slept with them under her pillow, went through the whole catalogue of pretty follies that young souls of every degree have practiced since the days of Adam and Eve, for hearts are the same in all ages and stations—that is, if poets are to be credited, and, I suppose, there is no reason why they should not occasionally be guilty of the weakness of telling the truth as well as other people.

The letters waxed so desperate, giving hints of such terrible resolves—not suicide, he was too sensible for that, but a determination to go far away forever—that Milly became terribly frightened, and, in spite of her mother's threats, she promised to meet him once more.

It was to fulfill that pledge she had left the house with so much secresy upon the occasion when Boyd's sharp eyes espied her, and Boyd's nimble little legs followed in her track as she took her way to the alder thicket where James Ferguson was waiting for her.

There the boy crouched among the bushes and listened to their conversation, not with any thought of being guilty of a mean action; even then he would have scorned that; but possessed with a vague idea that Milly was in danger and would require his assistance, and after a little so fascinated by the lovers' dialogue that he could not have torn himself away had he tried.

"Oh, Milly, Milly!" exclaimed the young man, lifting his pale, troubled face, "such a week as this as has been! I hain't slept night or day—how could you be so cruel to me, Milly?"

"Wasn't it harder for me," she replied, giving way to the sobs that had struggled in her breast during all those weary days, "with mother scolding and threatening on one side, and you and my heart pulling the other?"

"Don't I know that?" he said, "don't I know that? Didn't I think of it every night while I was walking up and down in the mill, and fairly thought the big stones were grinding my heart between them?"

"I thought maybe he wouldn't keep you," returned Milly, hysterically, "for mother told him all about it, and I couldn't tell what you would do, and your old father and——"

"You don't think I would stay in his employ," interrupted James; "you don't suppose I am such a mean-spirited scamp as to work for the man that was trying to stab me through the heart! I staid with him till my month was up, 'cause I had to—that was last night, and when he paid me, the money fairly burnt into my hand—I had a mind to throw it in his face, but I thought of poor old mother and I didn't have the heart."

"What did he say?" questioned Milly, eagerly.

"Says I, 'Mr. Follen, I can't work for you any longer.' 'Oh,' says he, with that smile of his that always makes my blood boil, 'just as you like, James, just as you like—work's scarce, and men are plenty!'

"I know he lied, for he couldn't find a man that will look after his work as I did, and keep everything in order."

"You were there day and night," broke in Milly, between two great sobs.

"To be sure I was; but that's no matter—I was doing my duty, and that's what I always will do, come what may."

"Did he say anything more?" asked Milly.

"After a minute he moved off, and then he came back fumbling with his watch-chain, and I just stood looking right into his eyes till he turned first this way and then that, like a coward as he is.

"'James,' says he, 'you're a foolish young fellow, very foolish!'

"'Sir,' said I, 'whatever I am is my business.

Digitized by Google

I don't want to work for you any longer, and I won't.'

"'What's your reason?' he asked.

"'You know as well as I do,' said I, ''tisn't necessary for us to talk over that part of it.'

"Then he hemmed, and turned his head first one way and then the other.

"'James,' said he, 'you young chaps are so hair-brained; now if you'll listen to the advice of a man older than yourself——'

"'Thank you,' said I, before he could go any farther, 'you're old enough in all conscience, but I don't want any advice you can give me, Mr. Follen.'

"He was mad at that, and spoke out very sharp.

"'There's just one thing about it,' said he, 'you may as well stop all thoughts of that young girl, for her mother says you never shall marry her.'

"'And who will?' I asked.

"He gave a little chuckle that made me clinch my hands to keep from striking him.

"'There's several that would be willing,' said he.

"'And I suppose you are one,' I answered.

"'Maybe so, and maybe not,' he said, sticking out his chin.

"I went close to him, and he kept backing out till he came near going down stairs head foremost, and said I,

"'I'll just tell you one thing, Mr. Follen; you never shall marry Milly Bamp. She hates you fairly, and her old goose of a mother shan't spoil her whole life! Now if you bother her any more, there'll be a settlement between you and me that you won't forget in a hurry—you remember that.'

"He turned as white as a flour-bag and begun to stutter, 'Take care of the law, James, the law!'

"Says I, 'I'll take care of the law and you too, mind my words, Mr. Follen.'

"He never said a syllable more, but just skulked down stairs like a whipped dog; and, when he got to the bottom, he called out, mean spirited old hound as he is,

"'James, won't you tend the mill till to-morrow, I'm afraid to trust Higgins?'

"I'd have died before I would have asked a favor of a man I had a feeling again! 'No,' I called out, 'I'll see you and your mill ruined first!'

"With that I just put on my coat and come away: I was afraid of myself if I staid any longer."

"And what will you do now?" asked Milly, trembling between fear of the future and delight at her lover's courage. "You must have work for your mother's sake. What will you do?"

"I'll find plenty, don't you be afraid, Milly. I can get a place to-morrow for the asking, and higher wages than that old skinflint gave. There ain't no better miller round, if I do say it; and I shan't starve! I've took care of father and mother ever since I was sixteen years old, and 'tain't likely I shall let 'em go hungry now."

Milly was crying so that he had to stop and comfort her, and his efforts elicited from the astonished Boyd an, "Oh, my!" which might have reached the ears of the lovers had they not been wholly occupied with themselves and their troubles.

"You won't let your mother worry you into marrying him?" James was saying when Boyd recovered his senses. "She'll plague your life out, and you're such a soft-hearted little thing, Milly!"

"I know I'm right, James, and she can't move me! I'd do anything for mother and the children; but I can't marry Isaac Follen."

"I'll give you a better home, some day, than he could," returned James; "if your mother would only have a little patience, but she's so set up, Milly, and she thinks so much of money."

"Mother has had to work hard," said Milly, gently; "I don't blame her much for wanting to make her life easier, but she oughtn't to break my heart to do it."

"She shan't, Milly, she shan't! She hasn't any right to make her other children happy at your expense; and, any how, old Follen wouldn't help her, she needn't think that, for he'd shove her off as cool as a winter day when once he had got all he wanted."

"I know that," said Milly, with a sudden burst of anger; "and I hate him, I do hate him! Only last night mother sent for me to come home, but I knew she wanted me to see him, and I wouldn't go."

"Was she put out by that?"

"It makes me sick to think of it," said Milly, sitting down on the grass very pale and tearless. "Oh, James! she said such awful things—she told me a curse would follow me—she threatened me so dreadfully. Don't ask me to tell you, I can't!"

"Hard-hearted old dragon!" muttered James, for the idea of any one being cruel to Milly enraged him beyond everything that had gone before.

There followed sobs and protestations, all the wild talk that was natural under the circumstances, and James even urged her to marry

Digitized by Google

him in spite of every obstacle. They could make a living—they were young and strong, and need not be afraid if they were only together.

But there Milly was firm. She would not wreck the peace of a whole life by marrying a man utterly detestable to her; but neither would she cast the blackness of a mother's hate across her only chance of happiness.

"I must go back, James," she said, "it's almost dark, and Mrs. Thurstan will want me."

"But you'll come again, Milly? I must see you, I shan't have any heart or courage without that! And do write to me, Milly—I ain't much of a scholar, but your letters do me such a world of good."

"I can't," sobbed Milly, "I must mind mother! I oughtn't to have come to-day—oh! James, don't ask me to make a quarrel between her and me! I promise you I never will marry Mr. Follen; but in everything else I must do what mother says."

"She has no right to make you miserable," urged James, with all the selfishness of a man; "you are a woman now, you ought to know what is for your own happiness and do it."

"Don't talk so, James, don't!"

"I shall go away; I won't stay here to be tormented like this."

"Oh! James, don't you be more cruel than mother is; you may break my heart, but you can't make me do a thing I know is wrong."

Then there were more tears and protestations, and in the midst of their distress, Boyd Thurstan rolled out of the alder bushes and landed at their feet. The sight of their tears and troubles had set him sobbing in a frantic manner, and, losing his hold of the branches, he tumbled down the bank, causing great dismay on Milly's part, and much wrath on that of James.

"Oh! oh!" she screamed.

"Don't, don't!" sobbed Boyd. "It's only me, Milly, it's only me, and I'm so sorry—I'll go to mamma and make her help you! I hate old Follen, nasty old thing, and your mother too—I hate 'em both and all the children."

"Hurra for you!" exclaimed James, seizing him in his arms, while Milly stared in great astonishment.

"Why, how came you here?" she said, "I shouldn't have thought you would have listened, Boyd."

"I didn't—I couldn't help hearing! I only followed you first for fun, and you went to crying so that I cried, too, and then the branch broke and down I came, and I've scratched my leg. Oh! oh!"

"I wouldn't cry for that," said James; "don't be a baby!"

"I ain't! I cried 'cause I was sorry for Milly; and you cried, Jim Ferguson, you know you did."

"Well, I'm afraid I did," said James, drawing his coat sleeve across his eyes.

"Come right home, Boyd," said Milly; "and if you tell of me I shall be dreadfully punished."

"I won't, you know I wont, I ain't a tell-tale!"

He scrambled out of James' arms, and fell to kissing her with such energy that the young man removed him a little jealously.

"He's an honest boy," said Milly, "and he won't tell!"

"No, indeed," added Boyd, waxing eloquent at the idea of his importance. "I know how to keep a secret—Miss Edgeworth says no honorable boy will break one, and I'm an honorable boy, I am!"

"Why, you little trooper!" ejaculated James. "I'll tell you what, I don't know that Miss Edgeworth, but she's right up to the mark in her ideas."

"Yes, and I'll come and tell you about Milly," continued Boyd; "and I'll let Mrs. Bamp know I think she's a mean old thing; and I'll fire my arrow at Ike Follen the first time he goes by our house—so don't cry, Milly, we can fix it—don't cry!"

His face was red and swollen with weeping, his jacket half torn off him in the fall, but he looked a young hero every inch; and the pair showered such praises and caresses upon him, that he began to think himself a much greater person than even Miss Edgeworth's most remarkable character.

At last Milly recollected how late it was, and declared that she must go at once. She cleaned Boyd's jacket as well as she was able, pinned up the rent very successfully; and, after numberless farewells, each more painful than the one that went before, she took Boyd by the hand and led him homeward, leaving James in a state of absolute despair, for she vowed that she would never again meet or write to him secretly.

Poor Milly was disconsolate enough for several days; but Boyd went about so puffed up by the possession of a secret, that he looked as arrogant as a turkey-cock, revealing his mystery in every line of his chubby features, as any one of the masculine gender is sure to do if he has a secret to keep. He threw out vague hints to Minnie, and so roused that small female's curiosity, that she shed tears twenty times every

Digitized by Google

day, and was constantly so damp about her face and pinafore as to excite her father's displeasure.

James contrived several times to waylay Boyd and gave him letters to deliver to Milly, and Boyd retailed all the news he could think of, but it was little, and of a nature that only increased the young man's distress.

"She cries and cries, and so does Minnie, only she don't know what for, and her apron is in such a state"—meaning, of course, Minnie's, although his grammar was doubtful.

Milly read the letters, but never failed to scold Boyd for giving them to her, and she sent no answers.

One day she grew frightened, James wrote so desperately, and she entrusted Boyd with a note to carry to him. The boy was charmed, and started at full speed for the place where he knew James would be waiting.

It unfortunately fell out that Mrs. Bamp had chosen that afternoon to pay her obdurate daughter a visit, and, meeting Boyd near the house, she greeted him with her usual friendliness, as the young gentleman had formerly held her in high esteem.

"I don't want to speak to you," he said, "you are a nasty old thing, you make Milly cry. Just you let go my hand."

But Mrs. Bamp held on to it, and proceeded to deliver him an orthodox lecture upon the penalties in store for bad boys who used such naughty words.

"I don't care!" shouted Boyd; "you be nasty and mean, so! Let me alone—darn you! There, go and tell my pa, if you have a mind to!"

Overcome by that grand burst, and the utterance of the wickedest word with which he was acquainted, Boyd began to howl, and Mrs. Bamp was forced to administer consolation. He struggled and pulled, and, in the contest, out of his cap fell the letter Milly had placed there.

Mrs. Bamp recognized her daughter's writing and confiscated the document at once, breaking the seal and beginning to read it without scruple.

Boyd stamped and kicked her, threw gravel at her, but nothing availed.

"You're a bad boy," said she, "I'll tell your ma of your doings; as for that Milly, won't I teach her a lesson!"

She started for the house and Boyd after her, yelling at the top of his voice,

"I didn't tell, Milly, she stole it—she stole it!"

Milly was thunder-struck when her mother burst into the back porch where she sat over her work, crying more than she sewed: and Boyd's lamentations brought Mr. Thurstan upon the scene.

Milly was in high disgrace, for Mrs. Bamp related the whole story, forgetting her own interest in her passion. In vain gentle Mrs. Thurstan said a few pleading words; her husband waved her aside—administered a thrashing to Boyd upon the spot, and threatened instant dismissal to poor Milly.

The conclave broke up in great confusion; Mrs. Bamp horror-stricken at her own work, Milly a perfect Niobe, and Mrs. Thurstan much distressed for the girl and her own child.

Mr. Thurstan retired with Boyd to his room, and, after a lecture of an hour, the child rushed out quite frantic with passion and grief.

Milly was quietly crying on the porch; her mother had gone home, and Mrs. Thurstan had retired sadly to her room, when Boyd appeared.

"I'll run away, Milly, I will—I will!" he shouted, and rushed past, full of a vague determination to do something that should make his father very unhappy.

Milly called after him; but away he went toward the brook, and the foolish girl hurried into the house, crying, "Mrs. Thurstan, Mrs. Thurstan! Boyd's gone to drown himself—Boyd's gone to drown himself!"

Out rushed the distracted mother, and out rushed Mr. Thurstan, filled with sudden remorse and fear, and Milly followed, wringing her hands and sobbing bitterly.

They neared the stream just in time to see Boyd flying across the board that served as a bridge. The three called out at once—he looked back—saw his father, and, in the fright, missed his footing, and fell headlong into the brook.

The current ran very swift, and was far over his head. Mrs. Thurstan sank almost lifeless upon the grass, and the distracted father hurried on to save his child; but before he reached the bank, James Ferguson leaped into the water, and brought Boyd kicking, spluttering, frightened out of his senses, but in no way injured, to his father's embrace.

For the next half hour everybody was little less than insane. Mrs. Thurstan hugged them all by turns, and her husband made a solemn promise that he would change his treatment of his son to a more judicious course.

Boyd himself soon came out of his fright, and when his father kissed him, and actually shed tears over him, his first words were,

"Don't send Milly off, don't! Jim picked me out—didn't you, Jim? And he wants to marry Milly, and she hates old Follen, and you ought to let her have him, so—boo-oo!"

Digitized by Google

And between sobs and syntax he was quite unintelligible; but the upshot of the matter was, that Master Boyd's unpremeditated bath wrought a great change in the destinies of Milly and her lover, and brought him some good likewise, poor little sinner!

Mr. Thurstan found a situation for James which would bring him in a comfortable living, quite enough to support his aged parents, enable him to take a wife, if he pleased, and lay up money into the bargain.

Mrs. Thurstan undertook to soften Mrs. Bamp's resolution, and gain her consent to Milly's marrying the man whom she loved, and, as sometimes happens in this life, in spite of all that misanthropes preach, things ended exactly as one would have desired.

In less than six months, Milly put on her wedding-dress, and became just the prettiest bride anybody ever laid eyes on.

Mrs. Thurstan had the ceremony performed at her house, and gave the party a supper afterward, at which Boyd played a prominent part, in a new jacket trimmed in the most marvelous manner, by Milly herself, with more gilt buttons than were ever crowded on to a jacket before; but an abundance of buttons had always been the ambition of Boyd's soul, and Milly was determined that, for once, he should be made perfectly happy.

Isaac Follen, in disgust, went off and married a lank, cadaverous old maid the week before Milly's wedding. It is a consolation to know, that his antiquated spouse led him a shocking life, and in less than six months he was quite doubtful if he had a soul, but certain that if he had once owned that important article, his wife was in possession of it then.

Mrs. Bamp appeared at the wedding in high spirits and a prodigious cap—declared that Milly had been perfection all her life, and that James was the very man she would have chosen for a son-in-law.

So everything ended happily for all concerned, with the exception of Boyd. There was always some shadow even on the brightest moments of that unfortunate creature's life, and at Milly's wedding he made himself so sick with bride's cake, that he burst three buttons of his new jacket, and was forced to undergo a two days' course of bed and bitter medicine.

LOVE'S CONTENTMENT.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Though sorrow's dark shadows
Are o'er us now,
And the seal of misfortune
Is stamp'd on my brow;
Though the visions we cherished
Are faded and gone;
Yet my love for thee, dearest,
Shall ever live on:
And the frowns of the cold world
We fly from shall be
But as links in the chain
Of affection to thee.

Should life prove a desert,
Yet, like Eden's lost pair,
We can find some green places,
If thy footsteps are there;
We can gaze on disaster,
And laugh while we gaze;
And see a bright future
Through sorrow's dim page;
And the sands of the desert
Shall yield fountains of life
To the cares, and devotion,
And tears of a wife.

Oh! it was not when fortune,
And friendship were thine,
Thou couldst judge of devotion
So faithful as mine;
For when joy hung its lights
On each garland I wove,
Ah! where was the test
Or the trial of love;
Oh! it was not when pleasures
Around thee were thrown,
Thou couldst judge of the heart
That was solely thy own.

But from the darkness and depths
Of the waters of woe,
Like the pearl that is cradled
In ocean below,
Love rises above
The dark breakers that roll,
To shine as a gem
In the crown of the soul;
To brighten and lighten
The dark waves of sorrow,
And shed on the heart
The hopes of a morrow.

Then say not, my dearest,
That fate is unkind,
Though He strips us of all,
And darkens the mind;
Nor lament that I wedded,
For I would not recall
The vows that I plighted,
Though bereft of my all.
Recall them? No, never.
For nought 'neath the skies!
The fortune I wedded,
Is still in thine eyes!

Digitized by Google

BARBARA'S AMBITION.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE, AUTHOR OF "NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD," &C., &C.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by J. T. Trowbridge, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54.

CHAPTER V.

THAT night the widow Mayland had another "curis" dream.

"I dreamt," said she, "that Mr. Montey was a lion, and that Mr. Blaxton put his head in his mouth."

It was now December, in which month the old year dies, and winter carves his monument in snow.

The widow Mayland was kept at home by cold weather and rheumatism. Not until the ensuing April was she able to walk as far as the village church.

"Mother," said Luther, one morning, "if you go out to-day—but never mind!"

"What, my son?"

"I was going to say, I wished you would call and see—but perhaps you'd better not."

A passionate emotion choked his voice.

His mother understood him.

"It's just what I was thinking of doing, my son. I'll call and see her this very forenoon."

Full of gloom and grief, Luther went to the store, and soon after, the widow put on her bonnet and shawl, and walked into the village.

"Good mornin', widder," said the blacksmith, as she passed the shop. "Glad to see ye out agin, with the buds and the birds, this fine spring weather."

He seemed cordial as ever; but the widow's keen eye discerned a slight affectation in his manner, and a certain coldness and suspicion beneath it. He did not this time invite her to call and see Barbara. Nor did Barbara, who was at work on her flower-beds as Mrs. Mayland went by, run out to greet her, and entreat her to go in; but she got behind the lilacs, and remained concealed until she had passed from sight. Alas! there is a worse winter than this which chills the earth and mantles it with snow; for the snow melts with the spring sunshine, and flowers and leaves put forth again, with renewed loveliness. But neither April sun nor warm south wind avails, where worldliness chills the soul.

"Well, mother," said Luther, as he entered the house at noon, "did you go? Did you see her?"

"I went, but I did not see Barbary—not *our* Barbary."

"What do you mean, mother?"

"I went by the house, for I felt Mr. Blaxton didn't want me to call, and I knew he was watching me. I stopped a little while at Mr. Holden's and went in to see Barbary as I came back. Luther, I don't see but you will have to make up your mind to be disappointed."

"I—I've made up my mind to that," replied Luther, and he hid his face in his hands.

"She was very polite to me, but I could see her smiles were put on. 'Where's Barbary to-day?' says I. 'Why, here I be,' says she. 'Where?' says I, 'I can't find her nowhere,' says I. 'I've looked all around, but I can't find Barbary.' I felt so bad, I couldn't keep the tears from streaming right out o' my eyes.

"'What's the matter, Mrs. Mayland?' says she. 'Oh! Barbary,' says I, 'I don't know. You know better than I. You was a different creetur' when I was here last fall. You are more as you were 'fore your mother died. It reminds me of the dream I had about you t'other night.' 'About me?' says she—and I could see she was beginning to soften a little, the true Barbary was coming back. 'I dreamt,' says I, 'that when your mother went to heaven, she didn't once let go of your hand; but she drew you on after her, up a beautiful hill, and there I thought all the gay garments you wore fell off; she put on to you a white robe, and you, too, looked like an angel.' Then I stopped, for I felt as though I couldn't say another word without choking. But I could see her breath kept coming quicker and faster, and her face looked white and distressed, and there wan't one of her smiles left to hide her real feelings.

"'What else?' says she.

"'I'm afraid you won't want to hear the rest,' says I, 'but I'll tell ye. Oh! Barbary, you did look so bright and good there on the hill, with misty clouds all around it, and the

Digitized by Google

sun shining over all, and your mother still holding your hand, and pointing up to a glorious opening in the sky, where ever so many angels seemed to be looking down and smiling on ye. But then I thought somebody come along below, and threw up a gold chain, and you let go of your mother's hand to catch it, and began to wind it about your wrist; it grew heavier and heavier as you tried to pull it up; step by step you kept going down from the hill; your mother had lost her hold of you, and by and by you couldn't see her at all, nor the sky, nor the angels; and you had lost your white robe, so you put on your gay-colored garments again, and I woke up, a sobbing.' This was the dream, and all the time I was telling it, I could feel her heart heaving more and more, and in a minute she'd have had her face in my lap—I saw it coming—but just then Mr. Blaxton slammed the gate, and Barbary ran to hide.

"He looked a good deal excited when he came in, and says he,

"'Mrs. Mayland,' says he, 'what's a going on here? I hope you ain't saying anything to influence Barby. I han't got nothing agin Luther,' says he, 'I like him and wish him well; but I don't want you to come here and talk to Barby about him, and that's the plain truth on't.'"

"By heavens! did he say that?" cried Luther, fiercely.

"Don't speak so; nor don't feel hard toward him, my son," replied the widow. I was hurt, but not angry; and says I, 'Brother Blaxton,' says I, 'you'll be sorry and ashamed of this some day,' says I. 'I han't said a word to Barbary about my son, nor I didn't intend to, though I should think you'd be the last man to object to having his name mentioned.'

"I didn't think that was going to make him cough and color so, or I wouldn't have said it.

"'Mrs. Mayland,' says he, 'you needn't fling it in my teeth, about Luther's getting my money for me—I han't forgot it—I'm as grateful to him as ever—though it seems twouldn't have been lost, if he hadn't acted quite so hasty in the matter.'"

"Hasty?" echoed Luther, "hasty?"

"I do wrong to tell you all this, my son."

"No, no! I can bear the worst; what else?"

"There's nothing more. Mr. Blaxton was unwilling I should see Barbary again alone. So I came away."

"Well, mother, I am calm now, what do you think? Tell me."

"I think," said the widow, slowly and sadly, "Mr. Montey is in love with Barbary."

"Well?"

"And that he has offered to marry her."

"Well?"

"He is a rich merchant, while you are only his clerk—and Barbary, beautiful and good as she is, when she is herself, is under bad influences now——"

"Oh, Barbara! Barbara!" burst forth Luther, in wild despair.

"And that we must be patient and resigned," tenderly added his mother.

CHAPTER VI.

At about this time Mr. Montey bought a house—the finest "situation" in the village, although somewhat ancient; and immediately proceeded to fit it up in modern style. Why did Mr. Blaxton look upon the newly-purchased estate with such eyes of pride? And why did Luther Mayland groan inwardly and set his teeth fiercely together at sight of the workmen?

"Oh, mother! I can't endure it! I wish I was a thousand miles away. I can never see Barbara—living in that—in that house!"

"My son," said the widow, "you must be a man, whatever happens. And I'm going to tell you a dream I had, to prepare ye for the worst, if worst comes. I thought the sign on the store didn't read Cobwit & Co., exactly, but there was several other names there, and yours among them, till Mr. Montey came with a strip of cla'board, which he nailed over your name, just as they do to signs after one of the partners is dead, or gone out of the consarn."

From that hour Luther knew that the time was coming when his place in the store would be vacant, or filled by another. Accordingly he was not surprised, when Mr. Montey one day called him into the counting-room and shut the door, saying he wished to have a little talk.

"Luther," said the merchant, in a frank, kindly tone, "I've been thinking our relations to each other are not just what they should be between a clerk and his employer."

"I am sure," replied Luther, "they are not." He could be as frank as Montey, but not so fair and friendly. No sunshine of the other's smiles could brighten his stern and gloomy brow.

"Very well," said the merchant, softly. "What do you think ought to be done?"

"What *ought* I do not know; but I know what *will*. You will do what Follen & Page were very sorry they did not do sometime before their crisis came——"

Luther smiled grimly. Something passed over Mr. Montey's face like a flash.

Digitized by Google

"What do you mean?"

"That you will get rid of me."

"I trust you do not insinuate that I wish to get rid of you for any such cause."

"No, sir; I insinuate nothing; but sometimes our words mean more than we know; there is more in our hearts than our heads take notice of. I speak from a heart that has been too full of late."

"You had better speak out all that is in it."

"Sir, I think not. When you came here, I did for you all I could, and some things I had better have left undone. You used me while I could be of use. But you never repaid me with your confidence. You have taken from me what was dearer than my life; and now it is but little that you take away my employment also. Let all pass without words. I will go."

"I am very sorry," said Mr. Montey, "but I think we had better part. Will you give me a receipt in full for your salary up to next Saturday?"

The salary was paid; the receipt given; and Luther's occupation was gone. He went forth from the store. What was left him now?

"He saw around him the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing;
But turned from all she brought to what she could not bring!"

It was by this time discovered that Mr. Montey had made a wise choice; that Barbara was the most worthy girl in the village, as well as the prettiest; and that, since she was destined soon to occupy the splendid mansion which was fitting up for the merchant's residence, her acquaintance was worth cultivating. So it happened that her time and heart were now so much occupied with gay company, while Luther, without employment, without hope or aims, lived solitary as an outcast.

As he was one evening passing by the new house, he saw Mr. Montey's carriage at the fence, and heard Barbara's laugh ring in the empty chambers. How is it that the laugh of a sweet-voiced, merry girl has such power to pierce the soul?

Walking home in the deep twilight, he heard a footstep behind him, the rustle of a dress, and a quick-drawn breath. With a lover's preternatural sensitiveness, he *felt* who was there before he turned and saw—starting back from him as if affrighted—Barbara.

"Good evening, Luther," she said, breathlessly.

He neither spoke nor moved, but shivered from head to foot. She was passing on. He stepped by her side.

"Barbara!" His voice held her like a spell. "Look at me!"

There in the dusk they looked at each other, face to face.

"What is this?" asked Barbara, flutteringly.

"Our last meeting," replied Luther. "Here—once more together—once more—for the last time, Barbara!"

"Oh, Luther! don't speak so!"

"Do you know where I *last* saw you, *last* heard your voice?"

"I do not—where?"

"In that house—you were laughing—you tripped by the window. I could have died then, Barbara! You will live there—you will be happy, I hope—no, I lie when I say so! I don't hope you will be happy! It will be one comfort to know you are unhappy!"

"Then you hate me, Luther?" said Barbara, with a tremor of anguish in her tones.

"No, Barbara! Forgive me! You know that you have been dear to me as my own soul. You loved me too—but let the past be. I don't blame you at all. He offers you what I cannot. How can I expect to be loved for myself alone? I am not worthy of any such love. I do hope you will be happy—when I am myself, I hope and pray that you may be. Let us part friends."

"Are you going away?" faltered Barbara.

"To-morrow—I go—no matter where. I cannot suffer anywhere else as I do here. It is hard to leave my mother alone, she is all I have to live for; but I must work for her, and I have no work here. Good-by, Barbara!"

There was in his tones a solemnity, a subdued passion, and, withal, a tenderness that penetrated Barbara's soul. Oh, she had loved him—she loved him still—him only! That other love was but her pleasure and her ambition; the fascination of her easily flattered heart; not the deep fountain of affection which swelled anew, at this hour of parting, streaming and gushing up, irresistibly, through all obstructions, as if to stifle and convulse her when she would have said, "Good-by."

"One word, dear Barbara!" He took her hand. It was marble-cold; it fell lifeless at her side when he dropped it. He saw the dumb lips, the white despair of her face, and thought it was all for pity of him. "I pain you—I will no more. There is your father—I will leave you—good-by!" And in an instant he was gone.

CHAPTER VII.

"What! that you, Barby?" cried the blacksmith, coming up. "What ails ye? Luther has

Digitized by Google

been talkin' to ye, has he? That ought not to be, Barby!"

"It will never be again," said Barbara. "He is going."

"So I hear; and I'm glad on't; I think 'twill be the best thing can be done. How happens it you are walkin' home?"

"Mr. Cobwit has come—he wanted to see Mr. Montey," replied Barbara.

"Mr. Cobwit? Must be some very pressin' business brings him here," observed the smith. "Come, let's go home. Your voice sounds strange—you don't act exac'ly like yourself, somehow, Barby."

"What! I?" cried Barbara.

"I'm afraid you ain't quite happy, my darter; be ye?"

"Happy? Of course I am happy! That is a splendid house—I am sure it will be delightful to live in it. Mr. Montey says we shall have two servants—I shall have nothing to do but to be happy! Though what will I do with two servants, I wonder?" laughed Barbara, with a false, bitter mirth, and a heart like ice in her bosom.

The lights in the village went out early, one by one, and the calm summer night, with moonlight, with floating, silver-edged clouds, dim stars, and soft south winds, possessed the earth. Peace, troubled minds; rest, aching hearts; sleep, sad and weary ones everywhere—the shadow and repose of the soothing night are for you. Oh! come, cease this tossing, and bitter sighing; for on the morrow thou wilt have need of all thy strength. Oh! maiden, soon to be a bride, give over this struggle and despair; conquer this feverish and wasting wakefulness, which mars the beauty needed to adorn the proud mansion preparing for thee. Oh! fortunate merchant, whose polished manners and show of wealth have won for thee so fair a bride—pace no longer to and fro in thy chamber, with knit brows and compressed lips; what unwonted cares are those that keep thee from thy pillow? Sleep, great Mr. Cobwit, in the best apartment of the inn! If thou canst not sleep, who can? Thou, too, honest blacksmith, in thy humble cottage—art thou, too, a watcher, this night? Oh! widow, lonely and acquainted with grief, but blest with vision to see beyond all this darkened gulf of trial and sin the mountain of thy God, sleep thou, and dream!

"Luther," said Mrs. Mayland, as the young man was going to pack his trunk, the next morning, "I would leave that now. Something tells me you are to wait a little. I don't know what is going to happen; but I am sure things are taking a different turn—we shall see to-day."

Luther's heart leaped within him.

"Oh, mother! do you think so?"

"Did I tell you my dream about a board Mr. Montey nailed over your name on the sign? I dreamt about it again last night. I thought there came a terrible storm; it beat upon the sign, and washed out all the other names; and then, just as the sun came out, the board that was nailed over your name fell off, and there it was, alone, and shining like gold!"

"Mr. Cobwit has not come out here for nothing!" said Luther, with a vague sense of something momentous approaching. "Hark! did somebody knock?"

"At the front door—I'll go!" said the widow.

A portly gentleman, with a crape band on his hat, a grave countenance, and a stout cane, wished to speak with Mr. Mayland.

Luther, with a face full of wonder and expectation, came forward to meet him.

"Ha—ah! good morning!" and the portly gentleman gave him two fingers.

"Mister—how do you do, sir? Walk in, sir," said the palpitating Luther. "This is my mother, sir. Mother, this is Mr. Cobwit!"

The great Mr. Cobwit! in her house! in her kitchen!—for Luther, in the moment's excitement, had quite forgotten that they had a parlor for visitors. The merchant waved his hand affably, and the widow, with pleasing simplicity, gave him a smile of welcome, and a splint-bottomed chair.

"So, it appears you have left the store, sir?" said Mr. Cobwit. "Sorry to hear it. You were a useful man, sir. What's the trouble between you and Mr. Montey?"

Luther blushed, but his countenance was ingenuous as a child's.

"We could not have that confidence in each other, which a clerk and his employer should," he answered.

"Confidence! h'm!" coughed the merchant. "Then you will betray no confidence if you answer a blunt question or two. Mr. Montey has been buying a place—fitting it up in some style—all this costs—and, sir, it is very important to the house of Cobwit & Co. to know where he gets his money."

"You astonish me!" said Luther.

"You'll be more astonished yet, sir. He has been raising money with our name. Have you a knowledge of any such transactions?"

"No, sir—that is—I suspect that he has borrowed——" faltered Luther, amazed.

"Of whom, sir? and how much?"

"About a thousand dollars—of Mr.—Blaxton,

Digitized by Google

the blacksmith." The name stuck in Luther's throat.

"A thousand dollars! Is this Blaxton an honest man?"

"An honest, poor man, sir."

"Go and ask him if he holds any paper bearing Cobwit & Co.'s signature."

"Pardon me, Mr. Cobwit, this will be a very unpleasant thing for me to do."

"Sir, the whole affair is as disagreeable as possible. For this reason we desire to have it settled quietly. The name of Cobwit & Co. must suffer no stain. Be secret—do what I named—and come to me at the hotel at eleven o'clock."

CHAPTER VIII.

The great man departed. Luther took half an hour to compose himself and prepare for his delicate mission; then, with his mother's blessing, which was calmness and strength to him, he *set* out to visit the blacksmith.

"Ha, Luther!" cried Mr. Blaxton, embarrassed; "off to-day? Come to say good-by?"

"No, sir," replied Luther; "I have come to ask a question."

"Hey?" said the smith, rolling up his leather apron; "what's that?"

"Perhaps I have no right to ask it—do just as you please about answering—it concerns that money which——"

"You got for me of Follen & Page—speak it out, Luther!"

"I have no wish to recall that transaction," said the young man—"only to know that your money is safe."

"Fact is," rejoined the smith, twisting and untwisting his apron, "I s'pose I ought to have consulted you—but circumstances, you know—things took a little different turn from what I expected—I've concluded not to buy jest yet, and as I had a good chance to let the money"—Mr. Blaxton coughed.

"All that, sir," said Luther, "requires no apology; you had a right to do what you pleased with your money. "But tell me, or not—as you choose—whether you hold Cobwit & Co.'s notes for it?"

"And what if I do? Though, mind you, I don't say it—I don't say it, mind! I guess Cobwit & Co. are good for a thousand or two, don't you?"

"I see you are not inclined to place confidence in me." responded Luther. "Perhaps it is as well that you should not—as well—yes, better for me—I am sorry to have troubled you—good morning."

"Look here!" said the smith—"Luther!" But Luther was gone—walking fast back the way he came, for he could not pass Mr. Blaxton's house. "There's something—what did he come to ax me that for?" muttered the smith; "if I've got Cobwit & Co's notes? Here you be, are ye, at last, George? Where have you been all the morning?"

"Oh! around town—doin' them errands you told me to," replied young Master Blaxton. "Say, father! I've seen Mr. Cobwit!"

"Have you, my son?" said the smith, good-humoredly.

"Yes—and spoke with him!"

"Spoke with him! with Mr. Cobwit!"

"He wanted to know where the widder Mayland lived—and I told him—and says he, 'Thank ye, my boy!'"

"Where the widder Mayland lived!"

"Yes—he wanted to see Luther for sumpthin'—folks says he's come up here to straighten out business a little; but I guess Mr. Montey knows enough for that."

Mr. Blaxton pressed his hand to his brow, like a man who suddenly remembers many things at once.

"George," said he, "you stay here—tend to customers, or tell 'em I'll be back in a few minutes—I—I've thought of somethin'!"

Barbara sat sewing in the neat little sitting-room when her father entered. Sewing? no; her work lay on her lap, her needle was poised, her hand motionless, her face fixed; as if, at the moment drawing a thread, a petrifying thought had frozen her in her place.

"Barby!" said the smith.

"Oh! father!" she said, with a start, and began plying her needle rapidly.

"Barby, what's the matter with ye?"

"Matter? with me?" And she smiled a glassy smile.

"Yes—you an't yourself—you looked jest now like a ghost. What ails you?"

"Why—I am very busy—there is my traveling dress; Mr. Montey gave it to me, and I thought I could make it myself. We are going to Niagara—oh! I have so wanted to see Niagara!"

"That an't what I ask ye!" exclaimed the smith. "What happened last night between you and him?"

"Between me and—oh! nothing—only he bid me good-by—we bid each other good-by—there's no reason why we shouldn't—it is all over now; he is go—going to-day."

"You are talking of Luther, while I am talking of Mr. Montey!" impatiently cried the smith.

Digitized by Google

"I can't exac'ly understand about your walkin' home."

"'Tis just as I told you—Mr. Cobwit came—"

"Yes, I know; but Mr. Montey—what did he say? How did he appear when he see him?"

"I don't remember—I did not mind; though, now I think of it," said Barbara, "he was surprised—yes, his look changed somehow, his voice altered—but I hadn't thought of it since."

"'Tan't that, then, that's been ailin' on ye since last night? For, you see, I thought mabby there might be some trouble 'twixt him and Mr. Cobwit. Did he seem very much beat?"

"I thought 'twas strange he didn't say anything when I offered to walk home—he didn't seem to know what to say—so I ran away and left him with Mr. Cobwit."

"'Twas strange! Never mind—do your sewin'—I guess Mr. Montey is all right—of course he's all right."

Yet Mr. Blaxton felt heavy misgivings; he remembered how often he had heard an inward voice whisper, that there was something false and wrong about Montey; he recalled the circumstances of the signing of the note—the merchant's reluctance to use the name of the firm—his own ominous heart-sinking and distrust. He put on his jacket, took Cobwit & Co.'s note, and walked into the village.

"I'll jest see Montey," he said to himself, "and ask him if it is all right."

And Barbara sewed and sang:

> "I saw two maids at the kirk,
>   And both were fair and sweet:
> One in her wedding robe,
>   And one in her winding-sheet!"

CHAPTER IX.

As Mr. Blaxton entered the store, he met Mr. Montey coming out in great haste.

"I can't stop and talk with you now," said the merchant. "I have got to see a man—I shall be back in an hour."

The smith's great chest heaved, as he stood on the step, and watched Mr. Montey drive away.

"There's a row somewheres!" said Bartley, the jockey, with a leer.

"What do ye mean by a row?" demanded the smith.

"I tell you," replied Bartley, sharpening his knife on his boot, "that old Cobwit is a buck of the biggest size! He stirs 'em up where he goes."

"Look here, brother Blaxton," said Dean Long, in a low, confidential tone, taking the smith aside. "Have you got any paper with Cobwit & Co.'s name to it?"

"That—that's the second time that question has been axed me to-day! What if I have?"

"Let me advise you, as a friend, to put it out of your hands soon as you can. It'll save you trouble."

"Trouble? What—what does all this mean?"

"That we can't tell just yet. Keep still about it. Don't let Montey go next time. Tell him that note must be paid."

"Why, an't Cobwit & Co. good?"

"I'd trust *Cobwit* & Co. for half a million," said the deacon.

"Then what does all this mean?" again Mr. Blaxton demanded, somewhat wildly and fiercely.

"Everybody an't Cobwit & Co.," replied the deacon, significantly gliding away.

The blacksmith walked into the store, and out again, and up and down, consternation in his aspect, whirlwind in his brain. In less than an hour, Montey returned. Avoiding his future father-in-law, he was passing swiftly into the counting-room, where Mr. Blaxton followed and entered with him.

"Mr. Montey——"

"You must excuse me just now," said the merchant, with pale and determined looks, "I am pressed with business."

"So am I, and with somethin' besides!" Mr. Blaxton responded. "You must give me one minute, if it's the last either of us has to live!"

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want to know that it's all right, Mr. Montey!"

"What, that note?" the merchant answered, with something of his old coolness and polish of manner. "Mr. Cobwit thinks it had better be paid; the money is lying in the bank; I'll give you a check for it now."

This promptness staggered the blacksmith.

"Mr. Montey," said he, "I think I've showed plain enough that I've trusted you as one honest man should another. But I've heard things said that nat'rally make me feel oncomf'table—'tan't on account of the money altogether; but I've got a darter, Mr. Montey—a girl 't I think I ought to be proud on—dearer to me than anything else in the world—I han't no other child 't I think so much on as I do o' her! For two year' now she's took her mother's place to me and the children—I've been seekin' fer her good, mabby too much—and if I'm over anxious for her sake, you'll excuse it if you ever git to be a father."

He shed tears, and wiped them with his sleeve. The lines about the merchant's mouth twitched a little.

Digitized by Google

"I love your daughter, heaven knows," he said—"I would not injure her—I would not wrong her: whatever you hear, whatever may happen, believe that!"

"I do believe it, sir! If ever you spoke honest words, I believe you do now!"

The burly smith seized the merchant's delicate hand, and wrung it till the latter writhed visibly, not alone with the pain of the vigorous finger pressure, which was as nothing to the more terrible grasp of the iron hand of conscience laid upon his soul!

Long after, Mr. Blaxton remembered the merchant's look of anguish; while with solemn fidelity he treasured the memory of the words then and there spoken—words which he never ceased to believe came sincerely from Mr. Montey's heart. Well for us, if we could always trustingly see the deepest and best motives that lie hidden in the hearts of those whom selfishness and folly betray into guilt and wrong!

While the two stood there—the great, rough, tender-hearted smith ardently shaking the hand of the pale, polished merchant—the counting-room door opened and three men entered, Mr. Cobwit, Luther, and another.

"I regret the necessity," said Mr. Cobwit; "but I see no other way."

Mr. Montey's face changed again—this time to the hue of deadly fear.

"You promised me!" he articulated.

"And you deceived me!" sternly replied Mr. Cobwit. He turned to the blacksmith: "Mr. Blaxton, you have a note bearing our name?"

"Here it is!" The bewildered smith unfolded the note with his trembling hands. "I hope nothing is wrong—Mr. Montey just now said you wanted to pay it—he offered me a check."

"A trick to blind you." Mr. Cobwit frowned ominously. "I never heard of this note till to-day, nor was sure of its existence till this moment."

The poor man staggered back, stunned from the blow. In the meantime Mr. Montey stood white, and covered with cold sweat, his restless eyes rolling from side to side, as if instinctively and wildly seeking which way he should turn. Suddenly, with an impulse of mingled terror and hope, he started toward Mr. Cobwit, reaching out his struggling hands, and whispering hoarsely,

"In mercy, don't forget your promise—don't break your promise!"

"Horatio Montey," answered the other, in stern, inexorable tones, "you, last night, took oath to me, that there were no other cases of this kind than the two proved against you. With that understanding I promised the mercy you have now no right to claim. Since you have perjured yourself, we cannot be sure of anything; there may be twenty more cases like this, and we now must protect ourselves."

At a gesture from Mr. Cobwit, the third person who had entered with him and Luther stepped forward, and laid his hand on Mr. Montey's shoulder.

"This ain't in 'arnest—this can't be!" burst forth the blacksmith, rallying from the first shock. "Mr. Cobwit—Luther—Montey! speak! clear up this thing! for heaven's sake, clear it up!"

"Mr. Montey," said the man whose touch was on the merchant's shoulder, "I have a warrant to arrest you on a charge of forgery."

"It is a false charge! it cannot be made out! give me five minutes to arrange my papers!" exclaimed Mr. Montey. The worst had come, and what manhood there was in him now rousing itself, sprang up to meet the event.

"Away with him!" said Mr. Cobwit, in a low voice.

"Well, sir—I am ready; but don't let it look like an arrest; we'll ride off together as if on business," said Montey to the sheriff.

He took his hat, arranged his neck-cloth, smoothed his handsome whiskers, then, without casting a look either at Mr. Cobwit, Luther, or Mr. Blaxton, walked out arm in arm with the sheriff, stepped briskly into the carriage which was in waiting for him, and rode away.

"Barby—Barby—my child—oh, God! my child!"

And tearing his shirt from his throat—uttering a stifled cry, as if his great heart burst in it—the blacksmith reeled, and fell heavily upon the floor. (TO BE CONCLUDED.)

TO ONE AFAR.

BY EDNA CORA.

The morn is fair, the hour bright,
And singing birds are gay;
But in my musing mood I sit
And dream of one away.

The flowers bloom, and birds sing on,
But still my thoughts will flee,
With brighter hopes and sweeter chime,
To rest, dear one, with thee.

Digitized by Google

CROMWELL'S CLOCK.

BY J. SERGEANT MEADE.

Have you ever been in Philadelphia, dear reader, on a hot July day? Whew! Talk of the burning sands of Africa; I don't believe they can begin to compare in caloric intensity to the scorching bricks of the Quaker City. I perspire at the very thought of it. How old Sol does pour down his rays on our red-brick town; the houses get like perfect ovens.

But you may very naturally ask what Oliver Cromwell, or his clock, or anything else appertaining to that respectable individual, has to do with Philadelphia, or a hot day. I will tell you.

If you want to find a cool, comfortable place, on one of these intensely warm days, fly to the Library, in Fifth street. I do not know why it is, but it is very certain that the old Library is the coolest place in the city. Often have I gone there and seated myself in a sequestered nook, feeling thankful that I had such a sanctuary to retreat to.

It was on a very hot afternoon, last summer, that I sauntered into the Library, and, feeling utterly exhausted, dropped into a chair alongside the old clock, which you see on your right as you enter the building. This clock is said once to have been in the possession of the great Protector. So the story runs, and I believe implicitly in it. I like to think that, once upon a time, Oliver gazed on its quaint-looking face and, maybe, wound up the queer old piece of furniture himself.

As I sat down, the hands of the clock pointed to ten minutes of seven. The Library was very quiet, and I had not been sitting there more than three or four minutes before I began to get dozy—nod, nod, nod—going, going—gone. Fast asleep. Suddenly I awoke. What place is this I am in? A low, damp dungeon. How in the world did I get here? Had "the Black Maria" drawn up before the door, just after I had gone to sleep, and had a couple of "the Reserve Corps" conveyed me in it to Moyamensing Prison? I ransacked my brain to discover if I could remember having committed any thefts lately. No, my conduct had been unimpeachable, and my character irreproachable. I have not been easing old gentlemen of their tickers that I know of. Then how did I get here? I attempted to get out, but found I was chained to the floor. I could not make this all out, and was just about scratching my head in my perplexity (why, where on earth did I get these long, beautiful, brown ringlets? I used to have that sort of hair, which caused my friends and relatives to give me the flattering appellation of "tow-head," and) good heavens! my moustache, which for months I have been watching in the mirror, and which, before I went to sleep, consisted of, at the widest margin, ten hairs, has grown up into a most luxuriant one with fine, curling ends! My peg-tops, too, have gone, and, in their place, I behold a pair of trunk-breeches and high riding-boots. My waistcoat has changed into a doublet, and my coat into a cloak. My "all-rounder" collar has enlarged itself into "a Byronic." Why—gracious goodness! I must be a cavalier!

Has the good fairy of the Christmas pantomime paid Philadelphia a visit out of season and created all these changes? I was absolutely expecting to see her appear on a flaming wheel of gold, and to hear the clown cry out, "Here we are, all in a lump," when my cogitations were broken short by the sound of footsteps. They stopped, it seemed to me, outside my dungeon. There was a sharp sound as of a key turning in its lock, then a large bolt was withdrawn, the heavy door of my prison turned on its creaking hinges, and three men entered the cell. They were equipped in steel caps and cuirasses, and carried halberds. One of them, who appeared to be the leader, walked up to me, and, taking a key out of the bunch hanging from his belt, unfastened the padlock of my chains and raised me up. Having done this, he beckoned me to follow him, and I left the cell guarded, on both hands, by a halberdier. We traversed a long passage, ascended a high flight of stone steps, and entered a room where a sentinel, armed with an arquebus, was standing like a statue.

My conductor whispered a few words into the sentinel's ear, and then, lifting a curtain which masked the entrance to another chamber, ushered me, still guarded by the halberdiers, into the presence of—Oliver Cromwell.

Yes, there he sat in a big arm-chair, resting one hand on a heavy oak table, and grasping in

Digitized by Google

the other a roll of parchment. Immediately behind the table stood my dear old friend, the clock, which seemed to look on me with a piteous face. I own to being somewhat frightened, at first, when I found myself face to face with the stern Protector; but I immediately banished this fear and put on a proud, defiant look, which, I thought, was the way a staunch loyalist should appear under such circumstances.

Cromwell's brows contracted when I was brought into the room, and, in a stern voice, he addressed me:

"Sir Everard Pevenhill," said he, (I here thought what a pretty name I had; it sounded so much better than the one I bore in the nineteenth century,) "Sir Everard Pevenhill, thou art attainted of high treason and must suffer punishment accordingly. 'The God of Israel is He that giveth strength and power unto His people.' 'There shall go a fire before Him, and burn up His enemies on every side.' Hast thou ought to say concerning thyself, before thou meetest thy death?"

Now, singularly enough, although I never lost my nineteenth century, young America identity, an uncontrollable impulse appeared to force me to answer this harsh reception in the following words:

"Naught but that I am content to die in a cause which has been hallowed by the martyrdom of my sainted master, King Charles."

"Blaspheme not, young man," cried Cromwell, angrily, "thy doom is sealed. I hold thy death warrant in my hand!"

He rapped the roll of parchment on the table as he said these words.

"I am prepared to meet my fate," my *alter ego* very coolly responded.

Cromwell rose from his chair, and, pointing to the clock, said, "The executioner awaits thee. When that clock strikes the hour of seven," (it promised to do so in five minutes,) "thou shalt die." Then, turning to my guard, he cried, "Away with the traitor!"

One of the halberdiers laid his mailed hand heavily on my shoulder and exclaimed, "Come, Mr. ——, it is time for the Library to be closed for the night!"

I awoke. Instead of stern old Oliver, I beheld the smiling and good-natured countenance of the obliging assistant librarian. I congratulated myself on having escaped the block and axe, and, rubbing my eyes, got up and left the building. Just as I was descending the steps, my friend, the clock, struck seven.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.—*Job*, 13th chap., 15th vers.

NAY, tell me not of future joys—
These visions haunt my heart no more!
With failing pulse, and closing eyes,
My earthly journey almost o'er—
I quietly resign my breath
Of life into thine arms, oh, death!

Before me float long vanished scenes—
The pleasures of my childhood's home—
Forgotten smiles, familiar words;
Through woodland glades again I roam,
Or sit in some lone, shady nook
With many a dear old treasured book.

Lines that have slept in memory's cell,
My broken voice would fain repeat.
Breathe them to me, my gentle friend,
To bid my heart more warmly beat!
My faltering tones would mar the chords
Of sweetness in the poet's words.

The fitful, changing scenes of life
Rush o'er me in a single thought
Of early hopes, and cherished friends,
And youth's experience, sadly bought;
The weary griefs of tedious years,
And sorrow drowned in burning tears.

But near me, from His throne on high,
My Saviour stands, a pitying friend;
I feel His breath upon my brow—
New faith, and strength, and calm He lends.
The reconciling light of love
Shines softly on me from above.

Not darkly now, as through a glass,
I see time's foaming currents glide;
Each strange event, each fiery grief
Were waves upon the upward tide,
Whose stormy billows bore me on
To realms where purest bliss is won.

Jesus, this hour is very sweet—
It has no bitter portion left!
The threatening clouds and storms are o'er,
A tranquil stillness fills my breast:
My will resigned, my foes forgiven,
Thy calm smile draws me up to Heaven!

Dear friend, restrain this wild despair!
I know that we will meet again;
And yet, these drops of deep regret
Warm my chilled hand like Summer rain.
Oh! clasp it, clasp it close in thine,
Till it can cling to love divine!

Digitized by Google

THE BROKEN LIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Dennison was late the next morning. Indeed she generally was late. It was sure to create a little sensation when she entered, if the family were grouped in expectation, and her system of elegant selfishness rendered any consideration of the convenience of others a matter of slight importance. She was always lavish in apologies, those outgrowths of insincerity: and, in fact, managed to weave a sort of fascination out of her own faults.

This certainly was the case here. If Mr. Lee was resolute about anything in his household, it was that punctuality at meals should be observed: indeed I have seldom seen him out of humor on any other subject. But this morning he had been moving about in the upper hall a full hour, glancing impatiently at the papers which always reached us before breakfast, and walking up and down with manifest impatience. Yet the moment that woman appeared with her coquettish little morning-cap just hovering on the back of her head, and robed in one of the freshest and most graceful morning dresses you ever saw, his face cleared up, and, with a smile that no one could witness without a throb of the heart, he received her apologies and compliments all mingled together on her lips like honey in the heart of a flower, as if they had been favors of which we were all quite undeserving.

We went down to breakfast at last, but just as we were sitting down, our guest took a fancy to run out on the terrace and gather a handful of heliotrope which she laid by her plate, exhaling the odor sensuously between the pauses of the meal. I don't know what the rest thought of all this, but I was disgusted. It is a strong word, I know, but I have no other for the repulsion that seizes upon me even now when I think of that woman. Her very passion for flowers, to me almost a heavenly taste in itself, was so combined with materialism in her, that the perfume of the heliotrope sickened me.

Jessie did not seem to share these feelings, nor care that her own choice flower-plot had been rifled of its sweetest blossoms. In fact, the fascination of that woman's manner seemed more powerful with her than it had proved with the proud, strong man who sat opposite me.

Jessie, the darling, either because she did not like the restraint, or, what was more like her, to give me dignity in the household, always insisted that I should preside at the table; Mrs. Lee, from her feeble state of health, being at all times unequal to the task. Three times did that insatiable woman return her coffee cup: first, for an additional lump of sugar, again for a few drops more cream, and then for the slightest possible dilution of its strength. While I performed these smiling behests, she sat breaking a branch of heliotrope across her lips, exclaiming at the beauty of the scene from an opposite window, and behaving generally like an empress who had honored her subjects with a visit, and was resolved to put them quite at ease in her presence.

But Jessie could not see things in this light. She was evidently as well pleased with her guest as she had been the night before, but, though she smiled and joined in the light conversation, I saw by the heavy shadows under her eyes that some anxiety disturbed her. The fact that she had made an appointment to ride with a suitor whom she must reject accounted sufficiently for this; Jessie had the finest traits of a purely proud nature, and the idea of giving pain was to her in itself a great trial. Still these observations only applied to the undercurrent that morning; on the surface everything was sparkling and pleasant. Mr. Lee was more than usually animated, and, before the meal was ended, quite a war of complimentary badinage had been kept up between him and our guest.

Jessie always went to her mother after breakfast. So, immediately on quitting the table, she stole away to the tower, looking a little serious, but not more so than her peculiar trial of the day accounted for.

I followed her directly, leaving Mrs. Dennison and Mr. Lee on the square balcony, on which the early sunshine lay pleasantly.

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Lee had not rested well; her eyes, usually so bright, were heavy from want of sleep; and the pillow, from which she had not yet risen, bore marks of a thousand restless movements, which betrayed unusual excitement. Jessie was sitting on one side of the bed holding a Parian cup in her hand, the amber gleam of coffee glowed through the transparent vine leaves that embossed it, and she was stirring the fragrant beverage gently with a spoon.

"Try, dear mother, and drink just a little," she was saying in her sweet, caressing way. "It makes me very unhappy to see you looking so ill."

"Indeed I am not ill, only a little restless, Jessie," answered the sweet lady, rising languidly from her pillow and reaching forth her hand for the cup. She tasted the coffee and looked gratefully at her daughter. "It is nice; no one understands me like you, my daughter."

Jessie blushed with pleasure, and began to mellow a delicate slice of toast with the silver knife that lay beside it, making a parade of her efforts which she evidently hoped would entice her mother's appetite: and so it did. I am sure no one beside her could have tempted that frail woman to eat a mouthful. As it was, one of the birds that was picking seeds from the terrace could almost have rivaled her; the presence of her daughter, I fancy, gave her more strength than anything else.

"So you have had a bad night, my mother," said Jessie, tenderly; "once or twice I awoke in the night and felt that you did not sleep."

"Indeed!" said the mother, with an earnest look breaking through the heaviness of her eyes.

"Yes, indeed; but then I never wake in the night without wondering if you sleep well."

"Did you see me?" questioned the mother, anxiously.

"See you, mother?"

Mrs. Lee smiled faintly, and shook her head as if to cast off some strange thought.

"Of course it was impossible. I must have slept long enough to dream; but it seems to me as if I were in your room last night. Something called me there, a faint, white shadow, that sometimes took the outline of an angel, sometimes floated before me like a cloud."

"Oh, my good mother! it was kind to come, even in your dreams," said Jessie, kissing the little hand that lay in hers.

Mrs. Lee looked troubled, and seemed to be searching her memory for something.

"It took me—the cloud angel—you know, into the blue room."

"The blue room!" Jessie and I exclaimed together, for that was the apartment in which Mrs. Dennison slept, though the fact had never been mentioned to Mrs. Lee; and another chamber had at first been intended for our guest. "The blue room?"

"Yes, the blue room!" she said; "but like all dreams, nothing was like the reality. Instead of the enameled furniture, everything was covered with the prettiest blue chintz, with a wild rose pattern running over it."

Jessie and I looked at each other in consternation, for the furniture which Mrs. Lee described as familiar to the blue room, had been removed to the chamber we had first intended for Mrs. Dennison; and that with which we had replaced it being too rich for a sleeping room, we had covered it with the pretty chintz, without mentioning the fact to Mrs. Lee or any one else.

"There was a toilet instead of the dressing-table I remember," continued the lady, "with quantities of frost-like lace falling around it and on it; with other things a little basket, prettier than mine, grander, full of moss rose-buds."

"Was there nothing else in the basket?" I questioned, holding my breath for the reply.

"Nothing else," answered the lady, smiling; "oh! yes, combs and hair-pins, rings and bracelets, the whole toilet was in a glitter."

"But nothing else in the basket?" I persisted.

"No, rose-buds—moss rose-buds, red and white. Nothing more," she answered, languidly.

Mrs. Lee paused a moment with her eyes closed. Then starting as if from sleep, she almost cried out,

"There was a woman in the room—in the bed—a beautiful woman. The ruffles of her night-gown were open at the throat, the sleeves were broad and loose, you could see her arms almost to the shoulders. She wore no cap, and her hair fell in bright, heavy coils down to her waist. She had something in her hand; don't speak, I shall remember in a minute: the color was rich. It was, yes, it was half a peach, with the brown stone partly bedded in the centre: the fragrance of it hung about the basket of roses."

"And you saw all this, dear lady?" I exclaimed, startled by the reality of her picture, which, as a whole, I recognized far more closely than Jessie could.

"In my dream, yes; but one fancies such strange things when asleep, you know, dear Miss Hyde."

"Strange, very strange," murmured Jessie; "but for the basket of roses and the fruit we

Digitized by Google

might have recognized the picture. Don't you think so, aunt Matty?"

"Did you get a look at the lady's face?" I inquired, suppressing Jessie's question.

"No, no, I think not. The thick hair shaded it, but the arms and neck were white as lilies. She had bitten the peach, I remember seeing marks of her teeth on one side. Strange, isn't it, how real such fancies will seem?"

"It is indeed strange," I said, feeling cold chills creeping over me.

"Besides," continued the invalid, while a scarcely perceptible shiver disturbed her, "notwithstanding the freshness and beauty of everything, I felt oppressed in that room—just as flowers may be supposed to grow faint when vipers creep over them; the air seemed close till I got to your room, my Jessie."

"And there!" said the sweet girl, kissing her mother's hand again.

"There the angel that had been a cloud took form again. It beckoned me—beckoned me—I cannot tell where; but you were sleeping, I know that."

"It was a strange dream," said Jessie, thoughtfully.

"The impression was very strong," answered the mother, drawing a hand across her eyes, "so powerful that it tired me. This morning it seemed as if I had been a journey."

"But you are better now," I said; "this sense of fatigue is wearing off, I hope."

"Oh, yes!" she answered, languidly.

"And you will be well enough to see Mrs. Dennison before dinner, I hope," whispered Jessie.

"Perhaps, child."

"Oh! father will persuade you!"

"Where is your father, Jessie?"

"Oh! somewhere about. On the front balcony, I believe, with Mrs. Dennison, who declares that she never will get tired of looking down the valley."

"Yes, it is a lovely view. We used to sit on the balcony for hours—your father and I—but now——" Mrs. Lee turned away her face and shaded her eyes with one pale hand.

I walked to the window and lifted the curtain, but there was a mist over my eyes, and I could not discern a feature of the landscape.

Some one knocked at the door. I went to open it, and found Cora, Mrs. Dennison's maid, who had been brushing her mistress' riding-habit on the back terrace, and had flung it across her arm before coming up stairs. The girl was a pretty mulatto, with teeth that an empress might have coveted, and eyes like diamonds; but there was something in her face that I did not like, a way of looking at you from under her black eyelashes that was both searching and sinister.

"Mistress told me to run up and inquire if it wasn't time for Miss Lee to put on her habit," she said, shooting a quick glance into the room: "the horses are ordered round."

I felt the color burning in my face. The impertinence of this intrusion angered me greatly.

"Miss Lee is with her mother," I said, "and cannot be disturbed; when she is ready I will let your mistress know. Until then the horses must wait."

The girl gave the habit on her arm a shake and went away, casting one or two glances behind. What possible business could the creature have in that part of the house? Had the mistress really sent her? It was an hour before the time for riding, and it had not been our custom to hurry Jessie away from her mother's room.

While I stood by the window thinking angrily of this intrusion, another knock called me back to the door. It was the mulatto again with her mistress' compliments, and, if Mrs. Lee was well enough, she would pay her respects while the horses waited.

I went down myself at this, and, meeting Mrs. Dennison on the terrace, informed her very curtly, I fear, that Mrs. Lee was not out of her bed-room, having spent a restless night, and was quite incapable of seeing strangers. I put a little malicious emphasis on the word strangers, which brought a deeper color into her cheeks; but she answered with elaborate expressions of sympathy, inquired so minutely into the symptoms and causes of Mrs. Lee's prostration, that I felt at a loss how to answer.

"Dear lady!" she went on, "I'm afraid these severe attacks will exhaust the little strength she has left: they must make life a burden."

"On the contrary," I said, "there is not, I am sure, a person living who so keenly enjoys the highest and most lofty principles of existence. With the love of God in her heart and domestic love all around her, life can never be a burden."

"Indeed!" she answered, with something in her voice that approached a sneer, "I never was sick in my life, that is, perhaps, why it seems so terrible to me. Nothing could reconcile me, I am sure, to a life like Mrs. Lee's. At her age, too, with disease helping time to chase away what beauty one has left, how she must feel it!"

"You quite mistake the case, madam," I

Digitized by Google

answered. "Mrs. Lee never depended on her beauty, which, however, no one can dispute, as a means of winning love; her sincerity, intelligence, and gentle goodness are enough to outlive the loveliness of a Venus!"

"You are enthusiastic, Miss Hyde."

"I love Mrs. Lee, and speak as I feel."

"I am afraid," she said, in her blandest manner, "that my interest in the dear lady has led me into obtrusiveness, or, at least, that you think so. But she is so very superior—so perfect in fact, that one cannot shake off the interest she inspires. It was this feeling which tempted me to ask for the privilege of paying my respects—I see now that it was inopportune; but a warm heart is always getting one into scrapes, Miss Hyde. I shall never learn how to tame mine down. It seemed to me that the sweet invalid yonder must feel lonely in her room, and this was why that importunate request was made."

"Mrs. Lee is a woman who would find something of paradise in any position. Her sitting-room, up in the tower yonder, has always been considered the pleasantest apartment in the house."

"No doubt it was this conviction that made me anxious to be admitted. Still I must think that a confinement, that only promises to be relieved by death, must be a painful thing."

Why did the woman always return to that point? In my whole life I had never heard the probable result of Mrs. Lee's illness alluded to so often, as it had been hardly mentioned since Mrs. Dennison's arrival. It shocked me, and became the more repulsive from the usual levity of her manner. She seemed to weave the idea of my dear friend's death with every luxury that surrounded her dwelling; to my prejudiced fancy, she even exulted in it. I stood looking her in the face while these thoughts troubled my mind. What my eyes may have spoken I cannot tell, but hers fell beneath them, and, with an uneasy smile, she turned to walk away.

That moment Jessie came out to the terrace, looking a little anxious.

"Where is father?" she said; "mother is up and waiting for him!"

I saw a faint smile quiver around the widow's lips, but she busied herself with some branches of ivy that had broken loose from the terrace wall, and did not seem to heed us. Just then the tramp of horses sounded from the front of the house, and Jessie exclaiming with a little impatience, "Dear me!" walked quickly to the square balcony. I followed her, and saw Mr. Lee standing at the foot of the steps ready to mount. He was giving some orders to the groom, and seemed particularly anxious about the horse which Mrs. Dennison was to ride. Jessie's face flushed, and a look of proud surprise came across it. Mr. Lee turned his head that way and called out,

"Why, Jessie, where is your habit? I never found you late before."

Jessie did not answer, but passed me descending to the terrace and down the flight of steps. She spoke to her father, looking back anxiously. After the first words, he started and seemed taken by surprise. Even from the distance I could see a flood of crimson rush to his forehead. They both ascended the steps together. Mr. Lee went to the tower, and Jessie ran up stairs to put on her riding-dress.

I went up to help her, but walked slowly, everything conspired to depress me that morning. It only required one serpent to destroy the perfect happiness of Eden. Our little paradise seemed following after the same fashion, and yet no one could tell why.

Jessie was buttoning her habit as I went in. She looked restless and hurt.

"Aunt Matty," she said, "I have a great mind to give up this ride, the thought of meeting that gentleman troubles me. Look how my hands tremble."

Yes, the serpent was doing its work. Even our sweet, honest Jessie was beginning to cover up her true feelings under false issues. It was something nearer home than the dread of an unwelcome offer that made her so nervous. For the first time since her remembrance her father had forgotten his wife. But for Jessie's interposition he would have ridden away without inquiring after her. I recollected how he had blushed when reminded of this.

Of course I could not speak of the true cause of this discontent, the delicate reticence becoming to a daughter was too sacred for that; but I said quickly, "Yes, yes, darling, you must go. It is your duty."

She looked at me earnestly, then dropping her eyes, went on with her preparations.

A second time Mrs. Dennison came to her chamber. Our coldness the day before had left no impression on the materialism of her nature. Sparkling with cheerfulness, and brilliant with smiles, she swept in, bending her flexible whip into a ring, with both hands, and letting it free again with a prolonged snap.

"All ready? That's right, my Lady Jess! The day is heavenly, and our cavaliers are coming up the road!"

Digitized by Google

"Thank heaven!" I heard Jessie whisper as she drew on her gauntlets.

If she fancied that the coming of Mr. Bosworth and his friend would release Mr. Lee, and leave him at liberty to spend his morning with the invalid, she was disappointed in the result, though not in the fact; for just as the party were mounting, he appeared on the terrace, and, descending the steps, joined them whip in hand. I watched all these movements, keenly—why, it would have been impossible for me to explain even to my own judgment; but shadows tormented me at this time, and all my senses were on the alert. Mr. Lee rode by his daughter, leaving his guest to the other gentlemen, between whom she rode triumphantly, as Queen Elizabeth may have entered Kenilworth, flirting royally with her handsomest subjects. Jessie and her father seemed to be conversing quietly, as I had seen them a hundred times riding down that road.

After the party was out of sight, I went into Mrs. Dennison's room to see that the maid had performed her duty, as was my custom; for I had assumed these light cares in the household, and loved them from the fact that, at least, an idea of usefulness was attached to my residence in the house.

Everything seemed in order. Cora, the mulatto girl, was busily arranging the dress her mistress had just taken off. Ear-rings and a brooch of blue lava were lying on the toilet, and the pretty cap, with its streamers of black velvet and azure ribbon, hung upon one of the supports of the dressing-table as she had left them.

I looked for the basket of moss rose-buds, but it was gone; some buds were opening in one of the toilet glasses, but that was all. Why had the widow Dennison taken such pains to put the basket out of sight?

"What have you done with the basket?" I inquired very quietly of the girl. "If you wet the moss again, we can fill it with fresh flowers."

"What basket, Miss?" inquired the girl, lifting her black eyes innocently to my face.

"The basket you brought in here, last evening."

"Oh, that!" she continued, dropping her eyes, "I've made so many of them things that mistress doesn't seem to care for 'em any more!"

"You—you make them?"

"Yes, indeed! Is there any harm, Miss?" she said, lifting her eyes again with a look of the most genuine earnestness.

"And you arranged those buds in the moss?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"And placed the half peach among them?"

"Was there any harm, Miss?"

"The half peach—after an Oriental fashion?"

"Dear me, I hope there wasn't any harm in the gardener's letting me have that one. It was the first I have seen this year, so I couldn't give up more than I did; but it was the biggest half that I saved for the mistress."

Nothing could be more natural than her dawning contrition, nothing more satisfactory than the solution she had given of a subject that had kept me awake half the night. What a fool I had been! Was I in fact becoming fanciful and old maidish—ready to find error in shadows, and crimes in everything? Heaven forbid that anything so unwomanly and indelicate as this should come upon me. Was it possible that I, in the waning freshness of my life, had begun to envy brighter and handsomer women the homage due to their attraction, and had thus become suspicious? The very idea humiliated me; I felt abashed before that mulatto girl, who sat so demurely smoothing the folds of her mistress' breakfast dress across her lap. It seemed as if she must have some knowledge of the mean thoughts that had brought me there. How artful and indirect my conduct had been! In my heart I had rather plumed myself on the adroit way in which my questions had been put regarding that annoying basket. Now I was heartily ashamed of it all, and stole out of the room bitterly discomfited. In shutting the door, I glanced back: the girl was looking up from her work. The demure expression had left her face, the black eyes flashed and danced as they followed me; but the moment my look met hers, all this passed away so completely, that my very senses were confused, and all the doubts that I had put aside came crowding back upon me.

I went up to Mrs. Lee's room. She was resting on the lounge, sound asleep; but her face seemed cold as well as pale. There was a strange look about it, as if all the vitality was stricken out. Yet she breathed evenly, and though I made some noise in entering, it did not disturb her in the least. I sat down on a low chair by the side of her couch, for Jessie had desired me to sit by her during all the time I could command. Thus I was placed close to the gentle sleeper. The deathly stillness in which she lay troubled me, it seemed too profound for good. One little hand fell over the couch. I took it in my own, and passed my other hand softly over it. Strange enough, she did not move, but began to murmur in her

Digitized by Google

sleep, while a cold, troubled cloud contracted her forehead.

"Ah! now I can see everything—everything; they are cantering by the old mill. I haven't seen it before in years. How beautifully the shadows fall from the hill, the waves are tipped with silver, the trees rustle pleasantly! No wonder they draw up to look at the mill, it always was a picturesque object!"

She was following the equestrians in her dreams—those strange dreams that seemed to drink up all the color and warmth from her body. According to the best calculation I could make, the party would have reached the old mill about this time. It stood under the curve of the precipitous banks, a mile or two up the river, and Mr. Lee had spoken of riding that way at breakfast. Thus it seemed more than probable that the party was exactly as she fancied it. Mr. Lee had doubtless informed her what route he would take, and so her imagination followed him while her frail form slumbered.

She stirred uneasily on her pillow, drew her black eyebrows together, and spoke again,

"Why does he leave my Jessie? She don't want to be left with that young man—and he, poor fellow! how he is frightened! What is that he is saying? Wants to marry my Jessie! Alas! how the heart shrinks in her bosom! My poor child! he should not distress you so! And yet it is an honest heart he offers—full of warmth, full of goodness! Can't you understand that, my darling?"

After this speech she lay quiet a few minutes, and then spoke like one who had been examining something that puzzled her.

"Jessie, Jessie! what is this? Why does your heart stand still while he speaks to her? It troubles me, darling. I am your mother, and this thing troubles me more than you can guess. You have driven one away—he retreats to the rear, heart-broken. That other one comes up. Who is he? what is he? Ask her, for she is watching him, and her loaded heart follows after, though he, my husband, is by her side."

Here she dropped into silence again, only breaking it by faint moans, and a single ejaculation, "Oh, not that! not that!"

Her face grew so painfully wan, and she gave evidence of so much inward anguish, that I was constrained to arouse her. My voice made no impression, and the clasp of my hand only threw her into a more deathly slumber. I began te comprehend her state. I had heard of deep trances, when the soul seems released from the body, or is gifted with something like prophecy. I knew, or believed, that this was an unhealthy state, the result of disease, or the offspring of a badly balanced organization, and this thought horrified me; there was something of the supernatural in it that filled my soul with awe. By the contraction of her pale forehead I saw that there was some distress in the head; so, lifting my hand, I passed it across her brow, hoping to soothe away the pain. Certainly, the face became calm, a smile stole across the lips, and after a moment her eyes looking vaguely around, as a child awakes from its sleep,

"I have been asleep," she said, pleasantly, "sound asleep. When did you come in?"

"Only a short time since."

"And you have been sitting here while I slept?"

"Yes; after a restless night, I fancied a quiet sleep would do you no harm."

"Harm? It has given me strength."

"Do you think so?"

She smiled.

"Have you been dreaming again?" I inquired, a little anxiously.

"Dreaming? No, my sleep was profound, perfect rest. But where is Jessie? She sat where you are when I fell off."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I remember—her left hand held mine, with her right she was soothing the pain from my forehead."

"That was sometime ago; she has gone out to ride since, and I am quite sure Mr. Lee came up here after she left you," I said.

"I am glad of it," she answered, gently. "He was rather late, this morning, I remember thinking; but Jessie would not own it. So he came up, and I did not hear him. Miss Hyde, this is the first time in my whole life that his lightest footstep failed to wake me—what can it mean?"

"Yes," broke in Mrs. Lee's little maid, who had been hanging around the door, unheeded: for we had all become so used to her presence in that room, that it was no more heeded than that of the canary-bird in its cage on the balcony—"yes, ma'am, Mr. Lee came up with his spurs on, and his whip all ready, just like a trooper, clang, clang, clang. I thought the noise would make you jump out of the window in that white, loose gown, just like an angel with its wings spread, but law! there you were, ma'am, snoozing away right in his face, and he making up his mind, with the whip in his hand, whether to kiss you good-by or not."

"And did he?" inquired the lady, with a faint flush of the cheek.

"No, ma'am: I suppose he was afraid of scaring you out of that nice sleep. He only

Digitized by Google

looked at you sort of earnestly, and went off trying to walk on tip-toe; but mercy! didn't them boots creak?"

"I thought not," murmured the lady, with infinite tenderness in her voice; "I must have been dead if that failed to arouse me."

"Lor, Mrs. Lee," continued the maid, spreading her flail-like arms in illustration, "I wish you could have seen that new widder woman when them two gentlemen helped her onto the horse. Didn't her dress swell out—and didn't she keep Mr. Lawrence a tinkering away at her stirrups, with one foot in his hand, till it made me sick looking on. Awful 'cute lady that is, Miss Hyde; you ain't no match for her, no how!"

I really think that witch of a girl was gifted with something almost like second sight. I never had a secret taste or dislike that she did not understand it at once, and drag it out in some blundering way before the whole world.

"What makes you think so, Lottie?" I inquired, a little annoyed.

"Because you're straightforward right out and flat-footed honest; and she—oh, my!"

"What makes you say, oh, my! Lottie?"

"Nothing, Miss Hyde; only I've got eyes, and can see right through a mill-stone, especially when there's a hole in the middle. Perhaps you can't, then agin perhaps you can; I don't dispute anything; only, as I said before, that widder woman is too 'cute for such a mealy-mouthed lady as you are. My!—wouldn't she ride over you handsome!"

We spoiled that girl. She was neither servant, companion, or protegee, and yet partook of the position which three such persons might have occupied in the family. She waited upon every one with the faithfulness of a hound and the speed of a lapwing, seemed to be always in the kitchen, constantly flitting through the parlor, yet never beyond the sound of her mistress' voice. She belonged everywhere and no where in the household. She had defined her position out of the kitchen entirely by refusing to sit down at the table there, whatever the temptation was; always carrying off the tray into her own little room, after the mistress was served, and taking her meals in solitary grandeur from frosted silver and china, so delicate that you could see a shadow through it. Nay, she effected great elegance in this little room, which was a sort of select hospital for all the old finery in the household. Lace curtains, condemned as too much worn for the parlor windows, after passing through her adroit hands, appeared at the casement of her little room transparent as new; silk hangings, when faded from their first splendor, she managed to revive into almost pristine brightness. She would cut out the freshest medallions from our old carpet and make it bloom out anew under her own feet. Then she had pretty nick-nacks and keepsakes scattered about which made her little nook quite a boudoir—indeed almost the prettiest one in the family. Mrs. Lee was rather proud of her unique handmaiden's retreat, it gratified her own exquisite sense of the beautiful; and, as the room opened into her own, it was but a continuation of the refinements that surrounded her.

In her dress, too, Lottie was more original than half the old pictures one sees offered for sale. Jessie's cast off dresses were remodeled by her nimble fingers into a variety of garments really marvelous. Indeed, Lottie was generally the most perfectly costumed person in our household. No one felt disposed to check this exuberant taste in the strange girl: it pleased the invalid, and that was reason enough for anything in our family.

"Yes, I say it again," persisted the strange little creature, folding her arms and setting her head on one side, "widders are monstrous smart, up to a'most anything. I've often wished that I'd been born a widder with both eye teeth cut as theirs always is—are I meant. Lor! Miss Hyde, you ain't a circumstance, just leave this one to me."

"Lottie, Lottie," said Mrs. Lee, shaking her head, "you speak too loud and look bold, that style isn't becoming. Besides, the guests in a house must always be honored, never made subjects of criticism: in short, my good child, we are spoiling you."

Lottie withered into penitence with the first words of this reproof. When it was ended, a deep flush settled around her eyes, as if tears were suppressed with difficulty.

"Spoiling me! not with kindness, I should die without that," she said, half-sitting down on the ottoman, half-kneeling by the couch, "I won't speak another word against that—that lady. There, I've got it out, say that you are not angry with me."

"Angry! no, my child. Only be careful not to say harsh things of any one, it is a bad habit."

"I am sorry!"

"Well, well!"

"Very sorry!"

"There, there, child, it is not so very terrible!"

"I'll never call the lady a widder again. Never!"

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Lee smiled and sent her into the next room. She seemed troubled after the girl went out; for certainly tears had glittered in Lottie's eyes, a thing I had never witnessed before.

"Go in, Miss Hyde, and comfort her, poor thing! It was cruel to reprove her so harshly: but my temper is getting ungovernable."

It was almost amusing to hear that gentle creature condemn herself with so little reason; but she would not be convinced that something of the spirit of a Nero had not been manifest in that mild reprimand; so I went into Lottie's room, much better disposed to give her a second lesson, than to console her for the first. Miss Lottie had curled herself up in the window seat, with both hands clasped around her knees, and her face buried upon them.

"Lottie," I said, going up to her, "what are you huddled up in that place for? Is there nothing that you can find to do more profitable than pouting?"

"I'm not pouting, Miss Hyde," she said; "only grinding my teeth in peace and comfort. Why can't you let me alone, I should like to know?"

"What folly! Do get down and act like a sensible creature."

"Well," she said, throwing herself off the window seat with a demi-summerset, which landed her in the middle of the room, "here I am! what's wanted?"

It was rather difficult for me to say just that instant, having only a charge of consolation on hand.

"Well," she added, "what have I done to you, Miss Hyde, that I can't be allowed to sit still in my own room?"

"Nothing, Lottie; I was only afraid that you might be fretting."

Her eyes instantly filled with tears, which she dashed aside with her hand.

"So I was: what's the use of denying it? She never said a cross word to me before, and wouldn't now but for that Mrs. Babylon; I hate that widder, I want to stamp her down under my feet. It makes me grit my teeth when she comes sailing out into the garden, and looks up to Mrs. Lee's window just like a dog hankering after a bone."

"Why, how can you feel so bitterly, Lottie, about a person you never spoke to in your life?" I said, shocked and surprised by her vehemence.

"Didn't I, though? How 'cute people can be with their eyes shut! Well, I fancy that widder and I are slightly acquainted—better than she thinks for."

"Why, how can that be possible, you are always in Mrs. Lee's room?"

"Generally, generally—not always. There is hours in the morning before she gets up—hours in the evening, after she goes to bed, when I break out and do a little exploring about the premises. This morning I was in Mrs. Babylon's room before any of you were up."

"Indeed! How did that happen?"

"That sneaking mulatto girl came to the chamber door as I was passing and beckoned me to come in."

"And you went?"

"Me! Why not? If a girl never sinsatiates around, how is she to find out what's going on? Besides, I wanted to know just how Babylon looked in her own room; so, being invited, I went in."

"But what did she want of you?"

"Don't know. Something besides doing a braid up in eleven strands, I surmise, but that was what she made believe it was about—just as if that mulatto creature didn't understand that much of her business. I did it though meek as Moses; such hair! a yard long in the shortest part. It was worth while trying a hand at it; but, after all, it seemed like braiding copper-heads and rattlesnakes! I hate to touch anybody's hair if I don't like 'em; it makes me shiver all over."

"But why don't you like Mrs. Dennison?"

"Why—because I don't; and because you don't either."

I could not help smiling, and yet was half angry with the girl. She shook her head gravely and went on,

"It wasn't the hair, Miss Hyde, that copper-colored girl knew more than I did about it, often as I've braided for Miss Jessie."

"Then what did she want?"

"I've found out—never you fear."

"Well!"

"Can't tell anything about it. It's like a patch-work quilt in my mind, the pieces all sorted, but not laid together, the colors will get ship-shape by-and-by, and then I'll answer everything. She wants me to come into her room every morning, and I'm going."

"What, when you dislike her so much?"

"Yes, in spite of that, and fifty times as much. I'm going to do up Mrs. Babylon's hair for her."

"Well, well, I am glad you are not heart-broken about Mrs. Lee's mild rebuke."

"Heart-broken! I'd die rather than have a real cross word from her; for I tell you, Miss

Digitized by Google

Hyde, if ever there was an angel with a morning-dress and slippers on as a general thing, that angel is the lady in yonder. Miss Jessie is considerable, and you sometimes come almost up to the mark, but you can't hold a candle to her; neither one of you."

It was of no use reproving or questioning Lottie, she was in reality the most independent person in the house, so I went away rather amused by my efforts at consolation.

Earlier than I expected the riding party came back. Everybody seemed a little out of sorts. Jessie was pale and looked harassed. Young Bosworth rode by her side, but it was with the appearance of a man returning from a funeral. He lifted Jessie from the saddle. She reached forth her hand before ascending the steps, and seemed to be speaking earnestly. I saw him wring the hand with unusual energy and spring to his saddle again. As he was turning his horse, Mrs. Dennison rode up with Lawrence and Mr. Lee. For a voice so musical hers was rather loud, so I could distinctly hear her call out,

"Remember, Mr. Bosworth, your engagement for this evening; don't hope to be excused."

Bosworth bowed and rode slowly away; but Lawrence sprang from his horse and ran up the steps after Jessie, leaving Mr. Lee to help the other lady from her saddle.

Jessie heard him coming, and fairly ran into the house, a piece of rudeness that seemed to surprise him very much; but unlike as this was to her usual manner, it did not astonish me. The dear girl's face was toward me, and I saw that it was flushed with tears. Bosworth had offered himself and been refused, poor fellow! I was sure of that.

Mrs. Dennison laughed till her clear voice rang far out among the flowers as she witnessed Lawrence's discomfiture. He colored a little angrily and would have passed her on the steps, but she took his arm with exquisite coolness, and smilingly forced him into the house.

"Babylon's got two strings to her bow—smart!"

This strange speech was uttered at my elbow. I looked round and saw Lottie close to me.

"Better go up stairs," she said, pointing over her shoulder, "she wouldn't let me help her; you must."

Mrs. Dennison entered the upper hall. Her eyes sparkled, her lips curved triumphantly. She had carried away her captive and exulted over him with charming playfulness, which he answered in a low, impressive voice.

I went up stairs leaving them together: Jessie stood in the upper passage leaning against the banister. She was pale as death, and her lips quivered like those of a wronged child; but the moment she saw me the proud air natural to her returned, and she moved toward her room waving me back.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LINES.

BY CLARA MORETON.

THEY told me time would deaden grief;
And so I sat with folded hands,
And waited for the slow relief,
And watched the hour-glass' glitt'ring sands.

The days went by—I know not how—
I only knew he was not here:
Morning and night were all the same,
Morning and night alike were drear.

One thought I mused on o'er and o'er:
If love survives the grave, I said,
He will come back to me again,
They cannot keep him with the dead.

His every thought was for our weal;
Can he so soon forget us there,
As any happiness to know,
While our sharp cries still rend the air?

Then came thick clouds across my brain—
My faith and trust were lost in gloom—
This is the end of man, I cried;
All that once loved lies in the tomb!

Oh, madd'ning thought! my reason reeled!
Life seemed to me a cruel jest:
I mourned the hour that gave me birth,
And called upon the grave for rest.

God answered not my erring prayer;
But gently took me by the hand,
And led me to the house of want,
And whispered there His kind command:

Go, feed the hungry, bind the bruised,
Speak to the dying words of cheer!
So shalt thou feel within thy heart
Thy Heaven begun, though wand'ring here.

So shalt thou feel his spirit still
In gentle ministry with thine.
Mortal! he is not lost to thee,
But lives beyond the bounds of time!

Digitized by Google

THE NEW MINISTER.

BY ROSALIE GRAY.

"Now, Sary Jane, do look arter them biscuits, and don't let 'em burn!" exclaimed widow Smith, as she bustled about with an unusually important air.

"Sary Jane," however, was not within hearing distance, and the good lady was obliged to attend to them herself.

"Gone to slick up, I s'pose," said she, as she opened the oven, "that's the way with these young things. Well," she added, "I used to be so myself when my old man was keeping company with me, but that was a good many years ago. Kitty, do you get a clean table-cloth, and be sure it's a pure white one, for I want to make a good impression on Mr. Yallerhammer the first time he comes."

"Mrs. Smith," said Sarah Jane, who had just entered the room, "pray don't call him 'Mr. Yallerhammer,' his name is Odenheimer, and I am sure he would be very much annoyed to hear you make such a mistake."

"What in the world do you s'pose he has such an outlandish name as that fur? He can't expect any one to remember it."

"It is a German name," was the reply, "and he is probably of German descent."

"Marcy on us!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, as she turned from her occupation, and her eye fell upon Sarah Jane, "how fine you do look! I expect you'll take Mr.—what's his name's heart by storm."

This remark was received with a conscious smile, and both of the ladies then gave their attention to the business of setting the table. While they are thus engaged, we will inquire into the cause of the present preparations.

During the conference, which had just been held, Mr. Odenheimer was elected as the young minister for the circuit which included Flowerdale. As the congregations were poor, it was their rule that the young minister should be an unmarried man. Mrs. Smith was the only one in the village who had, as yet, had the good fortune to see Mr. Odenheimer. She had once met him while on a visit to one of the neighboring towns, and her accounts of him, for she never tired of describing his "tall figure," (she was "sure he'd have to stoop to get into her humble dwelling"); his curly hair "as black as coal;" and his eyes that "jest looked like two rubies," (Mrs. Smith had not much acquaintance with precious stones, and supposed the color of the ruby to be black,) "a shinin' and a sparklin':" together with all his other charms, not the least of which was that he was an unmarried man, made him an object of much interest to the lady portion of Flowerdale. His lodgings, when he should come to this circuit, had been a subject of many animated discussions among the good people of the place; all the mammas of marriageable daughters felt anxious, in the hospitality of their hearts, to offer every attention to the young minister. This fertile spot seemed to produce everything but young men, and consequently these commodities were at a premium. The names of all the most prominent families in the church were handed in, as being ready to throw open their doors to the new-comer; and finally, it was agreed that widow Smith should give him the first tea, in consideration of her previous acquaintance with him; and Sarah Jane's father, being one of the head men in the church, was to have the pleasure of entertaining him during the first two weeks of his sojourn in Flowerdale.

This contemplated piece of good fortune caused "Sary Jane" to be regarded with envy by most of the ladies who were unprovided for, and they suddenly became very intimate with her, and evinced a great desire to visit her frequently. As this lady was known to possess the art of getting up good teas, her company had been solicited by widow Smith for the evening on which our story opens. She assisted very busily until the time approached for Mr. Odenheimer to make his appearance, and then she slipped up stairs that she might be able to receive him in a more becoming attire. Her hair was taken out of the papers (papillotes had not reached Flowerdale) and carefully curled over her fingers; and a plain white dress, made low in the neck, the sleeves looped up with ribbons, was donned. She had hesitated long between this and a flounced silk; but she finally came to the conclusion that the simplicity of the white dress would be more to the minister's taste. Her cheeks had a slight tinge of pink, which neither increased nor diminished during

Digitized by Google

the whole evening. Her neck, and indeed her whole frame, was bony in the extreme—her neck and shoulders gave a person the unpleasant impression that the bones were going to start through the skin. Her face and features, with the exception of her nose, were small, but this organ was of such a size as to impress the beholder with the idea that she was all nose. As to age—she had made twenty-two her standing-point for many years. The image which the glass reflected seemed to please her well, and she received Mrs. Smith's exclamation as a matter of course. She was troubled with some feelings of envy, however, when she beheld the plump, childish little figure of Kitty clad in a cool-looking blue muslin, which contrasted so prettily with her snowy complexion and rosy cheeks.

Mrs. Winter—Sarah Jane's mother—was also there, looking her best in a new cap with flaming red ribbons. And her daughter, Mary Anne, who was made on the same scant pattern with her sister, without so generous a supply of nose. Her hair was also limited in quantity, but she had somewhat supplied the deficiency by the purchase of two enormous branches of false curls—said purchase had been made expressly for this occasion. On the back of her head she placed what had originally been intended for a small lamp-mat, having first made a hole in the center, through which protruded her diminutive knot of hair; this arrangement she surveyed with much pleasure, and evidently considered it a triumph of art. After much deliberation, she had finally come to the conclusion that a rich dress would become her style of beauty better than a simple one; and she had accordingly arrayed herself, with much pride, in a green silk trimmed with scarlet.

Several other ladies were also congregated to give the minister a welcome, and they were now awaiting his arrival in almost breathless anticipation. Presently the stage drew up, and widow Smith went to the door to receive her guest. There was a decided flutter among the other ladies who sat in the little parlor with their arms neatly folded. Sarah Jane happened to be seated opposite the small looking-glass, whose frame was enveloped in pink tissue paper, and overhung with asparagus tops; she glanced in to see whether her ringlets were hanging in the most graceful attitude, and the smile of satisfaction which followed this performance proclaimed that all was right. Mrs. Winter gave sundry little tugs at her cap-strings, while Mary Ann improved the opportunity to arrange the folds of her dress.

Mrs. Smith entered the room triumphantly, accompanied by the stranger, and, turning to Sarah Jane's mother, she commenced the ceremony of an introduction—"Mr. Yallerhammer, Mrs. Winter—Mr. Yallerhammer, girls!" and the unfortunate man's hands were shaken by every one present. The widow then left him to be entertained by the others, while she put the finishing touches to the tea-table, after which they were summoned to the evening repast.

Upon this table so bountifully loaded with good things, hospitality seemed to have expended itself. The biscuits—good, generous sized ones—baked to an even light brown, were just warm enough to be eaten comfortably without burning your fingers, or making you wish for a glass of cold water the moment you put a morsel into your mouth. The strawberries—large and ripe—peeped saucily through the fine white sugar with which they were plentifully sprinkled. The crab-apples had been preserved with so much care, that they were placed on the table as whole as when put into the preserving-kettle; and the apple-sauce was so smooth and white as to be almost transparent. The cottage cheese was moulded into cakes which might have been mistaken in their purity for snow. On the fresh country butter was the impression of a cow, as natural-looking as stamped cows ever are, and making people wish to cut the butter from the edge of the cake so as not to destroy the picture. The jelly-cake was cut in generous slices, and showed throughout that there was no stint of material in making it; opposite to it was a large fruit cake in which the widow took especial pride: it was crowned with a heavy crust of icing tastily sprinkled with pink sugar. In the center of the table waved a bouquet, in which poppies, garden lilacs, and hollyhocks proudly raised their heads over the mignonette, heliotrope, and roses, which shed around a sweet perfume.

A general stiffness pervaded the company when they found themselves seated around the tea-table. Mr. Odenheimer felt embarrassed at being the only gentleman among so many feminines, while the ladies evidently were awed by the ministerial presence. Mrs. Smith endeavored to break the silence as much as possible by urging her visitors to partake of the bounties set before them.

"Have some butter, Mr. Yallerhammer? Do take a biscuit, Mrs. Winter; help yourselves, girls, all of you; I'm sorry I couldn't get a better tea; but you must all try to eat something. How do you think you shall like living in our village, Mr. Yallerhammer?"

Digitized by Google

"Oh! I think I shall like it very much; my first impressions are decidedly pleasant," he continued, with a bow to the ladies.

All smiled and seemed pleased but Sarah Jane, who fancied that his glances seemed to turn with the most pleasure upon the plump little figure beside him. Kitty, at this moment, displayed a beautiful set of white teeth, and a couple of innocent looking dimples; this fretted Sarah Jane more than ever, and she wondered why such a little chit had been invited. However, she remembered that after this night Mr. Odenheimer would take up his abode with them, and then, she resolved, that he should not be tormented with too many lady visitors.

"You'll like the society here, I dare say," continued the widow, "for we have so many young ladies among us."

"Indeed," he replied, blushing slightly, "that will be very pleasant. I was admiring the scenery on the road," he continued; "I think it is very fine; so many large, noble-looking trees add very much to the beauty of the place."

"Oh, yes!" replied the widow, with whom the idea of utility stood first and foremost, "we have plenty of wood here, and can always keep up good fires."

"I so enjoy," simpered Sarah Jane, "taking a book of poetry, and sitting under the shade of those trees; don't you think it is beautiful, Mr. Odenheimer?"

While the gentleman was wondering whether he was expected to consider the poetry beautiful, or the vision under the tree of the skeleton figure before him, Mary Ann remarked that the sight of trees, and all other beauties of nature, invariably called up in her mind a feeling of thankfulness. Here Mrs. Winter, who never approved of remaining quiet long at a time, broke in with the rather malapropos remark,

"We are expecting to have the pleasure of your society after to-day, Mr. Odenheimer."

"Thank you," was the reply; "but I think the pleasure will be on my side."

"Not at all; we shall consider ourselves highly fortunate in having your company."

"I am afraid," he continued, rather hesitatingly, "that I shall be encroaching upon your hospitality; perhaps you are not aware that there are two of us."

"Oh, that will make it still more pleasant!" replied his companion, with the utmost suavity of manner. "Is your friend also a minister?"

Just at this point Mr. Winter came in. Upon being introduced to the lion of the evening, he shook hands cordially, and made some remark about the pleasure he anticipated in entertaining him at his own house.

"But," said the minister, blushing, "as I was saying to Mrs. Winter—I am afraid you don't understand that there are two of us."

"Two of you?" exclaimed Mr. Winter, in astonishment. "You don't mean to say that you have a wife, do you?"

"Yes, I was married three days ago."

"La, me!" ejaculated the widow, "and here all these girls were setting their caps for you!"

At this announcement the "girls" looked supremely ridiculous. Mr. Odenheimer was evidently much embarrassed; Mrs. Winter buried her face in her handkerchief to conceal her mortification; the widow looked on in amazement, wondering why the knowledge of his possessing a wife should create such a scene; and Mr. Winter—the only one in the company who was at all calm—seized his new friend by the hand as he observed,

"To be sure we have room for two, we shall be right glad to see your wife; and I tell you what it is, you have done well in losing no time about this thing. Here have I been married these forty years;" (at this point his two daughters exchanged looks, and wished that 'pa would keep some things to himself;') "I know what it is, and I would advise every young man to get a wife as soon as possible."

This hearty speech seemed to have the desirable effect of putting the new minister rather more at his ease, and it gave Mrs. Winter time to recover herself so far as to be able to say and do what was expected of her on the occasion.

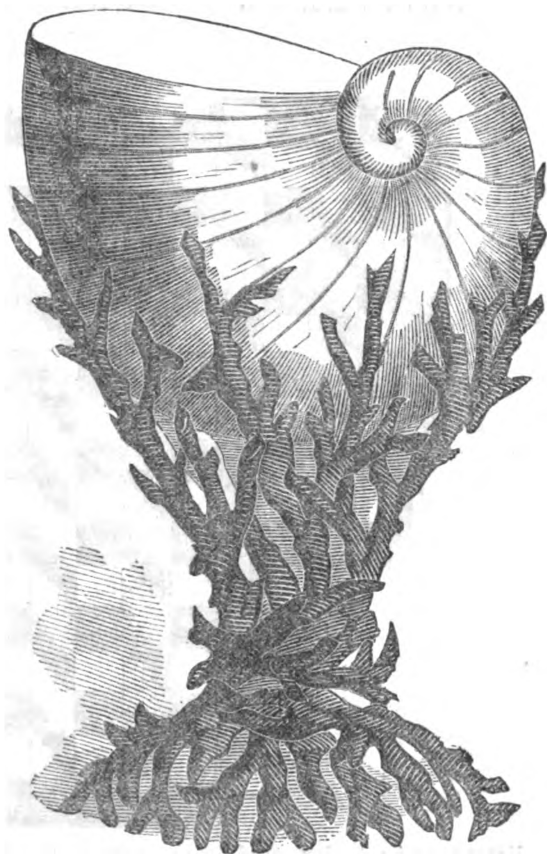
That evening the false curls were carefully placed in a box, with a sigh, and put away for a more important occasion—should such ever occur. The flaunting red ribbons were looked upon mournfully as a useless expense, while Sarah Jane's white dress was laid aside without a word—*her* feelings were too deep for utterance.

We have only to add that the bride won her own way among the inhabitants of Flowerdale; but there was none of that eagerness exhibited for the society of the new couple, which the idea of a single minister had drawn forth so enthusiastically.

Digitized by Google

CORAL SHELL STAND FOR CHIMNEY-PIECE ORNAMENT.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



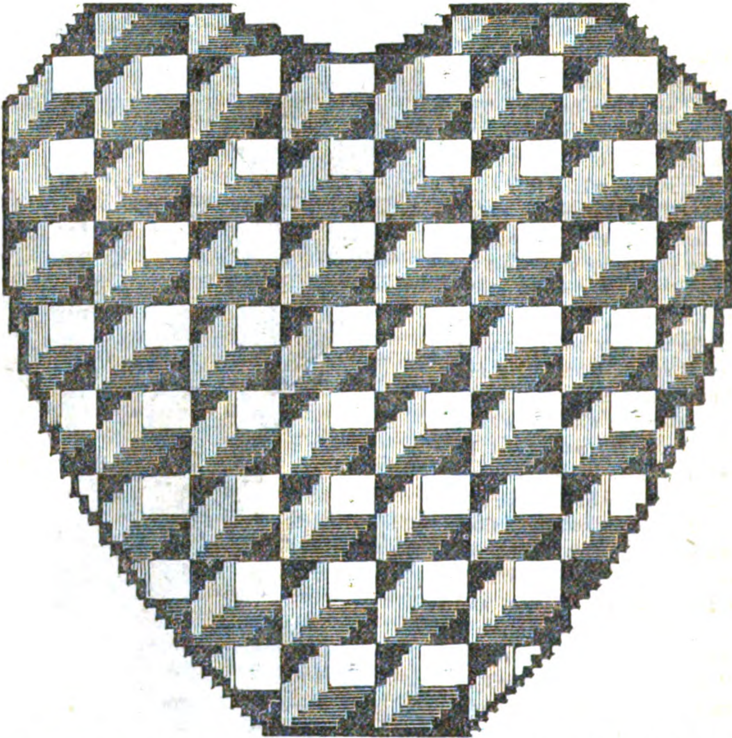
In commencing a pair of stands of this description, the artistic taste of the worker must necessarily be exercised, as, where the absence of regularity and uniformity is a merit, instead of a defect, it is difficult to give instruction to produce an effect which taste and skill alone can bestow. The great point to attain is to endeavor to imitate the branching of the real coral as closely as possible, which it is easy to do by the following means, aided by observation of the original production: A piece of strong wire must be first taken and twisted into the form of a branch of coral, by making several loops in the wire and returning to the central stem. These must not be formal or regular either in distance or length. After the wire is twisted in this manner, every part must be covered with a soft cotton twisted round it. Four or five of these strong branches must be prepared and united together with another wire about three inches from the ends. These ends form the stand at the bottom, and must be spread out so as to allow it to stand firm and secure. The upper part must also be now arranged in accordance with the form of the shell which is destined to be placed upon it. The shape must be finally formed at this part of the work before the process of covering it with wax is commenced. When it is all skillfully arranged, to form a proper and artistic shape, short lengths of cotton cord must be tied on to every part, at irregular distances, and cut off, leaving the two ends about half an inch long; these are very useful in giving the branched appearance beyond what the wire can do. These ends must be slightly opened by untwisting the cord. It now remains to conceal all this rough frame-work, and to transform it into a close resemblance to real coral, by having some white wax melted and colored with Chinese vermilion, and with an iron spoon pouring it over every portion of the frame. This part of the work requires a little patience and care, as it must be gone over and over again, and must be turned and twisted in every direction while the wax is being poured upon it, so that it may all be covered equally, and no imperfections allowed to appear. In coloring the wax it should be made to resemble exactly the natural color of real coral. In selecting the shells which these stands are intended to support, we must just mention that the shape and brilliant appearance of the well-polished nautilus is one which contrasts beautifully with the color of the coral. If covered with a glass shade, the effect is much improved. A well-arranged group of various sorts of seaweed forms a most appropriate filling in of these shells, and completes the beauty of their effect; but if this is not easily attainable, some of those delicate paper flowers which are now being made with very great taste and delicacy have an elegant appearance, contrasting admirably with the red coral

Digitized by Google

and the pearly shells. If the nautilus shell should not be the one selected, we may just suggest that a heavy kind should be avoided, or else that the wire frame-work of the stand must be proportionately strong.

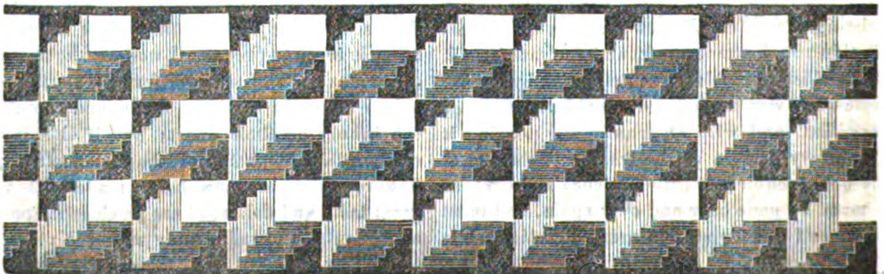
SLIPPER IN COLORED BERLIN WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Various ladies having asked for a slipper, which may be easily worked, we give, above, a pattern for the front of one; and below, a portion of the side and back. It is worked in five colors, and has a very pretty effect indeed. The white squares are to be done in white; the black parts in black; the next darkest in green; the next darkest in red; the next darkest in blue; and the next darkest in yellow.

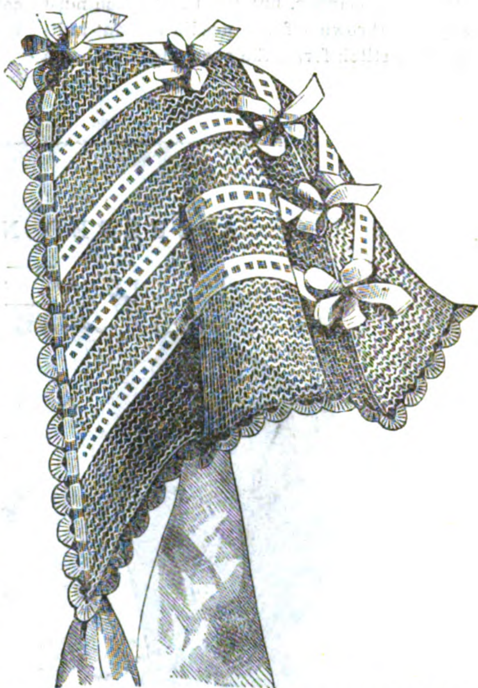
Or, if you begin at the toe of the slipper, on the left, and work toward the right, the first bit (a triangle) is black; the next is green; the next (the lines of which run upward) is red; the next is black; the next is yellow; the next (the lines of which run upward) is blue; and the next black, which finishes the first row.



Digitized by Google

A NORWEGIAN MORNING OR BONNET CAP, IN SHETLAND WOOL.

BY MRS. WARREN.



Materials.—Half an ounce each of Cerise and white Shetland wool; two steel knitting pins, No. 12; crochet hook, No. 2.

Cast on 240 stitches. K (or knit) two plain rows *; now knit one stitch; take two together; knit 115 stitches; take two together, and take two together again; now K the remainder, taking two together before the last stitch. The next row back is plain; now repeat from * till there are 18 ribs of knitting in which there are 36 rows alternately decreased and plain. Take the white wool—knit three rows in the same way, which is one rib and one row, decreasing as before; K one stitch; take two together; wind the wool twice over the pins; take two together, wind twice over the pin again till there are 41 holes; then take two together twice; make 41 holes again; take two together; K 1; now knit 3 rows plain, again decreasing as before.

Now, with Cerise wool, knit six ribs or twelve rows, decreasing as before. Then with white the same as the first white stripe. Then continue with white and Cerise alternately till there are four white and four Cerise stripes irrespective of the first deep border. Now, with Cerise, knit 16 rows, decreasing as before. This finishes with one stitch. For the border along the front, with Cerise, make 2 L stitches, with 1 ch between each L; in one loop of the knitting 3 ch; 2 more L as before in an equal space to the 3 ch; this is along the front only. 2nd row, 9 L with 1 ch between each *u* the 1 ch; 1 ch dc between next 2 L; 1 ch 9 L with 1 ch between each *u* next; 1 ch repeat. This last row is worked with the knitting at the back within the row of L stitches. Run Cerise ribbon in the alternate holes of the white rows, and the same in the alternate L stitches of the border.

THIBET KNITTING.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

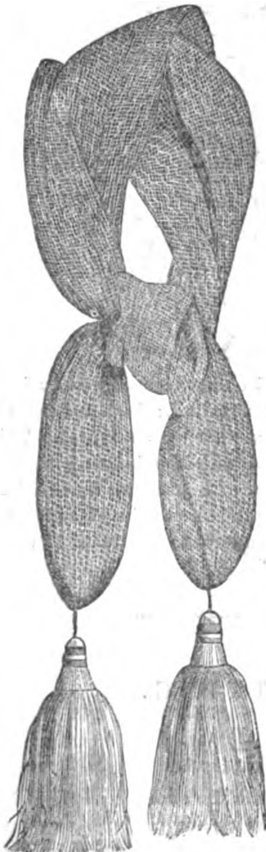
This knitting, which has been lately introduced, is likewise sometimes called the Railway Knitting, from the extreme quickness which it allows in the execution. As it forms a pleasant occupation and produces extremely comfortable articles for winter wear, it is sure to receive

Digitized by Google

favor. We therefore think instructions for working it may be acceptable to those of our subscribers who may not know it. Very large wooden pins and the twelve-thread fleecy are required, as a fine material is quite unsuitable for it. Cast on two stitches, place the right-hand needle in the left-hand, and put the wool over it twice; then insert the needle through the two stitches at the back, purling them. There will then be three stitches on the needle; the next row two of the stitches must be purled in the same manner, but the third stitch must always be thrown off the needle without knitting; this stitch forms the open edge. When a sufficient number of strips are knitted they are joined together, but this is done in a particular manner. The two edges of each strip are placed together, and united with a row of herringbone-stitch in black wool, of the same kind as the knitting, taking care that the stitch of herring-bone comes between each stitch of the knitting. A little observation will show how much the regularity of this part of the work affects the appearance of the whole. Very handsome comforters are formed of colored strips, which contrast well with each other, the black row between greatly adding to the effect.

A CREPED NECK-TIE.

BY MRS. WARREN.



MATERIALS.—Cotton, No. 60; a pair of Bone Knitting Pins, No. 12; two lumps of sugar dissolved in half a pint of hot water, and let remain till cold; two Chenille Tassels.

This is one of the prettiest articles for a neck-tie that can be made; having, when finished, all the appearance of soft white crape, and may be adopted either in mourning or out, by adding either black, colored, or white tassels. Cast on the pin for hundred and fifty stitches, and knit in plain garter-stitch till it is five nails wide; then cast off, but not too tight; then sew a strip of calico on to each side, but only so that it can be easily untacked. If the work is at all soiled, wash it with white curd soap and water; then rinse it perfectly, and squeeze it in a cloth very dry; after that dip it in the sugar and water, squeeze it slightly, and lay it out on a doubled sheet, to dry; afterward take off the calico, sew it up, and add the tassels. The washing and rinsing in sugar and water will always give it the appearance of being new.

Digitized by Google

THE SHANGHAI CLOAK.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

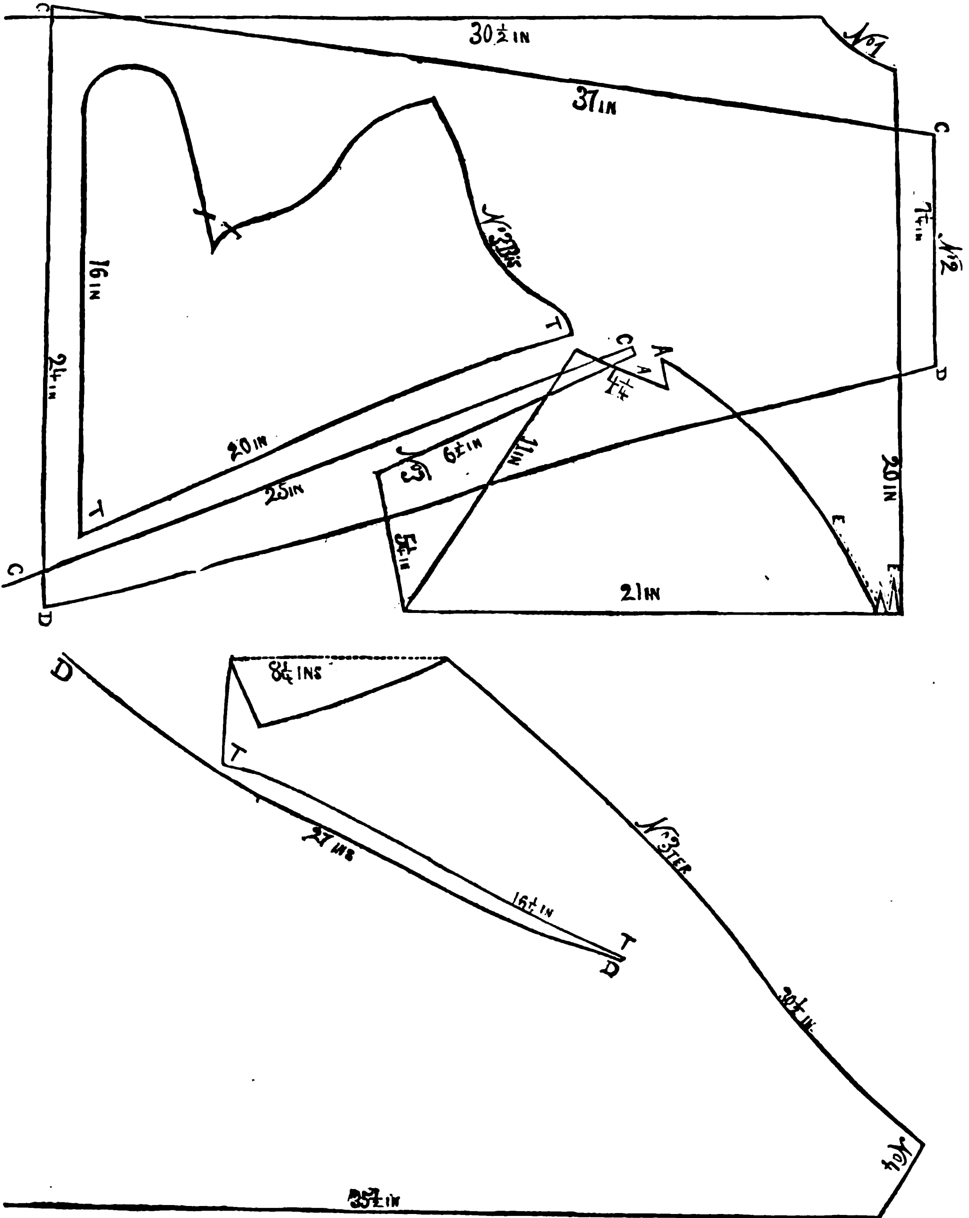
This garment is made of cloth, silk, or velvet.

No. 1. **Front**; this part must be cut 18 inches longer than our pattern; it is rounded in front and is 26 inches wide at bottom.

No. 2. **Gore**, added to the front and back to give fullness to the garment. This gore is sewed to the front from C to C; and to the back from D to D.

No. 3. **Sleeve**; this sleeve is divided into three parts. The seam which begins at the

Digitized by Google



neck, and joins the back to the front, continues along the sleeve, and makes it form an elbow.

No. 3 *bis*. Second part of Sleeve. This part is joined to No. 3 *ter* by a seam running from T to T, it then returns on the front of the sleeve and forms a tab fastened by a button.

No. 3 *ter*. Third part of Sleeve. This part is joined to the back.

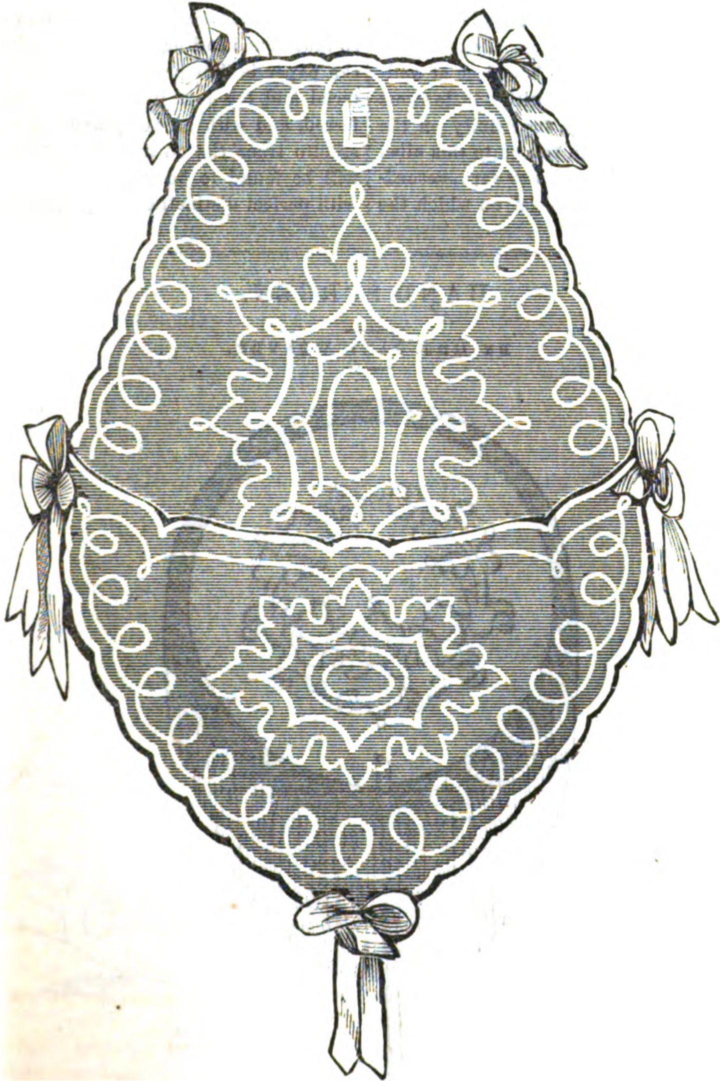
No 4. Back; this must be cut 15 inches longer than the pattern, and is, at bottom, 15 inches wide.

The trimming of the cloak consists of two rows of braid placed three-quarters of an inch apart. It laps over in front, and has three buttons to fasten it. Two small pockets are cut slanting in front. There is no seam at the sleeve-hole. It is another seam which forms the elbow.

Digitized by Google

WATCH-POCKET IN BRAIDING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This Watch-Pocket is to be made in white marcella, braided with scarlet, white, star, or variegated braid. It is finished at the corners and bottom by bows of narrow ribbon, matching the braid in color. As will be seen by the engraving, the hook is placed quite at the top.

Digitized by Google

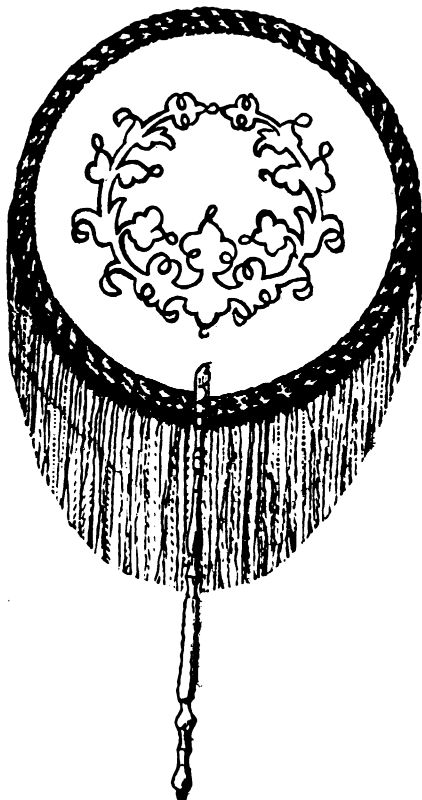
HOW TO TRANSFER PATTERNS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

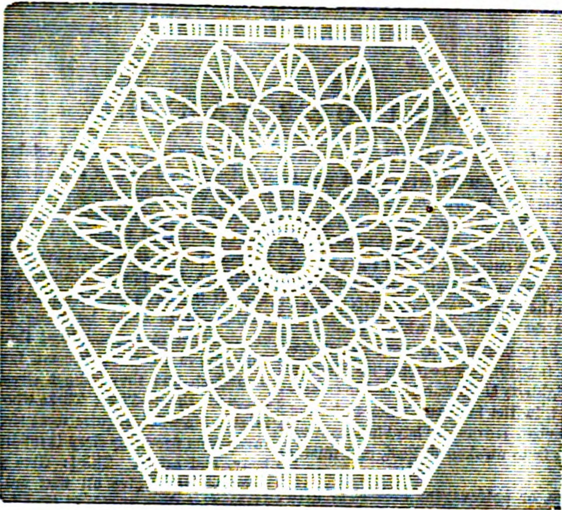
As many new subscribers have asked how to transfer patterns, we take an early occasion to answer them. Transfer paper is certainly the most easy and convenient method; if it cannot be purchased: it can always be made in a few minutes in the following manner. Take a sheet of thin writing-paper, and with a piece of wadding or flannel rub it all over with a little sweet oil, carefully removing any superfluity on the surface of the paper; then rub on to this oiled paper a little color, either light or dark, according to the color of the material on which the work is to be executed; if a dark cloth, for instance, a little chrome yellow is the best; if a light drab or any pale color, a little common blue makes the lines perfectly visible. This color must also be well rubbed into the paper, so that none shall be left on the surface. When the paper is thus prepared, place it on the material and lay over it the pattern to be transferred, and with an ivory knitting-needle or a stiletto trace the outline of the pattern, which will be found to be transferred to the material with perfect distinctness, if properly managed.

HAND SCREEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



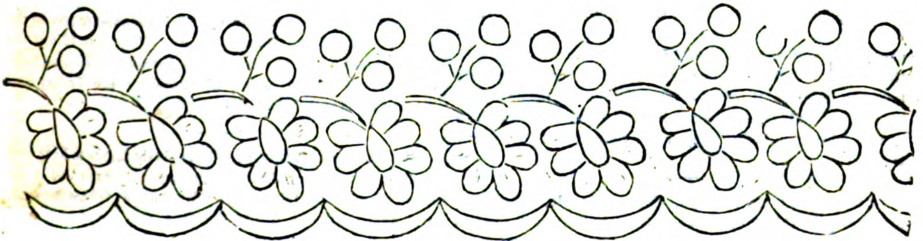
Digitized by Google



between the 4 double. This completes the star of 18 points. For the outer line, chain 7 between each point, looping into the centre stitch of each; there are three points to each of the six sides; at the six points of the hexagon there must be three stitches in one stitch to form the shape when the next row is worked. This row, which is the last, is 1 long 1 chain missing one stitch of last row. These hexagons are sewn together as given in the small diagram annexed.

PATTERNS IN SILK EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Digitized by Google

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

COUNT THE COST.—Whatever you undertake, first count the cost. Have you friends? Before you alienate them count the cost. It is easy to be unjust to a father, a mother, a brother, a sister, a wife, or even a child, but it is less easy to recover the love you have outraged, or still the voice of remorse, especially if the grave has since closed over those you have offended. Even the conventionalisms of life, trifling as they seem, cannot be set at defiance with impunity, so that wise people, who have counted the cost, never violate them unless duty imperatively requires it. To win the esteem of your neighbors is the surest road to self-respect, to happiness, and, in the long run, even to honor; while to practice rudeness, meanness, hard-heartedness, and other selfish vices, is to awaken disgust, and finally hatred or contempt.

To buy fine furniture, or extravagant dresses, or give elegant entertainments, is all very pleasant; but when it leads to ruin, as it so often does, you will regret you had not counted the cost. Men who give themselves up to the sway of the appetites brutalize their natures, and not only this, but sow a harvest of pain and sickness for old age, if they do not cut short their lives; and when death comes prematurely, when they writhe on a bed of agony, oh! how they lament they had not counted the cost. Vice often comes in an alluring garb, but the adder is coiled under her Paphian garments, and, if we yield to her seductions, the day will come when we will wish that we had counted the cost.

Fathers, brothers, sons, count the cost, if you would succeed in life. Learn what you can do best, and do it with all your might. This man is a born mechanic, that a born orator, this a merchant, that a farmer, this an engineer, that a sailor, this a physician, that an author. More than this. There are some pursuits which require capital, as manufacturing, shipping and importing; and to embark in these, without adequate means, is to invite insolvency. Or to enter on an intellectual career without brains or study, is to ensure failure. In a word, in all conditions and phases of life, wise men, before they make ventures, rigidly count the cost!

EXAGGERATION IN TALKING.—Young people, especially, are guilty of this fault. We constantly hear such expressions as, "I am tired to death," "I did not sleep a wink all night," "I wouldn't do it for the world," "It was enough to kill me," "She turned as pale as a sheet," &c., &c. All such exaggerations affect, more or less, the habit of veracity, and make us insensibly disregard the exact truth. Thousands fall into this error without intending it. Besides nothing is so ill-bred. When a real gentleman hears such expressions fall from the lips of a pretty girl, he forgets instantly her beauty and can think only of what he considers her vulgarity. All young ladies, who talk in this way, are not, however, vulgar; but they should be the more careful, therefore, not to do themselves this injustice, Next to being uncultivated is seeming to be so.

SURPASSING ALL OTHERS.—A subscriber, forwarding a club, says:—"The people in this vicinity appreciate your efforts, and congratulate you on your success in furnishing a Magazine at two dollars, which surpasses in vigor and interest any three dollar Magazine published." And this seems to be the general verdict.

A WORD ABOUT SLEEP.—A celebrated physician, who had devoted a good deal of attention to the subject, said that no fact was more clearly established, than that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep; and he added that if the recuperation did not equal the expenditure, the brain withered and insanity supervened. Thus it is that in early English history, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping always died raving maniacs; thus it is, also, that those who starve to death become insane; the brain is not nourished, and they cannot sleep. The practical inferences are these—First: Those who think most, who do the most brain-work, require most sleep. Second: That time saved from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body, and estate. Third: Give yourself, your children, your servants—give all that are under you the fullest amount of sleep they will take, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular early hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they wake; and within a fortnight, nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. This is the only safe and sufficient rule; and as to the question how much any one requires, each must be a rule for himself—great Nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just given.

THE YEAR 1861 is the latter part of the 5621st and the beginning of the 5622nd year since the creation of the world, according to the Jews. The year 5622 commences on September 5, 1861. The year 1861 answers to the 6574th year of the Julian Period, to the 2614th year from the foundation of Rome, to the 2637th year of Olympiads, to the 2608th year since the era of Nabonassar, and to the year 7169-70 of the Byzantine era. The year 1278 of the Mohammedan era commences on July 9th, 1861, and Ramdan (month of abstinence observed by the Turks) commences on March 13th, 1861.

OUR JANUARY MEZZOTINT.—Everybody seems to have been delighted with our January mezzotint. Says one of our most popular contributors. "We look at 'Cobwebs' again and again, all our heads together, and say, 'Isn't she a darling?' And another says, 'Yes, she is a darling!' A picture like that, in a way, hallows the whole number, the whole year, into which the thoughtful eyes seem peering. I am sure I thank you again and again for sending so beautiful a thing into so many homes."

OUR BERLIN PATTERN for this month, it will be seen, is twice the usual size, and as expensive as even the one in January, which was universally declared to be the handsomest and costliest embellishment of its kind ever published. Recollect, this is the only Magazine which prints these patterns at all, and that each such pattern, at a retail store, would cost fifty cents.

THE BIRD-NESTERS.—Isn't this also a charming picture? The children have been out bird-nesting; one of them has fallen and been hurt; and now the elder sister is carrying home the wounded, while the rest sympathizingly accompany her. How demurely Master Carlo walks along, by her side, carrying the spoils!

Digitized by Google

FITZGERALD'S CITY ITEM.—This admirable and popular weekly, now in its fourteenth year, is, we are glad to observe, doing more prosperously than ever. As a general litterateur, connoisseur, and intelligencer, it has few equals; as a literary paper, and especially a poetical one, it holds its own with the best; and in matters of fine art and the drama it is the representative paper of the city and the Union—the only thorough medium of theatrical information. It is very ably and very readably edited, and among its contributors are some of the most promising writers of the day—Stockton, Dorgan, Miss Donelly, Miss Bridges. Mrs. Jacobus, and Julius Spec—writers who would do credit to any periodical in the country.

HOW WE DO IT.—"How can you afford," is a frequent inquiry, "to print so good a Magazine for so low a price?" We will tell you the secret, dear reader: we always insist on cash and pay cash ourselves. Thus, on the one hand, we make no bad debts, and on the other, buy cheaper than those buying on credit.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems. By Rose Terry. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—As a rule, volumes of poems, unless by well known names, are not worth the critic's reading. But this book is an exception. The name of Rose Terry had become favorably known to us, in the periodical literature of the day, and, therefore, we cut the leaves of this new work immediately. There are several poems of singular merit, and two or three very spirited ballads, in the volume. We cannot better exhibit the character of the collection, however, than by quoting

THE TWO VILLAGES.

Over the river, on the hill,
Lieth a village white and still;
All around it the forest-trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river-shore;
And in the roads no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers;
Never a clock to toll the hours;
The marble doors are always shut,
You cannot enter in hall or hut;
All the villagers lie asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh;
Silent and idle and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And, weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home from this below;
Longs to sleep in the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, this answer fall:
"Patience! that village shall hold ye all!"

The Printer Boy. By William W. Thayer. 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—This excellent little book for the young is founded on the story of Franklin's life. It is the first of a series, which the publishers design to issue. The next will be, "The Farmer Boy, or how George Washington became President."

Lavinia. By the author of "Dr. Antonio." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—"Dr. Antonio" was a fiction of rare beauty, and "Lavinia" is hardly less meritorious. The scene of the story is laid, principally, in Italy, the hero being a young artist, and the heroine an English girl of beauty, accomplishments and wealth. The loves of these two; the Italian life; the minor characters who figure in the tale, are all equally well depicted: and the interest suffers no diminution, even when the scene of the story is shifted to England, though, perhaps, the exquisite naturalness of the narrative falls off somewhat. In "Dr. Antonio," there was a tragical denouement, and one that did not seem to us necessary; but in "Lavinia," this is avoided, and a happy marriage concludes the tale. Still the latter part even of the present fiction is inferior to the earlier chapters. This is less, however, because of any want of merit in the conclusion, than because of the exquisite beauty of the first half of the book, where the pictures of Italy are not less delicious than in Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," while the actors have far more reality. The author of "Lavinia," we should state, is an Italian, but has written his book in English; and few, even of the masters of the language, are so idiomatic and lucid in style.

German Popular Tales and Household Stories. Collected by the Brothers Grimm. Newly translated. With illustrations by Edward H. Wehnert. First and Second Series. 2 vols., 12 mo. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.—These two volumes contain nearly two hundred tales. The stories are of various lengths, but all comparatively short. The style is pithy, and often archaic, as, indeed, is the case with most tales, which, like these, have come down from former ages. Dansent's "Tales from the Norse" will give those of our readers, who have not yet seen these stories, some idea of their character. But, perhaps, we go too far in supposing that anybody has not read the "Tales and Household Stories" of the brothers Grimm; for the work has long been world-renowned, and has furnished, time and again, materials for collectors of legends. We may say, however, that the present edition is a particularly handsome one, and that the illustrations, by Mr. Wehnert, are especially fine.

The Petty Annoyances of Married Life. By H. de Balzac. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—In France, marriages are generally conventional, and this fiction may, perhaps, be there a faithful daguerreotype of married life But the exaggerations of "Punch," or "Vanity Fair," do not caricature the reality more, than its pictures caricature married life, as it is seen, happily, in England and the United States. What we deplore, in addition, in this volume, is the sneering spirit, the want of faith, which is such a curse to France, and which renders French literature so dangerous to the young. What Thackeray is to the most genial of his cotemporaries, that "The Petty Annoyances" is to Thackeray. The translation is executed with the same spirit and fidelity which marked "Ceasar Birotteau."

The Heroes of Europe. By Henry G. Hewlett. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is a biographical outline of European history, from A. D. 700 to A. D. 1700. Charlemagne, Geoffrey de Bouillon, St. Bernard, Frederick Barbarossa, Rodolph of Hapsburg, Columbus, and other characters typical of their time, are the heroes whose deeds are commemorated. It is an excellent work for the young. Several spirited engravings illustrate the volume.

From Hay-Time To Hopping. By the author of "Our Farm of Four Acres." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—This is a charming little story. Its merit, however, consists rather in its pictures of country life, than in any constructive skill as to its plot. The tone, so to speak, is better than the incidents. The volume is printed with unusual elegance.

Digitized by Google

Faithful Forever. By Coventry Patmore, author of "The Angel In The House." 1 vol., 12 mo. *Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—Ruskin has said, in a late paper in the Cornhill Magazine, that this is a wonderful poem. Like most of Ruskin's opinions, this is an exaggeration; but like all exaggerations, it has a basis of fact. We cannot better define wherein the merits of this poem consist, (for it has very great merits,) than by saying that it is full of common sense, is quite original, and is singularly sweet and delicate. To give an exhaustive criticism of it would require pages. We must content ourselves with a few quotations. This, describing a young girl, is fine:

> With whom she talks
> She knights first with her smile; she walks,
> Stands, dances, to such sweet effect
> Alone she seems to go erect.
> The brightest and the chastest brow
> Rules o'er a cheek which seems to show
> That love, as a mere vague suspense
> Of apprehensive innocence,
> Perturbs her heart.

Or again:

> Even in dress
> She makes the common mode express
> New knowledge of what's fit, so well,
> 'Tis virtue gaily visible.

This, describing the change, which comes over the face of a young girl, when her lover appears, is exquisite:

> And, as the image of the moon
> Breaks up, within some still lagoon
> That feels the soft wind suddenly,
> Or tide fresh flowing from the sea,
> And turns to giddy flames that go
> Over the water to and fro,
> Thus, when he took her hand to-night,
> Her lovely gravity of light
> Was scattered into many smiles
> And flattering weakness.

How fine this, from the one she does not love, who, seeing the interview, writes to his mother:

> Would I might
> But be your little child to-night,
> And feel your arms about me fold,
> Against this loneliness and cold.

But we must stop, for if we go on, we shall fill our space, to the exclusion of other authors and publishers. We merely add, that, whoever wishes to read a charming love-story in verse, and pick up, at the same time, no little of the truest philosophy of life, should buy this volume.

Hymns of the Ages. Second Series. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—About a year ago we had occasion to notice a work bearing the same title as this, and of which this is really a continuation. It contained a selection of hymns, written in different centuries, and chiefly distinguished for their mysticism and sentiment. The present is a compilation similar in character, but devoted principally to Christian lyrics, in which thought, rather than sentiment, prevails. Like its predecessor, it is remarkable, not only for taste, but also for broad and liberal spirit. We cannot better describe the character of the work, than by quoting the words of the compilers themselves: "Choosing irrespective of creed, we have been often guided by rare and deep associations of the past; hymns there are here which have been breathed by dying lips, traced on the walls of prisons, sung with hushed voices in catacombs, or joyfully chanted on the battle-march, or fearlessly at the stake." We violate no confidence, we think, when we say that the compilers are two ladies, whose culture as well as piety appear in every selection they have made. The volume is exquisitely printed, on thick, vellum-like paper.

The Seven Little Sisters who live on the round ball that floats in the air. With illustrations. 1 vol., 16 mo. *Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—Seven stories for children, descriptive of life in as many different climates, each story very prettily told. The illustrations are particularly elegant.

The Conduct of Life. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—This is a collection of essays on subjects connected with life, such as "Behavior," "Culture," "Wealth," "Worship," &c. &c. They are written in pure, nervous English, contrasting, favorably, in this respect, with certain earlier productions of the same author. Nor are they less meritorious in matter. Mr. Emerson has studied life, not as a mere theorist, as too many might suppose, but with something also of the feeling of the man of the world; and hence his conclusions are broader, and consequently truer, than those which mere closet philosophers ever arrive at, however honest their intentions. We hardly know of any essays in the language, except, perhaps, Bacon's, which contain so much in such little space. They go straight to the mark. They have the ring of a rifle. In the guise of short, popular treatises, they really almost exhaust their themes. They have this merit also, that they instruct more by what they suggest, than by what they say. They set the reader to thinking. They stimulate like breezy, October mornings, out on the hills. They are set so thick with thought that one perusal is not enough. We have, already, read these essays twice, and do not doubt that we shall find much that seems new even at a third perusal. The volume is handsomely printed.

Plants of the Holy Land, with their Fruits and Flowers. By Rev. Henry S. Osborn, author of "Palestine, Past and Present." 1 vol., 8 vo. *Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is a very elegant volume. The type and paper are unexceptionable. The engravings, which represent various plants of the Holy Land, are colored after nature and are of striking merit. Mr. Osborn is favorably known as the author of "Palestine, Past and Present," a work of unusual merit, and which has had, we believe, quite a large sale. In the present volume, he identifies, to use his own words, "Scriptural plants with the existing plants of Syria, or with those mentioned and described in the writings of early Greek and Latin physicians, botanists, and naturalists." The love of flowers has been said to be one of the sweetest graces of womanhood. We can imagine, therefore, how a book like this, which describes and represents the plants spoken of in Holy Writ, from the most delicate and beautiful, down to "the hyssop that groweth by the wall," will be welcomed by the Christian women of America. It is a volume, that, on this account, not less than because of its elegance, ought to be circulated everywhere. It is especially valuable as a gift-book.

Tom Brown at Oxford. A Sequel to "School Days at Rugby." By the author of "School Days at Rugby." 1 vol., 12 mo. *Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—This is a republication, in a handsome volume, of a story of which we have often spoken, and which is now being published, serially, in MacMillan's Magazine, in London. The tale has much of the freshness of its predecessor, and though a little more spun out, is, on the whole, one of the best serial stories we have had from England for a long while. The descriptions of life at Oxford are novel to most readers, and are said to be correct. The ladies cannot fail to be interested in the love of Tom for Mary, and of Hardy for Kate.

Driftwood on the Sea of Life. By Willie Ware. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: Jas. Challen & Son.*—A collection of articles, in prose and verse, for which the author has chosen a very appropriate title. Willie Ware seems to be young and sentimental, and that is all we can say about him and his driftwood.

The Chapel of St. Mary. By the author of "The Rectory of Moreland." 1 vol., 12 mo. *Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.*—A story that will please readers of religious fiction, especially those belonging to the Episcopalian denomination. In a literary point of view it is but of average merit. The volume is beautifully printed.

Digitized by Google

Bonnie Scotland. Tales of her history, heroes and poets. By Grace Greenwood. With illustrations. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—This is a book for children, written in the author's happiest style, and narrating the lives of Burns, Wallace, Bruce, Mary Stuart, the Marquis of Montrose, &c. &c. It is really the most charming work of its kind published this season.

A Tribute to Kane; and other Poems. By George W. Chapman. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.*—We cannot say much for these poems. It is one thing to write good enough for fugitive publication, but quite another to challenge posterity by collecting such "trifles of the hour" into a volume.

ART RECREATIONS.

J. E. TILTON & Co., 161 Washington street, Boston, publish, for Grecian and Antique Painting, the following elegant Pictures, which we send, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price. New Pictures constantly being published. Each are prepared on suitable paper, with tints, &c.; and full directions to paint, to mix each color, frame, &c., without extra charge. There are no other publishers of such pictures, nor can any other pictures be made to so fully resemble a canvas oil painting, or remain perfect as those. The coarse and cheap pictures are not suitable, and disgust people of taste with these beautiful arts.

	Size of Plate, beside margin.	Price.
On the Prairie, very fine,	19 by 27,	$2,00
Mary Dow, companion to Barefoot Boy,	16 by 22,	60
The Barefoot Boy, companion to Mary Dow,	16 by 22,	60
The Rector's Ward,	19 by 25,	1,00
The Marriage of John Alden, in the "Courtship of Miles Standish,"	14 by 17,	1,50
The Virgin and Child, the celebrated Madonna della Scala, by Correggio,	16 by 22,	1,00
Evangeline, from Longfellow,	16 by 22,	1,00
Beatrice Cenci, from the celebrated painting by Guido,	16 by 22,	1,00
Jean D'Arc,	12 by 16,	1,00
Age and Infancy, a beautiful Family Group,	16 by 22,	2,00
The Happy Family, do. do.	13 by 17,	1,25
Hiawatha's Wooing, from Longfellow,	14 by 18,	1,50
The Farm Yard, by Herring, companion to Hiawatha's Wooing,	13 by 19,	1,50
The Jews-Harp Lesson, by Brunet,	9 by 11,	60
The Little Bird, by Brunet,	9 by 11,	60
Les Orphelines, copy from celebrated painting,	9 by 11,	1,00

They are the originators of the several most popular new styles of painting, and publishers of the new book, ART RECREATIONS. The careful experience of several years is given in this book, with that of Professor Day, the pioneer teacher, who has successfully taught in Europe and the best seminaries in New England.

Its value to teachers will be obvious, and to those living at a great distance, for it gives instructions how to make all materials used, valuable receipts, &c. Some of the branches taught are

Pencil Drawing, Oil Painting, Crayon Drawing and Painting, Paper Flowers, Moss-Work, Papier Mache, Cone-Work, Feather Flowers, Hair-Work, Potichomanie, Leather-Work, Theorem Painting, Gilding and Bronzing, Taxidermy, or the Art of Preserving Birds, Grecian Painting, Antique Painting, Oriental Painting, Wax Flowers, from the crude wax, to the beautiful and perfect flower, fruit, &c., Sign Painting, Shell Work, Painting on Ground Glass, Magic Lantern, Imitation of Pearl, Sealing-Wax Painting, Panorama Painting, Embroidery, Coloring Photographs, Water-Coloring, the Aquarium, &c., &c.

The work is elegantly illustrated, large 12 mo. Price $1.50. This and all our pictures and books sent, post-paid, by mail.

HOME OF WASHINGTON.—The subscribers respectfully announce that they have issued a new edition of their engraving of MOUNT VERNON, from original drawings, and printed in colors, in a style heretofore unattempted in this country, and unexcelled in any other. The size of the engraving is fifteen by twenty inches, with a Vignette of the Tomb of Washington appended, making the whole printed surface eighteen by twenty inches. It is printed on a beautiful double calendered plate paper of extra weight and finish. That this is the most truthful representation of the sacred spot yet published, we refer with pleasure to the letter of the HON. EDWARD EVERETT, and to the numerous testimonials of the Press everywhere. This picture has had a more rapid sale since its publication, than any other picture ever published in America.

LETTER FROM THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT TO THE PUBLISHERS.—"*Gentlemen:*—The box containing the view of MOUNT VERNON, arrived yesterday. I am greatly obliged to you for this pleasing specimen of printing in colors, which, besides its interest as a representation of the spot which, more than any other, endears itself to the heart of the country, is worthy of attention as a successful attempt to place works of art of this kind within the reach of the great mass of the community.

"I remain, gentlemen, with many thanks, &c.,

Very respectfully yours, EDWARD EVERETT."

Notices of the Press.

It will make an elegant ornament for the parlor.—*Petersburg Daily Express, Va.*

It is decidedly the best one in existence.—*Democrat, Port Clinton, Ohio.*

A beautiful picture, and do not hesitate to recommend it to general favor.—*Citizen, Vergennes, Vt.*

An imposing and truthful engraving.—*Gazette, Elmira, N. Y.*

Price, Fifty Cents, post-paid, to any part of the country.

J. H. BYRAM & Co.,
No. 112 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

MAKING PILAU.

THIS very wholesome and cheap dish consists of nothing more than rice swelled and softened by broth of any description. The substances most commonly used, and their proportions, are as follows:

Three ounces of rice for each person; it should be picked and washed in three waters. Half a pound of mutton to each portion of rice. Half an ounce of very fresh butter cut into small bits for each of the portions. A sufficient quantity of water to allow, when the broth is made, one pint to be imbibed by each portion of the rice. The broth is made first, and the meat should be but two-thirds dressed.

Pilau is made in a well-tinned copper stewpan, with a cover of a sufficient size to allow the rice to swell, over a charcoal brazier. The broth is poured into the saucepan, and when it boils the cleaned rice is gradually thrown into it; the rice insensibly absorbs the broth, and when the whole is imbibed, the rice is swollen, but unbroken, and perfectly tender, and is done. When taken off the fire and uncovered, a number of little holes produced by the evaporation of the broth will be observed; into these the small pieces of butter are put, and the stewpan is carefully closed: the butter soon melts and mixes with the rice; it is left to simmer for a quarter of an hour, and then placed in a tureen or dish. The rice should not be stirred while on the fire. The meat having been cut into small pieces, and browned nicely in fresh butter (which completes its cooking), is placed neatly on the pilau.

Pilau is improved by using pigeons and fowls, either added to the meat or alone. No vegetables are to be used, as they impart a harsh, unpleasant flavor to the dish.

Digitized by Google

A PILAU FOR FIVE PERSONS.—Fives ounces of rice; two pounds and a half of meat; two ounces and a half of fresh butter; five pints of broth made from the meat, and salted as usual. After the broth is made, half an hour is sufficient for cooking the dish, which is the general food of the Turks.

VENICE PILAU, AS A SIDE-DISH.—Six ounces of rice, washed in three tepit waters; stew it gently in two pints of broth over a clear charcoal fire, and closely covered. When all the broth is imbibed, it is done, and is to be taken off the fire; add three ounces of fresh butter, cut into small bits, that it may melt the quicker, and close the stewpan. Take six yolks and three whites of eggs, and beat them up well; uncover the stewpan and pour them into the rice, and then close it again, but still off the fire, and let it simmer. Take a deep dish, butter it, pour into it one-third of the rice, and add some small pieces of butter, and a layer of meat, cut and browned apart; then a second layer of rice, butter, and meat; then a third layer; arrange the whole in a dome shape: beat up the yolk of an egg in milk or cream, and cover the outside with it, then put the dish into the oven; the butter melts and the pilau assumes a yellowish crust; it is served in the same dish.

CONSTANTINOPLE PILAU.—According to the quality and number of the guests take either mutton, fowls, or pigeons; boil them till rather more than half done, then put the meat and broth into a basin. Having washed the pot, melt some butter in it, and when very hot, having cut up the half-cooked meat into bits, the fowls into four, and the pigeons in half, throw them into the butter and fry till of a light brown. The necessary quantity of thin rice being well washed, is then to be placed over the meat in the pot, and the broth to be poured over the rice till it is covered to a full finger's depth; then cover the pot, and keep a clear fire under it, and, from time to time, take out some grains of rice to ascertain if it softens sufficiently, or requires more broth; the rice must remain whole though thoroughly done, as well as the pepper which is used for seasoning. As soon as the rice is done, cover the top of the pot with a cloth five or six times folded, and the cover above it; and in a little time melt some more butter and pour it into holes made for the purpose, with the handle of the spoon; cover it quickly again, and then let it simmer till served. It is served in large dishes, with the meat nicely arranged at the top. One may be white of its natural color, another tinted yellow with saffron, and a third red with pome-granate juice.

Though the meat is fat enough for our stomachs, the Turks add as much as three pounds of butter to six of rice, which makes the pilau disagree with those unaccustomed to it.

Some persons prefer rice simply cooked with salt and water; it is served in many ways among the grandees of the Porte; and instead of meat, an herb, omelette, or nicely poached eggs are placed on the rice; in this manner it can disagree with none.

DESSERTS, CAKES, ETC.

MOTHER EVE'S PUDDING.

If you'd have a good pudding, pray mind what you're taught.
Take twopennyworth of eggs when twelve for a groat;
Then take of that fruit which Eve did once cozen,
Well pared and well chopped, at least half a dozen;
Six ounces of bread—let your maid eat the crust—
The crumbs must be grated as fine as the dust;
Six ounces of currants from the stems you must sort,
Or they'll break out your teeth and spoil all your sport.
Three ounces of sugar won't make it too sweet;
Some salt and some spices to make it complete.
Three hours let it boil without hurry or flutter,
And then serve it up with some good melted butter.

Rich Bride or Christening Cake.—Take five pounds of the finest flour, dried and sifted, three pounds of fresh butter, five pounds of picked and washed currants, dried before the fire, two pounds of loaf sugar, two nutmegs, a quarter of an ounce of mace, half a quarter of an ounce of cloves, all finely beaten and sifted; sixteen eggs, whites and yolks kept separate; one pound of blanched almonds, pounded with orange flower water, one pound each of candied citron, orange, and lemon peel, cut in neat slices. Mix these ingredients in the following manner:—Begin working the butter with the hand till it becomes of a cream-like consistency, then beating in the sugar; for at least ten minutes whisk the whites of the eggs to a complete froth, and mix it with the butter and sugar. Next, well beat up the yolks for full ten minutes, and, adding them to the flour, nutmegs, mace, and cloves, continue beating the whole together for half an hour or longer, till wanted for the oven. Then mix in lightly the currants, almonds, and candied peels, with the addition of a gill each of mountain wine and brandy; and, having lined a hoop with paper, rub it well with butter, fill in the mixture, and bake it in a tolerably quick oven, taking care, however, not by any means to burn the cake, the top of which may be covered with paper. It is generally iced over like a Twelfth-cake on coming out of the oven, but without having any ornament on the top, so as to appear of a delicate plain white.

Italian Cheese.—Squeeze the juice of one lemon in a quarter of a pint of raisin wine; pare the peel of the lemon very thin (take out the peel before you put it into the mould); a quarter of a pound of pounded loaf sugar. Let it stand sometime, then strain it into a pint of thick cream; whip it till quite thick; put a piece of thin muslin into the mould, then pour in the cheese, and let it stand all night. Turn it out just before sent to table. The mould must have holes in it,

Orange Cream.—Put into a stewpan one ounce of isinglass, with the juice of six large oranges and one lemon, add sugar to your taste, rub some of the lumps on the peel of the oranges; add as much water as will make it up to a pint and a half, boil, strain through a muslin bag; when cold, beat up with it half a pint of thick cream; put into a mould. In hot weather add more isinglass.

Rock Biscuits.—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of currants. Work the butter to a cream, add the sugar and three eggs. Mix all well together with a fork, put it on tin plates, and bake them in a moderate oven. They will keep good for twelve months.

Drop Sponge Biscuits.—Half a pound of flour, six ounces of loaf sugar, three eggs, leaving out one white. Beat sugar and eggs together twenty minutes, then add the flour.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Color Alum Crystals.—In making these crystals, the coloring should be added to the solution of alum in proportion to the shade which it is desired to produce. Coke, with a piece of lead attached to it, in order to make it sink in the solution, is the best substance for a nucleus; or, if a smooth surface be used, it will be necessary to wind it round with cotton or worsted, otherwise no crystals will adhere to it. *Yellow*, muriate of iron; *blue*, solution of indigo in sulphuric acid; *pale blue*, equal parts of alum and blue vitriol; *crimson*, infusion of madder and cochineal; *black*, japan ink thickened with gum; *green*, equal parts of alum and blue vitriol, with a few drops of muriate of iron; *milk-white*, a crystal of alum held over a glass containing ammonia, the vapor of which precipitates the alumina on the surface. *Or*—Alum crystals may be colored yellow by boiling a little saffron or turmeric with the alum, dissolved

Digitized by Google

in water; purple, by a similar use of logwood. Whether the alum be employed in its simple state, or any coloring matter be used, it is requisite to filter the solution through blotting paper before it is used. *Or*—Splendid blue crystals may be obtained by preparing the sulphate of copper—commonly called blue vitriol—in the same manner that alum is prepared. Great care must be taken not to drop it on the clothes.

Varnish to Color Baskets.—Take either red, black, or white sealing-wax, whichever color you wish to make. To every two ounces of sealing-wax, add one ounce of spirits of wine; pound the wax fine; then sift it through a fine lawn sieve until you have made it extremely fine; put it into a large phial with the spirits of wine, shake it, and let it stand near the fire forty-eight hours, shaking it often; then, with a little brush, brush the baskets all over with it; let them dry, and do them over a second time.

To Make Paper Fireproof.—To do this, it is only necessary to dip the paper in a strong solution of alum water, and when thoroughly dry, it will resist the action of flame. Some paper requires to imbibe more of the solution than it will take up at a single immersion, and when this is the case, the process must be repeated until it becomes thoroughly saturated.

Cleaning Hair Brushes.—It is said that soda dissolved in cold water is better than soap and hot water. The latter very soon softens the hairs, and the rubbing completes their destruction. Soda having an affinity for grease, cleans the brush with a very little friction.

To Clean Gilt Frames.—Beat up three ounces of the white of eggs with one ounce of soda. Blow the dust from the frames with a bellows; then rub them over with a soft brush dipped in the mixture, and they will become bright and fresh.

To Prevent the Smoking of a Lamp.—Soak the wick in strong vinegar, and dry it well before you use it; it will then burn clearly, and give much satisfaction for the trifling trouble in preparing it.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

Hints on Pickling.—Do not keep pickles in common earthenware, as the glazing contains lead, and combines with the vinegar. Vinegar for pickling should be sharp, though not the sharpest kind, as it injures the pickles. If you use copper, bell-metal, or brass vessels for pickling, never allow the vinegar to cool in them, as it then is poisonous. Add a teaspoonful of alum, and a teacup of salt to each three gallons of vinegar, and tie up a bag with pepper, ginger root, spices of all the different sorts in it, and you have vinegar prepared for any kind of pickling. Keep pickles only in wood or stoneware. Anything that has held grease will spoil pickles. Stir pickles occasionally, and if there are soft ones take them out and scald the vinegar, and pour it hot over the pickles. Keep enough vinegar to cover them well. If it is weak, take fresh vinegar and pour on hot. Do not boil vinegar or spice above five minutes.

How to Bone a Turkey.—After the turkey has been properly dressed, cut off the first joint of the leg. Now make an incision down the back-bone from the head, and carefully separate the flesh from the bone on both sides, until you arrive at the wings and legs. Cut very carefully round the joints, and insert the knife between the flesh and the bone, when the bone will be found to leave the flesh quite easily.

The Best Means of Clearing Coffee.—First, take the quantity of coffee required, and pour on boiling water; then strain it, and add the white and shell of one egg, well beaten up. Boil for a few minutes. If a strainer be not at hand, two tablespoonfuls of cold water poured in the coffee will clear it. It must be poured out very gently.

To Salt two Hams about Twelve or Fifteen Pounds each.—Two pounds of molasses, half a pound of saltpetre, one pound of bay salt, two pounds of common salt. Boil the whole together in a stewpan. Your hams should, two two days before, be laid in a pan and well rubbed with salt, which will draw away all slime and blood. Throw what comes from them away, then rub them with molasses, saltpetre, and salt. Lay them in a deep pan, and let them remain one day; then the mixture to be poured over them boiling hot—a sufficient quantity of the liquor to be made to cover them. For a day or two, rub them well with it, afterward they will only want turning. They ought to remain in this pickle for three weeks or a month, and then be sent to be smoked, which will take nearly or quite a month to do. An ox tongue done in this way is most excellent, to be eaten either green or smoked.

RECEIPTS FOR THE SICK-ROOM.

Chilblains.—Chilblains generally attack the hands and feet; but are cured by the same means on whatever part they may appear. When the tingling and itching are first felt—a sure sign of chilblains—the parts, hands or feet, ought to be bathed in cold water, or rubbed in snow, till the sensation subsides, then well dried; or the following preventive embrocation may be used, though the first method is unquestionably the best. Take spirits of turpentine, one ounce, balsam of compavia, one ounce. Mix them together, rub the afflicted parts two or three times a day with a portion of it.

Cure for Scrofula.—Put two ounces of aquafortis on a plate, on which you have two copper cents. Let it remain from eight to twenty-four hours. Then add four ounces of clear, strong vinegar. Put cents and all in a large-mouthed bottle, and keep it corked. Begin by putting four drops in a teaspoonful of rain water, and apply it to the sore. Make the application three times a day, with a soft, hair pencil, or one made of soft rags. If very painful, put more water. As the sore heals, apply it weaker.

Colds from Excessive Fatigue in Wet Weather.—Those robust individuals whose occupations are chiefly followed in the open air, on taking cold and experiencing rheumatic or other muscular pains from too lengthened and violent exertion in wet weather, have a specific for the cure of these affections, which is regarded by them as infallible—and this is, a tea or tablespoonful of the *oily fat* which drips from slowly-toasted bacon.

THE TOILET.

WHAT IS THE REASON?—It is a melancholy fact that not one lady in a hundred, in these United States, has fine or luxuriant hair. Everybody is complaining of the loss of "woman's chief glory," and wondering why on earth pomatums and hair washes, oils, and restoratives, fail to bring it back "as per advertisement." We suspect there would be a general exclamation of incredulity among the gentlemen, did they but know what an immense proportion of the tastefully arranged tresses they behold on fair heads *grew* on somebody else's pate. Almost every one wears a "roll" or "braid," which comes from the hair dresser's, and costs from five to twenty dollars. It is disposed with consummate skill—you cannot distinguish the sly hair-pins that fasten on the false decoration, yet there it is, a tacit confession that nature gives way to art.

"My hair *will* keep coming out, although I take the greatest pains with it," sighs the fashionable belle; "I don't see what the trouble is!"

There are several "troubles," first and foremost among which is the expensive "roll" itself. Any hair-dresser will

Digitized by Google

tell you that the weight and pressure of this heavy mass of false hair, with the heat it induces around the head, is highly prejudicial to the growth and welfare of the real hair. If you must wear a roll, let it be as seldom as possible. Whenever you can dispense with it, do so. Let its place be supplied as often as practicable with a light head-dress, secured with as few hair-pins as will support it. These last are fearfully destructive to the hair, cutting and wearing it to an incredible degree. Gutta-percha hair-pins are the best, and even these should be limited in number.

All sorts of pomatums, oils, and preparations, had better be let alone. There is no use in soaking the skin of the head in grease, as is often done. If the hair is harsh and dry, castor-oil, perfumed, is the best application, but the scalp itself should not be saturated. Washing the head thoroughly in fair water, once a week, will be found very beneficial.

Bodily health is almost essential to the natural growth of the hair. Nothing indicates the progress of sickness so plainly as the dry, dead look of the hair; and if our American ladies want lovely, luxuriant tresses, they *must* avoid heated rooms, late hours, and fashionable dissipation. There is no help for it—nature will avenge any infringement on her laws, and the sooner we become thoroughly convinced of this fact, the better for us!

There is no ornament half so becoming to a female head as thick, beautiful hair. It needs no decoration beyond a natural flower or two. Nets, diamond sprays, tiaras of pearl, are useless—it is like "painting the lily" to wear them. Remember this, girls, and take every precaution to preserve this exquisite ornament of Nature's manufacture. Once gone, it is hard to coax back again!

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Fig. I.—Carriage Dress of fawn colored Silk.—The skirt is full, and has a puffing of silk put on like a tunic. Large, flat buttons covered with silk, ornament the front of the skirt. The body and sleeves are trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Bonnet of white uncut velvet, trimmed with feathers and flowers.

Fig. II.—Carriage Dress of purple Silk, striped with black Velvet.—The skirt and body are perfectly plain. The only trimming on the sleeves is a narrow guipure lace. Bonnet of white silk spotted with black velvet, and trimmed with black and straw-color pompoons and feathers.

Fig. III.—The Eugenie Paletot is made of gray cloth, and trimmed only with galoon of the same color, and large buttons.

Fig. IV.—The Victoria Paletot of black Cloth, fitting close to the figure. At the back and on the hips are gimp trimmings.

General Remarks.—Dresses, whether for the house or the promenade, are most generally made high, closing with small buttons; some are made a little open, with *revers* forming collar at the back: the waists short, with narrow bands and clasps; wide sleeves seem to be most in favor; the shaped sleeves, not fitting too tight, with three or four small puffings at the top, are much patronized by some ladies. The skirts are worn very long, and wide at the bottom, the breadths gored toward the top; narrow flounces, very full, and set close together, are again coming into favor for silk dresses, as well as narrow quillings placed at equal distances and reaching nearly half way up the skirt; a very stylish trimming for a light silk or poplin, is very deep points of either silk or velvet of a contrasting color, the points reaching to the knee, and trimmed round with quilling or plaiting of ribbon. Dresses having the skirts of alternate breadths of velvet and silk have an extremely rich and elegant appearance.

For dinner and evening dresses, rich, soft satins, and bright *glacees* of delicate colors, will be fashionable; they are trimmed with lace, *tulle*, and flowers; for very young ladies *tarlatane* and the lighter materials are preferred: for evening wear, bodies are made with the short point.

Gored dresses, with the body and skirt in one, still continue in favor; and plain, short-waisted bodies, worn with sashes, bands, and clasps, and buttoned to the throat, are more general than anything else. For dark woolen materials, and for *mourning* dresses, the trimming usually adopted is, one deep flounce finished off by a very narrow one, with a puffing and heading, or only the heading. For more elegant wear, dresses are trimmed with several narrow flounces, which may be cut either on the cross or straightway of the stuff. These flounces are corded at the top and bottom.

Dresses with low bodies and pelerines are now very much in vogue. This is a very useful and economical way of making a dress, as it can be worn either for morning or evening toilet. The pelerine should be made of the same material as the dress, for morning wear; and one of black net, trimmed with black velvet, or of white lace, for evening. The sleeves should be made demi-long—that is to say, just coming below the elbow.

A very pretty way to make a black silk dress is with five very full narrow flounces at the bottom of the skirt; each flounce being corded at the top and botton with white silk, and the flounces graduated. The body should be tight, buttoning high to the throat, with black buttons, edged with white. The waist short and round, and finished off by a broad sash of black silk, corded with white silk; this sash should be fastened on the left-hand side. The sleeves should be gathered at the top, large at the bottom, with a deep turned-back cuff; this cuff should be scalloped and corded with white silk, to correspond with the trimming on the skirt.

Sleeves are a part of the dress on which advice is most frequently asked, and for which it is most difficult to indicate any absolute fashion, for their form varies and must vary according to individual taste, personal peculiarities, character, and habits. The close-fitting sleeves, which look remarkably well on certain ladies, have on others a scanty and paltry appearance. Wide sleeves with frills suit some persons best; and others again look well in sleeves with cuffs, or full ones gathered into wristbands. To give this last description some appearance of novelty, it is complicated by silk or lace ruches placed lengthwise all up the sleeve. Others, also wide, and gathered a little at top, are bordered with a broad strip of velvet at bottom, and with a similar band, placed in a contrary manner, which seems to be a continuation of the first, and to close the sleeve by gathering it slightly at the bend of the arm.

We give in our wood-cut fashions a beautiful style for muslin bodies. The muslin should be very thin and puffed lengthwise; between each puffing is a row of black velvet ribbon. The sleeves correspond with the body, having a black velvet jockey or cap at the top.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Dress for a Boy of eight or ten years of age.—The pants, jacket, and vest are all made of gray cloth trimmed with black velvet. Black cloth cap.

Fig. II.—Dress for a little Girl.—The coat is of dark blue merino, trimmed with five bands of black velvet, the lowest band being much the widest. The large, round cape and sleeves are made to correspond with the skirt of the coat. Black felt hat ornamented with a full plume.

General Remarks.—In our wood-cuts of this month, we give a great variety of children's fashions, which are so exceedingly plain and simple in make that they need no description.

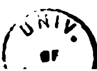
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

LES MODES PARISIENNES

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers

LES MODES PARISIENNES.

MARCH.

1861

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE CRESCENT MOON.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

ALPHABET FOR MARKING: AND FIGURES.

Digitized by Google

CARRIAGE DRESS.

Digitized by Google

WALKING DRESS.

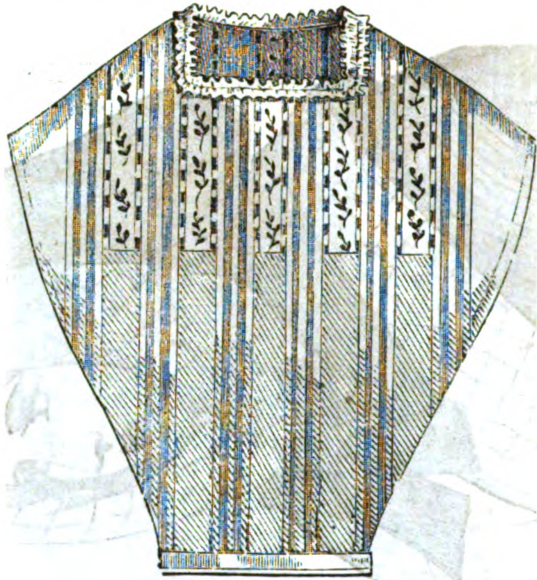
Digitized by Google

HEAD-DRESS: SIDE AND BACK VIEWS.

Digitized by Google

FRONT AND BACK OF CAPUCHIN, OR HOOD.

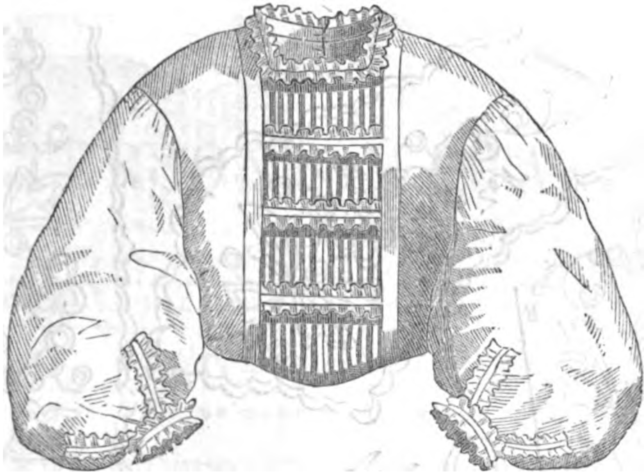
Digitized by Google



SWISS CHEMISETTE.

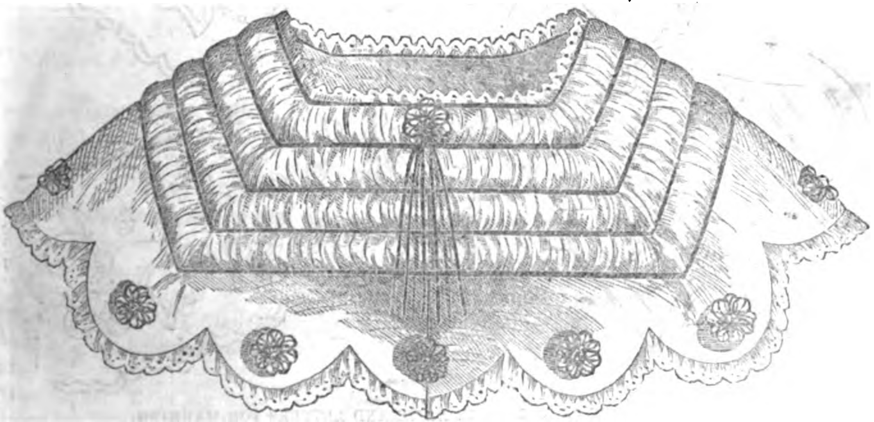
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

Digitized by Google



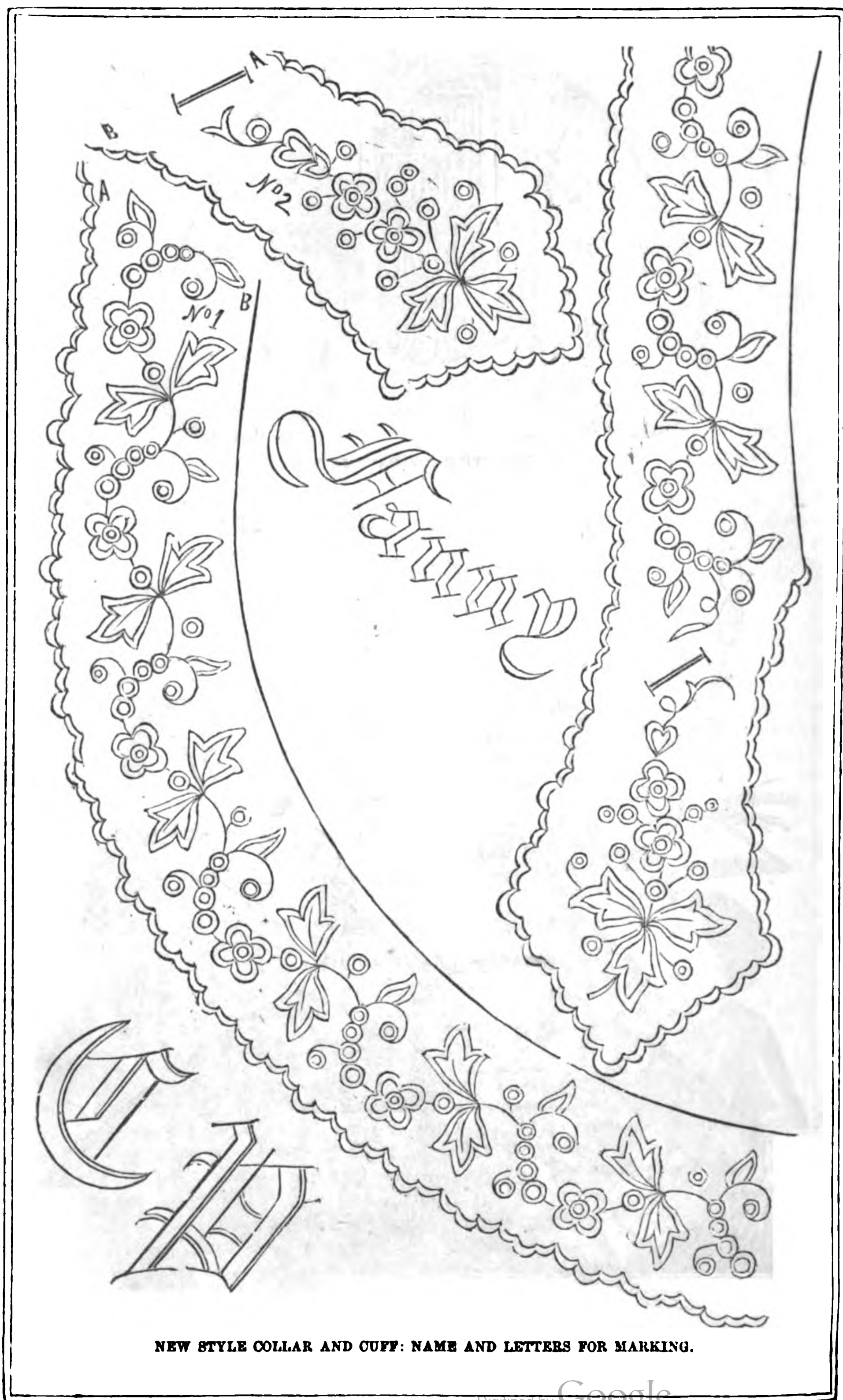
CHEMISETTE FOR ZOUAVE JACKET.

NAME FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



ITALIAN FICHU.

Digitized by Google



NEW STYLE COLLAR AND CUFF: NAME AND LETTERS FOR MARKING.

Digitized by Google

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIX. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1861. No. 3.

ONLY A FLIRTATION.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"So there is no engagement between you?"

"Engagement! I should think not. Why, Joe, I am only eighteen, I shan't be engaged for the next five years. I am not going to tie myself down to domestic life yet, I assure you."

"But, Nettie, you are wandering from the subject. I cannot think you utterly heartless, yet I frankly own you pain me by this dreadful spirit of coquetry you display. I am sure Graham Curtis——"

"Now, Joe, don't be tiresome. It is only a flirtation. We dance, chat, ride together, but that is nothing. I flirt quite as extensively with a dozen other gentlemen."

"But, Nettie," and a very grave look came over Joseph Lawson's fine face, "Graham loves you."

"So they all do, if I am to believe their protestations."

"So my friend, the man I honor and love above all other men, is to be the plaything of a woman's caprice. Sister, be careful, you are playing a dangerous game."

The crimson blood dyed the cheek of the little beauty, as she ran laughingly away from her brother, saying,

"I will come for the rest of the sermon, to-morrow."

One long stride the brother took, and prisoning the little brunette in his strong arms he took her to the sofa, and drew her down to a seat beside him.

"No," and his face grew sad, very sad, "you shall hear my sermon to-day. Do you know, Nettie, why I am now, at thirty-five years of age, a bachelor, with a lonely, aching heart?"

"Lonely, Joe?" And Nettie, now grave as himself, laid her head on her brother's broad breast.

"Yes, Nettie! Even my little sister, dearly as I love her, cannot fill all my heart."

"Tell me about it!"

"It was twelve years ago, when I came home from college, that I first met Laura Lee——"

"Mrs. Holmes?"

"Yes; don't interrupt me. I will not tell you how slowly my heart woke to the sense of love, of the gradual growth of her image in it till it filled it entirely. Parents, home, sister, all became second to the one hope of my life! I met her often. We moved in the same circles in society, and at every party I frequented I could dance and chat with her. Her beauty attracted; her intellect interested; her sweet, gracious manners fascinated me. I was young then, and trustful, and when she let her little hand linger in mine, and turned from others to converse with me; when she let her large, dark eyes, full of soft light, dwell thoughtfully on my face, I believed that the devotion I lavished upon her was understood, appreciated, *returned.* You know that I am not an impulsive man, but I cannot forget easily, nor recover readily from severe blows. Day after day the love, the one love of my life, grew into my heart, absorbing me to the exclusion of all else. I felt so secure, looking into her lovely face, hearing her winning tones soften for my ear, feeling the answering pressure her hand gave mine, that it was long before I spoke my love. One evening," deep inspirations heaved the strong man's chest, and Nettie could hear how the rapid blood coursed through his veins, and made his heart beat quickly under her ear—"one evening, we were alone in the parlor. She had been singing, and the rich, full notes seemed to hang lovingly around me, and I spoke my love.

"She drew away from the arm that would have caressed her, and said, with a light laugh, 'Why, Mr. Lawson, did not you know I was engaged?' 'Engaged?' I cried. 'Yes,' she replied. 'Mr. Holmes has been away since I knew you, but I thought you knew of the engagement.'

Digitized by Google

"I knew this was false. Fearful of losing the attentions she had been accustomed to, she kept her engagement secret, that in society she might still reign as one free to be won. I said to her, 'Forgive me that I have annoyed you——' 'Oh! no, not all,' she said, 'I shall always be happy to see you. I am sorry there was any mistake, but I thought you were, like myself, only flirting, *pour passer le temps*.'

"So we parted. I came home maddened, sickened. I," and here his voice sank to a whisper, "drank deeply, Nettie, to try to forget, but my nature revolted at this degradation and I tried study. My father's death just woke me from the delirious agony of thought; and when my mother followed him, leaving you, a child, to my charge, I sternly faced life, trying to forget the Paradise I had dreamed of and lost. Lost! Never can I trust again as I trusted then. Where domestic happiness should have blessed my life, she has thrown bitter memories to take its place. She has made me stern, cynical, distrustful, and excuses it to herself on the ground that it was 'only a flirtation.' Do not let me see my little sister following in her footsteps, or I shall learn to hate and despise all women."

"I am sorry!"

"Nettie, Graham loves you, would make you his wife; he has spoken of it to me. Yet, if you cannot love him, let him see now that his suit will be a vain one. Do not lead him on, till you are his one hope, to drive him to despair at last. He is rash and impulsive, and may not live down such a blow."

"Joe——" in a low tone.

"Yes, dear."

"Tell him I—love—him—and am—not flirting——"

"Yes!"

"And—Joe—don't—hate—me."

A tender loving kiss was pressed upon her forehead, and a low voice blessed her for her decision.

THE WINDS.

BY CLARA MORETON.

The winds are holding carnival to-night,'
Driving their chariot clouds across the sky:
Weird sounds creep through the casement to my ears,
As troop by troop the mad hosts hurry by.

They waken superstitions of my youth,
Which years ago I thought were lulled to rest—
When reason took them in her matron arms,
And rocked them sleeping on her matron breast.

But now they fall once more upon my ears,
As erst they fell in days so long ago—
I seem to hear low voices murmur by
In waves of sound as tides that ebb and flow.

As if the spirits of the Dead were loose,
Clamoring for others their pale ranks to swell—
Oh! pass us by within this loving home!
Oh! come not near us with such purpose fell!

I keep my vigils by a sleeping form,
The tears fall heavy from my weary eyes:
Oh! God in mercy, grant he may be spared!
Who could replace him in his counsels wise?

Who could replace him in his tender love?
Who the dark void could ever—ever fill?
Oh! cease thy questionings, fond and feeble heart,
And learn to wait upon God's holy will!

The wind in peaceful murmurs dies away—
A sacramental silence fills the air:
The spirits of the just are round about,
And God, in whom I trust, is everywhere.

DAGUERREOTYPE.

BY MRS. M. M. HINES.

The dark clouds gather thick and fast,
The beautiful bright blue
By such dense shadows overcast,
No sun-ray struggles through;
A white mist veils the landscape,
While the tired and weary day
Is peevish as a half-sick child,
Will neither work nor play—

But in an idle, restless mood,
With many a needless frown,
Scatter the wide-winged flakes of snow,
Like white doves dropping down—
Unpitied on the blackened street,
Where broad the earth stains lie;
Helpless their shrinking purity,
Alas! how soon they die!

And when to-morrow's sun shall glance
Athwart the place they fell,
No vestige that they ever lived
Their hapless fate shall tell!
They will their whole of duty do,
They'll leave no mark, nor name,
Ah! me, how many human lives
Have perished just the same!

Digitized by Google

CHECK-MATED.

BY KATHARINE F. WILLIAMS.

I.

It was the winter of 185–, when Paul Morphy was running his triumphant career in Europe, and ducal chess-players were writing to their friends to come and see the eighth wonder of the world. The victories so nobly gained and modestly worn, drew the eyes of all America upon the youthful champion, and a national pride mingled with the enthusiasm for his genius. The love of chess received a fresh stimulus throughout our land; clubs were organized in every little town, and the game absorbed more than ever the attention of its votaries. In B——, a large village on our central railway, raged an especial furor; and Henry Ballard, the best player in the place, enjoyed, on a small scale, the delights which Mr. Morphy tasted in their fullness. It was one of Emma Fairfield's greatest troubles that she understood nothing whatever of chess. She could indeed learn the names and movements of the separate pieces, but there she paused. She had no more powers of combination than a baby, and invariably received fool's mate from her opponent. How it vexed her to be so stupid after all the pains Henry had taken to teach her!

Poor little Emma! there was another lesson she had learned much more thoroughly from her handsome instructor. She hardly acknowledged to herself how perfect she was becoming in it, or dared to hope that she was not alone in her proficiency.

Affairs were in this condition, and Henry coming almost every evening to play dutifully with Emma's father, and allow himself to be beaten once in awhile for the sake of making himself welcome, when a new personage appeared upon the scene. Zara Maxwell, with whom our little heroine had an old school friendship, came to pay her visit of some weeks.

Zara was hardly what you could term a pretty girl, yet for all practical purposes was quite as well off as if she were beautiful. It was of no manner of consequence that her nose turned up and her eyes were green—that her complexion was sallow and her mouth too wide. She managed those verdant orbs with more effect than you or I could conjure out of the brightest hazel, or the sweetest blue; she had a way of drooping the long, black lashes over them that made them look, as Emerson says, like "wells that a man might fall into;" indeed, more than one unfortunate had so fallen—figuratively speaking. The sallow complexion brightened as she talked; magnificent teeth dazzled from between the full, red lips, and the *nez trousse* became the most piquant spiritual feature imaginable. In dress she almost equaled a Frenchwoman; every defect was concealed, every beauty heightened. Her *savoir faire* was unapproachable; she made more of the scanty black tresses with which nature had dowered her, than Emma could of her magnificent profusion of brown hair. For the rest, she had been got up without any undue proportion of heart and conscience, though with her usual art she contrived to pass for having a larger share of each commodity than many of her compeers.

Such was the individual, who, provided with an ample wardrobe and plenty of pocket money, alighted one afternoon at Mr. Fairfield's door, and received the warmest welcome from our guileless little Emma.

The friends had a great deal of ground to go over in the way of reminiscences; spirit-stirring recollections of times when they had broken bounds, evaded school tasks, and made themselves generally obnoxious to teachers and principal. Emma, indeed, blushed a little at the remembrance of some of these wild pranks, and was fain to confine herself to more quiet themes.

"What has become of Tom?" she asked. "You know she used te lead the school."

"'Tom!' my dear," said Mrs. Fairfield; "pray what was *he* doing in a young ladies' seminary?"

Emma laughingly explained that this was an abbreviation of Miss Thomas' patronymic; all the girls were called by their surnames, which were shortened as much as possible. "I was 'Fairy,'" she said, "and Zara was never called anything but 'Max.'"

"A very unlady-like habit," remarked good Mrs. Fairfield, rather severely. "I wonder Mr. Roberts permitted it."

"Indeed, mamma, I think it would have puzzled him to prevent it; not that I admire it very much *now;* but we must allow a little for the high spirits of school girls."

"And so this Miss Thomas led the school,"

Digitized by Google

continued Mrs. Fairfield. "What was she particularly distinguished for? Mathematics or music, or general scholarship?"

"Neither, mamma; she was the dullest girl in the seminary, as far as books were concerned. She 'led' because she had handsomer dresses, and more sets of jewelry than any one among us."

Mrs. Fairfield was astonished, as well she might be, at such a criterion of superiority. It was certainly well for her peace of mind that she had not been admitted "behind the scenes" at the school where she had placed her daughter. Emma, however, had come out uncontaminated from its influences; was just as obedient to her parents as if she had never considered it a brilliant thing to break rules, just as truthful to the world at large as if she had never deceived that lawful foe, the under teacher. Still it is an ordeal which few characters can pass through, and to which it is unwise to subject our children at the most impressible period of their lives. Miss Maxwell had not come from it unscathed, and having gone from school directly into the sphere of a vain and worldly-minded mother, was not likely to have any of its pernicious lessons superseded by juster and more elevated ideas.

Of course the two girls were not together long before Mr. Ballard's name was mentioned between them, and though Emma flattered herself that she had been exceeding discreet, and spoken of him just as she might of any agreeable acquaintance, her dear Zara saw the state of affairs in a minute. (The young lady's name, by-the-by, was set down in Family Record and and early school books as "Sarah;" but she had adopted the Eastern appellation as more suited to her style and taste, and her mother, readily falling in with the whim, she became Zara, except to her grandmother and one or two old-fashioned cousins.) A few judicious inquiries elicited the further facts that Henry was a lawyer with fair and increasing practice; that he was an only son, his father being a member of Congress and one of the richest men in the place—and consequently, as Miss Maxwell remarked to herself but not to her friend, was a very desirable *partie.*

"It would be odd, really," she soliloquized, "if I should meet my fate here in the interior. Let me see—we are in February now; there will be plenty of time to get everything through and be ready to go to Washington with 'father' next December. However, I will wait till I see the individual himself. Perhaps he is awkward, or weak, or ill-looking. I don't rely much on poor little Emma's judgment; her heart is too much in the matter to leave her eyes quite clear—and a husband who has any of these defects is not what I am going to take up with *now.* Time enough for that when the market gets duller."

II.

The next evening, which brought Mr. Ballard to be reviewed by the fair Zara, by no means tended to banish her schemes concerning him. Chess was ignored for a time in compliment to the guest, and the young man proved himself so agreeable, and was at first sight so handsome that his enslaver rejoiced in the prospect of her conquest. Very few doubts as to her ultimate success troubled her mind; Emma was apparently the most formidable rival, and an amiable little milk-and-water thing like her was of small account.

So Miss Maxwell laid close, though wary siege to the desired fortress. When Mr. Fairfield, impatient for his accustomed solace, drew Harry away from the girls to the chess-board, she watched the game with absorbed interest, and her remarks were so judicious, so pertinent as it progressed, that Mr. Ballard, thinking he beheld in her a "foeman worthy of his steel," challenged her to a trial of skill. Many were her protestations of ignorance and unwillingness; she only played a little for amusement, knew nothing of the game as a science, was entirely unfit to compete with so practiced a player. However, she allowed herself to be overpersuaded. She was well aware of the *opportunities* which chess affords; the sort of *tete-a-tete* feeling it induces; the occasions for the display of a white hand and sparkling rings as they hover over the board uncertain what move is wisest; in particular, the chance which those eyes would have for execution, whether hid under their long lashes they contemplated the game, or were thoughtfully lifted to the opponent's face, as if to read there his intentions.

"I warn you, Miss Maxwell," said Harry, as they took their places, "that you are not to expect any gallant concessions whatever; I shall play my very best."

"That is right," she replied. "'A fair field and no favor;'" and the game began. It lasted long; was very tedious, thought Emma, who sat by industriously employed in crocheting, and cast ever and anon a glance at the board, vainly endeavoring to comprehend what they were about. The players seemed to find it interesting, as did Mr. Fairfield, who watched them

Digitized by Google

intently, offering counsel now and then, or applauding an especially brilliant move. The contest was at last decided in Harry's favor.

"We are more nearly matched than I supposed," remarked Zara. "I don't despair of conquering you yet, Mr. Ballard. A little time and patience will do it, I think."

"And practice," added Mr. Fairfield. "You must keep that up with me, Miss Maxwell; we shall have fine opportunities during these long mornings."

Zara felt by no means inclined to waste her prowess of various sorts on an old gentleman, her friend's father, but had no resource, except to reply that she should be delighted, and should count much on the improvement to be gained in contending with such an adversary.

"After all," she thought, "one can endure a few dull games when there is a sufficient object in view. My handsome *vis-a-vis* didn't quite see through my little speech, I take it; there are other victories worth trying for besides those at chess; and if I don't much mistake I shall say, 'mate' to him at that game before long. He's one of that impulsive kind that won't hesitate a great while about the important move; he'll not be quite as cool and cautious as he was to-night. How handsome he is! what eyes! Really, if I were a sentimental, silly sort of thing like dear little Emma, I should almost be in love with him! I'm afraid she will be a good deal disappointed—but we must all work for ourselves in this world."

Miss Maxwell's labors were prosecuted with zeal, and she flattered herself with every hope of success. The long morning games with Mr. Fairfield were something of a tax to pay, to be sure, but vanity ere long rendered them very tolerable. Your thorough-bred flirt is never above desiring the notice and approval of any member of the opposite sex, and Mr. Fairfield was a very well-preserved and good-looking old gentleman. Zara rehearsed, for his benefit, all the airs and graces which were to be used in the evening with killing effect on Harry; glanced up, looked down, displayed her white hands and whiter teeth in the most bewitching manner. The result of it was, that Mr. Fairfield thought her a pleasant sort of girl, though rather given to affectation and grimaces, and not to be mentioned in the same week with Emma.

Meanwhile the person whose good opinion was just now dearest to both the friends, offered his attentions in the most impartial manner. If he drove Zara out in the afternoon, he danced with Emma at some little gathering in the evening; at home, if he played chess with the dark-eyed stranger, he sang with the blonde-haired friend. An onlooker would have found some difficulty in determining where his regards were really fixed. Indeed, it was a matter of discussion among the village maids and matrons more than once.

"I *knew* it's Miss Maxwell," said little Kate Wells. "Who would look at any one else when she was by?"

"Why, do you think her so very handsome?" asked her friend, Mystilla Myers.

"No; but so stylish, which is better."

"Well," said Mystilla, "I am not quite certain. Emma is a sweet, pretty girl, and there is something very winning in her manner."

"Depend upon it," spoke up Mrs. Myers, the mamma, "that he'll have neither of them. When a young man behaves so that you can't tell where his attentions belong, they mean just nothing."

"That would be *too* bad," said both the girls; "it is enough to disappoint *one* of them." For with the amiable instinct of their sex or—who knows?—an intuition of what their own conduct would be in similar circumstances, they assumed that Harry had only to ask and have. To be sure, the course of things does often enough bear out this assumption in reference to any tolerably pleasing young man.

Meanwhile the fair Zara was troubled with no such misgivings. She built her hopes on many things, chief of which was her own undoubted power of charming. But she had other causes—certain looks and tones—the way in which his eyes met hers now and then as she glanced up perplexedly from the board; the tender manner in which, when she spoke of going away soon, he had said he could not bear to think this was the *last* visit she would make them; oh! and a dozen little speeches; not the words so much, but the fashion in which they were uttered. How different his manner was to Emma—nothing of that gallantry, that insinuating grace—he never paid her a single compliment; only treated her in a polite, quiet way, just as he might have done if she had been her own mother.

"Do you know how much Harry admires you, Zary?" asked Emma, one night, as she combed out her long hair preparatory to "retiring," as they say in Rockland.

"No, I'm not aware of the exact measure," returned Zara, with assumed indifference. "How much? Half of what he bestows upon you?"

"He says that your manners are the most fascinating he ever met with—and that he never saw such eyes in any human countenance."

Digitized by Google

"Really," said Miss Maxwell, pretending pique; "'*such* eyes!' 'any *human* countenance!' I am much obliged to Mr. Ballard. What member of the animal kingdom have my poor *ojos verdes* the honor to resemble? The cat's, I suppose. Yes, that must be it—they're just the color. 'Oh, soft eyes! sweet emerald eyes!' The Spaniards are the only people, Emmy, who can appreciate my verdant orbs—but I did not think Mr. Ballard would be cruel enough to speak his mind so plainly. I shall remember it."

And she did, as also the fact that when, a day or two before, she had asked if he preferred blue eyes or hazel, he had answered with some nonsense about eyes that were so hidden by their long lashes, that you never could make out what their true color was. Also, she recalled, with much inward exultation, the fact that she had not a single compliment in return to report to Emma; Harry never commented upon *her* looks in any way. Zara had occasionally stretched her conscience a trifle when the compliment traffic was going on, by inventing some for the other party if she did not happen to have heard any; but to-night she did not feel inclined, and let Emma go to rest without giving her anything to dream upon.

But it so happened that her little friend did not suffer from this lack of complaisance; Harry had been generous himself, and given her quite enough to think of. There had been some behind the scenes of which Miss Maxwell was not quite in the secret; looks that expressed more than gallantry—tenderness; words that meant something beyond admiration—affection. In particular there had been an evening when Zara was out riding with a merry party, and Emma had remained at home with a headache—but before eight o'clock had given welcome to unexpected, though not ungenial company. It was all over—the blushing, the declaration, the confession—in the course of an hour or two, and before Zara returned, Harry was well out of the way, and everything as quiet as if no particular event had taken place. Emma could not speak at once of a subject so dear, so sacred even—that seemed as yet too precious for common life and use, and only to be pondered, dreamed over in solitude. Mrs. Fairfield, too, considered a little reserve in such matters as becoming, and was not in the slightest haste to spread the knowledge of her daughter's conquest. So Zara, dear and trusted friend though she was, never in the least suspected the inward fund of sweet assurance, which, in Emma's case, rendered pretty speeches quite unnecessary, and enabled her to hear and repeat a compliment without the slightest twinge of jealousy.

Harry had indeed *called* Miss Maxwell fascinating; perhaps he might even have *found* her so, spite of the softer charms of his sweet little Emma, had he not with wonderful clairvoyance seen immediately through all her arts and graces into her real object. It has been remarked with proverbial wisdom, that if you wish to entrap a person inclined to larceny, you must secure for the business an individual of the same propensities; Harry had done in his time a little flirting on his own account, which doubtless made him quicker to detect the symptoms in others. If such a stylish sort of girl wanted to try her powers upon him, he was not the man to say her nay. There he was, let her see what she could do. He did not find the experiment unpleasant. You may take my word that these men, the best of them, never do; the very manner, the very coquetries, which, if offered to others of their sex, would be set down as the height of unwomanly, repellant forwardness, somehow assume quite a different character when lavished on their own sweet selves. "Bless the little minx!" says my lord in his heart; "she shows good taste, at any rate!"

So it chanced that Harry, in a very reprehensible manner, was exceedingly polite to his adversary, and even allowed her to think that the game was all in her own hands.

Some weeks had thus passed, and Miss Maxwell having received an urgent invitation from one of the dearest of her many dear friends, concluded to accept it. She had lavished an immense amount of ammunition on Harry, and was sure that every shot had told; at the final one, the news of her approaching departure, she was certain that the fort must surrender. She reserved it till a somewhat late hour of the evening, devoutly hoping that chance or destiny, or whatever deity presided over such matters, would give her a short time alone with him.

But no! Mr. Fairfield watched the game absorbedly—for, as usual, they had taken to that soon after Harry's arrival—and Emma sat contentedly with her crochet and gave them an occasional word; while Mrs. Fairfield sewed with neatness and dispatch on the last of the set of shirts she was making for her husband. She was a woman who despised fancy work, and did with her might that which her hands found to do.

The game went on rather languidly—and ended sooner than usual, though in the customary fashion, Harry remaining master of the field. Zara drew near the fire and sat there

Digitized by Google

somewhat pensively—Mr. Fairfield retired into the depths of the evening paper—and then, as kind Fate *would* have it, both Emma and her mother left the room for a few minutes.

"You did not play with your usual spirit to-night," observed Harry, presently, drawing his chair nearer hers; "I hope you are not feeling ill."

"Oh! no," she answered—"not ill—only perhaps a little depressed at the thought of leaving her friends—such *kind* friends as all of them had been. She was going the day after to-morrow."

"Going! and so soon!" It would have been very ungallant if Harry had thrown into this exclamation nothing but surprise; I wouldn't have you suppose him guilty of such a thing; his tone expressed regret—persuasion to stay longer.

"Yes. I am actually going," said Zara. "And who knows what changes may take place before I come again? Or I may *never* come—everything is so uncertain in this world."

"You must not give way to such depressing views," he replied, gently. "It would make me—yes—truly unhappy—to imagine that we were about to lose you altogether."

"*We*"—but, of course, that meant '*I*.' There was just enough sentiment mixed up with Zara's prudence and management, to make her heart give a great bound as she heard these words, and the color rush into her cheeks as she wondered what would come next.

But—was ever anything so provoking?—there came Emma back again. Miss Maxwell sincerely wished that dear friend in Jerusalem, but she looked up and smiled very sweetly, saying,

"I have just been telling Mr. Ballard of my approaching departure, and how very blue I am at the prospect of leaving you."

"And I," said Harry, "should be quite as mournful if I believed the parting were to be a long one. But I hope another summer will see you here again. Not in this house, perhaps—I think, my dear Emma," taking her hand and drawing her forward—"we should have no further reserves with so intimate a friend. I sincerely trust, Miss Maxwell, that you will not refuse a visit to B——, next summer, and that you will spend your time agreeably with *us*." He looked at the blushing Emma in a way that fully illustrated his meaning if there had been any doubt about it.

If the "Benicia Boy" had bestowed on Miss Maxwell's cranium a blow with one of those tremendous sledges which he is said to wield so easily, she could not have been more stunned than she was, for one minute, by this most unexpected announcement. Being, however, a person of great presence of mind she recovered herself in the next, and offered congratulations in the most delicate and touching manner.

When alone, however, she almost stamped with disappointment and vexation.

"Beaten at every point!" she exclaimed; "all my moves and stratagems thrown away; thoroughly, unmistakably CHECK-MATED!"

"I'M RICHER THAN YOU ALL."

BY HELEN AUGUSTIE BROWNE.

Ye may boast of wealth and honors;
 Ye may boast of title, birth;
Ye may boast of your connection
 'Mid the greatest minds of earth.
Ye may boast of marble fountains;
 You may boast of frescoed hall;
You may boast your wealth of pictures—
 Yet "I'm richer than you all!"
There are stores of wealth unfolding
 Where the primrose has its birth;
Where the crocus, rose, and violet
 Are wakening o'er the earth.
There are veins of riches gushing
 In the woods and on the lea—
Nature's pure, exhaustless treasures,
 And they all belong to me.
There are acres, broad, of sunlight,
 There are songs of birds and bees,
There are music gushing waters—
 Who would want your wealth for these?

There are views of pleasant landscape—
 There are pictures in the stream—
There are clouds at yellow sunset
 With their wealth of gold and gleam.
There are meadows—there are wildwoods—
 There are files of winging birds—
There are fields of "smiling plenty"—
 There are lands of "lowing herds."
There are stores of countless riches
 On the land and in the sea—
There are treasures, deep, exhaustless,
 And God gave their wealth to me.
You may boast of fame and title—
 You may boast of wealth, array—
You may boast of rich connection
 'Mid the noblest of our day.
You may boast of marble fountains—
 You may boast of freestone hall—
I have wealth alone in Nature,
 Yet "I'm richer than you all!"

Digitized by Google

BARBARA'S AMBITION.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE, AUTHOR OF "NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD," &C., &C.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by J. T. Trowbridge, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 152.

CHAPTER X.

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Cobwit.

"But this is terrible!" cried Luther. "Help! help!" He attempted to raise the fallen man. "He gasps—he is dying!"

"No, no—I—I'm all right—" said Mr. Blaxton, in a choked voice. "Never mind me—water—a breath of air!"

Luther held to his lips a glass which Mr. Cobwit filled from a pitcher on the desk.

"There—there! now I'm all right again—thank you—I stumbled over something black. Oh! don't trouble—I can get up." And the blacksmith struggled to a chair.

"You did not tell me an arrest was intended!" said Luther.

"I did not know what I should do," returned Mr. Cobwit. "But I came prepared."

"I wish," exclaimed Luther, remorsefully, "I had had nothing to do with it."

"A foolish wish. But I like you better for it. Help this poor fellow home; then come back here; I want you."

"Is this Luther?" said Mr. Blaxton, passing his hand before his eyes. "You're a good boy, Luther. Never mind me at all. I can get home," rising to his feet. "Where is my hat? There—you're very kind—I hain't no words left to thank you. What did I do with—with that—note?"

Luther's heart was too full of anguish and pity to speak.

"The note!" repeated Mr. Blaxton; "Cobwit & Co.'s note—I mustn't lose that!"

"The sheriff took it," said Mr. Cobwit.

"Oh! oh! all right! I forgot! Good day, Mr. Cobwit. Don't you go a single step with me, Luther! I shall be better soon as I git into the air."

"Oh! sir, be calm!" pleaded Luther. "It will all be well!"

"Yes—I know—it will all be well; it will all be well; it will all be well!" said the blacksmith, in heart-broken tones, walking feebly from the store.

In the little sitting-room at home, Barbara sewed, and sang:

"One on the morrow woke
In a world of sin and pain;
But the other was happier far,
And never woke again!"

The words of that plaintive ballad had been ringing in her soul all the morning; they fitted themselves to a tune which she sang with strange sweetness and pathos, by little snatches.

"But the other was happier far!" she repeated, starting, as if the meaning of the words had suddenly opened like a gulf before her. "Happier far! She never woke again!"

Tumultuous thoughts of the future, of the past, of love, of Luther whom she had lost, seemed to rush over her like a storm, and she burst into a flood of tears. The sound of her father's footsteps alarmed her; she caught up her work, and plied her needle eagerly, as he entered.

"Oh, father! here is my new bonnet!" She avoided his eyes, conscious that her own were red, and unwilling that he should be made unhappy by knowing that she was sad. "Mrs. Bartley has just sent it home; isn't it a beauty?"

"Yes, yes; it's a beauty—a beauty, my darling," said the smith, sinking upon the lounge.

"I shall wear my old one to travel in; Mrs. Bartley is going to do it over for me. She laughed when I told her I must be economical. 'I guess,' said she, 'you'll branch out a little; I would! 'Tain't every woman can get a rich husband,' said she. 'Oh! but I haven't got him yet!' said I. I think these flowers are sweet, pretty!" exclaimed Barbara, putting on the bridal bonnet.

"Very pooty—very pooty, indeed, my child," said the blacksmith, his eyes wandering, and his great chest heaving with the throes of his broken heart.

"Sometimes it seems like a dream to me; I to marry Mr. Montey! I wonder if I ever should have encouraged him, if it hadn't been for you?" cried Barbara, looking in the glass. "Oh! if I only knew what mother would say! I believe I could have been happy—very happy—if I had married Luther—that is, if I had never seen Mr. Montey—but that is all over!"

Digitized by Google

The smith rolled from side to side, gnawing his lips, and clutching the lounge with his groping fingers; every word she spoke kindling new agonies in his breast.

"Have you seen him? I suppose he is gone by this time! Oh!" Barbara uttered a quick, faint moan, as if a sudden pang shot through her. "These flowers—they don't, somehow, become me!" And she stared with white cheeks and hot eyes at the strange face that stared back at her, like the very ghost of herself, from the glass.

"Barby! Barby! my child! my darling!" murmured her father, brokenly.

"Oh! don't imagine I reject!" cried Barbara, in hollow and light accents. "He's rich—handsome—elegant; I know he's very kind, too kind! what more could any woman ask? And to think he should—of all women, of all silly girls—choose me! I hate myself! Oh, I am horridly vain! I've thought about that new house, and the splendid style he tells me we shall live in, till I'm sure I never could be contented with anything less."

"But—Barby—my dear Barby—think——"

Still too intent upon playing her part to observe him, Barbara went on:

"Once I thought I should be perfectly happy, if we owned this house. But I am glad you did not buy it. Why, I should be entirely miserable now if I thought I had got to live here always! Isn't it curious how people who never thought of being even civil to me before, now come and make calls, and say, 'Good morning, Miss Blaxton! how well you are looking, my dear! you will make a beautiful bride, Miss Blaxton!' As if I couldn't see through it all! It was '*little Barb'ry Blaxton, she's nobody!*' a year ago! Am I any better now? No, not half as good! Just because I enjoy to ride in a carriage, and live in a grand house, and wear fine clothes, they must come and simper, and pretend! Oh! I'll show them who can be proud!" And Barbara swept across the floor, scornful and haughty. "Here comes one of them, now! You'll see!"

CHAPTER XI.

WITH a great rustling of silks, the minister's fashionable young wife entered.

"Good morning, my pretty Barbara! Your wedding bonnet?"

"Do you like it?" And Barbara turned like a wax figure in a milliner's window.

"Charming!"

Ah! had the clear-seeing widow Mayland been there then, to behold these smiling masks, and the real faces beneath them! Barbara, pert, proud, playing the lady, putting on pleasant airs, with we know what death-pangs of love in her heart—with what scorn of her visitor almost on her lips! The other, gracious, condescending, flatteringly familiar, all smiles; while inwardly stung with jealousy and hatred of the fair young creature whose beauty and fortune threatened to usurp the sovereignty of popular admiration hitherto accorded to her!

The blacksmith's mask alone was utterly shattered, so that any eye that looked upon him, could behold his agony all bare.

"Why, brother Blaxton! you look ill!" exclaimed Mrs. Plynne.

"I—I'm not over'n above well, ma'am," passing his shaking hand across his eyes.

"Oh! there comes Miss Locust, with my dress!" cried Barbara.

"Your wedding-dress, dear?"

"You shall see! 'Twas a present—you'll admire somebody's taste—it's such a love of a pattern! Come in, Miss Locust."

"How do you do?" said Miss Locust, primly, nodding all around, and subsiding into a chair.

"Dear father!" Barbara exclaimed, in a whisper of amazement and distress, "what is the matter?"

"Barby, my child," murmured the stricken man, "I feel—not well—I wish these folks was gone—dear Barby."

At the same time Miss Locust whispered something in the ear of Mrs. Plynne, who was admiring the wedding-dress; and instantly the serpent of malicious hate that lurked beneath the flowery smiles of that fashionable woman's face sprang up, unguarded, and ran all over it in swift coils of triumph and surprise.

"Merciful goodness!" ejaculated Mrs. Plynne, "have you heard the news?"

"What?" said Barbara, smoothing her father's brow with her affectionate hand.

"What Miss Locust tells; but it can't be true!"

"Barby—Barby—there, let me be, sit down, my child—God help you—God help you, my poor child!"

All eyes were fixed upon Barbara.

"What is it?" she cried, wildly. "You look at me so, father!"

"Do go, Mrs. Plynne, Miss Locust," said the blacksmith, rousing himself. "I know all—it's got to come to her—your bein' here will only make it wus—I'll tell her, if God will give me strength. Oh! Barby, my child, my darlin' child!"

The visitors hastily withdrew; even the cold-hearted Mrs. Plynne overawed by the poor blacksmith's sorrow.

Digitized by Google

"Don't fear for me! don't cry!" exclaimed Barbara, pale, terrified, but resolute. "Tell me at once!"

The broken man could only sob and hold her to his heart.

"Oh, father! this is what kills me! I can bear anything, if you will only tell me—anything! anything!"

"Anything but this! Anything but this, Barby!"

"Is it Luther? Has anything happened to Luther?"

"No, no—Montey! Montey!"

"My! tell me then! I can listen and be as calm!"

"He has been taken up!"

"Taken up! For what?"

"It seems he wasn't exac'ly a partner with Cobwit & Co., though he did business for 'em; and he had no right to sign their name."

"Oh, heaven! my mother! this wedding-dress! Luther! Luther!" cried Barbara, incoherently.

Her father held her in his arms, and, in such poor, crushed words of sorrow and love as he could command, entreated her to bear up under the blow.

"To jail?" presently said Barbara, shudderingly. 'Twas forgery, then? And your money—the note—is lost?"

"Most probable, most likely;" faltered the smith, "the 'arnings of the last twelve year'!"

"Deceived—robbed—by him! Oh! father!" exclaimed Barbara, wildly tearing off the bridal bonnet, "I am punished! This was my ambition—all is gone—nothing is left—nothing but shame, shame, shame!"

CHAPTER XII.

"I SEE no other way," said Mr. Cobwit to Luther, "but that you must take Montey's place; you are just the man for us: we'll give you a share in the business, with three times your salary, and as much more as your enterprise can make it."

Thus the widow's dream came to pass: the same storm that obliterated Montey's name on the symbolical sign-board bringing out Luther's in full splendor.

Came all this by chance? Does hoary-bearded Time, on this little stage of the world, play only fantastic jugglers' tricks with his magic changes?

Not so! Time, the Avenger, grim Morabit, Righter of wrongs! See the admired Mr. Montey, flourishing yesterday, a goodly apple on fortune's tree—to-day on the ground, proved rotten at the heart, crushed by the heel of the inexorable Gray-Beard! Witness also Barbara, rising in her balloon of ambition, throwing out even her heart to make it lighter, until, at a breath from the Old Man's nostrils, it bursts like a child's soap-bubble, and dashes her conspicuously from on high into a terrible slough of chagrin! Behold, likewise, Luther, as his mother did in a dream, suddenly emerging from the bitter sea into which he was cast overboard, helpless and despairing, by the late captain—behold him now on the quarter-deck, himself master of the little ship of trade, gravely giving his orders almost before the salt is dry on his eyelashes!

The world, which is the same world everywhere, in great cities and in little villages—the unthinking, unjust, fickle world that had so lately forgotten Luther in his wretchedness, and glorified Barbara in her pride—cast up hats, waved handkerchiefs, and huzzaed: Bravo! what a noble fellow was Luther! Ha! ha! what a silly girl was Barbara! And it was now discovered—first by those who had idolized him most—that Montey was the blackest-hearted rascal that lived; so prone is the angry tongue to take ten-fold vengeance upon those whom it has overpraised.

Montey, however, was by no means the perfect, unmitigated villain the virtuous world proclaimed him, as no poor sinner, probably, ever is. A little more selfishness, and a little less conscience—this makes the difference between rogues and honest men. Or is it often merely a matter of more or less discretion? Upon his trial, Montey's counsel maintained that, although he was not, strictly speaking, a member of the great firm of Cobwit & Co., he was in such a way connected with them in the branch business, of which he was manager, that his use of their name was at most a breach of trust.

"They've got a verdict, Barby," said the blacksmith, who had been called as a witness.

Barbara's anxious face lighted up.

"He is cleared?" she eagerly asked.

"They couldn't prove no forgery agin' him," replied her father.

"Oh! thank heaven! this is all I have prayed for," said Barbara.

And, the excitement of interest passed, she sank again into the heaviness of despondency, from which she had been momentarily aroused.

One night, after the younger children had been sent to bed, there came a soft rap at the door.

"Oh, father!" whispered Barbara, with a

Digitized by Google

look of alarm and distress, "can I—can I see him?"

"See who?" said Mr. Blaxton, ignorantly.

"My heart tells me who it is! Yes—I will! Go!"

The smith opened the door. A gentleman wrapped in a cloak stood on the threshold. The light from the lamp which Mr. Blaxton held above his shoulder fell aslant upon a fine, pointed nose and a pair of handsome whiskers.

"Montey!" uttered the amazed blacksmith.

The visitor was admitted. He laid off his cloak and sat down. Barbara was pale and agitated. Her father trembled. Montey alone appeared self-possessed. He spoke calmly of his late misfortune, protested that he had intended no wrong to any one, and made his love for Barbara an excuse for his ambition.

"If they had let me alone," he said, "all would have turned out right. I should have met all my liabilities. I—think—I should have made you happy. Do you forgive me?"

"With all my heart—which is too full of sorrow and shame to refuse forgiveness to any one!" said Barbara, in deep humility.

"And you?" said Montey, to the smith.

"Most sartin, I do forgive ye, Mr. Montey; though sometimes, when I think—but never mind that; here's my hand!" cried the smith, with tumultuous emotion.

Then Mr. Montey, in his polished, plausible way, opened a scheme which he had formed for making a fortune in a year, paying off his debt to the blacksmith, and fulfilling, in a style no less brilliant than he had promised, his engagement with Barbara. It was dazzling: Mr. Blaxton was momentarily elated by it; but Barbara shook her head.

"I have no pride left," she said, "to be tempted. You may succeed; but riches and splendor are not for me. I have a humble duty here—to my father, to my brother and sisters. This is now my only ambition. I wish you success—happiness—but let me entreat you"—fixing her sad eyes upon him with tearful earnestness—"do not again make too fine pretensions, or try to get rich too fast."

Montey's confidence was shaken. He bowed his head, and wept silently for a little while; then arose, and, with a countenance full of regret and despair, departed—never again to enter that house, or meet those whom he had wronged.

"Say, Barby!" cried young Master Blaxton, a few days after, "what's the reason Lute Mayland never comes to see you now?"

"Hush up, my son," said the blacksmith, with an unquiet look at Barbara.

"He's got to be the greatest man in town," declared George. "He has bought more wool and grain for Cobwit & Co., this season, than Follen & Page bought all the time they kep' store. Everybody likes to trade with him; and he's making money like smoke! They say he's goin' to marry Josey Long; he goes to see her every Sunday night."

The blacksmith turned away his head, and gnashed his teeth. "If it hadn't been for me!" he said, tortured by the sight of Barbara's distress.

"And where do ye s'pose they're goin' to live, Barby? Can't guess!" said George. "In the new house, where you was goin' to, you know. Cobwit & Co. took it for what Mr. Montey was owin' 'em, and now folks say Lute is goin' to have it. Hope he will; he's the smartest fellow in this town!" affirmed George, tossing his cap and catching it. He did not know that at the same time he was tossing poor Barbara's heart in his rude and careless hands.

"Barby!" said the smith, "here comes the widder Mayland! George! it's time you was to the shop. I'll be there in a minute. Barby! don't look so scar't. Mis' Mayland, how d'e do?"

CHAPTER XIII.

The widow had come on an errand; she had expected to find Mr. Blaxton at the shop.

"I ain't there so much as I used to be; I can't work as I did—I han't neither the hope nor the strength," said Mr. Blaxton. "Sit down, Mis' Mayland."

"It used to be *Sister Mayland*," the widow smilingly replied.

"Sister—forgive me—I—we an't jist what we was," faltered the poor man.

Barbara had not yet spoken a word, but she sat cold, and dumb, and breathless, waiting to know what errand had brought Luther's mother.

"Here's something that'll interest and encourage you, brother Blaxton," Mrs. Mayland said.

"My glasses, Barby!" he demanded, taking the paper the widow gave him. "No—here—look at it, Barby! Is it—it can't be—oh, it is too much!" And he burst into a storm of tears.

Cobwit & Co. had paid Montey's false note.

"This is Luther's doin' too!" he said; "I know it. Twice he has saved me this money. I never could have made Cobwit & Co. pay it, and they never would have paid it if 't hadn't been for Luther! Oh, Barby, Barby! we ought to go down on our knees and thank him!"

Digitized by Google

Barbara hid her face and sobbed.

The widow smilingly assured them that all Luther asked was, that Mr. Blaxton would sign another paper which she had brought. This the blacksmith did with a shaking hand, making an autograph which looked like the Gordian Knot.

"Arter all, the Lord has been massiful to me a sinner! Widder, I han't used you and your son, Luther, (bless him!) as a Christian should. I've repented with my face in the dust of the airth! Would the punishment could a' fell only on my old head—not on hers!"

He hurried from the room.

"He an't quite so careful now not to leave me alone with Barb'ry!" thought the widow. With a tear in her serene blue eye, an expression of yearning tenderness in her simple, sweet face, she looked upon the weeping girl.

There was a long silence—a silence in which more than words passed between those long-estranged friends. Streams of melting fire seemed to flow from breast to breast. The widow stretched forth her pardoning arms with inexpressible love. Although Barbara, with her face bowed, saw her not, she felt the call of her soul; and, impulsively throwing herself from her distant seat, fell upon her knees before the widow, wildly embracing her, and sobbing on her lap.

"My child—my Barbara!" said the widow—"my own Barbara again!"

She had already placed her handkerchief upon the window-shelf—a signal agreed upon by her and Luther. And now, following his mother, his heart heaved and torn with suffering and inextinguishable love, Luther drew near and saw the signal.

"Poor, dear Barbara!"—the widow's voice was thrillingly soft—"all this will be blessed to us: you are not the only one who has suffered: it will be well for us all."

"Oh! I have been such a guilty, guilty, selfish, ungrateful creature!" sobbed Barbara. "You were the only true friend I have had—all the rest were false! And I grieved you away!"

"I should have come to you sooner, my child," wildly answered the widow—"but somehow I could not: the time was not ready: your experience had not done its work. I dreamed that I saw our Saviour take you and put you into a furnace; and when you was all glowing and softened, He moulded you in His hands to make you over more in his image. But I thought others came and handled you too soon; and you got out of shape, and grew cold and hard again; and so He took you once more, and put you into a hotter furnace than the other, and heated you till you was white and soft as wax in His hands, and then He moulded and moulded you again to make you like Himself; and all the while you grew more and more beautiful; but this time He would let nobody come to you until He had finished His work—and I suppose that is the reason I have kept away."

"The first furnace was my mother's death. This—this has been a hundred times fiercer than that!" said Barbara—"and I kindled it myself! I have not deserved that you should come to me at all."

Again she covered her face.

Luther entered softly and stood behind her.

"Would you like to see him again?" asked Mrs. Mayland.

"Oh, if I could! once more! But no, no, no! It can't be! He loves another. She is worthier than I. He would never have flung away such a heart—oh, such a heart! It gave me a blow like death when I heard—but it is best so. May he be happy with her—I am alone—alone!"

With every fibre of his being prostrated and quivering with affection, Luther saw and heard all this.

"But if he loves you still, Barb'ry?"

"Oh, don't torture me!—loves me still!—he cannot!—that would be too much!"

He could endure no more.

The storm of love, and sighs, and tears burst forth:

"Oh, Barbara!"

With a cry she started, and saw him bending over her. She did not arise, but still kneeling looked up, with clasped hands, and that countenance full of forgiveness and ineffable yearning. The widow snatched her handkerchief from the window-shelf and fled from the room. When she returned, accompanied by the blacksmith, they found Luther and Barbara sitting side by side, reconciled, happy, beaming with the holy baptism of mingled sorrow and love.

"What is all the honors of the airth to a day like this?" said the great-hearted blacksmith. "I've been thinkin', it's past a year to-day since Luther brought me my money that he'd saved from Follen & Page. What a year it has been! Widder, we are growin' old; but we've somethin' to live for yet—look! if ever there was two blessed children of two blessed parents!—it's a beginnin' of a new life for me and you to see their happiness! But what is't about Josey Long, Luther?"

"All a slander! Through my trial my heart

Digitized by Google

has remained here!" and Luther pressed the trembling hand that rested so lovingly in his own.

"And the new house?"

"As to that—Mr. Cobwit has offered it to me, and I have about concluded to accept it"—Luther smiled with tender playfulness—"to gratify BARBARA'S AMBITION!"

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

SWIFTLY speeds life's crimson current, swiftly through each throbbing vein,
Swifter still speed thought's quick pulses through the ever busy brain:
Deeper, stronger than life's current, swifter than thought's billows roll,
Sweep resistless tides of feeling through the inner depths of soul.

Glows the form—else cold insensate matter—with the throbbing life,
Thrills each sense instinct with being, with all warm emotions rife,
And from out the mind's recesses, like the diamonds prisoned light,
Gleam bright rays of thought, or sparkle beams of fancy, quick and bright.

From its unseen depths upswelling, beams the soul from brow and eye,
Of its hidden nature telling, whether base, or pure and high;
Toils the busy brain unceasing, planning, scheming day by day,
To the hands confides each purpose, they with ready zeal obey.

Thus, through all life's fleeting season, mortal and immortal, joined
In a wondrous two-fold being, think, and feel, and act combined;
One, the earth-born mortal, Nature dying with Earth's frailest things,
One, deathless as the great Eternal from whose own its being springs.

Thus from "Time's great whirling spindle" life's uneven thread is spun,
Measured by revolving seasons, by words spoken, actions done;
Measured by the heart's pulsations, by the shocks some natures know,
When the heart grows ages old in a few brief hours of woe;
Measured by those transient seasons when pain mingles no alloy,
And we almost live a life-time in an interval of joy,
When the earth-bound prisoned spirit shakes its fettered wings half free,
Forgetting in its short-lived gladness the weight of its mortality.

Never resting, never pausing, onward speeds the dual life,
Loving, hating, joying, sorrowing, calm with peace, or wild with strife,
Growing deep, and pure, and holy, as it nears its destined goal,
Or in dark and sinful blindness wasting every grace of soul,

Till the weak and weary mortal, burdened with its cares and pains,
Falls, and leaves its deathless fellow, bright with virtues, dark with stains,
Gathered in its earthly journey to return to Him on high,
Who gave to it its deathless being from His own immortality.

Home returned, no more to wander 'mid life's tempest, or its storm,
Never more to sin or sorrow in an erring mortal form;
But forever and forever, in the realms of light above,
Drink fresh joy and inspiration from the fount of Heavenly love.

Thus a ray of light, divergent from the central orb of day,
Might through space for ages wander a lone solitary ray,
But return its wanderings over to its home beyond the sky,
And a star forever glitter 'mid the countless hosts on high.

Oh! this grandest, grandest mystery! Oh! this wondrous, wondrous life!
Who can tell its mighty portents—with what glories it is rife?
Fathom all its fearful meaning, all its destiny unfold?
Only He in whose own image man is formed a living soul!

THE WORLD IS FULL OF EARNEST MEN.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

THE world is full of earnest men
Who live to love and labor—
To do the little good they can,
And help a fainting neighbor.

There is a light their souls within,
Though dark the sky above them;
Each sits enthroned through life a king,
Amid the hearts that love them!

With faith that strengthens as they go,
With hearts to friendship given—
They rob life's journey of its woe,
And make of earth a Heaven!

Digitized by Google

SISTER AND WIFE.

BY HARRIET NELSON.

"A sinful soul possessed of many gifts,
That did love Beauty only. (Beauty seen
In all varieties of mould and mind,)
And knowledge for its Beauty; or if good,
Good only for its Beauty."

It was a large, low room, whose quaint and comfortable air was that of a home-place, where for generations families might have gathered, and experiences of household joy and grief taken place. Through the shadows of an October twilight, a fire on the ample hearth shed a ruddy gleam. The polished mahogany furniture; the mirrors with their massive gilding; the silver of the white-spread table; and the huge brass andirons sent back, each its own reflection of the dancing flames, so that the room was half-alive with fantastic shapes of fire-spirits. At least, so it seemed to the fancy of its sole occupant, a boy, who sat nestled in one corner of a capacious arm-chair, gazing fixedly sometimes at the lights and shadows within—but oftener with face pressed close to the window-pane, into the growing dimness without. By degrees, his passiveness changed into restless impatience. "What can make them so late, Nancy?" asked he, as the opening door revealed a portly form and round, good-humored face. "The clouds are dark and heavy, and it will certainly rain soon."

"Not to-night, Master Roger; and even if it should, Mrs. Thorpe is not more than half an hour distant, God giving her a safe journey."

"A half-hour!" echoed the boy, drawlingly, as if the time were a century in prospect, and threw himself back in his chair, to gaze through half-shut eyes at Nancy's bustling movements, as she prepared for the expected arrival. The half-hour had hardly passed, when the sound of carriage-wheels was heard, and Roger, starting from his dreamy picture, rushed into the hall, to meet his mother's tender though grave kiss with passionate caresses.

"What do you think I have brought you, my dear Roger?" said she, as she threw back the folds of her cloak, and disclosed the form of a child, whose sleep had been disturbed by the change of position, and who now raised herself, and looked around silently, but with an air of timid distress. Mrs. Thorpe removed the hood and blankets which enveloped her, while she soothed her with gentle words and caresses, till the child closed her weary eyes, and letting her head sink against the motherly arm around her, was soon quite asleep. Meanwhile the boy gazed with a puzzled expression into the little face. With its long, dark lashes fringing the delicate pink of the cheeks, and the short, brown curls clustering around the mild forehead, it was pretty enough to attract an eye which had already learned to be fastidious.

So, while strangers watched her tenderly, the little orphan, Bertha, slept her first sleep in the home which had adopted her. A few days before, the father, whose memory was henceforth to mingle in his child's waking and sleeping thoughts, only as a face dimly sees through the twilight, had passed away from a life of strange vicissitudes. The remembrance of the mother, who lived only to see the first smile on her baby's face, she would never know.

This autumn night, on the unwatched graves of those young parents, the slow rain was falling, and never another to shed tears for them. She, in whose distant home by the beautiful Rhine, her artist husband had found her, and taken her across wide seas to breathe out her fresh, young life in a strange country—he, who had lived long enough to see his dreams of ambition, his strong hopes and purposes, perish one by one; upon whom disease laid its hand, while the prize was yet far off; the bosom of earth had received both to rest, and, unconscious of them, slept their child in a stranger's arms. Mrs. Thorpe looked upon her, while tears filled her eyes. Bertha's father had been the intimate friend of her own husband, whose death, by a sudden accident only a few months after their wedding, had cast over her young spirit the shadow of a grief which could never pass away. In the dark, melancholy eyes of her boy, and in Bertha's fair features, she recalled anew the images of the two friends in their bounding, eager youth, as she had first known them. Why, she thought, had God called the swift from the race, and the strong from the battle, leaving her to stand alone with nothing to support her, but the need of supporting

Digitized by Google

others? In the days when her bereavement was new, Mary Thorpe had prayed to die; and ever since, though she had learned to look with patience upon the end as far off, it was with gladness that she felt her steps approaching thereto. Yet life was precious to her, for the sake of the boy, whose earnest, sensitive nature no one could direct like herself; and now she was almost rebellious, as the ties of her earthly existence were strengthened with this new child, whom God had sent to her home and heart.

They are happy who have a happy childhood to look back upon. The departed grace of that season cannot indeed return, but the atmosphere of bland and sweet remembrances make a perpetual summer day in the depths of the soul. Amid loving and peaceful influences passed the early years of Roger and Bertha Thorpe. The mild mother-face that watched them expressed no distinction of love between the two. The same tenderly sad tones checked the waywardness of the boy and the heedlessness of the girl, and she herself could hardly have told which of the two was dearer. While Roger, with his wild impulses, his changeful moods, and "long, long thoughts," called forth all the deep springs of her nature, and made her tremble alternately with joy and anxiety, she rested serenely upon the gentleness and unwavering tenderness of her adopted daughter. Bertha was a shrinking, fond girl, and those who compared her with Roger called her a common child.

But she was not so. With a character transparent as daylight, a keen sense of right and wrong, and a moral thoughtfulness beyond her years, one felt in looking upon her broad, calm forehead, and into the depths of her brown eyes, as if sages might drink wisdom at this childish fountain. Sometimes almost unnaturally serious, she yet became, as she grew in years, younger rather than older in soul—gradually changing the reserve that repelled strangers for a fresh and winning simplicity.

Bertha Thorpe, who was neither handsome, rich, nor talented, was one of whose friendship many felt proud. Where she went, a genial, kindly atmosphere accompanied, as if good angels guarded her. So said the blind woman to whom she had talked; so thought poor Martha, the invalid of many years, into whose bare, monotonous chamber a thoughtful one had brought comfort and beauty; so the school children whom she met in her daily walks would have borne witness, as they looked into the face for the ready word and smile. "Surely you are a happy girl; you, who make everybody so happy," one of her friends said to her.

And Bertha did not answer; while she considered, as often before, if she were indeed happy. Satisfied she could not be, for her nature was prone to exact more from itself than it had power for. Heights of self-sacrifice, depths of humiliation—these were what she pictured to herself as duty, while her rebellious spirit clung to the pleasant things of common life, loved the calm and the comfortable—things "not too bright or good for human nature's daily food." Between her aspirations and her attainments, there seemed to her a distance immensely wide, as, perhaps, it seems to all whose desires are high.

If Bertha found delight in the humble ministries of life, walking on earth like one born to serve, her foster-brother went his way rather like a lord, receiving all that the service of others might bring. With serene indifference, he took love and fealty as that to which he had the claim of claims. Roger Thorpe had the gift of drawing around him whatever was beautiful and pleasant, of keeping his feet unstained with common dust, his delicate soul uncontaminated with vulgar cares. Those soft, large eyes, that seemed sometimes like full fountains of joy and tenderness—need they be disturbed with sad sights, deformities and woes? Need that sensitive ear, made for the gentlest of tones and the sweetest of music, be annoyed by harsher sounds, by the rude discords of wailing poverty? No; others might join the battle; but for him, the student's quiet retreat. Others might travel the rough highway or the sands of dreary deserts, but for him the slumberous shades, where no rumor of fret and bustle could reach. In a dreamy, self-absorbed quiet, the years of boyhood passed. Now and then, longings for the great world came over him, not such as swell the heart with great pulsations to try its strength, but such as would be satisfied with the applause of men and the love of women, and the intenser joys of brain and sense. The mother was proud of her son, always graceful and noble in manners, always ready with tender and beautiful expressions of love, a richness of thought and feeling expressed in more genial hours. But when petty cares and household difficulties beset her, she turned with a half-sigh from his disguised annoyance to the deep-reaching sympathy of Bertha.

Between the brother and his sister there seemed no strong link. As is often true in families, the outward ties that bound them hindered real acquaintanceship of character. Roger, brilliant and fastidious, looked down upon his simpler sister as too much engrossed

Digitized by Google

in small interests to enter into the heights and depths of his dreams; not knowing, boy as he was, that she, a woman, had attained some real heights, which he should gain, if at all, only through much tribulation. Yet her sisterly cares were quite indispensable to him, and very pleasant was the thoughtfulness with which his lesser wants were heeded. Though this thoughtfulness sought out many, was it strange if it did most for him whose joyous freedom, often overflowing spirits and rare wit, made, as it were, very sunshine in the household? What a dearth, what a darkness in the intervals when he was absent! What gladness when he returned, always seeming so grown in knowledge, beauty, and gifts!

On an October afternoon, "cool, and calm, and bright," Bertha Thorpe was returning from one of her frequent visits of charity. Turning aside from the highway, she took a favorite path through the woods, trampling beneath her feet withered leaves and green mosses; the gentle murmur of the branches overhead mingling with the melody of the hymn she was unconsciously singing. Riding slowly along the wooded way, Roger approached her unawares. A pretty enough picture she made to his artistic eye, the wild, slightly-flushed face set in a frame of light brown banded hair; eyes, which now beneath the drooping lids, saw only the yellow carpet at her feet; a slender, erect form, clad in soft, gray hues, that though too cold for beauty, were yet in agreeable harmony with the pensive grace of that autumn day.

"Well met!" exclaimed he, as she became conscious of his presence; "strange to say, I was becoming tired of my own company, and wishing for some one in whom to expend my raptures with this air and sky, the woods, the rare Indian summer weather. Now, confess, were you not in a similar mood? Are you not delighted to see me, and especially delighted to be relieved of this basket, which betrays you the Lady Bountiful of the neighborhood?"

"To be rid of the basket is well enough, but I was finding my own thoughts tolerable companions."

"Thank you! better than the present one, I dare say. But you are getting too soberly inclined. Young ladies should not think."

"Indeed! What should they do?"

"Sit still, play the piano, pluck flowers, and especially look beautiful. Nothing makes them so uninteresting as thinking. You know my theory—beauty, the first law of all things, especially of woman."

"That is very well for a youth with a twenty years' long experience of things. Don't be surprised if some of us, however, rebel at your grand, first law, and choose to see our reasons a little now and then, even though it be uninteresting;" and something in the calm eyes of the maiden shone like the sudden reflection of flame in blue waters.

"But now, to-day, we should none of us think, you nor I, but keep quiet and feel the enjoyment of just living under such a sky, breathing such odors, and looking into such misty depths of atmosphere. And here were you, moping along, as if it were the dullest and deadest of the days that are coming, if the thought of them be not a sin now. Sweet, my sister, be merry!"

"How can I be merry in such a flood as you are carrying me away with. I can enjoy myself soberly now and then."

"But tell me what you were thinking of, and I will enjoy myself soberly too. Anything but enjoy myself alone to-day. I am in the social mood and must be indulged. Let me hear your thoughts, whether upon 'fixed fate, free will, or foreknowledge absolute.'"

"Don't laugh at me, Roger; you know I cannot bear to be laughed at. They were the simplest of all thoughts. I was just at Mrs. Winn's, and she, poor woman, is sad enough—a drunken husband, an idiot child, and such a comfortless home. Oh! you cannot imagine it!"

"Don't describe it, I pray you."

"I was thinking how little I could do to relieve her and several others quite as miserable, of whom I know. Then I thought of all the sickness, and bondage, and sorrow the world over—the great works to be done, and the wise schemes to be brought about, and wondered when there would arise those who have the means and the heart for it all. Certainly, human efforts can do much to cure human suffering."

"Really, you are too much of a philanthropist, almost an enthusiast. The truth is, if these things are, they must be, and are not for us to cure. If we are to interest ourselves in all the real and imaginary wants of our fellows, that is the end of us. No taste, no culture, no scholarly graces—only a company of wild dreamers about progress. Now this is a good, bright world; should every breeze come to us laden with sighs?"

"There are sighs on the breezes, whether we hear them or not, and though it is a good, bright world and we are happy in it, I know others are not so—low, groveling creatures, who cannot rise above their care for daily food."

Digitized by Google

"Doubtless there are such, and if we could raise them all to our own level, we would do it. You and I would go forth on our chivalrous mission and make a new earth of it. But as this cannot be, the next best thing is to make the most of ourselves possible, to become as great, as happy, as noble as we can, and leave what we are unable to Providence."

"That may be right, but I am afraid I should grow selfish even in such a high endeavor as that."

"Not at all. Don't feel it necessary to keep yourself perpetually restless. This fretting and grieving is quite useless. What we are is of vastly more importance than what we do."

"Granted—then what am I?"

"A dear, good girl, who would make an excellent sister of charity, if I could be so disinterested as to sacrifice her to public good. But since you are my sister, you must be mine only, as long as you live. I can't spare my one."

If the downcast eyes of Bertha had just then been raised, perhaps there might have appeared in them some reluctance to this "shall be," some yearning of soul, the fluttering of a vague wish—who knows? She was silent for an instant, then said softly,

"And what are you?"

"To-day, a living example of the bliss of idleness."

"And shall be?" An earnestness unwonted flushed the gay, open face. Roger looked far away to the blue hills, as if from their heights they might give him the answer.

"How should I know? Something great, perhaps. After all, I am not satisfied. Bertha, I feel as if a larger life were waiting for me; as if, without and within, a universe were waiting to reveal itself. But the oracles are dumb, and we cannot hasten their replies."

Bertha thought often of Roger's theory of life. Would it then be best, as he said, to shut her soul from grief and want, to open its windows only to beauty and gladness, and let the great world, which her feeble power could never move, go on as it would? But theorize as Bertha might, she found this quite impossible in reality. To-day, Mrs. Thorpe was ill, and no one could bathe her head, and wait upon her carefully and gently; no one could direct the servants and attend to guests but Bertha. To-morrow, Roger himself had a headache, or a restless mood, and his sister must sing, or read, or talk; every one else had a harsh voice, or false accents, or teased him with silly remarks. Next day, came, perhaps, a message from old Mrs. Blythe—her granddaughters were away on a visit, and could not Miss Thorpe spare a day to keep an old lady from utter weariness? And all the while, she knew that blind Ellen Hale was waiting for some one to read the new poem to her—that the sick lad, John Fowler, would remember her promise to come and talk with him of blessed Bible truths, and that Mrs. Winn's haggard children were counting long days till the promised playthings came. Between labored reasonings and the impulses of the soul, some become entangled, or wander into strange inconsistencies on the right hand and the left. But simpler beings find in the promptings and needs of every day the path in which to walk, while their doubts and questionings are merely as clouds overhead. As true, strong principle and a generous nature led Bertha out of the influence of speculations, Roger generally turned his back upon them, except when it was convenient to invent a theory to excuse his indifference to all theories. How pleasant were his roamings in the enchanted realms of old poetry and fable! how nature bathed herself in the light of other days! what golden dreams filled the young man's soul, of lands beyond the seas, of sunset beauties on ancient river and shore, immortal in history! A dreamer he went out into the world to seek his destiny. What would he find there?

"I am growing old, Bertha," said Mrs. Thorpe one day.

"Never old to your children, dear mother," she replied.

"Look at me, my child. Do you not see how the wrinkles on my face have deepened? how my hair is gray, and my step feeble? I am sure I have not many years to live."

"Do not talk of it; it cannot be."

"Yes, Bertha, let me talk of it now, while I have strength. You know I have loved you little less than Roger. I have sought to be a mother to you in all respects, though, indeed, it has been an easy task. I have a great request to ask of you, Bertha, and if you cannot grant it easily, heartily, do not grant it at all."

"Mother, you know how easy it is for me to do your wishes. I can promise without knowing."

"I need not to tell you my anxiety for Roger, my care lest his warm, impulsive disposition and carelessness of the ways of the world should lead him into difficulties. He has never had sorrows; he thinks there are none; but they must come, and how unfit he is to bear them well! You are prudent, discerning; you are a woman and know something of what life is;

Digitized by Google

it is one like you whom Roger needs as a friend, a companion—almost a guardian." The color mounted into Bertha's pale face, but she listened very quietly, while Mrs. Thorpe went on. "Do not bind yourself by any promise to me; but if Roger ever asks you to marry him, remember this, and let the thought of me come to help you decide between him and what, in some respects, might seem to you more desirable."

"Mother, I shall never have such a decision to make. I am not one to be sought after, especially by Roger, who is like a brother to me, and who loves beauty as he does his own life. I am not beautiful, you know."

"Not beautiful! let me see." And the smiling mother turned the blushing countenance toward her. "No, you are not beautiful, perhaps, but I never thought of it before. And why should you not be sought after? If Roger's own mother, who is so proud of him, thinks you more than worthy of him, of whom then are you not worthy? It may be I shall live to see you Roger's wife."

"For your sake, and for his own, I will be to Roger all I can be conscientiously, now and always. I promise that; remembering your goodness to me, ever since I came, a poor, unconscious orphan, to this dear home."

Mrs. Thorpe's request awakened in Bertha's mind the old questionings; and a sentiment regarding which she had never dared ask herself, now rose with an earnestness she could not mistake. Yes, it was true that she did love her foster-brother, unsolicited, unrewarded. She had once laughed at the idea—now she wept over it. Once she had told herself how unwomanly was such a dream—now, unwomanly as it was, she knew it was her destiny. She would have driven away love by mocking at herself and it; still it stayed. She taught herself how vain, how impossible was all hope, but was not altogether hopeless still. Her pride and her love waged the sternest of conflicts, and both were too strong for her peace. But she was glad he did not know—that no one knew it. "This is my secret," said she, "and no one shall tear it from me. If I only need not have known it; if, as for the past years, I could have gone on without suspecting that Roger was more to me than the nearest of kin might be; that would have been well. But since it is not so, I will do like brave women of whom I have heard—be happy as I can be, conquer myself by long striving, and as I have not the love of one, live for that of all. God knows that this trial has not come through any foolish imagination, any romantic dreams of mine. It has come to me unawares, and so I can ask and expect aid to bear and outlive it." So, if after this, something like a shadow settled over the live of Bertha Thorpe, it did not altogether hide the sunshine of her spirit, but only made it softer and more lovely. And when Roger wrote of new ties he had formed, of new hopes that were rising like stars in his horizon, of the matchless beauty and grace of her to whom his heart was given—for his sake, Bertha was glad, and for her own sake, not sorrowful. Were there, deep within, no uprisings of envy, no thoughts that so and so it might have been, and the better for all? Were there, as she gazed in a kind of trance into the still face that looked from the mirror upon her, no strong wishes for the beauty that might have won his love, no half-scorn for the gifts of a deep, earnest character, an intellect strong in its love of knowledge, and a warm, full heart, all which failed to win what the beautiful might claim as their prize? We will not wonder if the evil thoughts entered in for an hour—that first hour of lonely self-communion. We will wonder at the grace and faith, the peace and comfort that came in their stead, not for an hour, but for days, months, and years.

Meanwhile, Roger Thorpe was living a new, a charmed existence in himself and in others. Some know a time in which a change passes over all things. Old, familiar objects wear a new aspect, and the soul finds itself amid the wonted faces and places, indeed, but all transfigured, and bathed in a light as from strange skies. All growth is not gradual. There may have been long preparation in darkness and silence, but suddenly, as by one great leap, causes develope into effects, and the fruition long yearned for while dimly understood, reveals itself in an instant. Like one banished from a celestial world, and remembering only by gleams the inheritance to which he was born; so the soul wanders hither and thither, seeking its own, till, at length, in some favored hour, the portals of life are thrown open, the wealth which they inclose shines forth, and, in the glory of that vision, it is forgotten that sight is not possession, and that this is only what shall be.

On a pure, bright June morning, a youth rode slowly along an accustomed road by the river side. Here was a man, who yesterday was a boy—a poet, who was yesterday a dreamer. Then he was poor: now he was rich. Hitherto indeed, the world had given him what it calls good—wealth and such honors as his years could claim. Nature had done her part for

Digitized by Google

him, giving him manly beauty and strength, and a quick, keen intellect. But what were these or anything she could bestow upon her child, while she kept her motherly face veiled from him and baffled all his searchings? The youth of Roger Thorpe had not been a remarkable one externally. Removed from the necessity of personal exertion, and finding even the difficulties in the way of knowledge smoothed down as before a more than king, existence had presented only its softer side, and he was unconscious that there could be any other. But vague dreams of a life that should be more than this had kept the boy restless. While fortune had sung to him with flute-like tones, sometimes his heart thrilled as if a trumpet called him to battle. The uncertain and disjointed syllables in which the outward world spoke, now and then gathered themselves into words and uttered the beginnings of great lessons. Like a dumb giant, struggling to express his tumultuous thoughts and forming only inarticulate sounds, so looked the world. But as if some divinity had restored the power of speech, he now seemed to hear clearly. The veil had passed away like a summer cloud, and nature stood smiling before him, ready to open her infinite heart and speak its fullness. All within and without radiated with new light, and he stood like a king amid his broad and fair possessions. The river lay motionless in the soft morning sunshine, and in it the shadows of trees, hills, and clouds slept lazily. Light vapors floated away in the distance beyond the farthest mountain tops. All the air was filled with bird songs, but gayer and more musical than birds, were the thoughts that in a kind of measured chime flitted to and fro in the mind of Roger Thorpe. So this is what I was born for—to be the interpreter to others of the new glory my eyes are open to, of the new life that floods my soul. As if some inspiration had made me a prophet, I seem to see the great purposes of things clearly. I seem to know surely that I am one of nature's elect, and that the beauty I have always loved is ready to drop into my hand. Now I can speak, I can write.

Thus Roger Thorpe felt that all things bright and fair were his ministers, that all experience through which he might pass, would only call forth new powers and make him greater and happier. Large were the plans he formed for himself, and strong the resolutions that henceforth no idleness or folly should come between him and his great object, the culture of the genius which he believed God had given him. These plans were in no small degree carried into execution, and Roger Thorpe became distinguished among his fellows for fine talents and scholarly acquirements. What he wrote occasionally, was received with favor sufficient to satisfy him in his first endeavors. Those who worship intellect paid him homage, and he was a favorite in society. Few inquired how much depth of heart the brilliant exterior covered. Any one of the fair women around him would reward his attentions with most gracious smiles, and be flattered by his praise without much questioning as to its sincerity. It was agreeable to have such eyes rest upon you in even a feigned admiration, and though a suspicion would sometimes cross the mind that they read more than you quite cared to have known. He had something of a passion for the study of character, especially womanly character, for sounding the depths of fresh, impulsive natures, and bringing the feelings of strong, proud souls under a kind of forced subjection to himself. Should not a lover of beauty find delight in these most delicate manifestations of human life, and was it of much consequence if a few, more sensitive, found that their affections had blossomed under too cold a sky, so only one who was born a poet enjoyed their little hour of grace and fragrance? Certainly, no one could be more serenely unconscious than Roger Thorpe of wounded feelings or disappointed hopes. The need of love had never come home so closely to him that he could understand it in others. In truth, he was not aware that he received more than he gave—the entertainment of an evening, the exchange of thought and sentiment in a few passing conversations.

But for once he learned to have lost his usual indifference and be conquered in his turn, nor was it considered cause of surprise when the most brilliant of belles and most accomplished of coquettes drew the regards of the young poet. As a painter might dwell on a new-found work of art which approached his perfect ideal—as a sculptor might yield his homage to the purity and harmony of some marble form, so Roger Thorpe gave his artistic admiration to Clara Lincoln—for the time quite rapt from himself in his dreams of love.

"So Miss Lincoln is at last ensnared in her own net," said to her one of her privileged friends.

"Nets are for less gay birds than I, *ma chere*. Don't think that my wings are too closely pinioned to fly when I wish."

"Mr. Thorpe is well enough, but those fine eyes do wondrous execution. Take care of

Digitized by Google

yourself and don't die of a broken heart if your lover flies first."

"She is a weak woman who cannot hold what she has made her own."

"Every one thought him very devoted to Alice Jay. She, poor thing! is looking sorrowful and ghost-like, and seldom goes abroad now-a-days."

"Is Mr. Thorpe responsible for a little girl's fancies? You know he is the soul of honor."

"Honor means anything and everything, so I dare say he may be. Still I advise you to be on your guard."

"I have no fears. In the first place, I understand him thoroughly, and know that he will not care to be free until I should choose. Then secondly, I love him myself—just a little—enough to make it agreeable to try to please his wayward fancies; and I am very proud of him. What better safeguard could I have?"

"Then I suppose you intend to put on the character of a literary lady, as would be becoming in Mr. Thorpe's future help-meet?"

"No, excuse me from that! Who now-a-days would care for the goddess of wisdom herself, if she were to come down to captivate mortal man?"

"But I see him very often talking with Miss Cushing, who has the reputation of being very profound for one of our feebler sex. She may steal Mr. Thorpe's heart from you some day with her solid accomplishments."

"I have little fear of any ill results from their metaphysical dialogues. A half-hour's talk with a clever woman is very well; but as Roger says, clever women are always most admired by their own sex. Did you ever know a belle who talked about books? The thing is an absurdity," and Miss Lincoln smiled at the argument with which, for the thousandth time, she fortified herself in her pretty castle of indolence. And so the world goes—perhaps she was not wrong. Need one seek every gift? If nature has been graciously lavish, why not rest content? Why should the royal lilies toil and spin? and why bright-winged birds gather into store houses? No art, no toil can impart the gift of winning love, and what can make life worth the living if love be wanting? Can any tell me?

Ill for those who have that bright gift, if, instead of using it for its own use, to make other souls good and happy, they buy therewith empty adulation and food for capricious vanity. Better be without the blessing, which must, in the end, change into a curse.

A room in the heart of the city, which the din and roar of the busy street reached but faintly, and from whence the sunlight was shut out by thick curtains, so that the air of quiet and seclusion which reigned there, was rendered more intense by contrast with the haste and glare without. Books in choice bindings were ranged along the walls; a few rare pictures hung here and there, and graceful sculptured forms occupied niches in the apartment. The green carpet spread beneath like moss; delicate odors of exotic plants shed sweet suggestions of tropical springs, and a mimic fountain threw its waters upward to fall again with a perpetual tinkle. The table in the centre was strewn with papers, and, sitting by it, Roger Thorpe gazed, half-entranced, upon the delicately-penciled characters before him. They were the last sheets of the work into which he had thrown all the enthusiasm and culture of his nature; which was a part of himself, a transcript of his own nature. This then was to go forth in token of the inspiration within him, a revealer to others, as he believed, of the glorious fullness of nature and the beauty of outward existence. There is no joy so full of enchantment as that of having accomplished something; brought into reality that which lived only in our own ideas. Such pleasure we each of us know in greater or less degrees in our daily lives; it incites to noble deeds, to heroic adventure, to long search and wise invention. But who knows but he who has felt, the joy of the painter when he lays aside the pencil and gazes upon the transfigured canvas? Who could enter into the soul of a Phidias, as he saw the grand statue of Minerva stand perfected before him, or of Michael Angelo, as the marvelous dome of St. Peters hung in the firmament above. Not too small is humanity then to claim its kindred with Him, who looked on his broad creation, and behold, it was very good.

Noble and beautiful Roger Thorpe certainly was, though you might fear the scorn which sat around his mouth—the indifference and pride that sometimes haunted his face. But to-day, contempt and indifference for others were merged in the satisfaction he felt in the expression of himself that lay before him. Thinking not much as to how men might receive it, he had spent some of his happiest hours upon it. From social life, from the claims of the world, from the smiles of his betrothed, he had come with always fresh delight to his self-appointed task. So, was it strange if then he reasoned thus? They are wrong who say that happiness depends upon love and sympathy. Suffering comes from the need of these, but he whose needs center in himself, will not fear loss or change. Like the old gods, let us keep

Digitized by Google

ourselves calm within ourselves. If our souls can attain serene heights above the misery and folly of the race, let us keep them with no childish fear of the glorious solitude. We are born alone, we die alone—is it not as well to live, enjoy, work alone? I am happy; I am growing into larger knowledge and thought—what more is needful? Mother, sister, wife—those are dear names, but the highest life does not embrace them. With them—without them, mine shall be complete.

A little time longer, and Roger Thorpe stood before the public as an author. One of the first copies which he received of his work, was sent away with these words inscribed on a fly-leaf, "To my sister, Bertha Thorpe." Before he had time to know what judgment would be passed on his work, he was summoned to his mother's sick bed. Very gently were the hours of her life ebbing away, and she was serenely looking on to the day, when she should be reunited to the husband, whose image, remembered in its brave manhood, was perpetually young in her soul. Through the weeks before her death, all things in the household went on quite as usual, and you would hardly have guessed the overhanging shadow, but for an unusual gentleness, a kind of solemn peace, like the twilight hush after the sun has set and before the evening darkens.

One day, after Roger had been dreaming, half-awake, half-asleep, in the dim light of a November afternoon, he roused himself as his sister entered the room, and watched her with scarcely raised lids, while she moved quietly across the floor. It is a real pleasure to look at my sister, he thought—so quiet, so unconscious, and doing everything with the least possible commotion, as if she had fairy fingers. What a blessing she is in my mother's sick room—she, the true child, rather than I! And a slight pang of conscience was felt, at the remembrance, quickly expelled, of sundry occasions when filial duties had been too irksome to him to be very carefully performed. "Bertha, my dear, could you not sit still and talk just a few minutes?" said he, as she was leaving the room.

"Certainly," she replied, turning with a smile, "I thought you were asleep. I am ready to talk or listen as seems good to you."

"You have not told me what you think of my book; now let me have your opinion."

A slight flush colored her cheeks. "I must not be so vain as to anticipate the critics, and, of course, I could only praise in the very face of the writer."

"Now, be honest—your criticism is of more value to me than that of all the reviewers. Praise or blame—don't be afraid, Bertha. Did it ever remind you of our childish days, when we dreamed strange dreams, peopled the woods with our fancies, and made ourselves heroes and divinities?"

"Yes, the book was very like you—it was yourself, Roger. How could it then fail to be pleasant to me?"

"But judging of it impartially, throwing me out of the question—you can do that, Bertha, and with that keen insight of yours, you could not help doing it. I will not be satisfied with any half-in-half answer."

"Then, setting you aside; it is a book full of beautiful, pleasant thought and deep meaning; to be studied amidst the grandest and loveliest scenes of nature, as one would hang upon the lips of an interpreter of some mystic tongue."

The dark eyes of the young man glowed in answer to her enthusiasm—then he looked dissatisfied. He was silent for a minute, bending his head low till the heavy brown locks shaded his dreamy face, almost perfect in its delicacy and grace of mould.

"You have not said all, Bertha. No praise is to be valued except with a spice of blame. I must have it."

"I felt one want in reading it—the want of intense, earnest feeling—of expressions of interest in the great needs of our race, of condemnation of the sins and sympathy with the faults of our fellow-beings." She looked at him, as if fearful of offending.

He said, "Go on, go on; I like to hear you. You look at everything from just the opposite point of view to myself. Did you know that we are perfect antipodes?"

"It is what one might write in a perfect world, with no God, if that could be. Now, with all the activities that make it such a grand thing to be alive, I long to see you in the ranks of those that struggle to push on the better days, instead of trusting in their own creations, though ever so beautiful."

"I plead guilty in part; if there is one word I hate, it is reform. What would be the good of my wearing out, vexing and fretting myself with the idea, that I must be a progressive man, *pro* this and *anti* that, always groping in the darkness in search of human miseries?"

"One does not have to search long to find them in abundance."

"There is so much wailing at vice and folly, that people have forgotten what wisdom and beauty are. As Goethe—grand soul—says: It

Digitized by Google

is not by attacks on the False, but by the calm showing forth of the True, that good is to be done. Only let us be faithful to our own vocation; if thinkers and scholars, especially to that, and reforms will take care of themselves. I see you will not be convinced."

"If I were sure there were no lazy selfishness hidden under this charming philosophy!" She rose, and Roger, as he replied, moved toward her,

"You must be more merciful to us; every one in the world is selfish but my dear sister." And he bent to look into her truthful eyes, while he kissed her cheek almost reverently. After she went, he wondered if Bertha seemed to him quite like a sister; thought, what if she were his wife, she, the purest, noblest mind he had ever found among women. He concluded that, after all, she was too cold for loving, too much of an enthusiast to give her heart to one man, and, perhaps, too simple and plain to make in a home the radiant sunniness he wanted there.

Under the frowning autumn sky, beneath a turf strown with the dead summer leafiness, Mrs. Thorpe was laid to rest, and her children turned away, both sorrowing, though with a different sorrow. With the one, sincere as was the mourning, it was not entwined with all the relations of life, and in a few months all would be the same, inwardly and outwardly, as if this grief had not been. But to the other, the loss was one which, with every new morning and evening, would seem to grow fresher, which would force itself upon her in her familiar occupations, her daily duties, her walks, her prayers. Henceforth her way was to be a lonely one, with no more a mother, no more a home on the earth. And the young spirit, as it tasted the first drops in that bitter cup, the cup impossible to put away from the lips, cried out in its desolation. To look forward to long, dreary months and years, and see no joy in any of them; to dream of a happiness that might have filled existence to the brim, but which can never, never be; to think of cheerful homes where smiling wives, mothers, and daughters dwell, and feel that there is none such waiting a new inmate—this is not the least end of sad experiences. Gradually, thank God, the sting of it passes away; each hour, coming darkly veiled, looks back with a sweeter, calmer face; somewhere the wandering wing finds a nest and a resting-place for itself.

"Will you hear my plans, Roger?" asked Bertha, her calm face stiller than ever, her deep, soft eyes darkened with only the wonted shadows, and her whole nature filled with that quiet which succeeds the violence of strong feeling. He took her by the hand, and looked at her with an inquiring expression.

"My child, you are too worn to plan and think! let me do it for you. What need of anything but rest?"

"You know I am alone now, and must act for myself," and she paused lest she might betray herself. Roger was just about to say, "May not your brother act for you?" when a new thought struck him, and he remained silent. Was he then her brother? Could he act for her? Must she not go her way alone? And what if she loved him better than as a brother? He looked at her with an almost cruel intentness, determined to read the secret of her soul, if there were one. The face, drooping and tearful, baffled him.

"Our mother's generosity has made me quite independent. Yet I want a home and something to do which will occupy my thoughts. Mrs. Blythe has offered me the one, and I shall find the other in teaching her grand-daughters."

"Bertha! pardon me; but it is absurd! Become a teacher of children—the companion of a stupid old lady! Why not stay in this home of our childhood till Clara and I are married? Then you know what a joy our sister would be in our household."

A slight quivering of Bertha's lips did not escape his keen scrutiny.

"You are kind, Roger; but I shall be happier as I have chosen. And do not you see that it is best?"

"It is best, if you will be happier; but are you not giving up your brother very coldly?"

"How giving you up, Roger? For your own sake, and more—for our dead mother's sake, I could not do that. If ever you are in need of me, you will know I could not do it."

Roger said only, "You always do what is quite right, Bertha; but remember—we are brother and sister in our separation as much as we were in our childish sympathies."

She left the room, and the brief conversation ended, while he sat thinking, dreaming of what might have been—of past joys, of the strong, constant love he had very likely suffered himself to lose, and wondering if that for which he had exchanged it would be satisfying and true. After all, what did it matter, and why should the one or the other very much affect his peace? It was a pleasant thing to be loved, and Bertha was too sensible a girl to suffer from any such fancies.

A few days more, Roger and Bertha Thorpe

Digitized by Google

had separated from the home of their childhood, from apartments consecrated by tender memories of the dead, from the familiar scenes where they had played in childhood and held pleasant converse in later years, from books and pictures, trees and flowers, each of which had its history written deep in their hearts. It was the threshold of a new era, and, looking back from it, how fair, how sweet lay the past behind them in its morning glory! Fresh and dewy as the fields of Eden, free from spot or cloud, are the remembrances of days we have spent with dear ones, after lover and friend have been put far from us, and the brightness has faded from our path. But we may not long look backward; though the past bids us, "Weep!" the present equally commands, "Act!" and the future, "Hope!"

The young author went back to the quiet of his study, to the growing promise of his fame—to the smiles of his chosen bride. For Bertha waited only a common-place routine which she had neither the energy nor the wish to change. Morning and evening glided into one another in their monotonous round, distinguished by neither pleasure nor pain. She seemed a burden to herself, as she moved about from day to day, with a dull, dim longing in her heart, and a wondering if many weary weeks must so creep on, before earthly things should become to her the shadows which now they seemed. A lethargy crept over her brain, her step grew languid, time and space, and all else indifferent to her, and one spring morning, at her self-imposed task, hearing lessons drowsily repeated like the hum of bees, she fell asleep. It was a long, troubled sleep, disturbed by vague sounds and flitting phantoms, with sometimes a vague consciousness of life, or death in life. When she opened her eyes again, weak as she was, and strange as all seemed, she had come back from the gates of death to a new world. Flowers were budding, birds were singing; but the hopes in her soul, springing from some unknown source, were fairer than flowers, and the new joys of existence were better than bird songs. Now, in her mature womanhood, serene and strong, the past love not blotted out, but living to deepen and enlarge the sympathies of her nature, she gave herself anew to her work. They were not great things that she devised for herself; she did not talk to others of what she would do; she did not open nor carefully strive to hide it. Her name was not mentioned among those of the benefactors of mankind; the public that praises as well as blames, indiscriminately, did not hear of it; and even the few who knew her, that is, saw her every day, ate, and walked, and talked with her, did not much understand that she was in any wise above them. Yet, I believe that He who sees truly, saw through the outward veil how His child was growing into angelic stature: in the welfare of others her own becoming more and more merged, the old self-assertion and pride softening, and the distrust that had once brooded over her changing into comfort and faith.

"What was her work?" That which is ours, each one of us: to keep alive the energies of the mind, to cultivate pure tastes and genial impulses, and to see to it that, with these, the soul does not become enfeebled or dwarfed. Expecting no greater bliss to crown her days than what the present supplied, she sought those whom she could benefit by the power of her influence in word or deed, or by the alms which were less welcome than her mild presence. To her many owed the impulse which first led them to think of and desire an elevated, true character. And where neither her speech nor her charities could reach, her prayers, her unspoken sympathy were given continually.

Again Roger Thorpe was alone in his study. A single lamp lit the pleasant surroundings, on which he looked, that night, with all a Cynic's indifference. Many things vexed his thoughts as he paced to and fro; the brown hair falling over his forehead, and his lips curved with a smile of intense scorn. That day, the dream of love of the past months had faded. Faint though it was, it had been something to him, and his pride was wounded to know that he had given more than he had received. The caprice of Miss Lincoln had wearied at the devotion her lover almost unconsciously exacted, and one day, piqued by mutual reproaches, they angrily separated for the last time, and Roger had just learned of her new engagement.

"Well, why do I fret? I am myself still; more than she or any earthly being could have made me, and it is ridiculous to be disturbed by such trifles. That is the mind of women—fickle, feeble, vain, all of them." Like a phantom, rose suddenly before his memory, a sweet, earnest face, bending toward him and with questioning eyes looking into his. "Be it so—or be it not," he said, shutting his eyes to the vision, "henceforth I will look upon them as dolls, children, and give my sober thoughts to something nobler. Neither wife nor child shall stand between me and what I will yet do. My fate or rather my will has so decreed it, and I am quite sufficient to bear whatever evil comes with my lonely lot."

Digitized by Google

Roger Thorpe grew a cold, proud man, vainly seeking the friendship of men and rarely sought by them. Those who honored his gifts feared his sarcasms. Only one or two most similar to himself in tastes, and standing high in their profession of letters, found their way to him and trusted him for an interest he did not deign to express. The reception his works met from the public tended the more to embitter him, stoical as he termed himself. In a small circle, they were indeed read and warmly praised, but beyond, no one knew them or cared for them. They did not come home to the experience of any but an elect few. No warm heart felt itself kindled into more glowing warmth; no humble, generous soul was lifted by them to nobler heights.

And when the fame of the first days was passed, the young writer began to ask the secret of his failure. People were stupid; the world was intensely practical. Homer might sing and Plato talk in modern cities, and men pass by on the other side; so let his philosophy and his songs suffice the philosopher and the poet; so let another dream fade out of my fancy. Soon I may look upon things practically, too, and know what they are worth. Something I have left me yet; the glorious heritage of nature, in itself, joy and beauty enough to keep me from mourning; books, best of companions; and the kingdom of my own mind.

But there came a stroke, worse than all others. A dimness gradually grew over the shining daylight, a blur over the printed pages on which his eager eyes were wont to rest. Like a flash, the truth at last came to him, that henceforth a veil was to rest between him and the motherly face that had always worn a welcome, that nature would no longer smile for him, and all pleasant sights be as though they were not. Only a glimmering of light was left, and that, insufficient as it was, seemed to make the burden only the heavier. Almost frantic under the affliction, he clung to the last hope, and when that failed, sunk into a melancholy, the darker for that his past existence had been so bright and joyful. To those who came around him with kind offers, he replied coldly, for, in the universal blank, friendship was as little worth as all else. Pleasant theories, beautiful dreams, strong self-sufficiency, all had vanished in a moment. Amid his gloom, seeking on the right and left for consolation, the resolve grew up, as he had been alone in his joys, so to be in his trouble, and to bear silently the lot which it seemed no ray of brightness could ever mitigate.

Bertha Thorpe sat alone—an open letter spread before her, which had stirred her soul to its very depths, awakening emotions which had long slumbered. Thus wrote the brother of her early days: "Once you said to me that when I needed you, I would know that you would not give me up. I will not presume too much upon that, nor ask what you cannot bestow; but now that the hour of my need has come, I would gladly believe that you are not indifferent to it. You know what my affliction is; how I dwell continually in an uncertain twilight, to which I sometimes think total darkness would be preferable. When this first came upon me, I bore it with what fortitude I possessed. Unsubmissive and sullen, I sought aid neither from above nor around me. But at last my will was compelled to yield, and my soul cried out in its loneliness for a support and helper, human or divine. Since then, I have been another man. How I know not—but the need of human love has come and makes me like a child again. Bertha, I once loved you as a sister; later, when I thought of you, it was with a deeper interest, a tenderer feeling. And now I am sure that if any social joys are to grow up around my manhood, it must be through you. It may be selfish to offer you the wreck of my former self; but from that wreck, there may, and with God's help and yours, there shall—arise a better life. So now I ask you to become to me, if you can, dearer than sister or friend. I ask you as my wife to make my dark lot bright; to teach me the meekness, faith, and goodness which make your own character beautiful."

The early fervor and freshness of Bertha's spirit had passed. She had learned to look at things with more soberness, and this new claim startled her. To go out from the quiet, familiar scenes to which she had learned to cling; to give up the daily employments rendered dear by so many associations; to leave the work which she had chosen for herself—was it possible to give up so much for the sake of one? Yet again, she remembered the wish of the mother whose memory she held most dear; she remembered how darkened and dreary would be Roger's lot without her; and withal the old love pleaded for him with a voice she could not resist. So, in her mature womanhood, Bertha Thorpe took the name and station of wife, almost doubting whether it was for good or ill that she did so, trembling at the accomplishment of the youthful dream that had seemed so impossible to be realized.

It was in darkness of outward vision, and

Digitized by Google

with many misgivings as to his right to join his own saddened fate to the life which was worth so much as a minister of good to many. But the hope which encouraged him that they might work for each other, and together for those around them, was not a vain one. Returning to the quiet home of their early days, they seemed almost to have begun their existence again, an existence which daily grew more and more fruitful in blessings, and filled with the light and joy of mutual love. Bertha found that in her quieter, and perhaps narrower sphere, there need be no narrowing of her affections; that in the tender care and constant sympathy she gave one, there was no lack for all who had need.

Though Roger Thorpe had many hard lessons yet to learn—though the long, constant pressure of the burden laid on him sometimes chafed and fretted his spirit; yet he found a peace and substantial satisfaction in his present lot, which all his days before he had never known. The love mingled with something like deepest reverence, with which he regarded his wife, seemed, of itself, in the daily response it met with, enough to make happiness perfect. But beside this, his soul had opened to behold the great relations which bind together all God's creatures, to know that for the noblest and largest culture, there must be wide out-going sympathies and willing labors and sacrifices for human weal.

A new inspiration showed itself too in what he wrote, and men began to recognize his power and delight in yielding to its influence. And though a large popularity or long fame may never be his, yet doubtless many a good deed and true feeling will grow from the earnest and beautiful words he has spoken in the world. Like the pilgrim's, his way down into the valley of humiliation was rugged and thorny, but he finds there the air pure and balmy, the sunshine clear, and the turfy meadows bright with blossoms.

UNDER THE SNOW.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

A WAILING sound doth haunt the winds to-night,
And the black clouds shut out the silver stars,
That else had shone on earth so chilly white,
Like the cold clay upon the coffined bier,
Under the snow.

The woodbine taps upon the window-pane,
When the low moaning voice sweeps lingering by;
I listen for a voice I shall not hear again
From lips that mute within the church-yard lie,
Under the snow.

I think in sorrow of that grave they made
On the green hill-side where the woods grew sear,
And the pale face that from our sight they laid,
That now lies sleeping in the midnight drear,
Under the snow.

And yet I know she cannot hear the blast
That blows so chilly over her low bed:
Cold is the bosom that has throbbed its last,
And grave-yard dust lies on the lily lids,
Under the snow.

Under the snow how many a hope is laid!
And hearts beat faster on this Winter night,
Thinking of graves that only late were made,
Now shrouded up in chilly, chilly white,
Under the snow.

Earth's fairest flowers black with frost lie low,
Covered with mould, and dark and damp decay;
The Summer brook hushed in its fairy flow,
Sleeping in darkness with our flowers that lay,
Under the snow.

LINES.

BY E. SUMMERS DANA.

I AM waiting for a voice to break
The silence of the hour,
The still, calm hush that lingers yet
With sweet, unconscious power,
That comes so kindly to relieve
The darkness of this Sabbath eve.

I dreamed me of a white hand laid
So softly on my brow;
Its touch had lingered like a spell
That had enthralled me now,
If on the stillness of the air
Had floated by so sweetly there.

A treasured tone, a whispered word
With magic in its name,
To steal, like witching music, from
Each thoughtful toil and aim
Its sordid, selfish, worldly cares,
With troublous maze of wicked snares.

It comes not to my waiting ear,
That deep, impassioned voice;
And here in loneliness shut in,
I only may rejoice
To fondly hope that Heaven may give
Me hours 'twere glorious to relieve.

Digitized by Google

THE FACTORY GIRL.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was no other alternative.

The old homestead must be sacrificed, or Annette Burns must leave its sacred roof, and go out among strangers to earn, by the toil of her hands, little by little, the sum that was requisite for its redemption.

Her face was very pale as she spoke of this to her parents, but its expression was firm and patient beneath that unusual pallor.

It was a new experience to them all—this stern grapple with poverty. Mr. Burns, though originally well off, had an easy disposition, and could never say "no" to the friend who asked him for pecuniary aid. He had endorsed for the accommodation of two trusted friends, and those same friends had put their property out of their hands and conveniently "failed." Mr. Burns' entire possessions would hardly satisfy the claims of the creditors; and now in his old age—a confirmed invalid—with his wife and two children, he found himself almost penniless.

Elmstead—the family residence—with its dozen acres of fine land, was mortgaged to liquidate the last claim; and if the amount of this liability was not paid within a given time, the Burnses would be homeless.

To Annette, alone, could this helpless family look for aid. Mr. Burns was confined to his room for the most part; Mrs. Burns, herself slender in health, was fully employed in attending to her husband and Freddy, the six years old boy; there was none save Annette on whom to depend.

And she? Reared tenderly, petted, and flattered, her life guarded from all care, what could she do in this struggle with life's cold realities?

When the trial came, Annette proved her worth. Elmstead was dear to her as her own heart's blood; she could not see it pass into the hands of strangers, and leave her parents and dear little Freddy homeless! Never! so long as there was strength in her arm, and money could be obtained by labor!

And so she made her decision. She spoke of it very calmly. She would go to Milltown, the great manufacturing city, and secure a place in the factory there.

How her father's pale forehead flushed, and how the crimson heat of pride burned in her mother's cheek at the thought! but the noble girl silenced all objections.

"It is for the best," she said—"I have lain awake all the past night to weep and pray over it. And now I am fixed. Nothing can change me."

"But what will Blake Hammond say?" asked her mother.

A soft shade of rose-color swept up to the girl's cheek.

"If he is the true man that I believe him to be, he will bid me God speed! If he is less than that, his opinion can have no influence over me."

Scarcely had she finished speaking, when the postman entered and laid a note on the table before her. Every vestige of color fled from her face, as she read the few words written there, pressing her hand against her side like one in pain.

Directly she went up to her chamber, and came down no more that day. Her sole earthly prop had fallen!

At breakfast, she made her appearance, calm and emotionless as usual. She kissed little blue-eyed Freddy, stroked the white kitten that leaped purring on her knee, and conversed on indifferent topics with her accustomed cheerfulness. When the meal was concluded, she laid two pieces of paper before her mother, and asked her to read the contents aloud. One was the note she had received the previous day—the other was her reply. The first ran thus:

"MISS BURNS—Circumstances, of which you must be aware, render it expedient that the childish 'engagement,' as we were pleased to term it, made between us so long ago, should be dissolved. Probably you will be as ready to agree to this request as I am to make it. Let me hear from you soon. Yours truly,

BLAKE HAMMOND."

The answer was brief and concise.

"MR. HAMMOND—Consider yourself free.

ANNETTE BURNS."

To all the surprised exclamations of her parents, she returned but one reply.

Digitized by Google

"It is better so; and let the subject never be renewed."

And from that day forth the name of Blake Hammond was unspoken at Elmstead.

But despite her seeming serenity, it cost Annette no light effort to submit to the sundering of a tie, which, for four happy years, had bound her. Four years ago, when she was nineteen, and he twenty-two, she had pledged her faith to Blake Hammond, and they were to have been married on the coming Christmas day.

Circumstances had occurred, which, to the worldly mind of young Hammond, justified him in breaking his plighted word, and casting the trusting girl from his heart.

He was ambitious, though poor; he aspired to wealth, his idol; and how could he ever reach the glittering treasure, if he married an insolvent's daughter?

CHAPTER II.

For five long months had Annette Burns toiled in the noisy factory. Far from all her kindred, in a strange city, and among unsympathizing strangers, she went about her daily task. From "cockcrow until starlight"—the same weary, monotonous round—unvaried by a single kind word or friendly smile. Every thread that she wove in the senseless web was a record of the death of some fair hope; every desolate sunset marked the fading out of a little more brightness from her young life.

Nothing but the thought that she was to save the beloved roof over the heads of her dear ones, buoyed her up and kept her arm strong and willing. Only the remembrance that she was laboring for father, and mother, and Fred, cheered and sustained her.

The other girls—her gay companions in the factory—expended their hard-earned money in gaudy dresses; she made no purchases—every dollar was hoarded as jealously as the miser hoards his gold. The first payment to Mr. Steele, the holder of the mortgage on Elmstead, had been promptly met; and only by the closest application and economy could she expect to discharge the next instalment.

The girls sometimes joked her about her meagre wardrobe; the light-headed young men, employed about the establishment, called her the Quakeress; and her landlady entreated her, as a special favor, and for the credit of her boarding-house, to purchase a new winter bonnet. But Annette endured all in silence, and kept on in the old way.

Her quiet, statuesque beauty attracted much notice, and, if she had so willed it, she might have been what each one of her young companions aspired to be—the *belle* of the factory. But her sole wish seemed to be to escape observation; and she turned a deaf ear to all the flatteries and gallantries of the admiring young men. When strangers visited the room in which she worked, she never looked at them, but kept on with her business. What right had she to meddle with the gay and happy world!

One day, her overseer, Mr. Granger, said to her in passing,

"Miss Burns, there is to be a grand levee at the hall this evening, in honor of the arrival of Mr. Templeton, the owner of the mill. He has been in Europe for the past two years. You have heard the girls speak of the ovation, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"There will be music and dancing, I believe. Shall you attend?"

"I believe not."

"Indeed! I had hoped otherwise. In fact, I stopped to ask you if I might not escort you thither?"

"Thank you. You are very kind; but I cannot go." She turned away to look after a woolen thread, and he walked on to bestow his attentions where they would be better appreciated. Mr. Granger was a self-conceited, little man, and quite a favorite with the young ladies in his room.

Attend the levee! Annette said the words over to herself with sarcastic emphasis. She, whose best dress was a delaine, darned in the waist and exceedingly scant in the skirt! She, whose shoes were worn to the utmost, and now hardly sufficed to perform their wonted office!

But this day the girls were all in their holiday attire. There was a great deal of laughter and bustle among them, and many eager glances were cast toward the door which opened into that department. Annette asked no questions, but the reason for this unwonted display was explained to her by the girl in the next row of looms.

Mr. Templeton was coming in, that morning, to inspect the works. It was eminently fitting that the owner and proprietor of all this wealth should be received with some little demonstration!

Aye! the owner of them all! Annette's heart was very bitter toward this man. She felt grieved with herself for it, but she could not crush the feeling. He, rich and powerful, what cared he for the toil and suffering of the humble operative, by whose weary labor he gained his wealth?

Digitized by Google

She would not even turn her head to get a glimpse of him, when he came in, attended by his secretary and a couple of the overseers. The party halted by the loom at which she was engaged, and conversed for a moment about that particular kind of cloth. One of the overseers made some inquiry relative to this web, and Annette, raising her head to reply, met the full gaze of Mr. Templeton. He disappointed her. She had looked for a wiry little man, with hard features and cold eyes—she saw instead a tall, well-developed figure, with a face at once noble and striking. A massive forehead, crowned by clustering curls of brown hair, deep, fathomless brown eyes and finely-cut features. The only trace of haughtiness was in the firm compression of the lips, and the almost stately carriage of the head. Mr. Templeton evidently noticed her scrutiny, for he bowed to her as if in acknowledgment, and passed on.

CHAPTER III.

The levee was "splendid." So the girls said, the next day. Mr. Templeton was present, and though he had not danced himself, he had put no hindrance on the gaiety of the others. They all united in pronouncing him a handsome, kind-hearted gentleman; and wondering if he was to marry the beautiful Miss Gordon, to whom report assigned him.

Returning to her boarding-house, at dinner time, Annette was obliged to step into the gutter to allow a stylish carriage, with a span of black horses, to pass by. Casually glancing up, she saw that the occupants were Mr. Templeton and a young lady of surpassing loveliness. The fair face was turned toward him, wearing a gay smile. The ermine tippet and velvet mantle repelled the cold which made Annette shiver in her thin cotton shawl.

That night her prayer was long and fervent, and its burden was: "Oh, God! keep me from vain envyings!"

The week was a weary one. It was midwinter, and the severe cold, acting on Annette's delicate organism, produced influenza and fever. Her miserable shoes admitted the snow at every step, and her well worn garments were but a slight protection against the wintry blasts. For five days she was confined to her room; but feeling better on the sixth, she resumed her place at the mill. It was Saturday, and the day on which the quarterly payments fell due. At night Annette went down to the counting-room with the others; but the warmth of the parlor so overcome her, that she did not rise from the chair into which she had sunk, at her entrance, until all her companions were gone. The paymaster had left too; only Mr. Templeton remained. She went up to his desk with her unspoken request in her eyes. He made no remark, but counted out the money, entered the payment on the book, and opened the door for her as she departed.

Arrived at her boarding-place, from force of habit, Annette counted the roll of bills, but started in surprise when she had finished. There was the full amount of her three months' wages. For the five days she had been absent no deduction had been made.

Annette was not easily tempted, and the money, though of great importance to her, had no power to make her forswear her honesty. Her very first act on Monday morning was to go down to the counting-room and explain the mistake. It was yet early when she arrived, and, as before, no one was there but Mr. Templeton, who, engaged in reading the morning paper, did not notice her entrance until she spoke.

"There has been a mistake made in my quarterly account," she said. "Sickness compelled me to be absent from my work five days last week, and there has been no deduction made in my wages. There is the balance." And she laid it down before him.

"I was aware of this," was the answer. "Mr. Granger keeps a record of all absentees. There was no mistake. We are all liable to sickness. Good morning." He had forced the note into her hand and bowed her from the room before she could offer a single word of objection.

And that afternoon's mail carried all the ready money which Annette Burns possessed to Mr. Steele, her second payment on the mortgage of Elmstead.

The next morning a telegram was handed to her on her way to breakfast.

"Freddie Burns is sick. The doctor has no hopes of him. Come home immediately.

YOUR PARENTS."

This was all. And she—she—oh, heaven! had no means to defray the expenses of her journey, and no prospect of anything until next quarter's day! And Freddie was ill—perhaps dying! Dear little golden-haired, blue-eyed Freddie! He called for her, no doubt—wept for sister Nettie to hold his fevered head, and moisten his burning lips!

It was a long, lonesome forty miles to Farmingdale, but there was no other way. She must perform the journey on foot! But she must

Digitized by Google

hasten—not a moment was to be lost! Maybe even now her darling was lying cold and pulseless in his last sleep! She clasped her hands in agony, and hurried down the path to the factory. At the gate she met Mr. Templeton. She stopped instantly and addressed him.

"I want leave of absence!" she said abruptly. "My only brother is dying, and I must go at once. I have just learned this, and have had no time to give the proper notice."

Mr. Templeton was startled, not less by her tone, than by the wild pallor of her face.

"Where does your brother live?" he asked.

"In Farmingdale."

"Very well; I will speak to Mr. Mayfield about it."

"Sir, don't delay a moment! Every second lessens my chance of seeing him alive!"

"True. But the train for Farmingdale does not leave until half past two, and it is only seven now. There is ample time. You go in the cars, of course?"

A burning flush swept over Annette's face. She felt her cowardice. How could she tell this rich and aristocratic gentleman, who counted his dollars by the hundred thousands, that she had not the trifling sum necessary to pay her passage home? A moment only did false shame prevail—her own true courage triumphed. She lifted up her head, proudly, and said,

"No, sir, I do not go in the cars. I am obliged to go on foot. Now you understand why I am in such haste."

"On foot? May I ask—excuse me—isn't it forty miles to Farmingdale?"

"Yes."

"You cannot go on foot," he said, decidedly. "Take this pass. It will carry you through to Farmingdale, and beyond, if you wish, and afterward bring you back to Milltown. I am a director of the road. God grant you may be in time!"

He pressed her hand, turned, and walked rapidly away.

Oh! how fervently Annette blessed him! His name went up to heaven in her prayers, asking for all peace and happiness to rest upon him! That little deed of kindness had touched her heart—she called Mr. Templeton haughty and purse-proud no longer!

CHAPTER IV.

She was in season. Freddie yet lingered. With a glad cry he held out his little wasted hands and sprang into his sister's arms.

There was a little season of prayers and sad bewailings, a brief period of wearying heaven with mad entreaties, and then came surcease. The angel of death would not be propitiated, and on the third day after her arrival, Annette held her brother to her bosom for the last time, and saw him breathe his last, with his glazing eyes fixed on her face in wordless love.

One short week Annette tarried at Elmstead, and then went back to her toil. Her face was a little paler, her soft dark eyes a little more sad, but the sweet patience of her countenance remained unchanged.

She gave back the "pass" to Mr. Templeton; but when she essayed to thank him, a flood of tears was all she could offer. And he had glanced at her black dress and understood all without asking a question.

From that day the rich man was strangely considerate toward this humble girl. He sent her books which could not be procured at the library, and, occasionally, a rare hot-house flower found its way to her attic room in the great boarding-house.

The winter passed away. March came. This was Annette's natal month. How differently would she spend this coming birthday from the last! Then, all was joy, song, and sunshine! Beloved friends had congratulated her, loving eyes had gazed fondly into hers, and rare testimonials of friendship had been showered upon her. Now how changed everything! She longed to go home for that one day—it would be so pleasant to pass her birthday at Elmstead, with her desolate and bereaved parents. This longing was so strong that, unconsciously, she spoke it aloud as she paused for a moment in the empty hall of the factory to adjust her shawl.

"Oh! if I only *could!* It would be *so* sweet to spend that day, of all others, beneath the roof! The Sabbath, too—doubly blessed! But it is all right—God will be with me here as well as there!"

Only three days intervened between then and the Sabbath, and the work was more than usually pressing. The next day Annette's web was exceedingly troublesome, and her task was not finished until some time after sundown. The other girls had left the mill, and, with a little nervous fear at the lateness of the hour, she hastened out. The gate was locked, and she was obliged to retrace her steps and cross the footbridge above the fall—a course which would make her walk a half-mile longer. She hurried over the bridge and struck into the air was keen; the evening-star lit; but the dark, narrow street at the extremity. The

Digitized by Google

tall buildings made the way dark and gloomy. In spite of herself, Annette felt frightened and desolate, and fear almost lent her wings.

There was a quick, firm step behind her; but she did not look round—not even when it halted at her side. The voice which addressed her drove all fear from her heart. It was that of Mr. Templeton.

"You are late, to-night, Miss Burns. Permit me to attend you."

He wrapped the shawl which he was carrying carefully around her, and drew her hand within his arm. This protecting care was new to her, but it was very sweet; why, she could scarcely have told, yet she knew that all fear and coldness had gone away from her.

They went on a little way in utter silence; then he said,

"Annette, may I talk to you freely?"

At being called by her christian name her heart beat fast.

"Yes," she said, faintly.

"Thank you!" He was holding her hand now. "It is abrupt, I know, Annette. But I cannot see you wasting your youth and bloom away. You must quit this factory life at once; it is killing you. From this night it is ended! Do you hear me, Annette?"

Certainly she heard him; but she was utterly at a loss to comprehend his meaning, though she bowed her head in response.

"Well, then; the existence that you take from toil must be given to me! Annette, I love you. I have watched you, when you little suspected me. Speak to me, Annette. Is this love to be sent away uncared for? Is it?"

Annette saw, as with a flash, into her own heart, the sealed chambers of which she had not recently dared to fathom. Thank God for it! Yes, she could speak now. But when she essayed it, her speech was only tears. Mr. Templeton stooped to kiss them off.

"My darling! Your face has haunted me since the first look I had of it. The shadow has been always with me—now I am to have the substance! Blessed reality!"

They turned an angle of the street and into a sheltered covert. A horse attached to a sleigh was tied to a post. Templeton unhitched the animal, lifted Annette in, and took his seat beside her. To her surprised inquiry he said,

"Forgive me, dearest; but I was in the ante-room, last night, and overheard you wishing to be at home on your birthday. I am going to take you there now. We will celebrate the day together, if your parents will receive me."

"Oh! Mr. Templeton!"

That Sabbath—that quiet, sunshiny Sabbath—what a joyous day it was to the residents of Elmstead. A day of praise and thanksgiving, and tearful offering of thanks to the God of mercy and love.

And before Reynor Templeton left Farmingdale, Elmstead was reclaimed from the shadow of debt, and the mind of Annette was at rest.

In May, the month of blossoms, the bridal took place, and the beautiful lady whom Annette had once envied as the promised bride of Mr. Templeton, was the bride's maid. Isabel Gordon was a tried and trusted friend to Mr. Templeton—nothing more—and in after years she became as a sister to his fair young wife.

Elmstead was kept in the family as a country-seat, but through the cold months Annette's parents shared with her the stately elegance of her husband's city home.

MY MOTHER.

BY PHILA EARLE HANLY.

On her white couch all the long day, my mother
In patient waiting lies,
Looking out on the path which leads to Heaven
With tender, wistful eyes.

All the long day upon the shining hill-tops
She lingers and she waits,
Just where the golden glory falls upon her
From out the pearly gates.

Slowly they swing upon their golden thresholds,
Unclosed by angel hands;
And she, just standing at the blessed portals,
Looks on the Eden lands—

Looks where the silvery stream flows through green pastures
And through the rows of palms;
And sees Heaven's high, celestial, gleaming arches,
Where echo holy psalms.

Yet, turning from the vision, gently lingers
This side the light and stars;
Is there some blessed mission still unfinished
Without the crystal bars?

Ah! yes—a few more pleading prayers to utter,
A few more pleading prayers—
A blessing to bestow, ere heart so loving
Rests from its weary cares.

Then, when the long day passeth to its sleeping,
And passeth too the night,
She goeth homeward with the prayers and blessings
Just in the morning light.

Digitized by Google

SHE WOULD BE A HEROINE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

EVERYBODY is tired of living—you are, so am I, and so are our neighbors; nevertheless, if we were told that we must die to-morrow, how different things would look, and the ones who had been loudest in declaring their contempt of all earthly joys, would be the most ferocious in their moans at the idea of renouncing them.

Susan Carter—I beg pardon for her ugly name, but I was not her god-father—was miserable among the rest; more miserable than anybody in the world, she thought; just as you and I have done a score of times, and shall again. We are as great fools as Susan, as mankind in general, only we do not believe it any more than Susan did, or than do the people whose follies we can discern so plainly from under the beam in our eyes.

Susan was eighteen—an immense age in this era of the world, particularly in the blessed portion of it where the angel of life has set us down. Susan was pretty, but that did not satisfy her; she had bright eyes and red cheeks—she longed for orbs which possessed a "mournful meaning" and the delightful pallor described in romances. She was ridiculously healthy in spite of herself—she desired to lie awake at night, to watch the stars out and so on, and she never could. Sleep would come, appetite would follow the next morning; and if Susan tried to go without her breakfast and be sentimental, the consequence was that she had what the doctors called a colic, and was forced to swallow camphor drops instead of weaving magnificent visions.

She had but lately returned from boarding-school, where she had spent so many years, that her mother, as is too often the case, really knew very little of her child's character. But in most things, Mrs. Carter was a remarkably sensible woman; slightly satirical, perhaps; somewhat impatient of folly; yet kind, warm-hearted, and devotedly attached to her daughter.

Susan was beset with a passion for becoming a heroine—she wanted her life to go on like a three volume romance: nothing less would answer. The materials were sadly wanting and Susan's invention at fault. She had been happy as a child, her mother was wealthy, her home pleasant: it really was a hard struggle against reality to twist existence into the shape she wished it to assume.

Susan had been educated as all girls are in boarding-schools; probably the hardest study she did was over the surreptitious novels hidden away in trunks and all manner of safe places.

Her intimate friend was well adapted to the task of cultivating Susan's romance, and she had omitted no instruction which it was in her power to give.

She was a year older than Susan. She had been sent to school to break up a love affair, of course: there was not a girl but knew it in less than three days after her arrival and worshiped her accordingly.

No plummet could have sounded the depths of the misery which Miss Josephine Mapes had endured. She was old in grief, had a heap of ashes where her heart ought to have been, an immense tomb-stone on top; and all manner of restless creatures, blighted memories, thwarted affections, and every other sort of uncomfortable ghost, made a promenade ground of her bosom and tore at her soul with their icy fingers.

She made a confidant of each girl in the school under terrible vows of eternal secrecy—she drove them nearly frantic by shrieking in the middle of the night—she tried to tumble out of windows and poison herself with red ink and slate-pencils. There was nothing she omitted which could have won applause, and her companions idolized and reverenced her as it was their duty to do. She glided about, among them, but not of them, indifferent to amusements or study, not to be allured by pound-cake or pies, a moral desert, a stricken tree, a living, breathing novel, who without hesitation allowed herself to be read and pitied.

She made Susan her chief friend; they were inseparable during the months that Miss Mapes remained in the institution. She told Susan every event of her life—she went back to her desolate childhood—she detailed the cruelty of her step-mother. At last she came to Hermion, the lover from whom she had been torn by the iron hands of tyrannical parents.

Here I pause; I cannot do the subject justice.

The effect which such companionship had upon Susan can readily be imagined. She returned home determined, at any cost, to become a heroine. She put her natural good sense aside, and converted herself into the most impossible

Digitized by Google

object that the teachings of Miss Mapes and her novels could invent.

These things dawned gradually upon her mother's mind, and filled her with more grief and consternation than she chose to express. She tried to reason with Susan, but finding that useless, she could see no better way than to let the fever reach its crisis, taking such measures as suggested themselves to prevent the girl from becoming ridiculous before the world.

Susan was bound to have an aim in life—she would mould her destiny into something new and strange! She wanted a career—space—glory—action, and the Lord knows what beside.

Her mother mildly advised that she should try some daily occupation—sweep a room, or do plain sewing. Susan scouted the idea—nothing but performing the impossible could satisfy the cravings which the confidences of Miss Mapes had roused in her soul.

She tried to turn her mother into a tyrant, such as Josephine had pictured her parents, but Mrs. Carter declined utterly to play the part, and insisted upon being affectionate and forbearing.

When that failed, Susan for a time concluded to find sympathy in her mother's companionship; Mrs. Carter thought that safer than to have her seek sympathy elsewhere, so she listened to her confidences, and endeavored to make her see things through a less distorted medium; she might as well have tried to make a man in the nightmare believe he was not being ridden by a demon with seven heads!

At last Susan took up authorship. Josephine had said that her soul was full of undeveloped genius, it should be kept silent no longer.

She began at once—no little poem—no slight sketch—not she! Her nature despised magazines and abhorred newspapers; in nothing less than a thick dollar volume, with very fine print and as little margin as possible, could her spirit obtain release.

She shut herself up in her room, shook down her hair, placed her writing materials upon the table, and began to pace the floor and arrange her plot. But the ungrateful plot refused to be arranged—the characters would not present themselves distinctly to her fancy.

She sat down and wrote a long letter to Josephine, detailing her plans and asking for a speedy answer and oceans of sympathy. The response came before the first line of the novel was written, and it gave Susan all the encouragement she could have desired.

"Burst your shackles," wrote Miss Mapes; "be no longer a butterfly—rush forward to the real life—let your soul expand its wings," and so on for fourteen mortal pages of mixed metaphors and wonderful counsels. Upon the fifteenth page she reached the recital of her own sufferings, which she took from their commencement—back in the desolate childhood—and related to the blighted present. The twenty-fifty page contained vague and terrible hints "that death was near the writer, and had sent Truth before as a messenger," and Susan read on to the thirtieth page, when she was obliged to drop the letter, leaving the half still unread, and give way to a burst of tears and sympathethic anguish.

The novel was commenced. Susan concluded to let the plot take care of itself, and went to work to bring her heroine upon the stage, and get the hero down on his knees without loss of time.

She had been engaged for several days upon her labors before she concluded to take her mother into her confidence. At last the desire to be appreciated, to hear herself praised, conquered all other feelings. So one day, when Mrs. Carter entered the room, and asked the cause of her constant occupation, Susan revealed the whole and waited to see her parent burst into a flood of happy tears, or do something proper for a sentimental mother upon hearing a secret of such importance.

Susan was ready to respond exuberantly, however the love and admiration might be displayed, and she shrunk into herself like a sensitive plant, or any other poetical thing you prefer, when her mother said,

"Oh! my dear, are you going to add another to the list of young lady scribblers? I thought you were as tired of them as I am."

Susan looked injured and grieved.

"If I had thought you could treat me in this manner, mamma, I should have kept my secret to myself."

"Please call me mother; you are not a baby, and English is your natural language. But about novel writing—the honest truth is, Susan, I doubt your powers. You can enjoy fine poetry or a pretty romance, but I do not believe that you possess genius; and certainly, my child, you would not wish to write a book that could only take a retired place among the hopeless mediocrity which has flooded our country with so much trash?"

Susan longed to burst forth in an eloquent tirade, and quote passages from Miss Mapes' letter; but somehow, with her mother's sensible gray eyes and somewhat quizzical smile full upon her, she found it difficult to get up heroics.

Digitized by Google

She murmured—it would never do to write muttered, although that is always the plain English of the dove-cooing-expressive word—something about desiring sympathy, soul freedom, and several other trifles, which American women pine for so much at present, and the road to which, judging from their conduct, leads through all sorts of dangerous places and ridiculous adventures.

"Every girl writes poetry," replied Mrs. Carter; "but the sensible plan is to burn it when written. However, read me a few pages of your novel, Susan; if you have any literary talent, rest assured I shall be the first and readiest to acknowledge it."

Susan blushed and hesitated, but at length took up her manuscript and began to read. Her mother did not laugh, although she would have given the world to have done so; and Susan hurried on, believing that her parent was touched and growing quite tearful herself over her heroine's misfortunes.

When she paused and looked up, Mrs. Carter answered the questions in her face, quietly, but with no unkindness.

"Authorship is evidently no more your fate, Susan, than it was mine. Take that one expression, 'The very fountains of her being coagulated at his words!' My dear child, if you can't compose better sense and better English than that, the money I have spent has been sadly wasted. Put your manuscript away—a few months hence you will blush for it. You have raised your characters all on stilts, people can't go through the world upon such elevated heels. I don't mean to be harsh, but since you ask my opinion, I must tell you that your story is only laughable; but let it console you to know that I once wrote things just as ridiculous."

Susan threw aside the manuscript in despair.

"Oh! mamma——"

"Mother, if you please."

"How unsympathizing you are! Josephine views me so differently—she believes in my talent——"

"That was your intimate friend at school?"

"Yes; a noble, darling girl! Such a letter as she wrote me only a few days since, so full of sympathy and tender counsel."

"Let me hear portions of it, will you?"

Susan was determined to soften her mother, the novel had failed to accomplish the work; but Josephine's letter could not help but touch her to the heart.

She took the epistle from her desk. Mrs. Carter shuddered as she saw the innumerable sheets. Susan turned to the passages where the writer detailed her own experience; the tears came into her eyes at the first words. She read the story of Josephine's joyless childhood, her after affections; she reached the heart-rending paragraph which began,

"The mildew of grief has blighted my soul—"

"Hot milk will take it out of linen," interrupted Mrs. Carter; "she had better try the remedy."

Susan thrust as many pages of the letter as she could into her bosom, and burst into a flood of tears.

"What now?" asked her mother. "Why, Susan, you are a second deluge! You will certainly drown our household ark if you continue."

"Oh! mother, you will break my heart!"

"I'll buy a strait-jacket if you will send it to your friend," returned Mrs. Carter, coolly. "What an injury that girl has done you by her romance and her pernicious advice! Indeed, I do not mean to be cruel, but if you could only see such nonsense in its true light, you would be heartily ashamed of yourself."

Susan was speechless.

"Come," urged her mother; "put by your novels, give up the friendship of that girl whom I will charitably believe crazy, and try to conduct yourself like a sensible woman. You will find me the best friend you could have; I am quite young enough to understand your feelings. Can't you trust me, Susan?"

"Call me anything except that vulgar, detestable name," pleaded the young lady.

"Fool!" said her mother.

Susan's delicate nature revolted! She could have quoted Scripture wherewith to have annihilated her unnatural parent, only as well as she could remember the passage applicable, it threatened brothers who call such names; there seemed to be no Biblical prohibition against hard-hearted parents giving their offspring any appellation which gratified their cruelty.

Susan did the next best thing which suggested itself; she went into a spasm of hysterics and swept toward the door. But alas! the fates were always averse to her succeeding properly in any bit of tragedy or romance!

She stumbled over the hearth-rug and bumped her forehead against the mantle.

"Amanda with a black eye," said her iron mother; "that'll never do, my dear—you will find arnica and brown paper in my room."

Susan wept, and moaned, and made herself miserable during the next two days. But her mother's lecture had one good effect; she went back to her manuscript, read it over, really

Digitized by Google

gained a dim consciousness that it was less admirable than she had supposed, and ended by putting it in the fire.

When Mrs. Carter thought that the girl must have begun to come to her senses, she went up stairs and held a long, serious conversation with her. But Susan was not in a mood to listen to reason, or receive much benefit from advice.

The scarlet fever of American-girl-absurdity was upon her in its full force, and neither allopathic doses or homœopathic drops of counsel had the slightest effect.

She desired to believe herself desolate, alone in the world. She would have been glad had her mother put any restriction upon her, or committed some act which she could have construed into oppression and tyranny. But Mrs. Carter refused to turn herself into a female Blue-Beard, or play the part which is given to parents in so many novels.

She talked kindly, tried by affection to win Susan back to a reasonable feeling of duty and share of common sense; but Susan was away in her idol world, and preferred rather to listen to Josephine's lofty precepts, than to acquire anything approaching child-like submission and obedience.

They lived upon the outskirts of a large town which considered itself a city, out quite among the fields; and Susan began a system of long walks—solitary rambles, she called them in her letters to Josephine—dark hours of self-communion, with nature for her only friend.

Of course, the correspondence continued with its former strength and rapidity. A ream of note paper did not last Susan any length of time, and the epistles on both sides were enough to have startled their respective grandmothers from their respectable graves.

There was no subject they did not discuss, no feeling they did not reveal, breaking the harshness of English with Spanish sighs, Italian spasms, French groans, German growls, and interjections from every other language that was ever conceived or taught by the high-pressure system of a modern boarding-school.

There came a time when Susan's rambles were fraught with a deeper interest than they had possessed at first.

Her dreams took an aim, a visible shape—she met with an adventure and she fell in love.

She had walked a long distance from home, and was romantically pacing up and down a pretty grove which she haunted a great deal. when a big dog suddenly sprang down a little slope and appeared fully determined to put an end to her troubles then and there.

Of course she screamed, tried to run, but could not, and was frightened half out of her senses, as any other female would have been in the same position. Before the dog had an opportunity to harm her, even if such was his intention, a young man hurried down the hill and drove the brute away with a thousand execrations.

Susan had seated herself, really faint with alarm; when she was able to think and see, she beheld a handsome young man bending over her, offering her water from the spring in a pocket cup; and everything was so like a scene in a novel, that Susan nearly swooned from delight.

Under such circumstances, could she do anything but fall in love with her preserver—anything but blush and pale alternately, as she listened to his exaggerated self-reproaches for that which was no fault of his?

Of course Susan dreamed of him that night, and opened her heart the next day in a long epistle to Josephine; but before that fair damsel's answer had time to arrive, other events had occurred which turned the thrilling hour into the work of destiny—Susan had met her fate—at least that was the way she turned it in her mind.

The next day she was unable to visit the grove, but the afternoon after that she wended her way thither, and, by the merest accident in the world—oh, no! what a miserable chronicler I am—by the special interposition of destiny, there was the young man again, on that occasion without dog, or gun, or any other dangerous implement or beast. He looked so pale, so sad, so handsome, that any young girl would have taken him for an Italian prince in disguise, and an older person would have decided at once, that he must be a third-rate actor out of employment.

They met, they conversed. Susan knew that it was improper, but for the life of her she could not run away. He walked by her side part of the way home, left her with faltered words and a glance that thrilled her being.

Isn't that told in a beautiful style? I copied it from her letter to Josephine.

Twice again they met, but no longer by chance! The dark-eyed youth had found a voice—oh! such a voice! He told Susan that he was alone in the world, wretched, a pining soul searching for its lost mate. He had found that other half—she was the beautiful moiety—his queen—his morning-star!

She might drive him from her—he knew she would—he wanted her to do it—he was a pre-

Digitized by Google

sumptuous stranger—no, not a stranger—their kindred souls had spoken—worlds could not separate their spirits now! But as far as the material substance went, they must part! It was her duty to drive him away—she would do it—he must go—the river ran black and deep beyond the city walls—no, beyond the old brewery—beneath its turbid waters he should find repose.

A three volume romance compressed into a single paragraph—a valuable lesson to learn!

Susan did not bid him go; she wept—she faltered—she turned to depart—he made a gesture toward the river—she shrieked—he fell on his knees—she sank into his arms—he called her Evangeline—she called him Spiridion—they vowed to die together—but first they would let their souls speak and tell of a hard fate and fortune lost on the one side, an unnatural mother and an uncongenial home upon the other.

The next day they met again for the purpose of bidding each other an eternal farewell—he meditated pistols, she poison.

Yet it was decided that he should see her once more! They repeated Romeo and Juliet—he told her that he knew where she lived, and asked only that he might come into her garden that evening, and recite the scene under her window.

The fortunate girl had a window not like common ones, but draped in vines, and altogether romantic and picturesque!

Yes, he might do that; then they must part—her mother would curse her—they must say farewell.

That evening Susan stood in her chamber, after her mother had gone to bed, dressed in her most becoming attire, looking as much like Juliet as she could manage to make herself.

The full moon shone brightly and illuminated the garden, the spring flowers sent up a sea of perfume, and, altogether, the scene was as heavenly as possible.

A sound below—the preconcerted signal. Susan leaned against a table, faint with excitement. A thrilling voice began:

"He jests at scars that never felt a wound!
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and Juliet is the sun!

She moved to the window—dropped on one knee—leaned her head upon her hand.

"'Oh! that I were a glove upon that hand!'" cried Romeo.

"Bow wow!" responded Bose, the dog, disturbed in his slumber under the back steps.

"'Ah, me!'" said Juliet.

"'She speaks!'" said Romeo.

"Bow wow!" said Bose again, more original, but less musical than the lovers.

"Confound that dog!" muttered Romeo.

"He'll wake my mother!" moaned Juliet.

Silence again—Bose concluded that he had been deceived by a bad dream and laid himself down to sleep once more. The scene went on—the actors gained confidence—the moon shone more brightly—it was real—it was Italy!

"If but my brothers find thee here!" exclaimed Juliet, getting nervous at some noise, slightly missing the text and whispering to herself, "Mother would kill me!"

The sound died, Romeo's voice alone broke the delicious stillness. They went on famously—he came to:

"'Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow——'"

"'Oh! swear not by the moon!'" said she, gave a strangled squeak, and added in language much more natural both for Juliet and herself, "Oh, my! what was that?"

"Only a horse passing!" muttered Romeo; then burst out,

"'What shall I swear by?'"

"'Do not swear at all——'"

"That is very correct on your part," said a whispered voice in the chamber; "don't encourage the young man in any such bad habit."

Susan could not even groan; she fell back from the window and lay huddled in a miserable heap of fear upon the carpet, gazing wildly at her mother, who stood near the door, wrapped in a bed blanket, shaking her broad night-cap ruffle with smothered rage and laughter.

"Enter Lady Capulet," said she, cool and collected as the spring evening. "I believe it wasn't my cue, my dear; but no matter, just lie still while I do a bit of tragedy in my turn."

All this had passed unheard by Romeo, who only thought Juliet had disappeared from the window before she ought, and stood waiting her return, folding his cloak about him and kicking his heels impatiently.

"'What shall I swear by?'" he repeated, as a shape that he took for Juliet appeared at the window.

He looked up—a voice very different from the one he expected called out,

"Young man, if you stay there a moment longer, I'll set the dog on you—if you come here again, I'll have you arrested!"

Romeo started to run—his cloak caught in the branches of a shrub, and down he went with a fracas that roused Bose effectually. Out rushed the dog—Romeo swore and howled—Bose made at him—Lady Capulet leaned over

Digitized by Google

the window-sill, shook her night-cap border, and laughed heartily in spite of herself, so tickled for the moment by the fun of the thing, that she could not resist calling out, "A Montagu, a Montagu! Take him, Bose; seize him, old fellow!"

A howl from Romeo—a growl from Bose—a sharp click as when a tailor's shears meet in thick cloth—a low moan from Juliet—applause and much night-cap shaking from her ladyship, and then a grand tableau.

Bose holding Romeo by an unmentionable part of his inexpressibles—Biddy in the side door bearing a light and a poker—Jake, the boy, on the steps, armed with a pitchfork—the picture suddenly marred by the quick breaking away of Romeo—pursuit by Bose—a fence scaled—dog called back, and Romeo safe.

Whistle prompter—close the scene—language can do no more!

The next day Mrs. Carter made her own inquiries, and took such measures as she saw fit; then she went up to the chamber where Susan had confined herself, and held a long conversation with her.

But Susan would hear neither reason nor affection.

"You have broken my heart," said she.

"And, I hope, saved your reputation," retorted her mother, more bitterly than she had yet spoken.

Susan rose—a great determination nerved her. As she had just written to the mildewed damsel, all was over—her lover could never return—he would always believe that she had brought this disgrace upon him—nothing was left her but to die.

The plain English of all that was, Susan was frightened at her own folly—she would not have seen the young man again for worlds—but she was determined to be wretched.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, "I will take poison!"

"The very thing I expected you to propose," returned the accommodating Mrs. Carter; "I brought two bottles up with me—which will you have, opium or strychnine?"

She took a brace of ominous little phials from her pocket and set them on the table before Susan.

"I will have Biddy get some mustard and hot water ready," said she; "if you should repent after swallowing the potion, and want an emetic handy."

Susan seized the bottles and dashed them violently upon the floor.

Mrs. Carter pulled out a horse pistol and a bread knife.

"Take your choice," she said, sweetly; "I want this death done up in the most approved style; it isn't every day one has a tragedy in the house."

Susan fairly tore her hair with rage and shame, but she could not relinquish martyrdom in that way.

"I will live," said she.

"Don't inconvenience yourself on my account," interrupted her mother.

"I will live," pursued Susan, grandly, "but far from here."

"In Borrioboola Gha," suggested Mrs. Carter.

"I will turn my talents to account," said Susan—paused to produce a proper effect, and added, "I shall go on to the stage."

"The very thing," said her mother, with a glance at the window which nearly drove Susan frantic; "your first appearance was successful in the extreme."

Susan disdained a reply.

"Let me be at peace," said she, bitterly, "I shall not trouble you long."

"Anything you like," replied her mother. "I have ordered beefsteak and onions for dinner—shall you come down?"

Susan swept out of the room and passed along the hall to an apartment that was seldom used—a great barn of a place, where, as a child, she had practiced histrionics, and that was now used as a place to pack all sorts of old trumpery.

Mrs. Carter walked coolly down stairs; Susan went back to her room, armed herself with a pile of play-books and went into her theater to perform at leisure.

She had studied twenty parts at least—Josephine had taught them to her, the mildewed female's genius was universal. Susan went through Bianca and several other bits—she could not trust herself in Juliet just then—and, at last, got fairly afloat in the great scene of the Hunchback.

She railed up and down the room—she set out an immense bag of coffee to represent Master Walter. She thundered and ranted—bade him bring on his husbands—break matches, and made the coffee-bag shake from his foundations.

She reached the grand climax: "Do it, nor leave the task to me," and paused, quite out of breath. At that moment the door flew open, and her mother burst in, so strange and appalling a sight, that Susan tumbled over the coffee-bag which believed itself Master Walter, shocked by the horrible idea that her mother had gone suddenly mad.

Mrs. Carter wore a long, white dress—

Digitized by Google

evidently, on ordinary occasions, employed as a night-gown—a red shawl was fastened about her waist and stretched along the floor in a train; her hair streamed over her shoulders, and upon her head was perched a gilt paper crown.

She took no notice of Susan; she marched up and down the room, flinging her arms about, kicking her train, knocking over every light article that came in her way, stamping and shrieking wildly a medley so furious and horrible, that Susan could only cower more closely to the coffee-bag for protection, and put up feeble shrieks, which were drowned in the volume and passion of her mother's voice.

"Blow winds and cr—r—ack your cheeks!" screamed Mrs. Carter. "Bring here a steed—take off your night-gown (no, that's improper,) get on your night-gown—Glammis thou art and Cawdor too."

Bang went two old chairs and a broken table.

"Mother!" cried Susan.

"Parents have flinty hearts—no tears can melt 'em—oh—oh! What, not one kiss at parting! Thy bones are marrowless—so much for Buckingham. Look on this picture and on that! That voice—thou art—a palace by a lake—a gar—r—rdiner's son! Speak, woman—yow, yow!"

"Mother, don't! Stop, do stop!" screamed Susan.

Bang went a brass kettle, two baskets of clothes and a small cradle, one that Susan had formerly slept in; she sank lower, overcome by a host of infantile recollections.

"My foot is on the ploughshare, and I will not turn back!" howled Mrs. Carter, tossing her arms more wildly and lifting her voice an octave higher. "Blisters upon thy tongue that spoke such words. Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood? Fazio, thou hast seen Aldabel—la! Go, hide thee from my sight—I'll speak anon—my drops of tears I'll turn to sparks of fire"—sob—sob—great clatter among a pile of dishes—new shrieks from Mrs. Carter, and a burst of genuine tears from Susan.

"Mother, don't! Oh! don't—are you crazy?"

Mrs. Carter stopped short in her promenade, dropped her arms, and said in her natural voice,

"No, my dear, I am only rehearsing. I have decided to go on the stage with you."

That last blow finished Susan completely. She was sick with excitement, faint from lack of food, and she rolled over the coffee-bag in a fit of hysterics which had no make believe about them, honest spasms really pitiful to witness.

Mrs. Carter got her into her own room, undressed her, put her to bed and sent for the doctor.

By the time he came, Susan was more composed, but she really was unable to rise at all.

"Nervous," said the doctor, shortly, dropping her wrist; "got nervous fever: brought it on yourself, I'll warrant: women always do. What have you been about?"

"Nothing," faltered Susan; she caught her mother's eye and retreated under the bedclothes.

"I know," said the doctor, "you've neither eaten or slept; oh! these girls! Just tell me what you put in your stomach yesterday."

"I—I—don't remember."

"Did she eat any breakfast, Mrs. Carter?"

The lady shook her head.

"No dinner?"

"None, I believe."

"You ate something," said the doctor; "now tell me what it was?"

"A piece of candy and a bit of jelly-cake," groaned Susan.

"Are you an ostrich?" demanded the physician, sternly.

Susan quaked with fright, but answered never a word. The doctor concluded his inquiries, gave such remedies as he thought proper, and went down stairs to have a conversation with Mrs. Carter, whose special friend he had been for several years. All that time Susan lay crying on her pillow, watched over by wondering Biddy, as she was mortally afraid of being left alone.

Mrs. Carter confided to Dr. Pierson as much of her daughter's folly as she considered necessary, and the two debated upon the best means of curing her mentally as well as physically.

The doctor was a widower, somewhere about forty, an eccentric, but exceedingly kind man; and he had always felt a quiet sort of regard for Susan ever since she became a young lady.

He determined in his own mind to marry her, fully satisfied that she would soon outlive her romance, and settle down into a very sensible, lovable woman, like her mother.

But all those resolutions he kept to himself, promising Mrs. Carter that everything should go well, and that Susan would rise from her bed altogether a different creature.

The foolish girl!—don't nod your heads approvingly, my fair and youthful readers, you have been almost as silly yourselves—was sick for a month, but the illness did her an immense deal of good. Her mother proved a capital nurse, and Susan learned to love and appreciate her as she had never before done. She began

Digitized by Google

to see her past conduct in its true light and was heartily ashamed of herself.

Mrs. Carter had great hopes of her, when Susan one day acknowledged that such was the case; but when Susan told her to take a great package of letters from the writing-desk and burn them, Mrs. Carter knew that the cure was complete; it was a bundle of Josephine's letters that she ordered into the flames.

When Susan could sit up and drive out, she found Dr. Pierson so attentive that she wondered she had never discovered, not only how gentlemanly he was, but so intellectual and refined in spite of his oddities and jests.

Mrs. Carter read to her a great deal, books which really benefited her; and Susan shuddered even to think of Josephine's French novels and Josephine's counsels.

It was now so late in the spring that summer sent on her sunshine in advance. One day Susan and the doctor took a long drive out of town. Several miles from the city there was a pretty trout brook, a cascade, and other marvels that often attracted visitors, so a hotel had been built on the spot, which during the warm months was greatly frequented.

The house was full then; Pierson insisted that Susan must rest in one of the parlors for half an hour or so. While she sat there, he went out, and Susan, exulting in her new strength, began to walk up and down the room.

During her promenade, she passed the open doors which led into the hall; some one hurried by—a tall man carrying a tray covered with glasses. Susan neither screamed nor fainted—her veil was down—the youth did not perceive her, and she gazed at him with a sort of fascination; he passed through the hall and disappeared.

She had seen Spiridion, Romeo, or whatever name she chose to give him!

Just then the doctor came back.

"Were you going out to look for me?" he asked. "The carriage is ready. Come, if you are rested."

Susan took his arm in silence, and, on their way through the hall, Pierson talked so constantly that he did not observe her agitation.

"Did you see that stylish fellow with the tray?" he asked, in perfect unconsciousness that Susan had ever before beheld him. "He is a little brain-cracked—was crossed in love once—been an actor, and the Lord knows what else. I knew him in Hartford, and when he came here, a few weeks ago, out of money, I got this place for him; he can do the duties very well, and the women like his looks."

Susan bit her tongue to keep from screaming, and they drove away. The tears she shed that night in her mother's arms were a pretty certain proof that she had been sufficiently punished.

Mrs. Carter and Susan made a little journey soon after; and somehow the doctor found it necessary for him to take the same route at the same time.

Susan enjoyed her summer thoroughly, and returned so radiant, rosy-cheeked, and content, that she hardly knew herself.

When Pierson offered her his hand and heart, three months after, she accepted them, not with any romance or sentiment, but convinced that she loved him and determined to make him a good wife.

Mrs. Carter was delighted with the match, and grew so young and charming, that Susan wondered she could ever have wished for any other confidant, and could not sufficiently show her love and gratitude.

All those things happened ages since, of course. When I last saw Susan Pierson, three great boys called her mother; she would permit no namby-pamby names: and she had grown so stout that she could not have been romantic if she had tried.

A LOVER'S LAY.

BY MRS. C. H. CRISWELL

I cannot cease to love thine eyes,
While thus on me their light doth shine,
For oh! 'tis brighter than the skies
Of Summer at the sun's decline—
Softer than moonbeams on the sea—
Sweeter than all their light to me.

I cannot cease thine eyes to love
While beauty from their darkness glows
Like fire-flies from the shady grove,
When wearied Nature seeks repose;
Like meteor from the midnight sky—
Like lightning from the storm-cloud nigh.

Thine eyes to love I cannot cease—
For in my dreams they haunt me so,
That while I feel their power increase
I dread the hour that I must go:
For oh! I cannot linger here
While hope is vain and life is drear.

Digitized by Google

THE SHADOW.

BY M. LINDSAY.

I HAD lodgings at one time in C—— street, and, for a fortnight or more, I had noticed a thin, gaunt, unhappy-looking man of decent dress and gentlemanly appearance passing in and out of the room next to mine. He once or twice inclined his head to me in a civil way when we met, and perhaps as often tendered me the salutations of the day. What was most noticeable in him was his wretchedness; he seemed nearly consumed by it; and its expression was such that I think I should have shrunk from him, had it not been for a gentle look in his eye, and a pleasant smile that softened his whole face when he recognized me. They indicated a social nature that reacted itself out toward its kind; a yearning for human sympathy.

One Sunday evening, in the early twilight, I was sitting alone in my room in thoroughly bachelor mood, thinking of the loved and absent, and the loved and dead, when there was a low knock at my door. I opened it. My unhappy neighbor stood there looking more unhappy than usual, but his winning smile spread itself over his features as he said,

"You are alone as well as myself; I came to ask you to try a glass of Hungarian wine that I selected yesterday." I did not care for wine at that hour, but his manner was such that I could not refuse, so I accepted his invitation and repaired with him to his apartment. The wine was ordinary, and I soon perceived that it was only the pretext for obtaining my company. We spoke of the common topics of the day, but it was not long before my host led off to the spiritual, and then to the supernatural, his manner and expression growing more and more interested. He had a way of looking intently before him where I saw only vacuity, and then at times of glancing to his left and edging his chair to the right. At last, he said to me in a very earnest manner, interrupting me in the midst of a sentence, "Tell me now, can you see a shadow there?" and he pointed directly before us into the light.

"I see none," I answered.

"It has flitted now," he said; "don't you see it here by my side?"

"I see nothing beyond your chair-arm," I said. "Are you troubled with optical illusions?"

He shook his head. "But did you *never* see shadows between you and the fire?"

"Only when some object interrupted the passage of light."

"Did you never see a shadow without a substance? Something independent of the laws of light? I always see one between me and the firelight, and it sometimes stares at me suddenly from the full sunshine. What is more strange, it is even in the thick darkness."

"It *is* strange," I answered.

"Yes, yes; how true it is that there are stranger things than are dreamed of in philosophy!"

"How long have you been visited by this shadow?"

"I cannot give you the time in years. At first, I was beset with painful emotions which I could not drive from me or subdue. They grew more intense, until they became my nightly dreams; then followed day-visions when my eyes were shut, although I did not slumber; then a faint and uncertain shadow at twilight with open eye, and now the shadow has grown dark, and deep, and does not leave me."

"Does it seem friendly?" I asked.

"Yes, friendly; still it gives me pain; it makes me utterly wretched; it wears me out: look at me! I am not yet fifty; would any one have thought it?"

"Can you do nothing to free yourself from it?"

"I would not be without it. It belongs to me; it is mine; it ought to visit me; it ought to be with me. I could not live without it."

"How inexplicable!"

"To you, not to me. You are young. Though I am not so very old, I have lived a great deal; I have lived fast and had experiences that come to few."

"I am glad to think so," was on my lips, but I had too much consideration to let it fall.

"There—now *can't* you see this shadow by my side?" asked my companion. "How kind it looks, and yet it tortures me."

"I see nothing," I answered; "but it is past my comprehension that it should give you pain when it appears to express kindness."

Digitized by Google

"Still it is so," he said.

There was so much about my new acquaintance that was mysterious, and the conversation had already become so embarrassing that I took my leave, pleading as an excuse the urgency of a visit to an old friend.

Weeks passed on; and I saw little more of my fellow lodger than before, but I observed when we met that he was growing more worn and haggard; his eye was wilder and his step feebler. He was rapidly becoming like the shadow that haunted him. I was, therefore, not surprised to miss him altogether for a few days, and then to receive a request to visit him in his room, with which I complied. I found him in his bed, half-raised by pillows.

"I am dying," he said, as I approached him, "and so I sent for you. I have something to disclose. I *must* disclose it. The shadow will not let me die till I have done so."

"Do you wish to die then?" I asked.

"Oh! there is little choice to me between life and death, but I know I cannot live; I *must* die, and it is hard to be so long dying. I shall be glad when it is over."

"You suffer greatly then?"

"Yes, and without interval."

"Can no relief be found for you?"

"None. I fear not even in death. How sorrowful the shadow looks as I say it! You can surely see it now."

"No."

"How I wish you could!"

"What is it like?" I asked.

"Like? Why it is a woman; and shall I tell you? It is—my wife."

"Your wife? Do you mean her ghost?"

"No, no: no ghost. She is not dead."

I was silent. He looked at me, intently, for a few moments, and then said, "Let me tell you more. Let me tell you all. I was young when I first loved her who is now my wife. I need not describe her to you. She was a noble girl, worthy in every way. I saw that she loved me, and I asked her to become mine. How well I remember the scene! So does the shadow. See, she acts it over again to the very life. She comes to me. She lifts her arm to my neck and clasps it as I bend to her. She kisses me so tenderly, and lays herself against my breast to be folded in my arms. She does not speak. She did not speak before. Oh! it was beautiful, and so like her—the way in which she told me she would be my wife! But her kiss, tender as of old, stifles me now; and I cannot clasp her in my arms, for her head upon my breast is so heavy that it stops my heart-beats."

He breathed very slowly and painfully, and made an effort to change his position. At length he went on: "I was so happy when the wedding-day came and Mary and I were married. She was beautiful as she stood by me in her white robes, and, hand in hand, we took the holy vows. I vowed to love her. Well, I *did* love her. I love her now; but sometimes—how I have hated her! I promised to comfort and honor her. Is there honor in base names? Is there comfort in threats and blows? Oh! God! I promised to keep her in sickness and in health. *How* have I kept her? and *where?* She has not broken *her* vows. What passionate, self-sacrificing love has she wasted upon me! She has kept to me in sickness and in health only too faithfully. Even when shut away from me in prison walls, she has followed in spirit and in shadow. Now her lips seem repeating her sacred and binding vow. She holds out her hand for the ring; but see! the ring is already there. It is the sign. She *is* my wife. We are bound to each other. The bond was never broken. Will it not hold us through all eternity?

Mary and I were happy for a time after our marriage, very happy; but I was foolish, and then I grew false, and still more false, till, at last, Mary knew it, and her heart almost broke. Better *had* it broken, and she died, than have lived on as she has lived, as I have forced her to live! She wept, when she heard of my faithlessness, as other women might have wept; she entreated, but I would not hear her, and thrust her from me. Then she complained and upbraided me, and my anger rose. I was violent, and wronged her still more deeply. Wrong followed wrong, each growing heavier, till I hated her because I had so wronged her. She grew to fear me, and sought protection from me, even from me who had vowed to protect her; and then I feared her, for she knew my dreadful secrets; in her distress she might reveal her wrongs. What should I do? What *could* I do? What would you have done?"

"Humbled myself before her," I unhesitatingly answered; "flung myself in the dust at her feet, and implored of her forgiveness and reconciliation; implored forgiveness and reconciliation of God."

"*You* might have done it, and it had been better; but *I* could not; my whole nature was so untrained, unschooled, so unused to repentance and humiliation, so enslaved by passion and will. I determined to rid myself of her entirely, to rid myself even from all fear of her. I had not the heart to take her life. I

Digitized by Google

did not dare to; for the dead *do* tell their tales, and cry out loudly for vengeance; so I let her live on, but I made her life far worse than death. I said she was *insane;* that she was mad when she told of her wrongs; that her mind was sick and wandering among terrible delusions, and there were some who believed the cunning tale. I persuaded the doctors to call her mad, and paid them hire for it. Then I tore her from the home she loved, tore her from her children, and locked her in a bedlam. And I thought she would surely go mad there, and I should be justified by the world and safe from her forever. Justified by the world! It kept silence, but I held my breath in agony at its dark suspicions and its smothered blame. Safe from my wife! I was never so in fear of her before, in fear of her escape, in fear that her tale of wrong *might* be listened to and believed, in fear of—I know not what. And, worse than all, I could never more escape from the wretched woman. Scarce one minute, day or night, was she absent from my mind. When I entered my home, my first thought was, 'She is not here; she will meet me here no more.' When I sat down to my table, there was her empty place; and where was she who had filled it? She would never fill it again! I could not eat. I went to my room. There were the chairs as she had placed them; no one must touch them; they must not be moved even for convenience, for she would never place them so again. I heard my children cry for their mother. They plead with me to bring her back to them. How could I still their cries, or soothe them with my love, or hear them express their love for me, when I had so selfishly made them motherless, and knew I deserved their hate? I could not bear their presence and rushed from them, leaving them to hirelings. When I was in the street, every one I met seemed to ask, 'Where is thy wife?' In business I was distracted and wandering to her for whom I had once labored and sought success. At night, no cheek pillowed itself against mine, and when, after long and painful restlessness, troubled sleep came, it was only that I might dream of my poor victim weeping her hopeless tears on a mean pallet in a maniac's cell. How could I dream such dreams and live? And when I woke and stretched out my arms, and they came back empty to my breast, it was even worse. I had meant to put my wife where she would not trouble me, but she did not cease to trouble me now. I had no rest from her. Her voice was ever in my ears; sometimes speaking her old words of love, sometimes her just complaints, sometimes pleading for her children, sometimes for release from her living death. Would that voice never be hushed? Could I never stop my ears to it? No, *never!* I have heard it from that time always. I hear it now. I shall hear it through eternity. Her voice was very soft and musical, and it is so now; and yet it jars my nerves more than the worst discord."

"Is your wife still living?"

"She is; and it seems as if she would never die. I have thought if she would, I might have some peace, I might be free from her voice, or, perhaps, from her shadow; and then I have feared that death would only make the voice sepulchral, and turn the shadow to a real ghost."

"Have you ever visited her in the madhouse?"

"Yes; and she rushed to meet me, and clung around my neck and kissed me more fondly even than when a girl. She loved me as of old, spite of all the wrong she had borne from me, and would have forgiven all and come back to me as she came at first, but I was still afraid for my good name. I was afraid for my reputation. There was even more danger than before. The last wrong, instead of hiding the rest, had only added to them, and itself outweighed them all. Wretch and villain as I was, I pitied my poor wife; but I felt that I could not release her, I could not give her back to her children, and I would not even permit them to see her lest they might plead with me to restore her to them. I hardened my heart and left her; but she did not leave me. After that she came to me in day-visions, and then in shadows, clinging to me like guilt, and following me like justice; a very prophet of doom. I put my children away from me, that I might not see *her* in them; but I only saw her the more. I abandoned my house as a haunted place, but the haunter went with me. I have tried to lose her in throngs; she will not be lost. I have sought the gayest circles, but her shadow was ever in the company, breaking up the figures of the dance, and her voice would chime in with the singers till I could hear nothing else. I have traveled among new and strange scenes; I met her there: she would not be forgotten, or left behind. And her presence, like a spell, blights everything else. It takes the freshness from novelty, and the charm from beauty. What once pleased me most, pleases now no longer. I am indifferent to whatever has not been hallowed by her. I see no excellence in man or woman unless it be a resemblance to her."

Digitized by Google

"Where are your children?" I asked.

"One is dead; the other, a girl with her mother's name and face, is in the care of a relative. The shadow watches her, but it makes *her* happy. I have seen it hovering over her in her play, and she only laughed the merrier, and danced the lighter, while my tears flowed faster, and my heart broke afresh. There—now the shadow weeps. If you could only see it! It is very beautiful."

"Strange, that with the feelings you express, you never tried to make some reparation for the terrible wrongs of which you confess yourself guilty."

"I did at last; but not till I had become a ruined man; not till my business was gone, my reputation injured, my friends grown cold and negligent. When I had nothing left to lose, and was so fallen and desolate that I was reckless of the future, tormented by the voice, pursued by the shadow, I sought my wife, determined to do her what poor justice I then might; at least I would restore her to liberty, and take her to my arms if she did not shrink from them. Alas! I was too late! Long years of confinement and neglect among wild lunatics, the wretchedness and hopelessness of her condition had worked her ruin, had slowly but surely destroyed her reason, and she had become like her associates; she *was* a lunatic, and, since I no longer wished it, it made me doubly wretched. She sprang to meet me with unmeaning laughter, and her talk was senseless and boisterous. What a change! I could not bear it, and I hastened from her. I have never seen her since. But the shadow has not changed. The same always; and always with me. Don't you think it will be with me after death?"

I did not answer.

"One man," he resumed, "wrote 'remorse' on his death-bed, as if trying vainly to express what he felt; I might write 'retribution,' 'retribution' ten thousand times, and I could not express what I have endured. My wife, abused, wronged above all others, has not suffered in her wrongs as I have in wronging her. And it is right. Sin should fall heaviest on the sinner. The shadow—the voice——"

The poor wretch closed his eyes. "Almost dead," he gasped. "Mary—forgive—kiss——" was all I could understand of his inarticulate murmurs. He threw his arms out as if trying to clasp some beloved object—they fell heavily. He was dead.

LINES.

BY PHILA EARLE HARDY.

I AM weary, dear heart, I am weary,
  And painfully throbs heart and brow!
Oh! is it from memory's chalice
  That I drink such bitterness now?
Have the sweet-perfumed censers, swinging
  So tenderly over my head,
Forgotten to scatter the fragrance
  Which once o'er my pathway they shed?

I am weary, dear heart, I am weary,
  My footsteps grow faltering—slow;
Is it because o'er rough places
  They've wandered since long ago?
That the path o'er the clover blossoms,
  Where we wandered so fondly then,
Is lost 'mid the heavy, brown grasses,
  And we never shall find it again?

That the green, shining leaves have fallen
  From the blossoms of hope away,
And the stems, all withered and scentless,
  Only lie in my hands to-day?
Or is it the groves, closed forever
  Adown in the depths of my heart,
Which I bend so tearfully over,
  While pain-quivers into life start?

Ah! well, these old mem'ries and dreamings
  Only sweet sadness should bring,
For they, in life's difficult music,
  Are the easiest notes to sing.
Then, oh! whereunto shall I liken
  The shadowy pain that I know?
To the shadows of green leaves falling
  Softly on the grass below;

Or the fleeting clouds of the Spring-time?
  While I know some lives are passed
Which seem like the desolate Winter,
  Cold, hopeless and sad till the last.
'Tis only like moonlight's soft shadows,
  This sadness o'erhanging me now—
Not like the black storms of the midnight,
  Beneath which we helplessly bow.

What know I, dear heart, though I'm weary
  Of the sorrows and pains of life?
Of its wrecked hopes and dire disappointments,
  Its suffering, conflicts, and strife?
Oh! how close we clasp some slight shadow,
  And dark does life's fair pathway seem;
And we say we are weary, so weary,
  When, dear heart, we only but dream!

Digitized by Google

THE BROKEN LIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 163.

CHAPTER III.

It was true, Jessie had received the proposal she so much dreaded, received it exactly as her mother had described the scene; but if other and deeper feelings prevailed with her, they were buried far out of sight by the delicate reticence of a nature which shrunk from any revelation of feelings which would, perhaps, never receive a generous response. Though the most single-hearted and frank creature in the world, Jessie would have died rather than confess feelings such as I fear occupied her heart even at this time.

"Well, aunt Mattie, I have obeyed you," she said, with a sorrowful look of the eyes, the moment we were alone together. "It breaks my heart, but I have listened to all he could say, poor fellow! and it is over. What a terrible, terrible thing it must be to love a person who does not care for you. Oh! aunt Mattie, aunt Mattie! it is," she hesitated, turned crimson, and added, "it must be like death, worse than death; for to crush one's pride is to deprive life of its dignity, and this thing I have done for him."

"And do you begin to regret it?" I said, sitting down and drawing her head to my shoulder.

"Regret it? . The thought oppresses me; I am so sorry for him; my heart aches when I think of the look he gave me. "Oh! why is it that love cannot always be mutual?"

"That would destroy half its romance, I fear," said I, smiling in spite of my sympathy in her distress.

She gave a little nervous laugh and said, "She supposed so; but it was very hard to see a good man suffer disappointment and mortification such as she had just witnessed. Some ladies might glory in these things, but, for her part, she hoped never to have another offer in her life. It was hard to give pain, harder by far than to endure it. Poor John Bosworth, how wretched he must be!"

I strove to comfort her, for there was no affectation in all this. She really did suffer all her broken speech implied, but she felt the humiliation she had given too keenly for argument.

"He bowed himself before me as if I were a queen; and to be rejected after all, it was very cruel!" she exclaimed, excitedly; "but what could I do? There was Mrs. Dennison—but no matter about her."

Jessie stopped suddenly, and a flame of crimson spread and glowed in her cheeks.

"You don't like Mrs. Dennison, aunt Mattie?" she said, after a moment's silence.

"No, I never did like her," was my prompt reply.

"She is a strange woman," said Jessie, thoughtfully; "so brilliant, so full of attractions, everybody is charmed with her at first sight. I was."

"And now?" I suggested.

She looked at me earnestly, then smiled a little bitterly, I thought, and said,

"Who can help like—admiring her?"

Something was wrong in that quarter, I was sure of it; two natures so opposite as that of our Jessie and Mrs. Dennison could not long harmonize under the same roof.

"Well," I said, smoothing the raven braids of Jessie's hair, "the worst is over now. Mr. Bosworth will think all the better of you for being truthful and honest; we shall have him for a friend still, never fear."

Jessie shook her head quite dejectedly.

"No, that can never be, these rides and invitations have been misunderstood. He really thought I was encouraging him, when you know, dear aunt Mattie, I hadn't the least idea of what it all meant. He talks of going to Europe at once; or—or——"

"Or what?" I inquired, with an inclination to smile, "drown himself by the old mill, perhaps?"

She glanced at me a little roguishly, and said with a half sigh, "Yes, aunt, I believe he almost threatened that."

"So much the better," I said, gravely enough, for she was on the alert for any signs of ridicule;

Digitized by Google

"the disappointment which takes that form is not killing."

"Don't!" she said, with a contraction of the forehead, which gave evidence of real pain, "the very remembrance of his face is a reproach to me; and there *they* sat so quietly in the shade of a tree enjoying the scenery. To them, I dare say, the world contained nothing else to think of. Mrs. Dennison even pointed at us with her whip, as if we made up the figures of a picture."

"Well, but she did not know," I suggested.

"Heaven forbid!"

We were interrupted then, and Jessie went to her mother, whose gentle sympathy was always at command, though the cause of grief might be unexplained. The presence of that woman was like a calm autumn day, it saddened while it made you better.

I could not divine why it was, but for some reason Mrs. Dennison appeared ill at ease after her ride that morning. Mr. Lee was about the house all day, but she rather avoided him, and disappeared altogether from the square balcony, where he was in the habit of reading when the shadows crept round to that side of the house. Late in the day I went out for a walk, and, mounting the hill back of the house, wandered along its upper ridge, where a thick growth of hemlocks and forest trees shut out a glorious landscape on either hand; for this hill formed a spur of the mountains which partially separated two broad valleys. That on the east I have already described: but the other, and broader space of country, could only be commanded from one or two prominent points on the ridge. A large rock fringed with ferns and mountain pinks marked one of these spots. A footpath led to it through the trees, and, as the rock crowned a declivity of several hundred feet, it ended there.

I sat down upon the rock weary from my long walk, and gazed dreamily upon the broad plain at my feet. It was in a state of beautiful cultivation; a large county town lay under the shelter of the near mountains, over which a cloud of smoke floated from the numerous iron foundries that were in full blast in the environs. The breaks and gossamer floating of this cloud interested me, not the less because its source was in the useful development of the resources of a great commonwealth. I loved to think that with every wreath of that graceful vapor came assurance of bread for the working man and profits to the capitalist: for to me such thoughts give dignity to the beautiful. I am not one of those who would object to having the waters of Niagara lowered half an inch, if it would give the poor better and cheaper flour. Well, as I was saying, the hives of industry which lay in the hazy distance, made the landscape one of peculiar interest. The signs of rich cultivation that lay upon the undulating grounds, the range of blue mountains hidden therein, so far away that they seemed embankments of clouds, took a new aspect every time I saw them. Like the busy city, every beautiful object conveyed an under thought of prosperity; even the distant noise of some forges under the mountain sounded harmoniously in connection with the broad scene.

As I sat looking upon this glorious picture, reflecting that my beloved country could boast of thousands on thousands equally rich, both in beauty and thrift, a footstep in the grass disturbed me, and, turning my head, I saw Mrs. Dennison walking slowly along the footpath. She was in deep thought, and evidently did not observe me, for I was sitting on a slope of the rock and a mossy fragment rose up between us. She held a letter in her hand, which seemed to give her anything but pleasure, for as she read a cloud fell heavily on her forehead, and the beautiful brows contracted. She stopped in the middle of the footpath and seemed to read the letter over a second time. During all this time she was so near to me, that I could distinguish the heavy sigh with which she folded the paper.

After this, she stood a moment gazing upon the landscape at her feet. She seemed to feel the beauties this glorious point of view presented, and her face cleared up. That moment I spoke to her. She gave a little start, hid the letter away somewhere in the folds of her dress, and sat down upon the rock. That woman, I do think, never took a position which did not at once settle into lines of grace. Just then the scarlet folds of her shawl fell in rich contrast with the green mosses of the rock and cool foliage of the trees, and I could not help observing that, even for my sake, she condescended to be artistic.

"Ah, Miss Hyde, I am glad to find you here, these woods were getting lonesome," she said, pleasantly.

"But it is not lonesome here," I replied; "this moment I was thinking what a cheerful idea of life the whole scene yonder presented."

"Yes," she answered, looking toward the distant city; "after all, civilization has its fine points, even in a picture. I do not wonder you love this spot, if it were only from its contrasts. A moment back I was almost chilled by the lonely murmur of the pines and the dull sweep

Digitized by Google

of waters answering them; surely there is some river near, Miss Hyde."

"Yes, at the foot of this descent."

"Oh! true, I can see gleams of water through the gloom. How steep the hill is!"

"Yes, almost a precipice," I answered. "One would not like to attempt a descent."

"Indeed, I would rather like it. If one had a mania for suicide now, it would be like a romance. A single false step, and you could hardly hear the plunge or a cry for help, if the actor were coward enough to give it. The waters are very black and sullen down yonder."

I turned away from them with a shudder; this idea of death and crime which she had advanced chilled me. The waters did, indeed, look black as we saw them weltering on through the piny gloom.

"Do you know," she said, smiling blandly upon me, "I found a pretty bird's-nest under a tuft of fern leaves up yonder, with four lovely speckled eggs? My red shawl frightened the poor birds, and they made a terrible fluttering; so, in pity to the little creatures, I came away only half satisfied."

"Oh! you have found my nest!" I exclaimed, thanking her kindness from the depths of my heart. "My own little birds, they have built in that spot for three years; I dare say some of the birds hatched under those broken leaves are singing to us now. Nobody ever molests them here."

"Indeed I did them no harm; only took one little peep at the eggs and ran away; so don't look so terrified; the birds did not seem half so much frightened."

I smiled and dropped the subject. The truth is, I really am silly about the birds, and always keep their hiding-places secret, if I can, even from Jessie, who does not understand their dainty habits as I do.

Mrs. Dennison busied herself looking about on the landscape.

"Tell me," she said, "whereabouts is that delightful old mill which we stopped at this morning? I do assure you, Miss Hyde, it is the most picturesque bit that I ever saw out of a picture; this river must be the stream on which it stands."

"Yes," I answered; "but the mill is not visible from here."

"We had a delightful five minutes examining it," she resumed, "that is, my good host, Mr. Lawrence, and myself. As for our sweet Jessie and her cavalier-lover, must I say——"

"Jessie Lee has no lovers," I answered, coldly, for there was something in the side-glance of her almond-shaped eyes that I did not like; a sinister questioning that aroused all original distrust that her simple manner had, for a time, laid to rest.

"Indeed! What, no lovers? and she, so beautiful, such a peculiar style! I thought young Bosworth was something more than a neighborly cavalier; a fine young fellow, Miss Hyde, and something of a catch, isn't he?"

"I don't know exactly what you mean by a good catch, madam," I replied, more and more repulsed.

"Oh! I see; not worldly enough for boarding-school vulgarisms; but I, who am naughty enough to remember them now and then, will explain that there is nothing very terrible in a 'good catch.' It only means a handsome, fashionable, and rich man, whom every marriageable young lady is dying for and only one can get."

"Then our young neighbor will not answer to the character, for he is neither fashionable nor more than comfortably rich; nor has he any number of young ladies dying for him."

"Only one, perhaps?"

The same sidelong glance, the same crafty undercurrent in her questioning.

"If you mean Jessie, Mrs. Dennison, I am very sure she has no such feelings as you suspect toward any one."

"Oh! I dare say not; one always likes to talk nonsense about such things, but it amounts to nothing. Of course, people are always expecting hosts of lovers when an heiress is in question, and Miss Lee has the reputation of immense expectations."

"Yes," I answered, artfully, I am afraid, "Jessie will be very rich, indeed. Along that valley she will own land enough for a small principality, if such things were recognized in this country, and many a smoke wreath that you see curling up from the city yonder, comes from the dwellings that will yet be hers."

Mrs. Dennison's eyes kindled. "Show me," she said, eagerly, and shading her eyes with one hand, "where does the land lie—this principality of which Jessie will be mistress?"

"Yonder to the left, around and far beyond that hill."

"The hill with so many grassy slopes, and crested with groves? That hill, and the lands around it, will it surely be Jessie Lee's inheritance?"

"Every foot of land, every smoke that curls from several blocks of houses in the centre of the city."

"And does Mr. Lee have all this income?"

Digitized by Google

"Every cent."

Her eyes sparkled. Fresh roses bloomed out on her cheeks. She threw out her arm, and waved it inward as if gathering the property in one sweeping embrace.

"Ah! what a world of enjoyment you or I could get out of all that if it were ours!" she said, with unaccountable exultation in her voice. "No wonder he lives like a prince."

I answered her with constraint. This enthusiasm disturbed me.

"I am not sure, madam, that either you or I would be happier for possessing so much care as this wealth would bring; for my part, that which I enjoy without responsibility, is enough."

Her beautiful mouth curled with a sneer, the first I ever saw on those lips.

"Ah! it requires taste and habits of power to prepare one for these things; some people are born with them. Some people are born for them, and others——"

"Well," I said, smiling with satisfaction that she had at last broken loose from her system of crafty adulation.

"And others," she said, adroitly, "are so gentle and unselfish, that they live in the happiness of their friends. It would be a pity to cumber such with all the anxieties of wealth; one would as soon think of weighing the angels down with gold."

I declare, the quickness of that woman frightened me. The sneer left her lips in a glow of smiles before it was formed. Her eyes were bent on my face innocent as a child's. She sat down by me, folding the scarlet shawl lightly around her.

"Now that we are talking of rich people," she said, with an air of the most natural confidence, "do tell me about this Mr. Lawrence. Is he very much in love with our Jessie or not?"

"I never heard or thought that he was in love with her, Mrs. Dennison."

"Nor she with him?"

The question stung me. It gave form to a painful thought that had been growing in my heart, and I felt myself blushing hotly under her glance.

"Mrs. Dennison, are such questions honorable?"

"Not if you cannot answer them without blushes. I beg pardon."

"Are they delicate?" I urged, angrily.

"Not if they touch her friends so keenly. Again I beg pardon."

"Mrs. Dennison," I said, conquering the anger that burned in me like a fire, "excuse me if I seem rude, but if there is anything of excitement in my manner, it is because I am not used to canvassing the feelings of my friends even with those nearest and dearest to me."

"And me you consider a stranger," she said, deprecatingly.

"Almost," I replied, with blunt truth.

"And one whom you cannot like."

I bit my lips to keep back the words that pressed against them.

"At my age, Mrs. Dennison, new feelings spring up slowly in the heart."

She made another desperate attempt at my weak side.

"At your age? My dear Miss Hyde, am I to judge what it is by that smooth cheek, or by your words?"

"I am afraid it is best to be judged of by the slow growth of feelings such as we speak of," I replied, gravely.

She looked down sadly, and tears came trembling into her eyes. I really think she felt it. Her habits of fascination were such that she was doubtless wounded that they could fail even with so unimportant a person as I was.

"You are unkind, I would say unjust; only that feeling is seldom a matter of choice. But I, who was prepared to love you by dear Jessie's praises, who did like you so much at the first sight, it does seem a little cruel that you should meet all this with repulsion."

Her tears made me uncomfortable; one had dropped to her cheek, and hung on its roses like a dew-drop. A man, I think, would have yielded to her then and there, but a quiet old maid is not generally so impressible. But her grief touched me, and, feeling that there had been something of rudeness in my speech, I strove to soften it.

"Not repulsion, Mrs. Dennison, but we old maids are a little on the reserve always. Do not think me unkind because I do not care to talk much of those who trust and shelter me."

She laid her hands on mine and smiled sweetly through her tears.

"You are right. It was all rash childishness, not curiosity; how could it be when dear Jessie tells me everything with her own sweet lips?"

I longed to draw my hand from under hers, but conquered the impulse, and seemed to listen with patience at least.

"But we will drop our sweet Jessie," she said, "and talk of some one else; Mr. Lawrence, for instance. Are you sure that he is without property?"

"Indeed I cannot tell. He lives in another

Digitized by Google

state, and may be rich or poor, for aught we know of a certainty; all that I can say is, that he has never been represented as being wealthy to us."

"That is a pity," she said, thoughtfully, "a great pity; an heiress stands no chance with such men."

I started, feeling as if it were myself she was speaking of.

"And why, pray?" was my sharp response.

"Ah! these splendid men, proud and poor, how can you expect them to face the world as fortune-hunters? After all, wealth has its drawback. I often pity a girl with money, for the most sensitive and the most noble keep aloof. I can imagine a man like this Lawrence now wearying his heart out, or turning it to iron if it brought him to the feet of an heiress. Such men like to grant, not take."

"Isn't that a sort of proud selfishness?" I asked, struck by the force and truth of her worldly knowledge.

"Selfishness? Of course it is. What else do we find in the noblest nature? But you are looking serious, and I have watched that cloud of smoke till it wearies me."

She arose while speaking, and walked away, passing through the trees like some gorgeous bird whose home was beneath the branches.

I watched her with a strange feeling of excitement. What would her object prove in cross-questioning me as she did? Was it mere vulgar curiosity, or some deep-seated purpose? Why this anxiety about Jessie's expectations? In short, had the woman come to us bent on mischief of some kind, or was I a suspicious wretch determined to find evil in everything?

That evening Messrs. Lawrence and Bosworth came, according to some previous engagement. I was a little surprised at this, but after awhile saw that a generous and noble motive lay at the bottom of it all. Jessie had besought Bosworth to remain her friend; he had promised, and thus generously kept an engagement made before his proposal, and when it must have been a painful sacrifice. Nothing could be more delicate and lovely than Jessie's manner of receiving him. She neither colored nor looked down, but came toward him with a deprecating stoop of the whole person, while there was a depth of sadness in her eyes that more than begged pardon for the wound she had given. Bosworth was grave, but very gentle in his reception of this kindness. He moved toward a far end of the room, and they sat down together, talking earnestly to each other.

Mr. Lee was in the room and watched them rather gravely, I thought; but Mrs. Dennison, who was chatting merrily with Lawrence, called him to her side, and after that he seemed to forget everything but her.

Being left to myself, I was crossing the room to go out, when Jessie beckoned me to the sofa, where she was sitting.

"Ah! Miss Hyde," she said, earnestly, "try and persuade Mr. Bosworth to give up his wild plan of going away."

"And have you really formed such an idea?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, striving to smile, "one cannot loiter forever in these pleasant country places. I have been a dreamer too long."

"But not yet," I pleaded, answering the appeal in Jessie's eyes; "you will not go in this unfriendly way."

"Unfriendly?" he repeated, glancing at Jessie. "No, I shall never do that; never feel unfriendly toward any of you, Miss Hyde."

"But we cannot spare you, and I am quite sure Mrs. Dennison will be heart-broken if——" I hesitated, conscious of the impropriety contained in these impulsive words.

"Oh! Mrs. Dennison will never be quite heart-broken at anything, I fancy," he replied, with a faint smile; "but if you really desire it, I will not break up the arrangements of our guests. A few weeks more or less need make little difference in a life time."

Jessie brightened at this, and looked so gratefully on her rejected lover, that he smiled, but very mournfully, as if reproaching her for being so kindly and yet so firm.

Early in the evening, Mrs. Lee's little maid, Lottie, came into the parlor, and, after casting her bright eyes in every corner of the room, went up to her master and whispered something. Mr. Lee arose and went out. I beckoned Lottie, and asked if her mistress was worse?

"No, Miss Hyde, I can't say that she is, or that she isn't; because she hasn't said a word about it. But she isn't asleep, and it seems lonesome up there, within hearing of all the fun, and not know what it is about. For how Mrs. Bab—how that lady's voice rings through the tower when she laughs."

"Yes," said I, "she has a clear, sweet voice."

Lottie gave an almost imperceptible toss of the head.

"Besides," she said, drawing me aside, and speaking in a low voice, "mistress can look right into the window where those people stand; I don't know as she did, but I can."

"Well, could you discover more than we, who are in the room, Lottie?"

Digitized by Google

The toss of her head was definite now, but she made no other reply, except to whisper, "Mrs. Babylon is coming this way, and I'm off."

"Stop," I said; "did Mrs. Lee send for—for any of us?"

"Send? No; but she expected, and being all alone evenings is what she isn't used to."

"I'll go up at once."

"There now, always flying off! It isn't you she wants."

"How do you know that, if she asked for no one in particular?"

"How do I know? Well, that's good! As if I didn't know the difference between her wanting you and him! When she wants you, it's all quiet and don't care much about it in her looks. When he ought to be there, and isn't, something comes into her eyes that makes your heart ache. I never saw it till lately; but that look is growing on her, and would more, if it wasn't for me."

"Why, how can you prevent it, Lottie?"

"Well, in a good many ways, Miss Hyde. One of 'em is by nice little lies that hurt nobody, but do her lots of good. I know just how he makes bouquets, and when they don't come at the right time, I run down and make up a bunch of flowers myself. I stole some pink and blue ribbons from his room to tie 'em with. Oh! it's worth while to see her eyes sparkle when I bring them in. Then I've studied his way of sending compliments and messages. Don't pretend to be a genius like you that write poetry."

"Lottie!"

"Oh! don't be frightened. I shan't bring you to disgrace about it. Made up my mind to that from the first. You needn't get mad and blush so; I ain't a genius, but I can make up stories in my head; and why not tell 'em to her? Why not, I say, when they please her? You should hear the elegant messages I bring from Mr. Lee, at least four times a day. When she gets a nice little dish for dinner, it gives her appetite to think he ordered it; but the cook knows."

"But, Lottie, this is wrong."

"Wrong! Well, I like that, Miss Hyde."

"It isn't the truth, Lottie."

"The truth! Who said it was? As if I didn't know it was lying, and glory in it!"

I could hardly keep my countenance. As for arguing a moral question with Lottie, the thought was too ridiculous. She had her own ideas, and kept to them without the slightest regard to those of other people.

While we had been talking, Lottie had gradually edged herself out of the room, and her last speech was delivered on the platform of the terrace. Mrs. Lee's window was up, and I saw her husband enter the room with what seemed to me a reluctant step. He sat down, and opened a book, as if to read aloud. This had been his usual custom, but the last few evenings had been spent in the drawing-room. I would have taken his place, but she rejected my offer with one of those deep sighs that excite so much pity when they come from an invalid.

"You talk against fibs, Miss Hyde; now what do you think of that? She never would a sent for him—died first, like a lamb starving in the cold. Hist! there comes Mrs Babylon and her private beau."

True enough, Mrs. Dennison and Lawrence had passed through one of the drawing-room windows, and were slowly coming down the terrace platform, which, as I have said, ran around one end and the back of the house. It afforded a fine promenade, and they were enjoying the moonlight that fell upon it. My attention was occupied by them a moment, during which Lottie disappeared. The railing of this platform was lined with a rich shrubbery of hothouse plants, lemon trees, tall roses, and such creeping vines as bear most choice blossoms. These cast heavy shadows, and I fancy that the girl disappeared among them, listening, perhaps, being considered as one of the accomplishments which she devoted to the benefit of her mistress.

When I went back to the drawing-room, Jessie was at the piano, and Bosworth sat near, watching her sadly as she played. She did not attempt to sing, and he offered no request of the kind. Altogether it was a gloomy evening. Really I think this idea of turning love into friendship is an absurd way of settling things. Throwing ashes on hot embers only keeps the fire in more certain glow. Jessie was young, and had no idea of prudence in such matters. I did not quite understand the undercurrent of her nature; but, in my heart, thought it best that Bosworth should leave the neighborhood.

The next morning I saw Lottie coming out of Mrs. Dennison's room, looking demure as a house cat.

"I've taught 'em how to do another braid," she said, innocently. "If they tangle it, you know, I ain't to blame."

After our conversation on the ridge, Mrs. Dennison made the best of her advantages, and, after ingratiating herself into the room of our invalid, managed to pass a good deal of her time there. I think Mrs. Lee unconsciously

Digitized by Google

exercised a little selfishness in this; for it happened—so naturally that I never should have observed it but for Lottie—that Mr. Lee visited his wife more frequently when his guest was there than at any other time. Indeed, it was not many days before the invalid ceased almost entirely to see him alone.

After my attention was drawn to this by one of Lottie's curt sayings, I noticed another thing that troubled me more than Mrs. Dennison's visits. A mulatto girl was constantly following her mistress to the room, asking for orders, or reminding Mrs. Dennison of something that she had been desired to remember. She made one or two efforts to fix herself in Lottie's apartment, but that singular female rebuffed the first attempt, by standing square in the door and asking point blank if there was anything in that room which Cora wanted. The girl answered, "No," and went away rather crestfallen.

It is very difficult to repress the aggressions of a guest under your own roof, especially one who invariably disarms you with honied words and apologies for anything that threatened to offend. It was not for me to regulate the movements in Mr. Lee's house; and so adroitly were they managed, that no power could have reached them. To my surprise, Lottie, all of a sudden, not only seemed to lose her animosity to the widow, but hung about her with assiduity almost equal to that bestowed on her mistress. But one thing was remarkable: none of her bright sayings, or exhibitions of sharp, good sense were manifested in Mrs. Dennison's presence. With her she was dull and quiet; nay, almost stolid. I have heard her ask questions with the most innocent air which a child of three years old could have answered. It was surprising how anything so near a witch in her real nature could tame herself into that lump of stupidity. She was a great deal in Mrs. Dennison's room; and once I saw them seated together on the hillside, talking earnestly. Still, for several days, nothing happened worthy of remembrance. Mr. Lee and the widow rode out once or twice without Jessie, who, feeling a little hurt for her mother's sake, decided to remain at home and sit with the gentle invalid. I do not know that she observed it, but there certainly was very little entreaty used to induce her to join them. Indeed, upon the third morning nothing was said on the subject; Jessie was not even invited.

One day, just after Mr. Lee and his guest had ridden from the door, Mr. Lawrence called. He had seen them from the distance, he said, and came to inquire after Miss Lee's health. The flood of crimson that rushed over Jessie's face, when I told her this, made my heart beat heavily. She arose and went down, avoiding my anxious glance as she passed me. The doors were all open, but I heard no voices in the drawing-room; they must have been talking very low, and what did that portend between two persons perfectly alone? So anxious had I become that it seemed to me as if some harm were intended our Jessie among these strange people. She had never seemed really happy since they came among us. Indeed, there had been little of comfort for any one.

What passed between Jessie and Lawrence I learned afterward. But only so far as a young girl can force herself to speak of things pertaining to her affections. One thing is certain: when she came up stairs, after his departure, a look of uncertain joy pervaded her face, and she breathed quickly. I asked no questions, and was not surprised that she said nothing; but from that day her manner became more elastic: and, from some words that escaped, I am confident that, up to this time, she had fancied Lawrence engaged to Mrs. Dennison; or, at the least, ready at any moment to assume that position. Indeed the widow had told her as much.

The next day Jessie was invited to join Mr. Lee and his guest in their ride; but she refused it coldly, nay, almost haughtily. Her father, for the first time in his life, seemed really angry with her. He said nothing, however, but rode forth with a flush on his brow. Again Mr. Lawrence called, or would have called, but that he saw Jessie wandering off toward the pine woods, and followed her. I saw them sitting a long time on a garden chair stationed on the skirts of the grove, but said nothing to any one, not even to herself when she came down the hill, alone, with a light in her eyes that I had never seen there before.

I think Lawrence must have made five or six of these morning visits before they were suspected by any one in the house. Cora was usually busy in her mistress' room all the forenoon, and Lottie usually took the occasion of Mrs. Dennison's absence to sit with loving watchfulness by our invalid, only too happy if a low word or patient smile rewarded her devotion. But it came out at last.

One day I went suddenly upon the terrace platform, and found Cora standing close by one of the drawing-room windows, with her shoulder against the framework. The blind swinging open concealed her from any person within; and the position she maintained, while sorting the shades from some skeins of worsted that she

Digitized by Google

held, was that of careless rest. She changed her position, and sauntered away on seeing me; but it was with a heavy, careless manner, as if she had been unwarrantably disturbed. I looked into the sitting-room in passing, and, as I had expected, Lawrence and Jessie were sitting on a sofa close to that window. Mrs. Dennison was in splendid spirits when she came back from her ride that day. There was something triumphant in her step which put you in mind of some handsome Amazon returning from battle. She leaned heavily on Mr. Lee, as he lifted her from the saddle; nay, I am certain that she rested against him half a moment longer than was necessary. Jessie was standing near me, but noticed none of these things. Noble girl, she was never on the look out for evil. Her own upright mind tinted everything with its own pure hues.

Mr. Lee stayed a long time, giving orders about the horses. When he came up the steps, I had an opportunity of observing him closely. He was pale, and looked strange. I cannot describe what I wish you to understand, but all the influences that had so long dwelt around that man seemed swept away. The very dignity of his tread was gone. What had occasioned this? I know now, and never doubted then, that the woman sweeping through our hall, at the moment, had produced this transformation; and yet no words had passed between them that his own daughter might not have heard without reproof.

Mrs. Dennison gave us a triumphant glance, as she passed the balcony where we were standing, and proclaimed that she had never enjoyed a ride so much. It was a heavenly day, and the landscape transcendant.

Jessie smiled softly, and turned a bright glance on my face, which said, more plainly than Mrs. Dennison's words, "I, too, have had a heavenly day, which will go with my dreams into many another day, making an Eden of them all."

In a few moments Mrs. Dennison came out of her chamber, still in her riding-habit. She was pale as death, her eyes gleamed, and her lips quivered. She dashed into the balcony, and laid her hand on Jessie's shoulder so rudely, that the young girl drew back with an impulse of surprise.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Dennison?"

Mrs. Dennison looked at her a moment, subdued the quivering of her lips with a great effort, and broke into a laugh so hoarse and constrained, that Jessie shrunk back.

"What is the matter?" she said, with a look of the most profound innocence. "Why, nothing; only we have but just time to dress for dinner, and here you stand as if the whole world could wait."

I could see that her frame was trembling from head to foot. The color would not come back to her face. With all her powers she was but a woman, and a jealous woman at the best. From that moment I felt very sure that Cora had performed her mission promptly. Jessie could not understand it, but stood looking at her guest in blank amazement.

"You have ridden too far," she said, coldly, "and the fatigue has shaken your nerves, I fear. Shall I send for a glass of wine? for it will be sometime before dinner."

"Wine? no; but—but I will take a glass of water, if you please, Miss Hyde."

Jessie seemed anxious to get away, for she started before I could anticipate her to order the water, and I was left alone with Mrs. Dennison. Her self-command was giving way again. She sat down, and, covering her face with both hands, shook from head to foot; but she did not weep. Something too hard and fiery for tears possessed her.

"Yes," she said at last, "Miss Lee is right! These long rides do shake one's nerves terribly!"

Directly Jessie came back with a glass of water. With her usual delicacy, she would not entrust the duty to a servant, who might witness her friend's discomposure and comment upon it.

Mrs. Dennison held the water a moment, regarding Jessie with gleaming eyes, as if she longed to dash the contents in her face; but the insane fit went off. She drank off the water eagerly, and arose to leave the balcony.

"I am not usually nervous, but this ride has completely upset me."

With these words she left the balcony and went back to her room.

"She is very ill, I am sure, aunt Mattie," said Jessie, full of gentle sympathy; "pray go and see if nothing more can be done?"

I went to Mrs. Dennison's chamber and knocked; no one came or spoke. But the door had stood upon the latch, and the vibration of my hand unclosed it. Mrs. Dennison was standing in the middle of the room, white with rage, and with specks of foam on her lips. She was tearing open her habit with a violence that made the buttons start. The face with which she met my intrusion was that of a beautiful fiend. I closed the door and went back repulsed. But without giving me time to cross

Digitized by Google

the hall, she came to the door, opened it wide, and called me in with a laugh.

"Come back one moment," she said, "and tell me which of these two dresses is most becoming. That which I had intended for dinner, Cora has been altering, and is spoiled entirely. I confess, Miss Hyde, that my temper is not good enough to stand a pet-dress in ruins. The fact is, I have frightened poor Cora half to death."

Quick as lightning, while her mistress spoke, Cora laid some dresses on the bed, apologizing, in a low voice, for the mischief she had done. If I had possessed no clue to the scene, it would have deceived me completely; but I comprehended it too well, and absolutely felt myself growing faint with disgust.

"I am no judge in these matters," I said, without any pretence at cordiality; "nor would my opinion be of the least consequence if I were. Your dresses always prove becoming, Mrs. Dennison."

"The first compliment I ever received from you," she answered, impressively; "I shall remember it with gratitude."

I went quietly out of the room, tired of the scene. A little while after this, Lottie came to me with one of her keen smiles, and, opening her hands, which were folded palm to palm, gave me one glimpse of a little note, primrose-tinted, and sealed with a drop of green wax, in which an antique head was stamped.

"What is it? whom is it for?" I inquired, thinking that it must be intended for Jessie.

"You'll see to-night, or to-morrow morning," she answered. "Mrs. Babylon writes on handsome paper; I won't use white any more. I'll say this for her: when it comes to dress and pretty things, she can't be beat easy. Don't quite come up to Mrs. Lee: who can?—but putting her aside, I don't know Mrs. Babylon's match."

"And is that Mrs. Dennison's note?"

"Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies."

"But how came it in your possession?"

She eyed me a moment sideways, then broke forth as if some grand thought had just seized upon her.

"Now, I'll make a bargain with you, Miss Hyde. If you'll just persuade my mistress, or Miss Jessie, to buy me half a dozen sheets of that straw-colored paper, I'll tell you all about it."

"But what can you want of primrose paper, Lottie, you that never write letters?"

"No: but I may take to writing poetry; who knows?"

She said this with a twinkle of the eye that provoked me! How on earth had that creature got hold of my secret weakness?

"It isn't at all likely that you'll want paper for that purpose, Miss Lottie."

"Miss Lottie—Miss! Well now, I have always said that if there was a genuine lady and no nonsense in this house, it was you, ma'am. Even my mistress hasn't got up to that mark—Miss Lottie! Wouldn't that look beautiful on a yellow note like this? Miss Lottie——"

She plumed herself like a bird in the ecstasy of my random speech, and both her hands and her heart opened at once.

"Now I'll tell you all about it! There's no secret, and if there is, I didn't promise not to tell; that is, down in my heart. Cora came to me just now, and says she, 'Lottie, you know all the men about the premises, I suppose?'

"'Well, pretty much,' says I.

"'I thought so,' she said. 'Now here is a little note that my mistress wants to have sent right off. If you can coax one of the men to take a horse from the stable and just gallop over to Mr. Bosworth's with it, and bring an answer back, she'll give you that dress you took such a fancy to.'

"'Well,' says I, 'hand over the note; I'll get it done.' She had been holding the note seal up all the time, and says she, 'Lottie'—not Miss Lottie, mind—but, 'Lottie, can you read writing?'

"'Can you?' says I.

"'No,' says she, 'colored people seldom do.'

"'Well, then I don't.'

"'Well, this note is for a lady that is staying at Mr. Bosworth's; she's an old friend of Mrs. Dennison's, and we want to hear from her.'

"'All right,' says I. 'If you hadn't told this, it would be Greek and Latin to me.'

"She handed over the note and told me to put it in my bosom for fear of its being seen. So I did; and came here, but not till I had seen Mr. Lawrence's name on the outside. Now, Miss Hyde, just tell me what to do."

"There is one thing you must not do, Lottie, and that is, tempt any of the men from their duty."

"But then that dress! Light green foulard, with bunches of roses—sweet roses!"

"Wait a moment, Lottie; we must not do anything without Mr. Lee's sanction; that will never do."

I went up to Mr. Lee, who was sitting in the window recess, apparently reading, and asked if he could spare a horse and man long enough to ride over to Mr. Bosworth's?

Digitized by Google

"Who wishes to send?" he inquired, indifferently.

"Mrs. Dennison," I answered, not unwillingly.

He held the paper a little tighter in his hand, repeating,

"Mrs. Dennison! What correspondent has she there?"

There was an effort at indifference in his voice, but it did not conceal that he was touched.

I did not feel at liberty to answer his question, and so said nothing.

After a moment's silence, he said,

"Certainly, Miss Hyde. Our guests always command here."

I went back to Lottie, and told her to carry Mr. Lee's orders to the stable, and, if she wished it, claim her reward. She seized my hand in an ecstasy of delight.

"Oh! Miss Hyde, I never will talk about poetry again, never, so long as I live; but I'll tell everybody that you don't know a thing about it, no more than I do; and I believe it."

With this outburst she went away. Directly after, I saw one of the grooms riding down the road. Two hours after, he came back, and gave Lottie, who was waiting near the pine woods, with great appearance of secrecy, a note, with which she went at once to Mrs. Dennison, evidently resolved to keep up appearances, and leave her employers in the belief that the whole thing had been managed privately.

I had thrown the subject of the note quite off my thoughts, when the groom, who had been to Mr. Bosworth's, came to me in the garden with distressing news. Poor young Bosworth was ill—so ill, that he had not been out of his room for some days; and his mother desired very much that I should come over and see him. He had spoken of it several times, and, now that he was growing worse, she could refuse him nothing. It was asking a great deal, but would I come at the earliest time possible?

This was indeed sad news. I liked the young man. He was honorable, generous, and in all respects a person to fix one's affections upon—that is, such affections as a lady just dropping the garments of her youth may bestow on the man who looks upon her as a sort of relative.

Of course I would go to see Bosworth in his sickness. "God bless and help the young man," I whispered; "if she could only think of him as I do!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SEA-GULL'S SONG.

BY M. L. TRISTEDT.

Let birds of a bright and glorious wing
'Mid the shady groves and wild flowers sing,
But mine be the rock where the breakers roar,
And the wild waves roll to the trembling shore;
For there, oh! there is the place for me,
To pour my song by the raging sea.

When the sun has set 'neath a cloud of snow,
And the billows dance by the gallant prow;
When his shining curls, as the sea-boy sleeps,
From his sun-burnt brow the light breeze sweeps:
Oh! there, oh! there is the place for me,
To sing my song by the raging sea.

O'er the drowning wretch, o'er the found'ring bark
When the black waves mount to a sky as dark,
I'd soar with a light and fearless wing,
And echo their vain shrieks back again;
For there, oh! there is the place for me,
To wail with the mariner out at sea.

Let birds of a bright and glossy plume
Build their tiny homes where the wild flowers bloom;
On the slippery crag I'd build my nest,
Where the white spray flies to my snowy breast,
And the wild waves rock my cradled young,
While I sing to the sea an answering song.

THE ANGELS AND THE FLOWERS.

BY MRS. SARAH S. SOCWELL.

When our first parents dwelt in peace,
In Eden's blooming bowers,
No cruel thorns with poisonous sting
Were hidden 'mong the flowers.

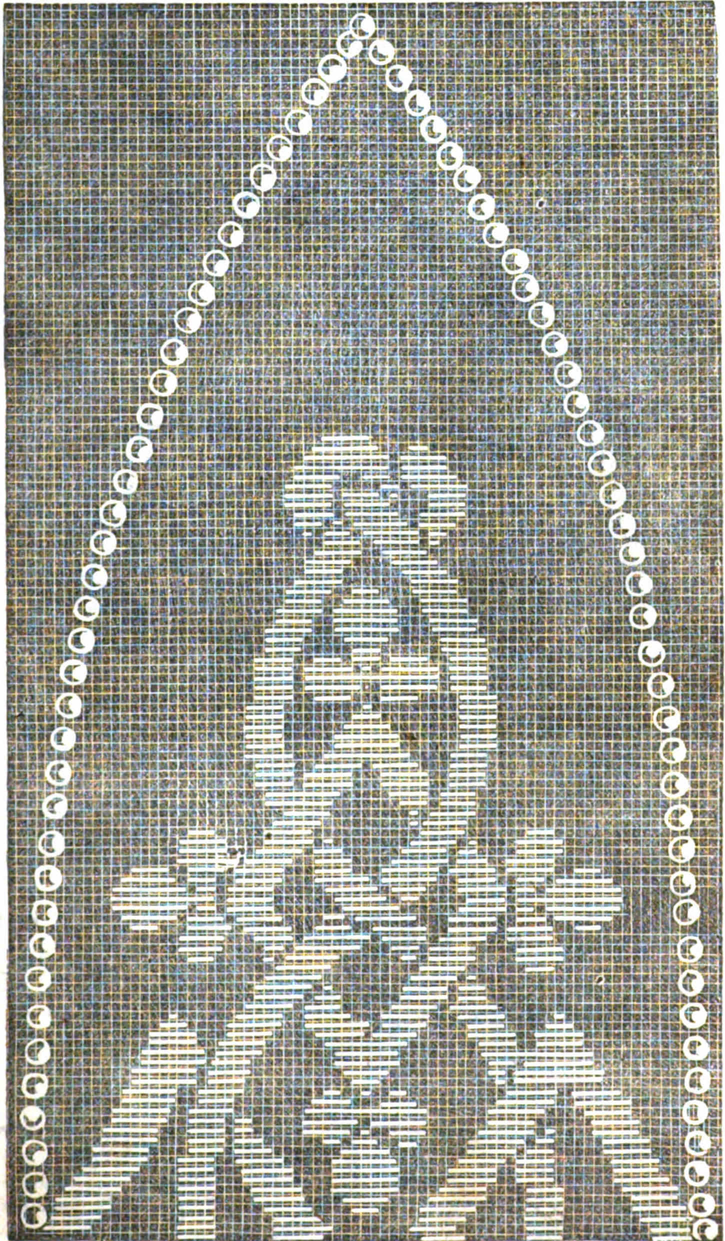
But when, in sorrow, shame, and sin,
The pair were driven forth,
The Angel of the Curse sowed thorns
O'er all the stricken earth.

But, following him, an angel came,
With gentle, pitying eyes,
And crowned the thorns most gloriously
With flowers of Paradise.

Digitized by Google

KNITTING BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

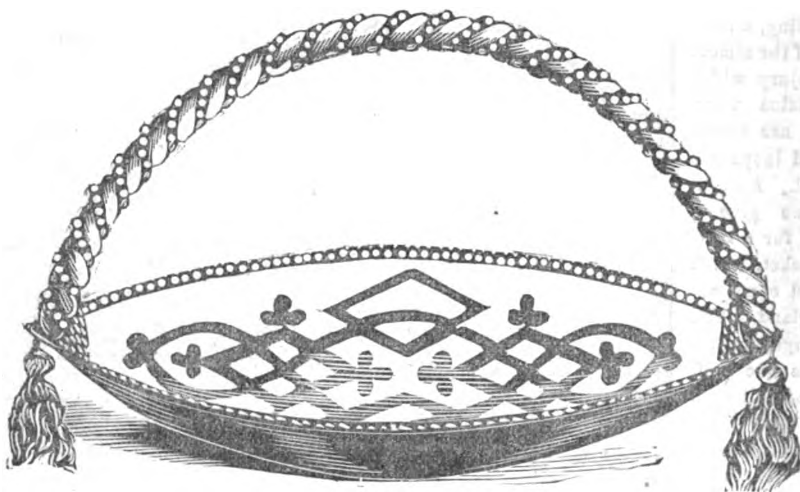


PERHAPS there are few kinds of work which require a basket expressly arranged for their own reception so much as knitting, on account of the almost fatal injury which it sustains when needles are drawn out and loops are dropped. Accordingly we give a pattern for a knitting basket, which has just come out in England. The large engraving represents one half, being of full size. By reversing it, the other half can be had. It is to be worked on fine canvas, as, if a coarse one should be unwarily taken, the basket will exceed in size the useful purpose for which it is intended. The outlines of the waving or serpentine lines of our design are in steel beads, filled up with clear white, those of the diamonds of gold filled with chalk-white. The ground of the central opening is in bright blue Berlin wool, as well as the small part within the loop at each end. The

Digitized by Google

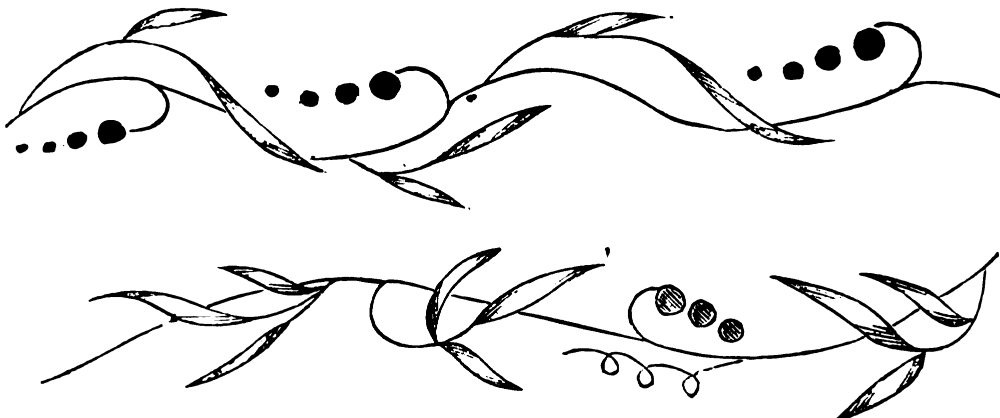
ground within the diamonds is in maize-color. Both of these are much improved by being worked in floss silk. The ground on the exterior of the design is shaded crimsons, dark, medium, and light. It requires three pieces of this form (each twice the size of our large engraving, which is but half a piece) to make the basket; the two sides must be worked alike, but the third, which is the bottom of the basket, only requires to be worked in the stripes of the shaded ground. All three must be stitched on cardboard of the same shape and size, neatly lined with silk or German velvet, and sewn together on the outside, the stitches being concealed by a row of beads. After this the handle must be attached, which may be of double wire, twisted round with a little cotton wool, and then with ribbon and beads. All this being done, a silk cord must be taken, the end fastened down close to the handle, and the cord wound round and round, each twist touching, but not over-wrapping the last, until about an inch and a half of the end of the basket is enclosed, this being an important point for the safety of the needles.

In addition to the full-size design for working, we also give, below, an engraving of the basket as made up.



PATTERNS FOR SILK EMBROIDERY.

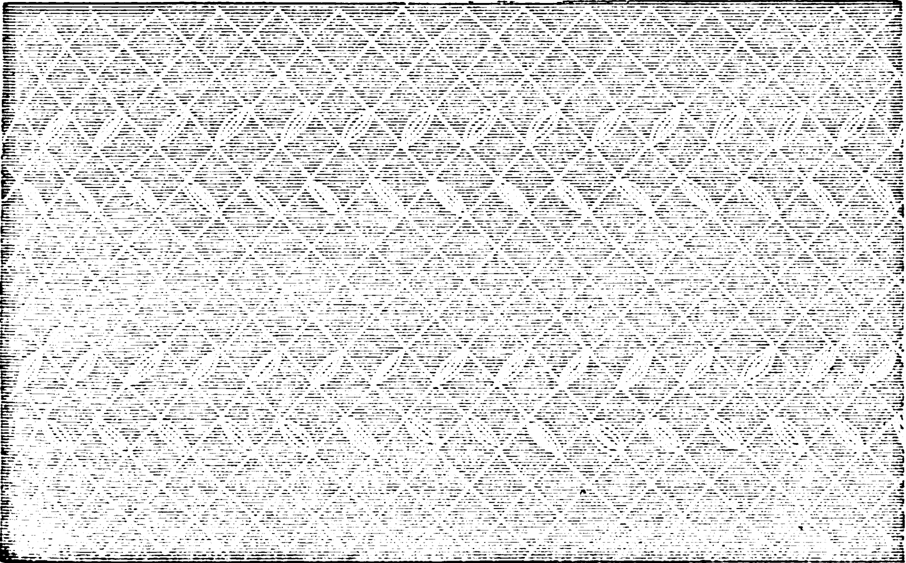
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Digitized by Google

NETTED CURTAIN.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



Window-curtains netted after the above pattern look very well over a color. They are very suitable also for a French bedstead lined with pink, and for a baby's *berceaunette* and its coverlet, also for the drapery of a toilet-table lined to match the other articles. Speaking of these various applications, we must beg our readers not to be alarmed at the amount of work which they appear to involve, since it is so extremely easy of execution, that great quantities can very soon be completed. The cotton should be coarse and the mesh rather under three-quarters of an inch wide. For a window-curtain of moderate length a hundred loops may be cast on and four rows netted. The fancy row is done by twisting the cotton three times round the fingers in the same manner as the single one in simple netting, and then putting the needle through them in the common way. The next row is done on a mesh half an inch wide, which forms what may be called the stalk of the pattern, but in this the treble loop made in the last row must be taken up as one. After this the former fancy row must be repeated, and then four plain rows, which form the whole of the pattern.

IMITATION STAINED GLASS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Materials.—Some fine Swiss muslin, and the finest French glaced furniture chintz.

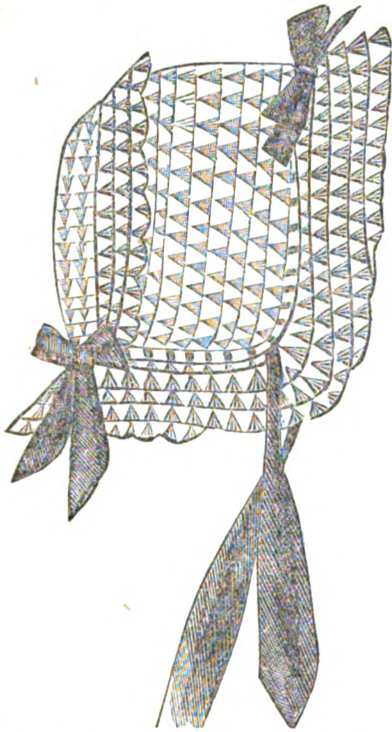
From the chintz cut out all the flowers, leaves, etc., very neatly; lay them aside. Prepare the window by having it thoroughly cleaned. Cut the muslin exactly the size of the panes of glass, and with some arrow-root starch, paste it upon the inside of the glass. Be careful to smooth out all the creases. When dry, arrange the flowers, etc., in bouquets, or wreaths, as the fancy may suggest, pasting them upon the muslin.

By this simple process an excellent imitation of painted glass may be made.

Digitized by Google

INFANT'S HOOD IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials.—½ oz. white split zephyr; ½ oz. colored split zephyr; 2½ yards of narrow ribbon.

For the Head-Piece.—With the white wool make a chain three-eighths of a yard in length. On it work 27 shells, 4 dc stitches to each shell, 1 chain stitch between the shells. Work 15 rows in this manner.

For the Crown.—Make a chain of 40 stitches, on it work 5 shells as in the head-piece. Work 4 rows. 5th row, widen 1 shell between the first and second, and fourth and fifth shells of 4th row. Work 9 rows. 10th and 11th rows, narrow by dropping 1 shell at each end of the row. This completes the crown. Sew the crown and head-piece together. Where they join, tie the colored wool and work four rows of shells, making 44 shell stitches around the crown. The last row, work 1 sc stitch between the shells.

For the Border.—With the colored wool, work all around the hood in shell stitch as before, observing to work 1 shell in every shell of head-piece, and 1 shell between every shell. Work 6 rows, finishing the last row with 1 sc stitch between every shell.

For the Frill or Cap.—With the white wool make a chain three-eighths of a yard long. On it work 1 row in dc stitch, 1 ch between every 2nd row, 1 dc, 1 ch, 1 dc, 1 ch into every stitch.

3rd Row.—Same as 2nd row.

4th Row.—Same as 3rd row.

This piece of work will be very full, and must be laid upon a table and fluted. Sew the frill in the face of the hood, at the point where the colored wool is joined.

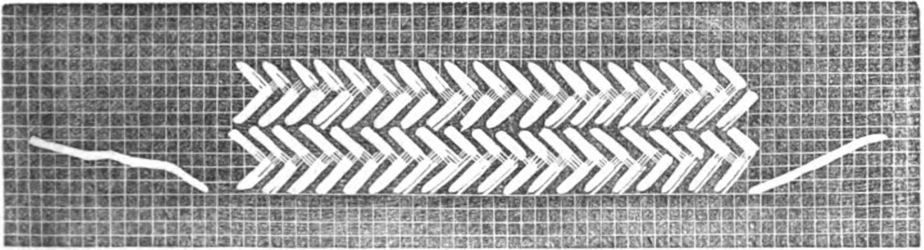
Run the ribbon just above the border all around the hood, tying in a bow on top and at the back. Strings of the ribbon, and the hood is complete. If preferred, the hood may have a quilted lining of silk.

SWISS STRIPED CUSHION.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

Many ladies have by them more or less of remainders of Berlin wool, for which they would be pleased to find a pretty and useful application. These have accumulated from former finished labors, and must rest as neglected stores, unless some desirable appropriation can be suggested. It is for this express purpose that we are now introducing the Swiss Striped Cushion, which can be executed with great ease and quickness, and yet has a pleasing and even rich effect. The mode of working the stitch is as follows: Bring out the needle from the back toward the left-hand, count six threads upward, and insert the needle four threads toward the right, bringing it out in a line with the first stitch; then return to the line of the first stitch,

Digitized by Google

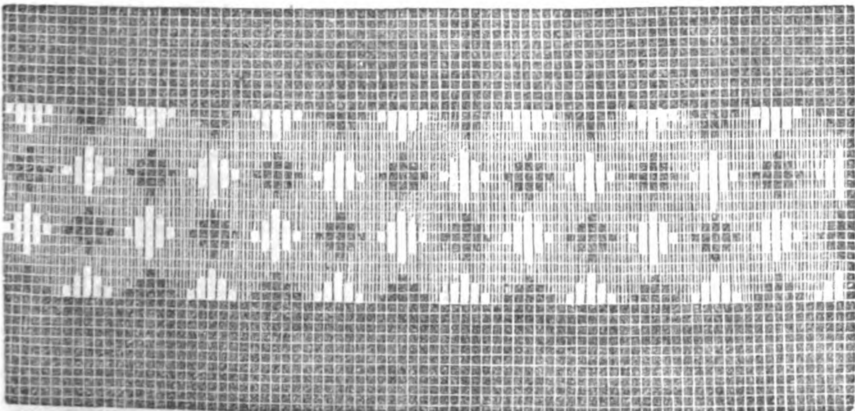


SWISS STRIPED CUSHION.

insert the needle four threads from it on the right hand side, and bring it out two threads above the first stitch, but in the same line. There will now be a long cross of the wools, with the wool brought out at the left side ready for repetition. This forms the whole of the stitch, being repeated to the end of the row, the pretty effect being obtained by the over-wrappings of the wool, which as the line progresses assumes the form of a plait. Between each stripe there is a row of stitching in either white or black wool, which both conceals the threads of the canvas, and much improves the appearance of the work. The colors of the stripes should be a little studied, so that their successions may be harmonious. As this Swiss stripe is so easy of execution, and produces most agreeable results, ladies who wish to undertake work that will not give them any trouble of thought, cannot do better than commence it, even if they purchase the wools expressly for the purpose, and in this case stripes of three colors look remarkably well, separated by stitched rows either of black or white. If, however, one of these three stripes should be black, with two other colors, then the stitched rows should be either white or gold-color. Although we have spoken first of the cushion, yet the Swiss stripe is equally applicable for various other articles. Mats of all sorts, the fender-stool, and slippers, being among the number. For the last, the precaution should be used of working one stripe down the center of the slipper, and then repeating the colors of the stripes on each side, so that each half of the slipper may correspond.

SIMPLE DESIGN IN BERLIN WOOL-WORK,

FOR MATS, SLIPPERS, CUSHIONS, ETC.



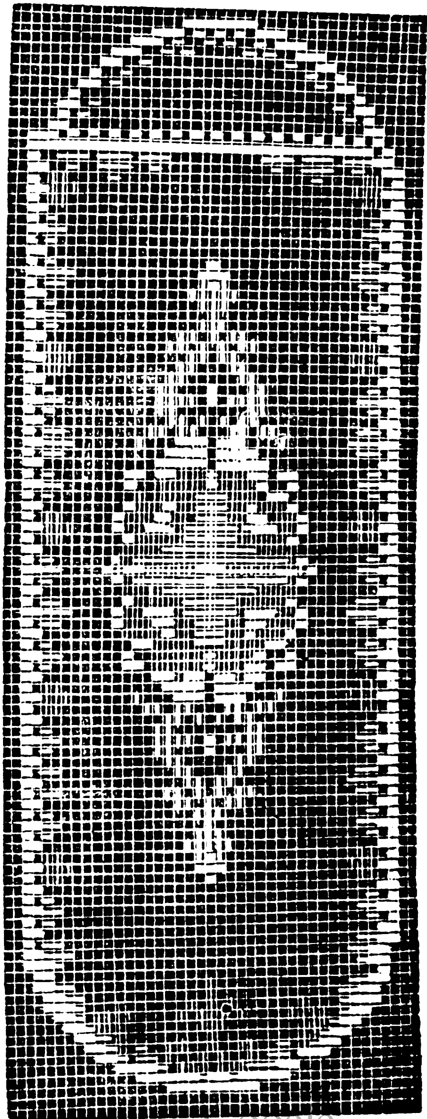
Simple patterns in Berlin wool-work, producing lively and pleasing effects, are amongst those supplies for the Work-Table which every lady finds most useful for various purposes, enabling her with perfect ease to make many pretty articles, which, if great arrangement were necessary, would never be undertaken. The little design which we have now given is one of these, being perfectly easy of execution, and especially pretty when completed. Wools

Digitized by Google

of three different colors are all that are required, worked in the following manner: The lines which form the sides of the diamonds are in a brilliant green, inclining to a blue; when they appear to cross, the small square becomes a very dark green, approaching to a black, the ground or under diamonds being white. Another pretty arrangement of colors is to take a ruby for the sides of the diamonds, a black for the crossings, and a white for the ground; or a blue may be substituted for the ruby with equally good effect. This little design will be found well-suited for cushions, mats, slippers, and many other articles, and it may be worked on either fine or coarse canvas, according to the article for which it may be required.

SPECTACLE-CASE.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



THIS little article is to be worked on fine silk canvas with floss silks in tent-stitch. This will prevent the necessity of filling in the ground, and it also leaves the design more distinct when it is worked.

The center cross is in three colors, the little star in the middle is four white stitches with one gray in the center.

Round it there are eight stitches in rich dark crimson; the four straight lines in the middle of the cross are in lighter crimson; round these four lines the cross is enlarged by two rows of bright blue stitches, in two shades.

The six little stars around are in two shades of crimson. The remainder of the scroll pattern round the cross is in grays, shaded with black, the lightest parts being worked in white.

The little pattern which is carried round the edge is in alternate blue and scarlet, with the rows nearest the edge in black.

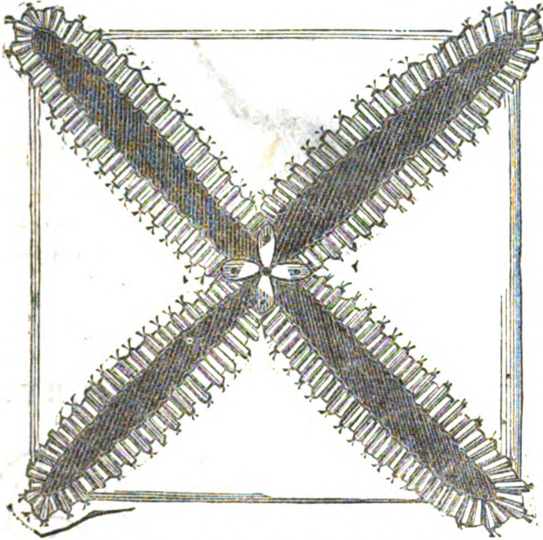
This will be found, when worked, a pretty effective arrangement of colors. When the two sides are completed, they must be lined with crimson silk, and joined together afterward.

The stitches are to be hid with a row of small beads, either white, steel, or gold. The case is closed at the bottom and left open at the top.

Digitized by Google

HANDKERCHIEF-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—$\frac{3}{8}$ of a yard sky-blue satin; $\frac{3}{8}$ of a yard white satin; 5 yards of white satin ribbon, inch wide; $\frac{3}{8}$ of a yard of white Florence silk; some white paper muslin and cotton wadding; 1 string of seed pearl beads; some perfume.

Make a square of the blue satin; line it with the paper muslin. Cut the Florence silk the same size, on it lay one thickness of wadding, place the perfume between the cotton. Put these together, the wadding next to the paper muslin, and embroider with the small pearl beads, sewing them on in diamonds about a half inch apart. Cut the white satin to correspond with the blue, place it over the white silk inner lining; sew the edges neatly together. Quill the ribbon in box plaits, and sew it upon the extreme edge on the white or outer side. Fold the square that the four points may meet in the centre. Fasten with two loops of cord over four buttons, one button on each point. Let the buttons and cord be of blue silk to match the inside of case.

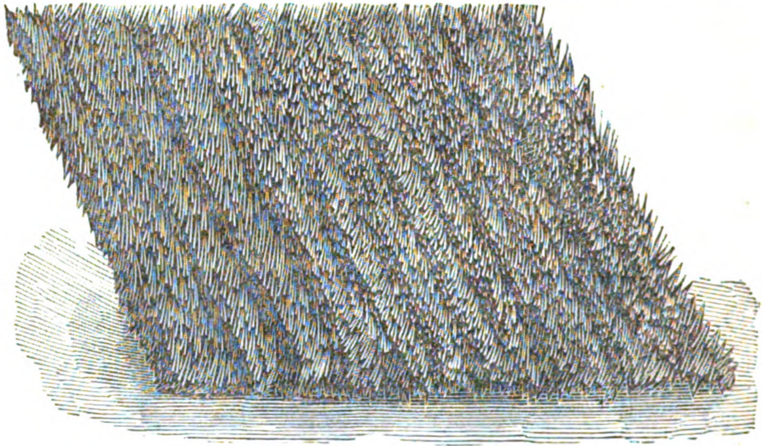
HOME-MADE HEARTH-RUG: CHENE PATTERN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THIS rug may be made of new or old pieces of carpet.

Cut the carpet in pieces one-eighth of a yard square. Unravel these squares both ways, placing the bits of yarn evenly aside. For the foundation of the rug, use either a piece of old carpet, or tow cloth, the size required, on this the bits of yarn are to be sewed in the following manner: Take up enough of the yarn to make the thickness of a finger; sew in the center with

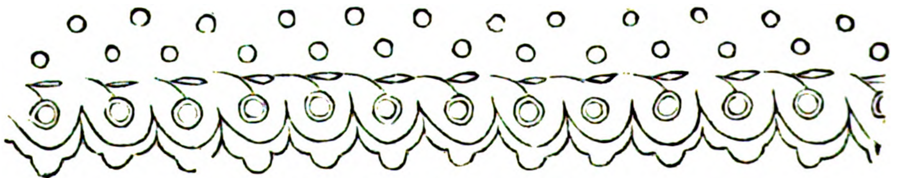
Digitized by Google



strong patent thread; double this bunch of yarn as you would to make a tassel, sew it upon the foundation. Continue until you have the entire rug covered, observing to sew the tufts close to each other, so that the foundation may be entirely concealed.

PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY.

IN SILK EMBROIDERY.



FOR BOTTOM OF CHILD'S DRAWERS.

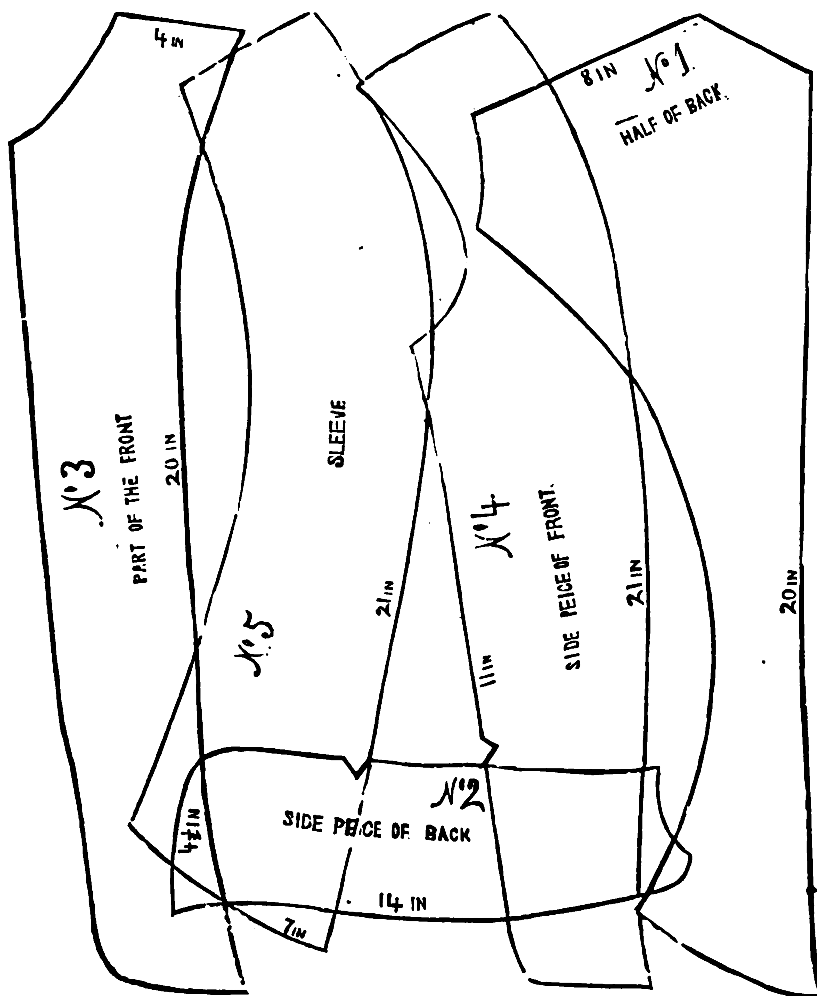
FOR CHEMISE BAND.

Digitized by Google

NEW STYLE ZOUAVE JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We this month give a diagram of a *Zouave* jacket, differing from any we have before given. At the back the figure is well defined; the front is not closed except at the throat, but the *contour* of the figure is given by the seam of the front which goes from the shoulder to the bottom. The pattern consists of five pieces, viz: the back, having seam down the middle, the side-piece of back, the two pieces forming the front, and the sleeve: the small notch in the side-piece, and the side of front at the seam under the arm, indicate how far this seam is to be stitched, it being open below the waist, and the corners rounded to correspond with



those of the front. The sleeve is shaped at the elbow; a loose sleeve may be substituted if preferred. This jacket is to be made in velvet or cashmere; if in velvet, whether black, dark green, or violet, the seams should all be covered by a thick gold cord, and either embroidered round with gold thread, or braided with a narrow gold cord. Either a silk waistcoat or chemisette of full muslin may be worn with it.

No. 1. Half the Back.

No. 2. Side-Piece of the Back.

No. 3. Part of Front.

No. 4. Side-Piece of Front.

No. 5. Sleeve.

Digitized by Google

THE HEATH POLKA.

COMPOSED BY NITA.

8va

Piano

8va 8va

8va loco. 8va

Digitized by Google

8va

8va

8va loco.

Digitized by Google

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

SHORT CHAPTER ON HUSBANDS.—One of our oldest contributors, Mrs. Pidsley, sends us an article on a subject we have often thought of chatting about to our readers: and what she says is so well said, that we will let her speak for us. "Much," she writes, "has been said and written (and very justly) of *'married flirts,'* but in my journeyings through life, it has sometimes occurred to me, that if husbands were less indifferent to the claims of their wives on their courtesy and kindness, that we should hear less frequently of such proceedings. Many men think that if they provide well for their households, if their wives are well dressed and liberally provided with pin money, according to their means, that they have done all that is required of them, that they fully deserve the approbation of the world: in short, they are model husbands! But a wife's heart craves more than this. She longs for the kind word, the loving glance, those nameless attentions, so necessary to her happiness, and which tell her that she is still the first object in her husband's affection. I would not have a man tied to his wife's apron strings, no sensible woman would ask it, neither would I have him totally neglect her either at home or abroad. Surely as his wife she is deserving of his respect and consideration—and yet, some men never seem to acknowledge the presence of their wives in society. To others they are politely attentive and courteous, but the wife can take care of herself.

"Before marriage, she could claim his undivided attention; now, except as a necessary domestic appendage, he too often appears almost to ignore her claims, or existence. His arrangements are made without any reference to her wishes—her counsel and advice are rejected with contempt. The evenings formerly devoted to her are now generally spent at the clubs. And what are but too often the results? A desolate hearth, a blighted name. Love forms a part of a woman's very existence—without it life is to her but one long, dreary blank. As a bride, she goes forth to her new home with a heart filled with hope's fairy visions—for awhile all is bright and joyous, time glides sweetly and rapidly on, and she deems herself supremely blest—but alas! a change comes over the spirit of her dream. The husband is the lover no longer—he has grown cold and careless. He has many resources, she but few; and she is left in silence to weep over his indifference—or she goes forth (as is sometimes the case) with a smile on her lip, and a radiant light in her eye, to seek in the gay world the attentions which are denied her at home. Look well then, ye husbands, to your own short-comings, and ask yourselves if to them may not, in almost all cases, be attributed the seeming heartlessness and levity of your wives? Be assured that many a wife would gladly barter her most valuable jewels and costly apparel for a few kind words from the husband of her youth. Make her the sharer of your joys and sorrows; for who has a greater claim on your confidence, or who will so truly help you to bear the burdens of life?"

HOODS AND HEAD-DRESSES.—Among our illustrations, this month, are new styles of hoods and also of head-dresses. The side and back of each are represented. The *capuchin*, or hood, is, at present, in high favor among the ladies of Paris, who adopt it as a safeguard against the danger of catching cold when attending evening parties, the opera, theatres, etc. It is sufficiently soft and light to be worn over the most ornamental coiffure, without the risk of displacing a curl, or crushing the most fragile flower. The simple form of the hood is so clearly portrayed in our illustrations, that detailed description is unnecessary. It will be seen at a glance that it is well contrived for protecting, not only the head, but also the throat, shoulders, and chest, by means of the cape which descends in a point, before and behind. Though this hood may be made of any materials which taste or fancy may dictate, yet we may mention that the model from which our drawing is copied is of a plain character, composed of black cashmere, lined with pink silk. The lining is wadded and quilted, and a broad piece is turned up over the front of the hood and round the edge of the cape. The latter is fastened in front by two rows of black satin ribbon, and corresponding bows are fixed at the back of the cape. *The head-dress* is for a young lady to wear at a ball. While having the appearance of being loose and unconfined, it possesses all the firmness required to bear, without disarrangement, the continuous motion of dancing. The back hair is plaited and confined by a hair-pin at the nape of the neck, and the front hair is divided longitudinally from the center of the forehead to the crown of the head. Each division is then separated into four bands, or tresses, which are disposed at each side of the head in the style called by French hair-dressers the *Coiffure a la tresse bouffante*. The effect of the puffs is produced by tufts of frizzed hair, fixed closely to the head by *broches frizettæ*. The ends of all the tresses of the front hair are concealed under the plait at the nape of the neck, and the ends of the back hair are formed into three chignons. The flowers employed in ornamenting this coiffure are ox-eye daisies, with long pendent blades of grass.

OUR FEBRUARY NUMBER.—On every hand, we hear praises of our February number. Our letters are full of them, and the newspapers are not less eulogistic. Says the Scion of Temperance, published at West Union, Ohio:—"We have just received Peterson's Magazine, for February, and we must confess that it is one of exquisite taste and beauty; *far surpassing anything in the Magazine line we have yet seen.* It is surprising to us that everybody don't take Peterson; its low price of subscription is within the reach of every one." And the North Carolina Whig says:—"Peterson, the inimitable and unapproachable, is again on hand, as fresh and vivacious as ever. If any of our readers desire to know how Peterson is appreciated, let them ask the first pretty girl they meet, and they will be satisfied that it is *the* book. Long may it wave! Three dollars and twenty-five cents will pay for Peterson and the Whig one year. Who'll be the first to subscribe? Don't all speak at once."

A PRETTY MEMENTO.—The following is a plan to convert the feathers of a favorite bird into a drawing-room memento: Cut the shape of the screen in perforated cardboard, and bind it round with either ribbon or paper of a color to match the feathers. Lay round the edge as many rows of feathers as you may have, fastening each down with a stitch of silk, selecting each row to match in color, and making each row overwrap the last, so as to hide the quill part of the feather. Then work lines of gold or steel beads from the handle to the rows of feathers, close at the bottom, but diverging at the top, and from this part as many rows of small white beads, in a slanting direction, as will fill up the vacancies. The gold or steel beads are intended to represent the quill of a feather, and the slanting beads the spreading part. These should be about an inch apart at the top of the stems, the intervals being filled with the slanting beads.

Digitized by Google

NO AUTHORIZED AGENTS.—We call attention again to the notice on the cover, that we have no agents for whose contracts we are responsible. Lately, a girl pretending to be deaf and dumb, has been representing herself as an agent and getting subscriptions, and another person, signing himself, R. Spaulding, has actually gone the length to have false receipts printed, which he fills up. On the cover of every number, for years, *we have printed our caution*, so that if those, who were solicited to subscribe, would examine the specimen shown them, they would find proof that the pretended traveling agent was an impostor. Never subscribe, except to somebody you know something about, or to the publisher, in which latter case remit by letter.

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.—This is another beautiful embellishment. We think, without boastfulness, we may claim to excel all of our cotemporaries in the character of our mezzotint and line engravings. Where have appeared, in three successive months, such illustrations as "Cobwebs," "Caught in the Snow," "The Bird-Nesters," and "Christ Blessing Little Children?"

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Dictionary of the English Language. By Joseph E. Worcester, LL. D. 1 vol., 4 to. Boston: Hickling, Swan, & Brewer.—This is an attempt to furnish the American public with a dictionary in all respects first-rate. Hitherto we have had dictionaries good in one or two particulars only. Walker was an authority for pronunciation, so far as there can be such an authority. Webster had a certain value in etymologies, but was objectionable on account of his spelling. Richardson was invaluable for his quotations from standard writers illustrating the exact meaning of words in successive generations. Johnson had merits even for our nineteenth century. But no one of these lexicographers was entirely satisfactory. Each had faults, and serious faults.

The present dictionary combines more merits than any of its predecessors, has fewer objectionable features, and contains, we believe, a larger number of words. We recommend it for its spelling especially. No man, in our opinion, has a right to run counter to the general practice in this respect. Webster, when he undertook to change the orthography of the English language, annoyed every person having a library of standard authors. Even to this day, notwithstanding that Websterian spelling has been adopted by various American publishers, the best editions of the best works continue to follow a different orthographical standard. Nor will it do to say that Webster has common sense in his favor. Such an argument proves too much, for if followed out it establishes the superior fitness of the phonetic method. Yet nobody practically desires the phonetic method, because that would compel the reprinting of every standard book in the language.

In his pronunciation, also, Worcester is superior to Webster. He is not, indeed, infallible in this respect; but he is better than most others: and this is saying a great deal. To be honest, there is no real standard of pronunciation. In England even educated people pronounce differently in different counties, and in the United States, there is one standard in New England, and quite another in the Middle States. Who shall decide whether the word *either* is to be pronounced *eether*, as in Philadelphia, or *eyther*, as in New England? Worcester himself leaves the answer in doubt. But Worcester gives the broad sound to *a* in *ba'm*, making it like the *a* in *farther*. In general, we may say, Worcester follows the Boston pronunciation, where a broader accent is used than in Philadelphia. This is natural in a New England dictionary; and until the Middle States produce a dictionary, cannot, perhaps, be complained of: certainly it ought not to be. "*Væ victis*," as the old Romans said: a people who will not write books must expect to go to the wall. Of all spoken tongues, ours, incontestably, is the most difficult for a foreigner to learn to pronounce. Why, for example, should *weight* not rhyme with *height*, when both are spelt alike, with the exception of the first letter? Or why should *nay* be pronounced like *neigh?* Or again: who is to say that the drawl of the higher classes in England is to be rejected, while their pronunciation in certain other respects is to be considered a standard? Why should a Bostonian say *shall* not, pronouncing the *a* like *ah*, yet say, directly after, *shawnt*, for the colloquial contraction *sha'n't?* A school girl laughs at an old woman who says *heerd*, instead of *heard*, yet the former is the old pronunciation, and in Shakespeare's time was that of the court. Until we can find out some infallible rule, or agree on some standard, the custom of one cultivated locality is as good authority as that of another; and no such rule can be deduced from the language, nor is any such standard acknowledged. What is well-bred pronunciation in Boston, is not always the pronunciation in good society in England. In the House of Lords, they say "*my lud*" for "my lord;" we have ourselves heard English noblemen pronounce so; but anywhere in America a man would be considered vulgar who used that pronunciation. On the whole, however, Worcester is the best standard for pronunciation that we have, and must supersede even Walker.

Another merit of this dictionary is the elucidation, by means of engravings, of words not generally known. Thus we have a picture of a mutule, a rectangular block found in Doric temples; a picture of a finial, as used in Gothic architecture; a picture of a sheldrake, a species of duck; a picture of a chevron, one of the ordinaries in heraldry, etc., etc. The definitions, in Worcester, are not, however, always exact. Take chevron as an example. Worcester says its meaning, in heraldry, is "a representation of two rafters of a house meeting at the top." In point of fact, this is an attempt to explain the origin of the ordinary, and is a false one, for the best authorities consider that the chevron was adopted from the bow of a war saddle. Worcester should have said that a chevron, in heraldry, was a part of the escutcheon, describing what part. So, in defining what an ordinary, in heraldry, is, Worcester confounds it with a charge. Webster, however, makes the same blunder, referring to Brande for authority, the whole being a capital illustration of "the blind leading the blind." But the work, as we have already said, is, on the whole, the best in the language, and should have a place in every school, in every library, and even in every family. T. B. Peterson & Brothers are the Philadelphia agents for the book.

Life in the Old World; or, Two Years in Switzerland and Italy. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. 2 vols., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The enterprising firm of T. B. Peterson & Brothers deserves great credit for having brought out this work, which has been printed from a duplicate manuscript of the translator, simultaneously with the publication of the London edition. The book is one that will be read by tens of thousands. It is, in every respect, superior to the "Life in the New World," which was so universally popular. Miss Bremer not only describes, with singular freshness, scenes that have often been described before, but also gives her own feelings, as they were affected, day by day, by "the storied past." More than this, having met with various romantic adventures, during her sojourn in Italy, she has introduced them, with great skill, into her narrative. Those, who have traveled abroad, will find these volumes of service to refresh their memories and reawaken delightful associations; while to those others, who have

Digitized by Google

never yet taken a trip to Europe, we can recommend the work as one eminently calculated to bring up vividly before them the Old World, in all its antiquity and picturesqueness. The publishers have printed the two volumes in a very handsome style. "Life in the Old World" may be regarded, in many respects, as the book of the season. Women, at least, will generally think it so.

Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, minister of Inveresk. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo.* *Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—The Rev. Dr. Carlyle, though a comparatively humble minister of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland, had excellent opportunities to observe the men and manners of his day; for his office brought him daily into the closest intimacy with the people at large, while his suavity, talent, moderation, and distinguished appearance made him a favorite with the gentry and aristocracy. Born in 1722, and surviving till 1805, he lived through the rebellion of '45, the American war of Independence, and the first years of the French Revolution; and with many men, prominent in these various events, he was personally familiar. Hence this autobiography is full of reminiscences, not only of himself, but of others also. Being the work of his later years, when memory was still vivid, but when the passions and prejudices of youth had abated, it is free from all exaggeration, misrepresentation, and injustice. Dr. Carlyle saw Lord Lovat dancing a reel, after a debauch, at a tavern, two years before the old rascal suffered at Tower Hill; was one of the crowd that went to look at Charles Edward, at Holyrood; was present at the battle of Prestonpans; and was intimate with Blair, Robertson, Hume, Ferguson, John Home, Wilkes, Charles Townshend, and, in fact, with most of the Scottish celebrities of his time, and with many of the London ones. The reminiscences are told in a plain, unaffected style, not altogether free from Scotticisms, but without any taint of personal vanity. A portrait of the author accompanies the volume, but though it gives the idea of a handsome face, it scarcely realizes Sir Walter Scott's well-known remark, that Dr. Carlyle looked like a Jupiter *Tonans*.

Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character. By E. B. Ramsay, M. A., LL. D., F. R. S. E. Dean of Edinburgh. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo.* *Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—This is a very agreeable book. It is a collection of anecdotes illustrating Scottish humor, and is divided into chapters, each chapter discussing a particular theme. These chapters are entitled respectively, "On religious feelings and religious observances," "On old Scottish conviviality," "On the old Scottish domestic servant," "On humor proceeding from Scottish language, including Scottish proverbs," and "On Scottish stories of wit and humor." The volume is as full of laughter as any in the language. Dean Ramsay has derived the anecdotes from his own memory, or from that of friends and cotemporaries, and, as few of the anecdotes were ever in print before, he has performed a service of singular merit. The book is printed in the usual handsome style of Ticknor & Fields.

Personal History of Lord Bacon. From Unpublished Papers. By William Hepworth Dixon. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo.* *Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—This is an attempt to rescue the character of Bacon from the odium which has so long surrounded it. Mr. Dixon, by diligent search, has brought to light much new testimony, chiefly letters to Bacon by cotemporaries, and has arranged this evidence, with other already existing, so as to form a more charitable view of the great chancellor's conduct. It is impossible, after reading this volume, not to feel that Mr. Dixon is partially right, and that Bacon's criminality has been greatly overrated. The work is written with much skill, and in parts is exceedingly picturesque. We regard it as the most valuable addition which has been made, for years, to the literature of biography. The volume is reprinted in very handsome style.

Evan Harrington; or, He Would Be A Gentleman. By George Meredith. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo.* *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A reprint of a late English fiction. The story opens well, but gets intolerably dull before the close. George Meredith must not be confounded with Owen Meredith, author of "Lucille," who is a son of Sir E. B. Lytton, the novelist.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

The Value of Vinegar in Economical Cookery may be tested by the use of the following recipe:—Take some meat from the coarsest joints of the ox, such as the leg, shin, or sticking-piece, cut it in slices of two or three ounces each, dip each piece in good vinegar, and then pack the whole in a stewpan, with onions, turnips, or other vegetables, cut small, without water; cover it closely, and let it stand by the side of the fire for six or eight hours; it will then be found to be thoroughly done, and to have yielded abundance of gravy, being at the same time remarkably tender. The only precaution necessary is, that the heat should never be suffered to approach the boiling point. Or the meat, vegetables, and flavoring materials may be placed in an earthenware jar, which can be closely tied down, and then placed in a large saucepan of water, or very slow oven. This mode of cooking is applicable to any kind of meat, and will be found exceedingly economical, giving little trouble, and furnishing a very nutritious, digestible, and delicious food. The acid of the vinegar is entirely dissipated during the process.

To Make Queen's Cakes.—Take a pound of sugar and beat and sift it, a pound of well-dried flour, a pound of butter, eight eggs, and half a pound of currants, washed and picked; grate a nutmeg, and the same quantity of mace and cinnamon; work your butter to a cream, and put in your sugar; beat the whites of your eggs nearly half an hour, and mix them with your sugar and butter; then beat the yolks nearly half an hour, and put them to your butter. Beat the whole well together, and when it is ready for the oven, put in your flour, spices, and currants. Sift a little sugar over them, and bake them in tins not more than thirty minutes. *Or*—Take half a pound of fresh butter, beat it to a cream; half a pound of eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately; half a pound of brown sugar; half a pound of flour; and one pound of currants, well washed. Mix all, and bake in well buttered small tin-pans, in a hot oven. Some citron is a great improvement—about two ounces. This is a tried recipe.

Boiled Fowl with Oysters.—Ingredients: One young fowl, three dozen oysters, the yolks of two eggs, quarter pint of cream. *Mode.*—Truss a young fowl as for boiling; fill the inside with oysters which have been bearded and washed in their own liquor; secure the ends of the fowl, put it into a jar, and plunge the jar into a saucepan of boiling water. Keep it boiling for one hour and a half, or rather longer, then with the gravy that has flowed from the oysters and fowl, of which there will be a good quantity, stir in the cream and yolks of the eggs, add a few oysters scalded in their liquor; let the sauce get quite hot, but do not allow it to boil; pour some of it over the fowl, and send the remainder to table in a tureen. A blade of pounded mace added to the sauce, with the cream and eggs, will be found an improvement. *Time.*—One hour and a half. Sufficient for three or four persons.

Apple Jelly.—Peel any kind of sharp apples, cut them in slices, and wash them in several waters. Then boil them in a covered pot with a good deal of water until it is much reduced and becomes glutinous. Strain it through a thin cloth, measure it, and add an equal quantity of clarified sugar. Boil the whole up and skim it. Boil it again until it quits the spoon clear by dropping from it.

Digitized by Google

To Preserve Milk.—Provide bottles, which must be perfectly clean, sweet, and dry; draw the milk from the cow into the bottles, and, as they are filled, immediately cork them well up, and fasten the corks with pack-thread or wire. Then spread a little straw in the bottom of a boiler, on which place bottles with straw between them, until the boiler contains a sufficient quantity. Fill it up with cold water; heat the water, and as soon as it begins to boil, draw the fire, and let the whole gradually cool. When quite cold, take out the bottles, and pack them in sawdust, in hampers, and stow them in the coolest part of the house. Milk preserved in this manner, and allowed to remain even eighteen months in the bottles, will be as sweet as when first milked from the cow.

Ice for Icing—How to Prepare.—Break almost to powder a few pounds of ice, and throw in among it a large handful and a half of salt; you must prepare in the coolest part of the house; the ice and salt being in a bucket, put your cream into the ice-pot and cover it, immerse it in the ice, and draw that round the pot so that it may cover every part, in a few minutes put a spatula or spoon in and stir it well, remove the parts that ice round the edges to the center: if the ice-cream or water be in a form shut the bottom close, and move the whole in the ice, as you cannot use a spoon to that without danger of waste; there should be holes in the bucket to let the ice off as it thaws.

To Roast a Goose.—In choosing a goose, the best test of its being young will be that the bill and feet are yellow, and with few hairs on them, and if fresh, the feet should be pliable. Preference should be given to a stubble-goose, in place of a green one. After the plugs of the feathers have been pulled out, and the bird carefully singed, and well washed and dried, put in a seasoning made of onion, sage, and pepper and salt, and after fastening at the neck and rump, put it in the first instance at a distance from the fire, to roast, and by degrees nearer. Baste well, and when the breast is rising, serve to table. Good beef gravy and apple-sauce should be served with it to table.

Cauliflowers, to Boil.—Trim them neatly, let them soak at least an hour in cold water, put them into boiling water, in which a handful of salt has been thrown, let it boil, occasionally skimming the water. If the cauliflower is small, it will only take fifteen minutes; if large, twenty minutes may be allowed; do not let them remain after they are done, but take them up and serve immediately. If the cauliflowers are to be preserved white, they ought to be boiled in milk and water, or a little flour should be put into the water in which they are boiled, and melted butter should be sent to table with them.

To Make Curacoa.—Boil a quart of water in a very clean stewpan; add to it, bit by bit, a pound of dark brown sugar-candy. When the whole is dissolved, boil up the syrup, then pour it into a deep dish to cool. Into a quart of spirits of wine put one hundred and twenty drops of oil of bitter orange; when this latter is dissolved, mix it with the syrup before mentioned, but not until it is cool; then filter and bottle the liquor, and put it by for use.

Cabbage Jelly.—A tasty little dish, and by some persons esteemed more wholesome than cabbage simply boiled. Boil cabbage in the usual way, and squeeze in a colander till perfectly dry. Then chop small; add a little butter, pepper, and salt. Press the whole very closely into an earthenware mould, and bake one hour, either in a side oven or in front of the fire; when done, turn it out.

Cabbage, Red.—They are mostly stewed to eat with ham, bacon, or smoked sausages, though sometimes without any meat; they are very strong eating, and should be first scalded, then stewed with butter, pepper, salt, and cloves, and vinegar added to it just before serving; they are considered wholesome in veal broth for consumption, but are most proper for pickling.

To Make Noyeau equal to Martinique.—Blanch and slice very thin three ounces of suet, and the same of bitter almonds, put them into two quarts of whiskey. In four days after, dissolve forty ounces of lump sugar in one quart of water, add that and the thin cut rind of a lemon to the whiskey and almonds. Shake it every day for three weeks, then strain it through muslin, and filter it through whited-brown paper. Of course the longer it keeps, the stronger and better it becomes.

Pig's Feet Jelly.—Boil the feet, ears, and hocks in a little water until the bones will come out. Add a small quantity of salt, pepper, mace, and cloves whilst boiling. When the bones and gristle are all taken out, put it into a mould and press it.

Fancy Cakes.—Little fancy cakes eat much "shorter," if put while hot into a heated jar, instead of being allowed to cool according to the usual custom.

To Pickle a Ham.—Two ounces of saltpetre, half a pound of sugar, one pound of salt. To be rubbed every day. Let it lie a month.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

An Infallible Cure for Chilblains on the Hands.—Wash them in warm water, dry them well, then rub them with fine salt. This may be done frequently, to prevent their breaking. On the feet: Soak them well in water as warm as you can bear, rub them well with a not very fine towel, and then with salt; this should be done *every* night, and sleep in woolen socks. Should the chilblains be broken, the feet should still be put in warm water, and after well drying them, apply pure sweet oil till healed. *Or*—To half a pint of turpentine, add half a pound of hog's-lard; dissolve it before the fire and stir well; then remove, and let it cool. Rub the parts affected nightly. The skin will not be the least reddened by the use of this recipe.

To Wash China Crape Scarfs.—If the fabric be good, these articles of dress can be washed as frequently as may be required, and no diminution of their beauty will be discoverable, even when the various shades of green have been employed among other colors in the patterns. In cleaning them, make a strong lather of boiling water; suffer it to cool; when cold, or nearly so, wash the scarf quickly and thoroughly; dip it immediately in cold, hard water, in which a little salt has been thrown (to preserve the colors); rinse, squeeze, and hang it out to dry in the open air; pin it at its extreme edge to the line, so that it may not in any part be folded together; the more rapidly it dries the clearer it will be.

"Fiddler Dick."—A brilliant polish for shoes, and one which will preserve the leather soft, may be made as follows:—Take half a pound of molasses, one ounce of lamp-black, a spoonful of yeast, an ounce of sugar-candy, an ounce of sweet oil, an ounce of gum dragon, an ounce of melted isinglass, and a quarter of a pint of ox gall. Mix all well together in a pint and a half of rain water and half a pint of vinegar. Warm the mixture slightly before using, and apply with a sponge. Polish with a soft brush.

To Make Skeleton Leaves.—Collect full grown, perfect leaves; ivy, beech, rose, lime, etc., are the best, and put them in a jar with rain water; let them remain there three months, changing the water every month. If the soft, green part is not then soft enough to be removed by gently patting with a cloth, let the leaves remain another month; rinse well in hard water and bleach with chloride of lime.

The following method of washing muslin and cotton prevents the colors from running:—Make a strong lather of soap and water, wash the muslins in it. Put a handful of ground alum in the water you rinse them in.

How to Clean Globes.—Wash well with flannel, soap, and warm soft water; then rinse thoroughly in cold.

Digitized by Google

To Preserve Apples.—The best way of keeping apples through the winter is to place them on shelves singly, but laid on thoroughly dry fern leaves; if these cannot be obtained, good straw may be substituted. Much depends upon the time they are gathered, as they should not be too ripe. There should never be a fire near them. Another important point is to keep them in the dark.

To Give Shirt-Collars a Glass-like Look.—To one tablespoonful of starch put one of cold water; beat very smooth, and add another tablespoonful of water. Then pour on boiling water until it becomes the consistency required. Add a little melted white gum (about the size of a pea before melted), and a few shreds of white wax. This will give the articles a clear, glassy appearance.

Cure for a Cough.—Two ounces of linseed, two ounces of liquorice-root, half an ounce of sugar-candy, half an ounce of gum-Arabic, the peal and juice of a lemon. Boil in a quart of water very gently till reduced to a pint; strain it, and add two table-spoonfuls of rum. Half a teacupful when the cough is troublesome, and before going to bed.

India-Rubber.—This may be dissolved in some of the essential oils, as oil of turpentine, and also in the fat oils, as that of olives and almonds. It may be dissolved by boiling in spirits of turpentine, and putting in small pieces until dissolved; but the solution does not dry perfectly.

To Clean a Gold Chain.—Dip a soft brush in water, rub a little soap on it, and brush the chain for a minute or two. Then wash it clean, wipe it with a soft cloth, and place it near the fire to dry; when quite dry, it may be rubbed lightly with a brush, dipped in rouge plate-powder.

A Recipe for Cleaning White Doe Gloves.—Rub them all over with clean pipeclay mixed with water, until the gloves look *dirty all over.* Then place them on your glove-tree until perfectly dry, when you must beat all the pipeclay out, which you will find no slight employment.

To Clean Sponge.—Procure one pennyworth of salts of lemon, put it into about two pints of hot water, and then steep the sponge in it. After it is clean, rinse it in a little clean water. The above quantity will clean a large sponge, or three or four small pieces.

How to Stiffen and Press Straw Hats.—Lay the hat on a clean cloth, and wash it over with gum-water, then cover it with a cloth and iron it with a moderately hot iron; then hang it to the fire until quite dry.

To Clean Kid Boots and Shoes.—A mixture of oil and ink is a good thing to clean kid boots with; the first softens, and the last blackens them.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Rest of Children.—Infants cannot sleep too long; and it is a favorable symptom when they enjoy a calm and long continued rest, of which they should by no means be deprived, as this is the greatest support granted to them by nature. A child lives, comparatively, much faster than an adult; its blood flows more rapidly, every stimulus operates more powerfully; and not only its constituent parts, but its vital resources also, are more speedily consumed. Sleep promotes a more calm and uniform circulation of the blood; it facilitates the assimilation of the nutriment received, and contributes toward a more copious and regular deposition of alimentary matter, while the horizontal posture is the most favorable to the growth and bodily development of the child. Sleep ought to be in proportion to the age of the infant. After the age of six months, the periods of sleep, as well as all other animal functions, may in some degree be regulated; yet, even then, a child should be suffered to sleep the whole night, and several hours both in the morning and afternoon. Mothers and nurses should endeavor to accustom infants, from the time of their birth, to sleep in the night preferably to the day, and for this purpose they ought to remove all external impressions which may disturb their rest, such as noise, light, etc., but especially not to obey every call for taking them up, and giving food at improper times. After the second year of their age, they will not instinctively require to sleep in the forenoon, though after dinner it may be continued to the third and fourth year of life, if the child shows a particular inclination to repose; because, till that age, the full half of its time may safely be allotted to sleep. From that period, however, it ought to be shortened for the space of one hour with every succeeding year; so that a child of seven years old may sleep about eight, and not exceeding nine hours: this proportion may be continued to the age of adolescence, and even manhood. To awaken children from their sleep with a noise, or in an impetuous manner, is extremely injudicious and hurtful: nor is it proper to carry them from a dark room immediately into a glaring light, or against a dazzling wall; for the sudden impression of light debilitates the organs of vision, and lays the foundation of weak eyes from early infancy. A bed-room, or nursery, ought to be spacious and lofty, dry, airy, and not inhabited through the day. No servants, if possible, should be suffered to sleep in the same room, and no linen or washed clothes should ever be hung there to dry, as they contaminate the air in which so considerable a portion of infantine life must be spent. The consequences attending a vitiated atmosphere in such rooms are obvious, and often fatal. Feather beds should be banished from nurseries, as they are an unnatural and debilitating contrivance. The windows should never be opened at night, but left open the whole day, in fine, clear weather. Lastly, the bedstead must not be placed too low on the floor: nor is it proper to let children sleep on a couch which is made without any elevation from the ground; because the most mephitic and pernicious stratum of air in an apartment is that within one or two feet from the floor, while the most wholesome, or atmospheric air, is in the middle of the room, and the inflammable gas ascends to the top.

PARLOR PASTIMES.

The Elements.—This game creates much laughter—not from its comicality, but because of the frequent and ridiculous mistakes committed by those who are engaged in it. Before describing the game, we must premise that the only "elements" acknowledged in this game are earth, water, and air—fire being omitted, because there are no creatures known to exist in it, the salamanders we sometimes read of in old books being fabulous creatures. When all are prepared, the beginner of the proceedings takes a handkerchief, and, looking at some one as if he were about to throw it at him, suddenly darts it at another person, crying, "Air" (or whatever element he chooses); "one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, *ten!*" The other, if he be ready-witted, will answer, before the numbers are over, "Sparrow," or the name of some other bird; but frequently, when thus taken by surprise, he will either remain in a state of stupid perplexity, or give the name of a four-footed beast as an inhabitant of the air! If he makes a mistake, he pays a forfeit, but, at any rate, throws the handkerchief, in his turn, and soon meets with plenty of companions in misfortune, whose forfeits are forming into a pile on the table.

Farmers and Mechanics.—This is a game of trades, which have to be discovered, and everything is indicated by signs. Thus when the one who left the room re-enters, if the trade chosen is that of a farmer, the others will all be employed in the different occupations of a farmer; one will be reaping in a fine crop of nothing with papa's stick, with another, perhaps, gleaning after him; one taking hold

Digitized by Google

of the legs of a dining-room chair, will form it into a serviceable plough; in one corner a boy will be engaged in thrashing with his sister's parasol, and in another the sister will be busily engaged in making butter in an invisible churn. If they are mechanics, they may mend their shoes in concert, or saw at the chairs with a stick, hammer nails into the pianoforte, plane the rosewood table, or do anything else, so that they all agree in acting some employment which may form a good indication of their trade. When he who was out guesses it, another takes his place, and another trade is of course chosen.

TOILET, ETC.

Macassar Oil.—It is said to be compounded of the following ingredients:—To three quarts of common oil, add half a pint of spirits of wine, three ounces of cinnamon powder, and two ounces of bergamot; heat the whole in a large pipkin. On removing from the fire, add three or four small pieces of alkanet root, and keep the vessel closely covered for several hours. When cool, it may be filtered through a funnel lined with filtering paper. Whether oils are used or not, the hair ought, night and morning, to be carefully and elaborately brushed. This is one of the best preservatives of its beauty.

Two Recipes for the Removal of Freckles.—1. Take one drachm of muriatic acid, half a pint of rain water, half a teaspoonful of spirits of lavender. Mix and apply two or three times a day to the freckles with a bit of linen or camel-hair pencil. 2. The favorite cosmetic for removing freckles in Paris is one ounce of alum, one ounce of lemon-juice mixed with one pint of rose-water. 3. For whitening and softening the hands, nothing is better than fine oatmeal, either made into a thin gruel, or a little thrown into the water when washing.

A Receipt for Scurf in the Head that will not injure the Color of the Hair.—The following is a most efficacious, safe, and agreeable receipt. I have tried it, and found it answer exceedingly well. Into a pint of water, drop a lump of quicklime, the size of a walnut; let it stand all night; then pour the water off, clear of sediment, or deposit, add a quarter of a pint of the best vinegar, and wash the head, thoroughly wetting the roots of the hair.

Biting the Nails.—This is a habit that should be immediately corrected in children, as, if persisted in for any length of time, it permanently deforms the nails. Dipping the finger-ends in some bitter tincture will generally prevent children from putting them to the mouth; but if this fails, as it sometimes will, each finger-end ought to be encased in a stall until the propensity is eradicated.

An Excellent Hair Oil.—Boil together half a pint of port wine, one pint and a half of sweet oil, and half a pound of green southernwood. Strain the mixture through a linen rag several times, adding, at the last operation, two ounces of bear's grease. If fresh southernwood is added each time it passes through the linen, the composition will be improved.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

Fig. I.—Carriage Dress of light green Silk.—The skirt is made with three flounces, above each of which is a puffing of silk, the upper puffing being the widest. The body is made in the surplice style, and open with coat lappels. A fine mull chemisette is worn under the body. Pagoda sleeves trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Bonnet of white crape covered with black lace; face trimming of black lace and poppies.

Fig. II.—Carriage Dress of dove-colored Silk, brocaded with small crimson flowers. The skirt is trimmed with two fluted ruffles bound with crimson velvet; above the upper ruffle is a broad band of bias crimson velvet, above which again is a very narrow fluted ruffle standing up. A broad sash of the same material as the dress is bound with crimson velvet. The skirt is very much gored, and put on almost plain at the waist. Pagoda sleeves, very short on the inside of the arm, and trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Bonnet of black straw, trimmed with black and lemon-colored ribbon, and a straw band.

Fig. III.—The Hildegorde.—This new style of dress is made of slate-colored silk. The body and skirt is cut in one, like the Polonaise or Imperatrice: but instead of the skirt opening in front like the last named dresses, it opens slantwise from the waist down to nearly the bottom of the skirt, where it again turns toward the front. The body closes up to the throat, and has a lappel on one side only. The sleeves are full, with a jockey at the top and a cuff at the bottom. The dress is trimmed with a band of velvet, and a puffing of silk at the edge, of the color of the dress.

Fig. IV.—The Highland.—This charming dress, suitable for the country, is of plain delaine. In the engraving the skirt is fastened up with "pages:" but can also be made to fasten up on the inside by placing a few buttons around the skirt, and looping them up with tape strings depending from the waist. With this dress a Balmoral skirt is indispensable. Some ladies make the petticoat of plain gray flannel, and ornament it with rows of red cloth or flannel. A loose jacket is worn over a linen chemisette in place of a tight body. The jacket is ornamented with braid and buttons, and opens at the throat. Empress hat and plume.

General Remarks.—Dresses are still made high, the bodies plain, the waists round with *ceintures* either plain or pointed. Sleeves are either very large, or shaped to the elbow, with full epaulettes and pointed cuffs; decidedly the large sleeve is still preferred.

Skirts are worn long, very wide at the bottom and gored toward the top: figured and *pompadour* silks are without ornament; plain silks are still made with flounces.

Where Trimmings are used, the skirt of the dress should be much more decorated than the body, quite reversing the order of things from a few years ago. Plain, deep flounces have almost disappeared, although narrow ones may still be seen put on in festoons or straight, headed by small puffings. It is difficult to lay down any fixed rule for the trimming of dresses, as the height, figure, and style of the person who is to wear them should be studied, and the taste and ingenuity of the dress-maker exercised to give as much effect, and to make the dress as becoming as possible.

Velvet is a favorite trimming for dresses. A dress composed of gray silk has been very prettily trimmed with three bands of violet velvet disposed alternately with two flounces of silk scalloped at the edge. The bands of velvet are of graduated width, the broadest being placed quite on the edge of the dress. A band of medium width is placed between the two flounces, and the narrowest band surmounts the whole trimming. The corsage, high and plain, has revers and a ceinture trimmed with rows of violet velvet; the sleeves are, at the upper part, formed of two full puffs, beneath which is a deep, loose cuff or fall of silk, open on the outer part of the arm, and edged round with violet velvet. Under-sleeves of white lace open at the ends, and a blonde cap trimmed with flowers, are to be worn with the dress just mentioned.

Another dress is of gray and black poplin, put on the body with very large plaits behind, and almost plain in the front. The body tight, and buttoned up the front with large, round, plain black velvet buttons, and a row of the same placed up the front of the skirt. The sleeves large, and finished off with a turned-back cuff; this cuff scalloped, and the scallops bound with black velvet, and each one fastened down to the sleeve by a large, black velvet button;

Digitized by Google

a row of velvet and buttons are placed on the outside bend of the sleeve. A rep dress of any color made in this way would be exceedingly pretty.

The bride's dress worn at a recent fashionable wedding elicited general admiration. It was at once rich and simple. The material was white imperial satin. The skirt was made with a train, and trimmed with five fluted flounces, each about two inches broad, and the whole trimming ascending only to the height of a quarter of a yard from the edge of the dress. The corsage was fastened with buttons. The sleeves were shaped to the elbow, and had revers trimmed with a small fluted ruche of white satin. The under-sleeves were small puffs of tulle illusion, trimmed with a ruche of tulle, and a similar ruche passed round the upper edge of the corsage. No ornament of jewelry was worn with the dress; and instead of a bouquet de corsage, a single spray of orange-blossoms was placed on one side near the shoulder. A spray of orange-blossom was also placed above the bandeaux of hair in front; and the back hair, which was fixed by a large tortoise-shell comb, was dressed in plaits, descending low at the nape of the neck. The bridal veil was composed of tulle.

Nets still continue to be worn trimmed with ruched ribbon, bows, or tassels, and are made in gold, lacet, and chenille, although the latter have become almost too general to be considered very *recherche*. For the theatre or a dinner party, a pretty little head-dress may be made of a bandeau of cerise or Magenta velvet about the thickness of the little finger. Rosettes of white blonde, and roses without leaves, placed alternately, should form the coronet, and the rosettes and roses should increase in size and number toward the back of the head-dress.

A very simple head-dress can be arranged with a coronet of ruched black lace and a large bow of the same material placed just in the front. This head-dress can be finished off on one side by a bouquet of carnations, and on the other by a bow of ribbon the same color as the flowers.

Little Caps, whether for *neglige* or more dressy wear, are all made round, in muslin, lace, and guipure, and are trimmed with bunches of flowers, and simple ends of ribbon.

Morning Collars and Sleeves are still worn with crossed ends, and fastened by a large gold or fancy button. Those made in lace or embroidered muslin are mounted on colored ribbon, and are worn, sometimes, with small embroidered cravats, which, at present, are not quite excluded. Lace pelerines, both high and low, are very much in favor, and are made of a mixture of black and white lace or blonde, and trimmed with velvet and narrow gold braid. One for a low body can be composed of a broad crossway piece of black velvet, cut in a point both back and front. This velvet should be headed by some plain white blonde, about two inches wide, and should be gathered in to the shape of the neck. The top and bottom of the blonde finished off by ruchings of narrow lace, and a row of narrow gold braid run on in the middle of each ruche; the bottom of the velvet trimmed with a row of broad, white Maltese lace, and headed by a black ruche. This elegant berthe could be worn with any colored silk dress.

Large and ample garments, and richness of material, are the characteristics of the present fashions, which in their detail have rather an Oriental appearance. Gold, mixed with other trimmings, is used for nearly everything—for head-dresses, for Zouave and Greek jackets, which are more in favor than ever, for large evening cloaks or burnous, for cravats, waistbands, and it extends even to the boots.

Steel Petticoats are still universally worn, and are made in various ways—some with cords arranged in points, which are kept at regular distances by the steel, to which each point is fastened, top and bottom; others with the steel fastened in to a colored material, by means of a runner on the wrong side. Magenta is the favorite shade for colored petticoats this winter, either in plain cloth, or rep, or corded rep. A pretty one can be made of plain Magenta cloth, bound at the bottom with black velvet, and trimmed on the skirt with two rows of the same, about two inches wide, which has an exceedingly pretty effect. Stockings made in the same color are also universally worn, either plain or striped with black. Black silk or satin petticoats, quilted with colored silk, are also very general; for instance, the quiltings of a black one run with bright scarlet or yellow silk, or with any gay color that might be preferred.

Gold Combs are very fashionable as ornaments for the hair in evening costume. Some of the newest have tops either plain or set with pearls; others are ornamented with Byzantine and Greek design in burnished gold on a dead ground. Several of these combs have pendent beads and chains, and we have seen some with large rings through which the ringlets of hair may be passed. Combs have also been made in coral, diamonds, and pearls, with pendeloques and strings of beads attached.

Bonnets.—The new shape for bonnets is generally considered becoming, when the front is not raised up too much in the center above the forehead. The inside of the bonnet is entirely filled with trimming.

For the benefit of some of our readers we give definitions (as nearly as possible in print) of some of the new colors. The havanna, now so fashionable in Paris, is the cigar color, or nearly cinnamon brown. By the term pensee is meant a rich, deep violet, or puce color. Ponceau is a hue of red, similar to the red poppy flower.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Dress for a little Boy of three or four years of age.—The coat is made of brown plaid poplin. The trimming is of brown velvet, with buttons of a darker shade of brown. Linen collar and sleeves, and short white pants.

Fig. II.—Dress for a little Girl.—The frock is of blue plaid silk. The loose sack is of light gray cloth, edged with a quilling of cloth. A small, square berthe cape has a fringe to it. The sleeves have a turned-up cuff. Bonnet of white silk, trimmed with poppy-colored ribbon.

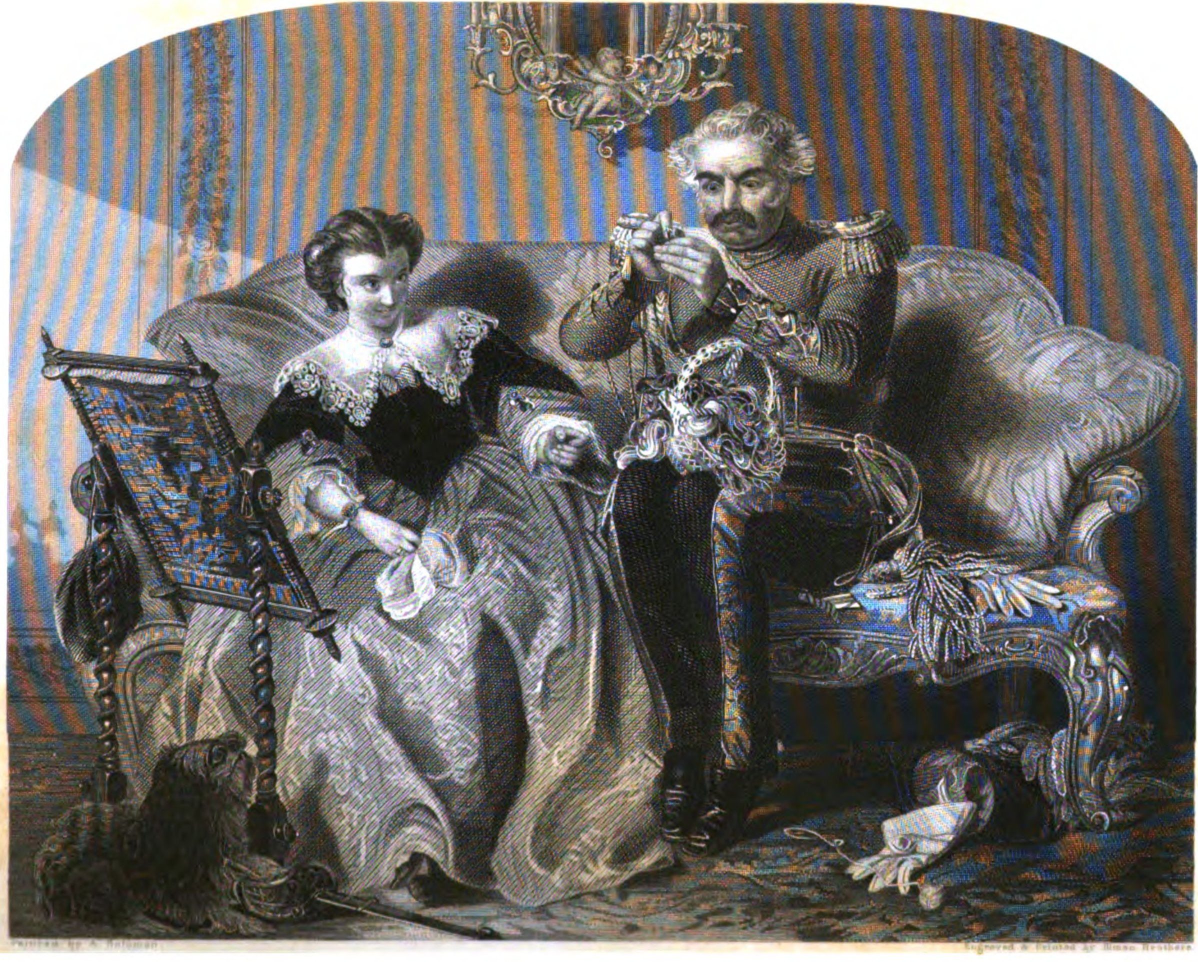
Fig. III.—Dress for quite a little Boy.—The frock is of fawn-colored poplin. It is cut square in front, where it has a plain piece of poplin set in and braided. Lappels pass over the shoulders and cross at the back as well as the front, where they are finished with a bow and long ends. Very short sleeves, beneath which are long sleeves of cambric. Cambric under body.

Fig. IV.—Dress for a little Boy.—The skirt and jacket are of very light summer cloth. The skirt is in large, hollow plaits, and consequently falls close to the figure. The jacket is loose and is made with lappels to fall back; it has an under vest of the same material, which buttons up close to the neck. White linen trousers, quite short.

General Remarks.—In-door dresses for little girls are made with low corsages open in front, with bretelles. Within the corsage a chemisette of white muslin, and the open front of the corsage confined by bands of velvet or silk, edged with narrow lace. Sleeves formed of puffings of white muslin, separated by bands of velvet or silk, in accordance with the material of the dress. On the head may be worn a net made of very narrow velvet of any color. For little boys, dresses of cashmere trimmed with bands of velvet, are very fashionable. Blouses of black velvet trimmed with fur are likewise much worn by little boys for out-door costume. With these blouses are worn Russian toques or caps, turned up with fur, and with a buckle in front. For very young boys round caps of black velvet, ornamented with feathers, are very suitable for the present cold weather.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

LES MODES PARISIENNES

AVRIL

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers

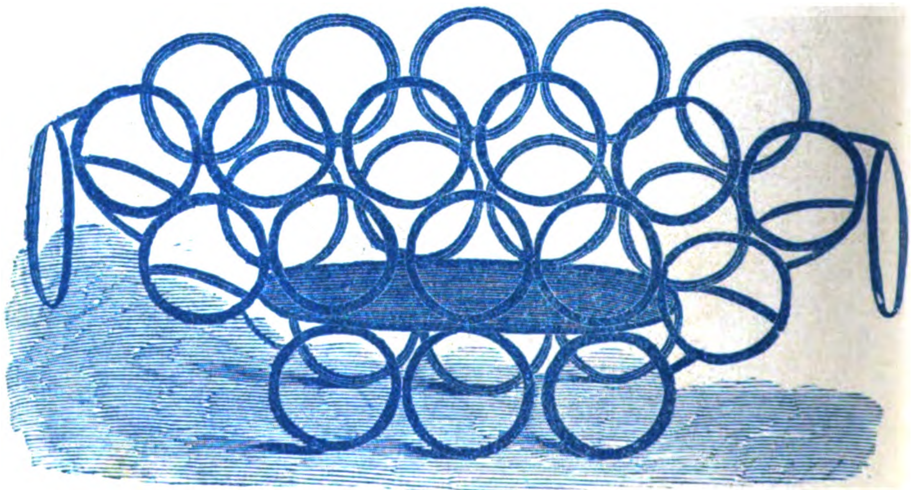
LES MODES PARISIENNES

APRIL

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



BASKETS IN CROCHET.

Digitized by Google

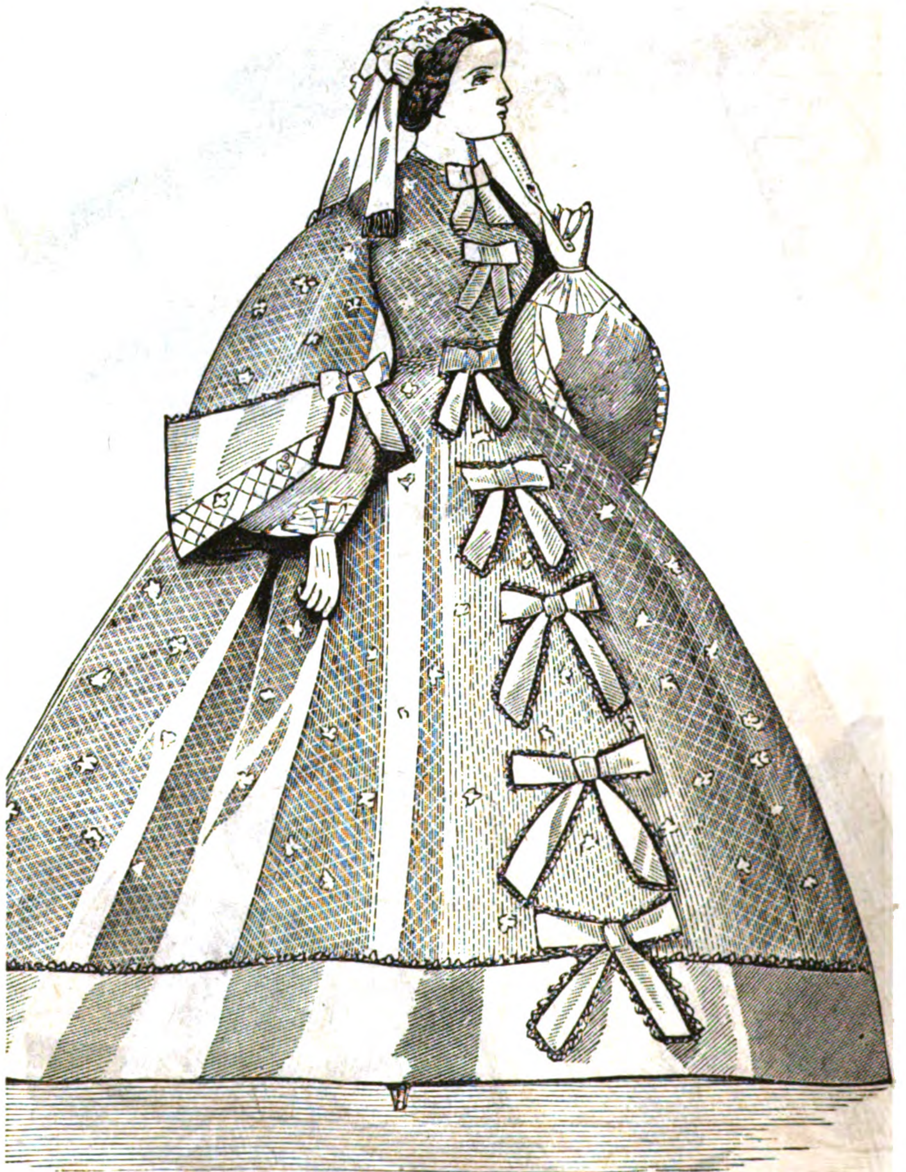
THE FRIENDS: FROM A PICTURE BY LANDSEER.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

NEW STYLES OF CAPS.

Digitized by Google



THE PRINCESS ALICE.

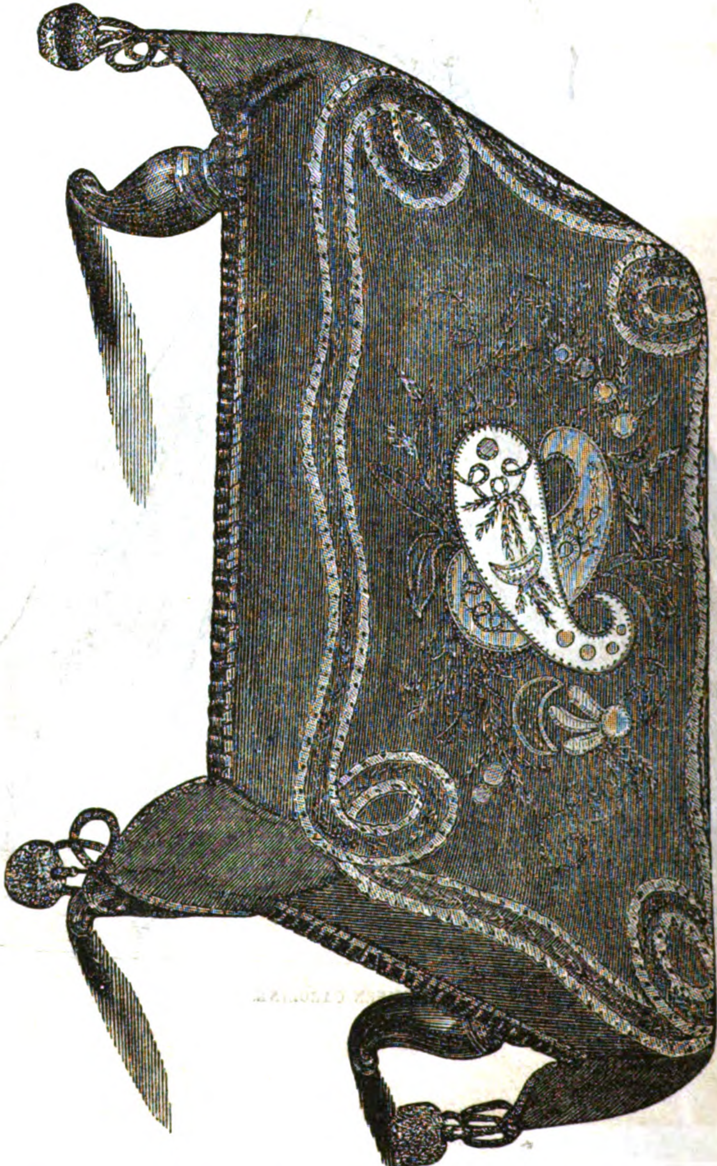
Digitized by Google

THE QUEEN CAROLINE.

Digitized by Google

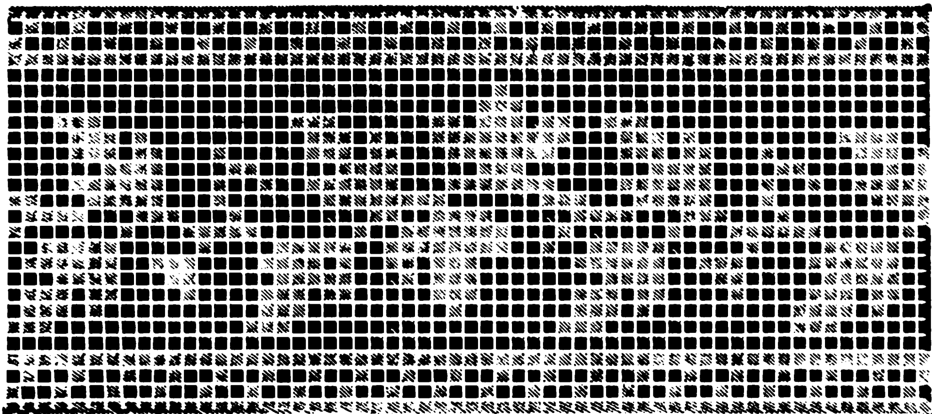
Marie

NAME FOR MARKING.



OTTOMAN AND COVER.

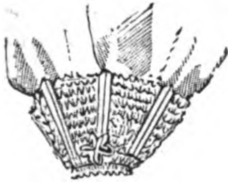
Digitized by Google



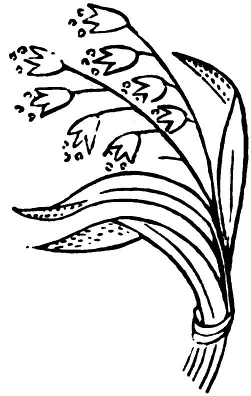
TO BE DARNED ON NETTING IN SQUARE CROCHET.

VELVET TRELLIS WORK CUSHION.

Digitized by Google



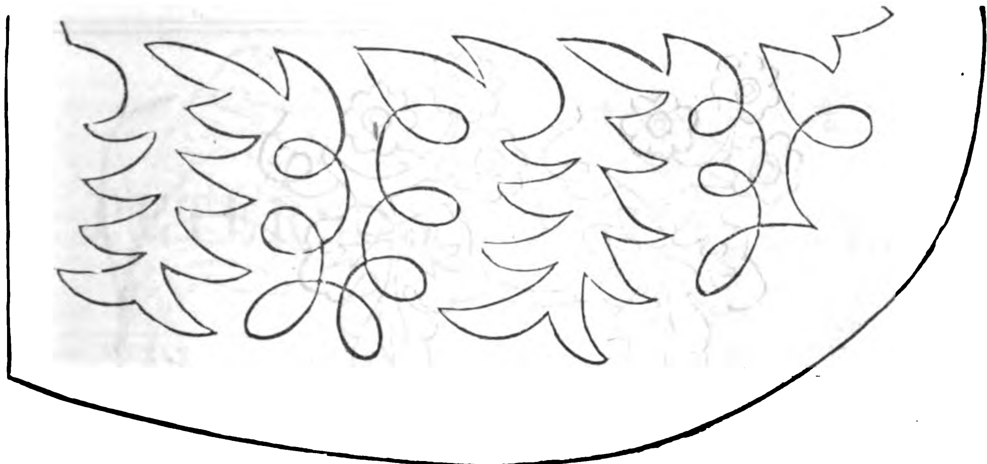
COLLAR AND CUFF.



EMBROIDERY IN SILK.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

Digitized by Google

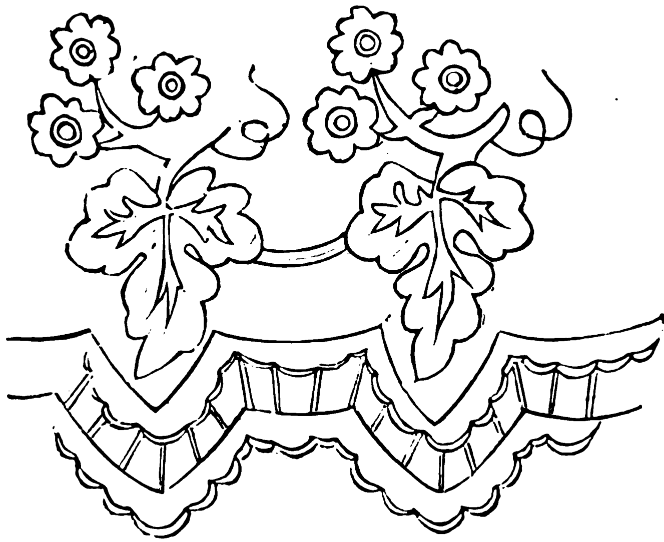


HALF THE CROWN OF INFANT'S HOOD.

INFANT'S HOOD.

HALF THE FRONT OF INFANT'S HOOD.

Digitized by Google



SKIRT EMBROIDERY.

INFANT'S ROBE.

Digitized by Google

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXXIX. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1861. No. 4.

THE LION IN LOVE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

There had been perfect silence in the apartment for full five minutes, although it contained two inmates, and one of them was a woman—indeed, there were *three* occupants if we include the dog, whose face was sobered to an expression of intense interest, as he watched the progress of the stately general in his attempts to thread the embroidery-needle just handed him by the mischievous witch who sat demurely enjoying his perplexity.

"Very strange!" muttered the veteran, with an additional twist of his brows.

The young lady did not think it "strange" at all, but she wisely kept her own counsel.

"There!" exclaimed the general, impatiently, "it was almost threaded *that* time!"

His companion's eyes were dancing now; but, marvelous to relate, she still said nothing.

"I had it *in*, once," continued the gentleman, "but it slipped right out again."

The handkerchief in the young lady's hand went up to her mouth, as she adroitly turned into a cough what had serious thoughts of being a laugh.

For five minutes longer, the hero of a thousand (imaginary) battles made vain endeavors to bring into loving contact the refractory steel and silk—very much as people often labor to make two children kiss each other in public; and then, declaring that there was something wrong about the needle, he drew from his bosom a resplendent eye-glass, and examined the troublesome implement from all points of view. The young lady on the sofa was outwardly composed, but there was danger of an inward explosion.

"Miss Maggie," said the veteran, at length, "are you aware that this needle has no eye?"

"'No *eye?*'" was the demure answer, as though such a piece of intelligence were the very last thing she expected to hear, "*you* must have broken it then."

"I never heard of such a thing as breaking steel with *silk*," said the gentleman, in a very dignified manner.

"And *I* never heard of such a thing," retorted the lady, "as threading a needle without any eye—you said that 'you had the silk in once, but that it slipped out.'"

"Miss Margaret," said the general, slowly, as he raised himself from the cramped position in which he had sat while devoting all his energies to the impossible threading of that tormenting needle, "allow me to bid you a very good morning."

"I have not the slightest objection," replied the young beauty, in the most indifferent manner; and the next moment, Gen. Lionel Derne, with his military chapeau, sash, epaulets, etc., had vanished from the apartment.

The young lady's sole wish on the occasion was that he had "gone for good," as the children say; and then, lying back on the sofa, where the colossal proportions of her ancient admirer had so lately rested, she indulged in a hearty laugh. This young woman's style of laughing was decidedly unique; as somebody once said of somebody else, "she laughed from beginning to end:" and the general, who had returned as far as the door to look for his glove, (which was in his pocket,) expecting (accidentally) to discover the damsel in tears, found his feelings so lacerated by such ill-timed merriment, that he marched wrathfully off in the direction of his own domicil.

A few hours later, Margaret Raymond is walking on the piazza with a young and handsome gentleman, whose dark eyes beam lovingly into her own. But Margaret does not see this, of course—she is busy with the stars.

"Did you ever see so beautiful a star?" she asked, gazing up into the heavens with a St. Cecilia expression of countenance.

Digitized by Google

"I have seen one *more* beautiful," replied her companion, whose astronomy went no higher than Margaret's face.

"You remember the scene in 'Pickwick,'" said the unimpressible damsel, "where Mary, the housemaid, asks the fat boy 'if Miss Emily isn't a nice young lady,' and the fat boy eloquently replies that '*he* knows a nicerer?'"

"I have never read the scene in question," replied the gentleman, a little stiffly, "I am not an admirer of Dickens."

"I am very sorry for you," said Margaret, commiseratingly, "you lose a great deal by your want of taste."

The next moment she was humming:

"You have wounded the heart that loves you,"

and her companion felt exasperated. But this feeling could never last long in Margaret's presence, and presently the two were on the best of terms again; so much so that Reginald Derne finally ventured to ask his tormentor what time, and place, and words she considered most suitable to a declaration of love. His own answer would have been: time—the present moment; place—a moonlit piazza; words—but they must speak for themselves.

Margaret, however, with innocent unconsciousness, sagely observed, "That depends altogether upon circumstances. The only declaration that I can now recall which seemed to me at all to the point, is those three memorable words that were addressed to Peggotty, '*Barkis is willin'*.'"

"Good evening, Miss Raymond," was the indignant response; and Reginald Derne's tall figure strode rapidly down the moonlit walk.

"Margaret," said a harsh, female voice, as the young lady approached the entrance-door in the course of her solitary promenade, "this conduct of yours is perfectly disgraceful!"

"In what respect, aunt Agatha?" interrogated the culprit. "What have I done?"

"'*Done!*'" repeated the outraged spinster, "haven't you been walking alone on the piazza with a young man, and in the evening, too?"

"Of course I have," replied her niece; "what's the harm?"

"'*Harm!*'" repeated Miss Agatha, who always considered it impressive to take up her opponent's last word as a sort of text and preach a sermon on it, "I'll *show* you the harm. Do you know that if you go on in this way, people will report you to be engaged?"

"Well," said Margaret, composedly, "it isn't wicked to be engaged, is it?"

"'*Wicked to be engaged!*'" repeated Miss Agatha again, "Margaret Raymond, have you taken leave of your senses? 'Wicked to be engaged' to a young man without a cent! If it had been the general who was walking with you, it would have been a very different thing."

"It would indeed!" replied Margaret, rather bitterly, "but the general's money could not prevent him from catching the rheumatism in the night air!" and with this consoling reflection, the young lady, who had a marvelous faculty of quarreling with both of her lovers, and exposing herself to her aunt's reproaches at the same time, shot up stairs to her own room and locked herself in for the night.

But some one exclaims, "Who *are* all these people, and what does anybody know about them?" Where "all these people" lived is of no manner of consequence; it is sufficient to state that the scene of action was a considerable distance from anything that could possibly be dignified by the name of city.

Lionsdale, "the seat," as he insisted upon having it called, of Gen. Lionel Derne, was a beautiful place with handsome grounds tastefully laid out, and a grand-looking house that had evidently not been built yesterday. The general had been a very handsome man in his youth, and succeeded in captivating a gentle heiress, who died a few years after their marriage, leaving her husband the care of a beautiful, mischievous boy. Gen. Derne was a kind enough father in the main, and very proud of his son; but Reginald was sent away to schools and colleges until it seemed rather strange than otherwise to have him at home.

The general thought more of his title, although it only gave him the command of militia, and he had never seen a genuine battle, than of any other possession; and not a little time and consideration had been given to the cultivation of a military air. With his brow drawn into a frown, his massive proportions, and glittering regimentals, he was an object of awe to the small fry of the neighborhood, who had frequently been diverted from meditated attacks on the general's fruit by a glimpse of the general, himself, pacing the grounds like a sentinel on duty. He had, at last, almost succeeded in persuading himself that he was really a hero, who had slaughtered his enemies by the score; and he talked grandly of "taking the field," and "settling differences at the point of the bayonet." The wags of the neighborhood nicknamed the general, "Lion," partly in satire, and partly because of his deep, bass voice, which caricatured the growl of that animal.

In the meanwhile, "little Reginald" had grown into big Reginald; and as he had chosen

Digitized by Google

the profession of law, in which from his eloquence he bade fair to shine, he had finally been sent, for a course of study and initiatory practice, to an old friend of his father's, who illuminated a country village with one of the finest minds that ever adorned a city bar.

In this country village there was, of course, a young ladies' seminary; and in the procession of green-veiled damsels that passed "the office," in their daily walk, there was one who caused Reginald's heart to flutter more quickly than usual, as he cast eager glances toward the provoking veil that *sometimes* got blown aside for an accommodating glimpse of the flushed cheek and bright eyes beneath. But Maggie Raymond was a rigid young disciplinarian—she did not believe in giving people all that they wanted—and having speedily discovered that the handsome student always watched and manœuvred to see her as she passed, she frequently tormented herself for the pleasure of disappointing him.

It was a long time before she condescended to notice him in any way; and even after being formally introduced to him at a party given by the judge whose pupil he was, she became quite oblivious of his name, although she had known it perfectly long ago, and called him "Mr. Berne," and "Mr. Sterne," and every letter of the alphabet but D. The young gentleman was considerably annoyed; but Miss Maggie comforted herself with the idea that it was "for his good," and pursued the uneven tenor of her way with great satisfaction.

In a very short time, Reginald found himself hopelessly in love with as mischievous a witch as ever breathed; and the young lady made good use of the few opportunities afforded her under the *espionage* of a stern preceptress to increase this feeling to the utmost. "She never told *her* love"—but "concealment" did not "prey" at all "on her damask cheek," which remained as round as ever, and her appetite for bread and butter and chocolate *cremes* was undiminished. She had an exasperating way of turning aside sentimental speeches, and nipping in the bud every approach to a declaration, until Reginald found it impossible to conjecture whether she cared for him or not.

Margaret Raymond was an orphan, with scarcely a relative in the world but a maiden aunt, Miss Agatha Herndike, who took charge of her niece, and kept her at boarding-school until she had reached the very last of her teens. Fortunately for Maggie, she was not dependent upon her aunt, and although nothing of an heiress, was sufficiently provided for to satisfy her reasonable wants. For some years past, Miss Herndike had known no other home than a city boarding-house; as her means were somewhat straitened, she considered this the most sensible way of living for a maiden lady in her circumstances.

But Miss Agatha met Gen. Derne—heard him talk of Lionsdale—and became suddenly impressed with the beauty of country life, and the evils of taking her pretty young niece to a boarding-house. There was a vacant cottage at a little distance from Lionsdale, which, without being at all pretentious, looked just like a place where people of refinement might live; and Miss Herndike, with the inward admission that it would do very well for a *temporary* thing, took possession of it at once.

It was one of Gen. Derne's peculiarities never to lose an opportunity of making an acquaintance; and every successive one that he made was impressed with the idea that he or she was an object of especial regard. The general had no intention of being deceitful in this—it was only "a way that he had;" and when Miss Agatha Herndike received his first visit as a neighbor, she congratulated herself on being a stylish-looking woman of forty, and thought what fine things she could do for Maggie as mistress of Lionsdale. The general was at least fifty, and in this respect they were certainly well matched. He must feel the want of a lady to manage his establishment; and perhaps the near presence of one would put it into his head that she might be nearer.

Miss Herndike did not keep an equipage of any kind; and when, on the first Sunday after her arrival, Gen. Derne's coal-black horses were reined up at her door, and the general, himself, all deference and attention, requested her to "honor his pew with her presence," Miss Agatha was in quite a flutter of pleasant excitement.

The pew was square and grand-looking, and the spinster rustled into it with as much importance as though she were actually taking possession. The general looked very fierce, and uttered his responses so loud that he quite drowned the rector's voice.

Miss Agatha sat in a sort of elysian dream during the service; and when she again entered her neighbor's handsome carriage, she felt quite tenderly toward him. "Mrs. Gen. Derne" had a very important sound; and certainly a sensible woman of her age was just the person for a man of the general's.

So Miss Herndike smiled graciously whenever she encountered her neighbor, and asked him so many questions about Lionsdale, and the

Digitized by Google

battles which he had never fought, that it was very evident she took a great interest in his affairs. But the general remained quite impracticable—being of the opinion that, since "none but the brave deserve the fair," none but the *fair* deserve the *brave;* and he did not feel at all disposed to surrender to Miss Agatha Herndike.

Thus matters stood for three or four months without approaching a crisis; and Miss Agatha awoke from her dream of happiness to the mortifying truth that she had counted her chickens before they were hatched. Had she been in love with Gen. Derne, she would have wept hot, scalding tears of bitter humiliation—such as only a woman who has given her heart without being asked for it *can* weep; and perhaps she would have had a serious fit of illness, and recovered to find the world a blank and devote herself to the service of heaven.

But Miss Agatha *didn't* love the general—she was past romance; and her affections had been given to Lionsdale and the appurtenances thereof, to which the master was merely an appendage that it was necessary to tolerate; so, she didn't weep any tears at all, but sat down and considered.

Her conclusions were that the next best thing to having desirable possessions oneself is for one's relatives to have them; and she determined not to let Gen. Derne, or Lionsdale rather, go out of the family. Not that it had ever been *in* it exactly, but she meant that it *should* be; and "her dear niece, Margaret Raymond," thus affectionately named in her will, suddenly came into her mind. The child was certainly pretty—she remembered how, during her vacation visits to the boarding-house, she had turned the heads of those abominable medical students: and she determined to try the power of youthful beauty upon the military lion, who had been proof against her own mature charms. If she could not be mistress of Lionsdale, she might be aunt to its master; and she awoke to the fact that Maggie was nineteen, and old enough to leave school.

Miss Raymond received an unusually affectionate letter from her relative, in which "the dear little cottage" was eloquently described, and the delights of rural life dwelt upon at large. The young lady wondered a little what had come over her aunt, and ungratefully resolved not to waste her sweetness upon the desert air by burying herself in the country. Miss Agatha's communication respecting the purchase of the cottage was anything but pleasing; she would much have preferred the excitement of the city boarding-house. Forty and nineteen, however, see many things very differently. Miss Herndike made no mention of the general—she thought it wiser to leave him for an after consideration.

Reginald Derne had gone to Lionsdale on a visit just before the receipt of this letter; and Miss Maggie had skillfully warded off the declaration of love that was trembling on his lips. What was the use of having a lover, if one could not torment him? Beside, she felt curious to see how long matters could be carried on in this way. So, Reginald went off hopefully, consoling himself with the idea of a speedy return; while his mischievous ladye-love consoled *herself* with the idea of his surprise at her appearance in a place where he so little expected to see her.

Reginald had always spoken of his father in the most admiring terms—being fully impressed with the conviction of the general's importance; and among the earliest recollections of his boyhood were the flashing sword and epaulets, that seemed as much a part of his father as the head that was carried with such a martial air. Maggie was considerably in awe of this military lion, and wondered if he would approve of *her.* Still, she had no objection to a little glory, and rather liked to be afraid of people; in her inmost heart she was terribly afraid of Reginald, but she concealed it admirably.

Miss Raymond arrived at the cottage on Saturday night; the next Sunday was a memorable one for all parties.

As Reginald sat beside his father in the square pew, thinking of the little church many miles off where he used to go to look at Maggie, he happened to raise his eyes, when they encountered a face that caused him to start with a spasmodic motion, as though intending to rush at once to the spot that had suddenly become enchanted.

His father gazed at him in stern surprise, as though uttering the words: "Sit down, sir!" which had so often caused him to shiver when he was of tender years; and putting a strong constraint upon himself, he became outwardly calm—although his thoughts were anywhere but where they should have been.

How exceedingly placid Miss Raymond looked! No one would have supposed that she was in an entirely new scene, and she was apparently quite unconscious of the pair of eyes so perseveringly bent upon her. By a little manœuvring, she managed to get out of church without giving Reginald an opportunity of speaking to her; for she felt afraid of the stern-looking veteran,

Digitized by Google

and afraid of aunt Agatha, and shrank from bringing matters to a crisis. Reginald was very much puzzled, and went home in rather an unenviable frame of mind.

"What an exceedingly pretty little girl!" observed the general, patronizingly; "that must be Miss Herndike's niece from boarding-school that I have heard her talk so much about."

"Did you ever see any one half so lovely?" exclaimed Reginald, rapturously.

His father turned around on him suddenly. "What do you mean, sir?" was the stern reply. "Have you been falling in love, this morning, in church?"

"No, sir," was the dutiful answer, "that was done long ago," and Reginald poured forth such an excited account of Miss Raymond's every word and action since he first beheld her, that the general was completely astounded.

"I don't approve of this at all," said he, at length; "*I* should have been consulted first—and there is your cousin, Ethelinda Trellerton, for whom you have been destined from your cradle."

Reginald had a well-grounded horror of the fair Ethelinda; and the scars of several deep scratches on his face were proofs of her youthful affection, when she threw a struggling kitten at him which he was vainly endeavoring to rescue from her clutches.

Gen. Derne was somewhat comforted by the assurance that no declaration had yet been made, and that matters were so far in a very undecided state; and he resolved to make an early visit at the cottage, and examine this possible daughter-in-law elect very critically.

"My dear," said Miss Agatha, in her sweetest manner, "do you know that there is a very nice beau here for you? Didn't you see him at church, to-day?"

"What is his name?" asked Maggie, evasively.

"Derne," was the reply, "one of the best names in the country."

Maggie felt angry at her heart for beating so, and delightedly surprised that aunt Agatha's choice should happen to coincide with hers.

"Is he tall?" she inquired, with considerable animation, "with dark hair and eyes?"

"Tall and dignified-looking," rejoined Miss Agatha, wisely leaving the hair and eyes out of the question, "and perfectly *magnificent* in his regimentals."

"'Regimentals!'" repeated Maggie, in a bewildered tone.

"Yes," said her aunt, with the air of one who has something exceedingly pleasant to communicate, "for it is no less a person than Gen. Derne, the great man of the county, and master of Lionsdale, whom I expect to see at your feet before many weeks have elapsed."

"Oh! aunt Agatha!" gasped Maggie, in distress, "*that* old thing!"

"'*Old thing!*'" repeated Miss Agatha, stiffly, "a man of fifty is in the very prime of life, and of rather more consequence than the boy beside him, who is, I suppose, the fortunate individual that has captivated your fancy."

"He does not seem at all like a boy to *me*," replied Maggie, warmly, "he is five years older than I am."

"In the name of goodness," exclaimed Miss Agatha, in utter amazement, "where did you obtain all this information? Where, I should like to know, have you ever seen Gen. Derne's son before?"

Maggie had committed herself hopelessly by her unguarded remark; so she was obliged to tell where she had met Reginald, but she gave as little information as possible on the subject.

This was the breaking out of hostilities between aunt and niece; not that any third person would have supposed it, for it was not an open, manly style of warfare, and Miss Agatha would call Maggie "her love," and Maggie would defer submissively to "aunt Agatha;" but when Reginald Derne made his appearance at the cottage, Miss Herndike was as immovable from the parlor as though she had become embedded there, like one of those queer fossil remains—and when *Gen.* Derne's substantial shadow darkened the threshold, Miss Agatha's shadow was sure to darken some other threshold—so conscientious was she about being in the way.

The general made his appearance very soon after that Sunday conversation; and when he obtained a close view of the vision of girlish beauty that seemed to light up the little, old-fashioned parlor, and felt the influence of the indescribably sweet smile, which seems to be the peculiar gift of wickedly mischievous people, he no longer wondered at Reginald's enthusiasm.

Maggie was exceedingly meek, that afternoon; scarcely venturing to lift her dark lashes, and behaving altogether, as the old ladies say, "very prettily." "Yes, sir," and "no, sir," appeared to be the extent of her vocabulary; and this modest deference was very agreeable to the general's turn of mind—although he was not quite sure that he cared about her being so *very* respectful. Miss Agatha was "in clover," and Maggie was not aware before of the extent of her aunt's affection for her.

After that visit, scarcely a day passed without meeting with Gen. Derne in some way or other;

Digitized by Google

and his manner on these occasions was anything but fatherly. He had completely lost his heart almost at first sight; and although he felt a little uneasy when he thought of Reginald, he comforted himself with the reflection that no decisive words had been spoken, and that it was by no means an established fact that Margaret Raymond was in love with his son. His own chance was, perhaps, as good as Reginald's; and he called to mind the romantic story of Gustavus Vasa and Margaret Ericson, who preferred the gray-haired hero to his handsome son—happily forgetting the difference between the great warrior-king and a militia general.

Reginald became moody and out of sorts; jealous of his father—too proud to speak frankly and unreservedly to Maggie—and attributing to every word and look of hers more meaning than she had any idea of giving them.

Which state of things brought that young person to the following conclusions: as Gen. Derne was a conceited old fellow, who had not sufficient magnanimity to keep him from trying to supplant his own son, he was perfectly fair game for a little innocent flirtation, and she intended to read *him* a lesson before she got through with him; as aunt Agatha could coolly dispose of her young niece to further her own ambitious views, without at all considering her niece's inclinations in the matter, it was perfectly right to deceive *her;* and as Reginald, who certainly had no *right* to be jealous of her in *any* case, absurdly chose to be so without the slightest cause, it was not in feminine nature to resist so glorious an opportunity of *giving* him a cause. Miss Maggie was quite as severe to the faults of others as people of her age are apt to be, and took up the office of avenger as coolly as though she had been an immaculate piece of humanity, herself.

Things progressed finely; the two lovers were continually treated very much like men who are nearly hung, and then cut down to be revived before the pleasing process is recommenced. A pair of slippers, which Maggie had begun to embroider some years ago for no one in particular, were a favorite instrument of torture. The general watched the progress of the work with an almost certainty, at times, that they were intended for *him*—and, at others, with a dark misgiving that Reginald, or some other youthful rival, might step into quiet possession of them; while Reginald became terribly wrought up at the idea that Maggie should be working slippers for any one but *him.* When direct questions were asked, Miss Maggie replied, with becoming confusion, that they were intended for some one whom she valued very highly; and with this tantalizing answer the interrogator was obliged to be content.

And this brings the story back to the picture, and the threading of that eyeless needle.

The general had, that morning, condescended to implore that the slippers should be promised to him—to be delivered up as soon as they were finished; and Maggie, not knowing how to escape from his entreaties, and perceiving that he was continually edging closer and closer to the corner of the sofa where she sat at her embroidery, suddenly discovered a needle with a broken eye, and gravely informed the unsuspecting veteran, that, if he would oblige her by threading that needle, the slippers should be his.

"I wish that you had given me a more difficult task," replied the general, gallantly; "threading a needle seems such trifling pay for a pair of slippers worked by *such* hands!"

Maggie's powers of control were severely tasked by this innocent speech; and the general received the needle and silk with the air of a man who is undertaking a task so easy that it is scarcely worth doing.

Then ensued the scene which has already been described; and the veteran's self-love was more wounded, that morning, than it had ever been in the whole course of his recollection. Still, he did not despair; and he had no idea of withdrawing himself altogether from such dangerous fascinations. It was not at all likely that Miss Maggie *meant* anything by that schoolgirl prank; and perhaps she would not have taken the liberty with any one to whom she was quite indifferent. He would be more careful in future, and not expose himself to a like mortification; and visions of a youthful mistress of Lionsdale were often dancing through his brain when he should have been asleep.

Reginald tried to persuade himself that Margaret Raymond was perfectly heartless, and not worth pursuing, but the counsel for the other side was the strongest; and, in spite of her exasperating *penchant* for Dickens, his feelings toward her rapidly glided into the old channel again.

Maggie felt no sort of uneasiness respecting either of her lovers; and slept that night just as serenely as though these little misunderstandings had never occurred.

Not many days elapsed before affairs were the same as ever; and the general returned to the charge with renewed vigor. Maggie was quite overwhelmed with his magnificence, and his long stories respecting the numerous honors that had been conferred upon him. It was

Digitized by Google

something, to be sure, to have the English troops in Canada turn out and give him a military salute, when the imposing name of "Gen. Lionel Derne, of Lionsdale," had reached them through the medium of the traveler's book at the Clifton House—little did the innocent "regulars" dream of the false glare and glitter of a general of *militia*—and Maggie was suitably impressed when the veteran recounted this his greatest triumph. There *was* something irresistible in epaulets; and if Reginald had only been something distinguished she should like him a great deal better.

So, the general talked, and Maggie listened day after day, until her slumbers became very much disturbed with dreams of military heroes and martial music. It must be a splendid thing, she thought, to be the wife of a man whom you were intensely proud of, and whom every one delighted to honor; and if some *real* hero had happened along just then, even with the general's weight of years on his shoulders, Reginald's prospects might have been darker than ever.

Some remarks uttered by the ambitious damsel in his presence, gave Reginald an idea of the state of her feelings, and drove him almost to despair. What could he do? There seemed to be no possible way for him to distinguish himself; law was a very tedious road to glory, if the glory ever came at all; and so far, he had every reason to suppose that he did not belong to the fortunate few who have "greatness thrust upon them." The discontented lover did a great deal of solitary walking in the quiet grounds of Lionsdale, and planned all sorts of impracticable schemes of distinction, among which the most reasonable was a journey to California, or Van Dieman's Land.

"My love," said Miss Agatha, coming suddenly into the room where Maggie sat contemplating the aspect of affairs in some perplexity, "here is a delightful invitation from Gen. Derne."

Miss Agatha was fairly radiant with pleasure; but Maggie curled her pretty lip rather contemptuously.

"We are to spend two or three days at Lionsdale," continued Miss Herndike; "invited, English fashion, 'from Wednesday till Saturday'—and on Thursday there is to be a regular country gathering of all the best families around—tableaux, I believe, and something a little out of the common way."

"It appears to me rather ridiculous," observed her niece, "to spend two or three days at a house that is within fifteen minutes' walk of us—and a little peculiar, it strikes me, for two ladies to become the guests of a middle-aged widower and his grown-up son."

"That is because you know nothing about the matter," replied Miss Agatha, angrily; "it is quite customary to do these things 'abroad', and it shows that the general has seen other places beside Lionsdale. If he chooses to entertain us, it is our business to be entertained—and it is my intention to accept his hospitality."

Maggie felt perfectly indifferent; she knew that "aunt Agatha" would be a sufficient duenna for her anywhere, and she had no objection to a more intimate acquaintance with the interior arrangements of Lionsdale—so it was settled that they were to go.

The general was delighted—Lionsdale had never been so honored before; and even Reginald, "the knight of the gloomy brow," as Maggie had laughingly named him, was quite radiant at their arrival.

When the ladies retired to their rooms, he wondered if Maggie would appreciate his lilies, white water-lilies, to gather which he had taken quite a troublesome journey, because she had once expressed "a passion" for them. He had arranged them tenderly in a snowy vase of antique workmanship, and placed them on a table in the room that he supposed would be occupied by his divinity. Alas! at that very moment Miss Agatha was inhaling their fragrance, and saying, "how thoughtful it was of the general;" for Reginald had unfortunately strayed into the apartment that had been appropriated to the elderly maiden.

The general had decided to give a ball—he was coming out in his old age; and "there was a sound of revelry by night" for the first time in Lionsdale. It was very much what such performances in the country usually are: a great many things went wrong, but people were disposed to be pleased, and extracted a great deal of amusement out of nothing.

It might have been supposed that aunt and niece had intended to appear in the opposite characters of "Night and Morning;" for while Miss Herndike rustled about in heavy, black silk and rich, black lace, Maggie looked like a summer mist in her dress of soft, white lace, crowned with her wealth of golden-tinged hair, and unadorned with any jewels save those which sparkled beneath her darkly-fringed eyelids. A single water-lily rested amid the folds of lace that covered her bosom; and Reginald thought of "Undine," and of all the other poetical associations that are apt to float through the brain of a dreamy youth.

Digitized by Google

The general, of course, figured extensively in the tableaux, and delighted in brandishing his sword, and playing all the villains and heroes; but it was observed that he never appeared satisfied unless Maggie was associated with him. Miss Agatha sailed around with complacent approval of what was going on, and captured Reginald, "to keep him out of mischief," whenever it was possible to catch him at an unwary moment—much to the disgust of that ungrateful young gentleman, who spoke of her, disrespectfully, as "the old lady," and wished her—some distance off.

The evening was finally over—the guests departed—the lights extinguished, when suddenly the fearful cry of "Fire!" broke upon the stillness.

The left wing of the mansion, in which were the apartments occupied by Miss Herndike and her niece, was in flames; and by their light was speedily made visible a group of half-dressed figures, whose actions partook of the insanity usually manifested by weak minds in times of danger. Conspicuous amid this group was the general, hastily wrapped in a dressing-gown, while on his head was perched the military chapeau, in which it was averred that he slept.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Miss Agatha, whose charms were not at all improved by a flannel wrapper and curl-papers, "will no one rescue Maggie?"

"Maggie!" And at the name a figure that had just appeared upon the scene vanished amid the flames.

The dreamless sleep of girlhood is difficult to break; and the slumberer had a very faint idea of what was going on, until she was hastily transferred to another pair of arms, as a burning rafter fell upon the strong right arm that had snatched her from death.

Reginald Derne sank down insensible, and woke to find himself a hero. His arm had been seriously injured, and Maggie was crying over it as if her heart would break. Novelists would have selected a more appropriate time for such a performance, but Reginald managed to ask a question amid these unpropitious surroundings—and Maggie, instead of making any reply, stooped and kissed the wounded arm. This seemed to satisfy him, however.

As Maggie caught a glimpse of the bewildered general, in his very *outre* costume, she smiled, in spite of herself; and then a remorseful feeling toward Reginald came over her at the thought of his great love.

The flames, thanks to the exertions of the neighbors, were confined to the left wing of the building, the remaining part being quite uninjured; and a poor, half-crazy vagabond, who was discovered in one of the outhouses, confessed to have done the deed, "to see how it would burn." At Reginald's intercession, however, it was concluded not to punish him.

The general, in spite of his vanity, had a good heart. In the sick-room he now spent most of his time. There was a lighter figure that haunted the same apartment; and one day, the general, who had been meditating the sacrifice for some time, suddenly invited Maggie to take up her residence permanently at Lionsdale. As the invitation was worded differently from what it would have been a few weeks before, she concluded to accept it; and when Miss Agatha learned that Lionsdale had been formally made over to the hero of the fire, she gave a gracious consent to what was inevitable.

Reginald had managed to distinguish himself without going very far out of the way to do it; and in after years Lionsdale became quite a Mecca to hundreds who traveled there to see one of the purest and most eloquent statesmen that America ever produced.

We would be indifferent chroniclers if we did not add that the general lived to see a granddaughter, who, at eighteen, was as beautiful and mischievous as Maggie had been at the same age; and to her, only the other day, he laughingly told this story of the LION IN LOVE.

SONG—DREAMS OF THEE.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

SWEET one! I love to muse on thee
At this calm, gentle hour,
When winds go singing pleasant tunes,
And kiss each drooping flower;
And bright above the holy stars
Are dancing in their glee—
Then, soft as angel-whispers, come
Heart-cherished dreams of thee.

Oh! may thy dreams be pure and bright,
And sweet thy gentle sleep,
While angels round thy breathing form
Their holy vigils keep;
And soft as dew upon the flowers
May dream-land waft to thee
Some tender tale of future hours—
Some treasur'd thought of me.

Digitized by Google

AFTER THE FIRE.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

On one of the principal streets of a great city, where the sun shone on broad sidewalks and stately houses, stood a large mansion, whose marble front and elaborate architecture told to the passers by of the great wealth of its owner. The inside of the dwelling corresponded in every particular to its external beauty. The finest paintings, the most gorgeous carpets, statues, and flowers, made a scene of magnificence which fully carried out the promise made by a highly cultivated garden, with fountains and statues, which surrounded the building.

On the marble steps of the house stood two gentlemen engaged in earnest conversation: one, evidently the master of the house, was telling his companion of some trouble which even his wealth, large as it was, could not remedy.

What was it? An eyesore which might well make any heart ache that had not grown callous, hardened to the sight of suffering.

A small, narrow street bounded one wall of the large, flowering garden. Dilapidated houses, whose cheerless condition told of utter neglect; drunken men; squalid, hungry-looking women; and, most melancholy of all, starving, half-clothed children, were the sight which greeted the eye of him who looked down the narrow street. Sounds, fearful to the kind heart of the owner of the marble-fronted house, greeted his ear, morning, noon, and night. Curses, oaths, cries of suffering infancy, women's screams, snatches of drunken chorusses, childish voices using the language fearful even on the lips of depraved manhood; all these sounds mingled to throw on the air the burden of misery and wrecked lives.

With a heavy sigh, passing his hand over his forehead, as if thought there were too heavy to be borne longer in silence, the gentleman spoke,

"I would give half, nay, more, all my wealth could I but wipe this plague spot from the city."

"It does spoil your garden view," said his friend, looking critically on the wretched scene.

"It is not that," was the sad reply; "but it is sin so deep that I am powerless to raise up any of these wretches to even the wish for something higher. I have tried to buy the street, in order to erect rows of tenement houses fit for human beings to inhabit."

"And can you not do so?"

"No! It belongs to an estate which is the prize of a tedious law suit, and nothing can be sold until the entanged meshes made by years of litigation are untwisted. There is no hope of any better tenants, for as the houses fall, day after day, toward more complete ruin, the inmates sink lower in the social scale. I can do nothing, though every day's life makes the sight of such vice and misery more painful to me."

Midnight hung its heavy pall over the great city. Suddenly, through the thick darkness, tongues of lurid flame shot heavenward. Heavy columns of smoke rolled above the sheets of flame; and then, hissing and boiling, the streams of water from the fire-engines fell upon the blazing houses. Hoarse cries of fire! fire! the tolling of loud bells, shouts, and sometimes screams, made a hubbub of noises round the marble-fronted house and the narrow court.

From the miserable candle placed too near the straw bed by drunken hands, the sparks had kindled to flames; the bed, the room, the floor, then the roof; the next one; on, on, the devouring flames had spread, till, large flakes rising upward, fell upon the roof of the stately house near the court, and poverty and wealth, vice and virtue, luxury and squalid misery, were united by the flaming, roaring bond of union.

Upward, still upward, scorning the puny powers of the firemen, the splendid, lurid blaze arose; then gradually fell slowly, and with flashes of the old power, like the struggles of an expiring giant, till the faint morning light showed only heaps of blackened ruins in the place of the house of wealth, and the dens of misery.

The owner of the large house bore his own loss manfully; but his breast heaved and his lips quivered as his neighbors crawled off to seek new homes; some only half-sobered by the fire; some limping from injury sustained by falling beams; some even then stopping to steal from the burning mansion the goods tossed recklessly from the windows.

* * * * * * * *

Years have passed. Again the beautiful mansion raises its stately front, and not a trace

Digitized by Google

remains of the terrible scene of the fire. The owner once more stands upon the steps of his house gazing upon the scene before him, but no cloud darkens his brow, no apparent annoyance disturbs his smiling serenity. Pointing to a row of neat houses, which occupy the site of the former wretched street, he says to his friend,

"There, my friend, is the result of the dreadful fire. I was enabled, by great exertions, to obtain possession of this property, and have erected these buildings expressly for persons of limited means. As far as was possible, I have fitted them up with the modern conveniences; they are strongly and neatly finished: and let at low rents. I have a decent, well-behaved set of tenants: and I know every child in the street. Our working community need such houses as these: and they have plenty of light and water here, the blessings many landlords deny to their tenants. Some have wondered that I choose to have such a street, and such tenants so near my own house; but their surprise would cease if they could know how much I enjoy the privilege of being their landlord and friend. Most truly do I thank God for the blessings which come 'After the Fire.'"

* * * * * * *

In a beautiful chamber, where costly and exquisite decorations told of the wealth of the owner and the taste of the occupant, a lady stood before a long looking-glass dressing.

She was a beautiful woman in the full maturity of her charms. Soft, dark eyes, shaded by long, thick lashes, were set beneath a low, white forehead. Broad braids of black hair rested on cheeks brilliant with the bloom of health; jewels flashed on the snowy neck and arms; and the heavy folds of her velvet dress fell round a tall, graceful figure, queenly in its erect carriage.

"I shall be late after all," she said to her attendant, "and I would not miss that first waltz for anything. Hurry and fasten on those bracelets."

"Florence," said a fine, manly voice from the adjoining room, "are you still determined to go to this ball to-night?"

"Oh! yes, love, I must go. You know I promised, and I am engaged for every dance. I cannot disappoint Madam L—— now."

"But, Floy, you could not foresee the accident which has lamed me so severely, and surely that is sufficient excuse for your non-attendance. My shoulder is very painful, and I do not think Carrie is right well: she is fretful and feverish. Darling, give up this ball, and stay with us this evening. It cannot cost you much to relinquish one ball for my sake. Poor little Carrie pleads piteously for 'mamma!'"

"Now, love, don't be foolish. I will return in a few hours, and we can chat over my conquests."

"But I hate to have you go alone!"

"Jealous? Now, dear, I am ready, and Madam L—— is at the door. Adieu! I will tell you all the gossip when I return, and you will forget the lame shoulder in amusement. Show Carrie her new doll if she frets. Don't look solemn. Kiss me! Adieu!"

The light tone and warm embrace did not dispel the cloud on the husband's brow. Dearly as he loved the lovely woman who called him husband, he could not blind himself to her faults. The love of excitement and gaiety dimmed and obscured the deeper traits of her character, making a frothy, trifling manner turn aside serious matters.

On this particular evening the husband, suffering bodily pain from a fall on the ice, which had lamed his shoulder, and mental anxiety from business troubles seen in the distance, felt the desertion most keenly.

Midnight saw the wife the centre of a gay crowd, the ball-room belle, the flattered, courted beauty in a scene of revelry.

It saw the husband, his brow contracted and lip set with pain, and his trembling voice soothing the moanings of his infant daughter, as she called in vain for her mother's care.

* * * * * * *

Two years, two short years rolled away, bringing changes over many homes. In a small, plainly furnished house, in the suburbs of the city, dwelt a tall, pale-faced woman, whose deep mourning garments seemed to render more painfully ugly a face deeply scored with small-pox marks, where the dim, bleared eyes, scanty hair, and pallid complexion told how severe the illness had been which wrecked what *had* been glorious beauty. Day after day she was to be seen going from house to house, generally ministering to the poor around her. She was usually alone; but sometimes a companion, whose dress and liberal donations spoke of her wealth, accompanied her in her rounds.

"And so, Floy," said the richly dressed lady to her pale, sable-garbed companion, "you are really happy, notwithstanding this terrible change? I can scarcely understand it."

"Yes, May, I am happy in doing all that I can to retrieve the great errors of my past life. I cast aside, with a reckless hand, my husband's love, my darling child's affections, and thought I was compensated by being the idol of society,

Digitized by Google

courted, flattered, and followed for my wealth and beauty. When my husband's failure was followed by his taking the small-pox, and my dear Carrie sickened and died, I wakened from my delirious dream of folly. His last illness was the turning point of my life, and cheerfully I bore the terrible sickness I drew from my attendance upon him. Once well of the loathsome disease, light came to me from the deep darkness. Why was I snatched from death, restored to health? To try to redeem my lost time, and give to God's service the heart the world had so warped and disfigured. The suffering was needful, and I bow to my cross. I am not unhappy, save when the vain wish to live again in the past, and grasp the treasures I slighted, crosses me. But God's will be done; it was only 'After the Fire' that I heard 'the still small voice.'"

MY CASTLE.

BY SARAH P. ALDEN.

I DWELL in a castle alone, alone,
A castle of beautiful mould;
But my fairy home is no gilded dome
Of perishing silver and gold;
For silver and gold are of earthly mould,
And they will not last forever—
No fading light gilds my castle bright,
By the banks of the sparkling river.

My castle is builded afar, afar,
In the land where the muses dwell,
Where thornless flowers make bright the bowers
In the wood and shaded dell;
For even there, in my castle fair,
O'er the streamlets and the meadows:
It were too bright, if o'er its light
Fell not some softening shadows.

My castle is builded among the stars,
Far away in the ether blue,
And with silver light they come at night
Like watchers holy and true;
And I'm not alone, for the music-tone
Of Æolian lyres is ringing,
And I listen long to the sound of song,
And I know 'tis the Muses' singing.

Oh! my beautiful castle far away,
My dwelling in fairy bowers—
Where the laughing fay, the livelong day,
Twines garlands of thornless flowers;
Where my own bright star keeps watch from far,
With its radiance never ending,
And angels bright, with wings of light,
Are over me ever bending.

My beautiful castle afar, afar,
My castle I've builded in air:
'Tis of airy mould, and 'twill never grow old,
But will ever be bright and fair;
The flowers will not fade, and the sun and shade
Will be as to-day forever,
And the Muses' song will be ringing long
In my castle by the river.

LOST PEARLS.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

"I HAVE lost my pearls!" sighed a ball-room belle,
As she turned from the festive hall;
"The beautiful pearls that became me well—
Did any one see them fall?
The paltry bloom of this rose, behold!
Still sleeps in my hair's dark shade—
Ah! why were the gems in their splendor lost,
While the flower was left to fade?"

"I have lost my pearls!" cried a mother young,
As she stooped o'er the grassy bed,
Where the waxen bells of the lily sprung
From the dust of her infant dead;
"The hue of life in these lips, behold!
Of life in these features worn—
Ah! why were the babes in their beauty lost,
While the mother was left to mourn?"

"I have lost my pearls!" sighed a sinner wan,
As he lay on his couch of pain;
"The daylight fades, and the night comes on,
And my life has been in vain;
The hell that my heart has grown may know
No peace from Heaven, I wis—
Ah! why were the jewels of virtue sold
For a gain so small as this?"

"Lost pearls! lost pearls!" 'Tis the helpless cry
Of the world of human hearts,
When the sinners fall, when the darlings die,
When the belle from her jewels parts;
Still ever the same unconscious wail
To the listening Heaven whirls—
At night—at noon—at early dawn:
"Lost pearls!—oh! God!—lost pearls!"

Digitized by Google

THE GIRL GUARDIAN.

BY GRACE GARDNER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

They trod softly and on tiptoe over the spacious room, as if tiny, but unaccustomed feet like theirs, might crush the light and love out of the flowers and insects, which peered up at them so strangely, lovingly, and life-like from the darker groundwork of the velvet at their feet.

Clasping each other's hands, they stood still a moment—these two little children—striving with dazzled eyes to make out something amid the brightness and splendor, then, moving onward, they at last stopped timidly before a crimson velvet couch, on which reclined a young girl in the attitude of sleep.

The little ones gazed into each other's eyes inquiringly; then the elder, a manly boy of some nine years, threw his arm supportingly round the cherub of a girl, and thus remained patiently and motionless before the sleeper.

Presently a pair of dark eyes unclosed and rested upon them wonderingly. The young girl did not speak or move for a moment, while they stood with drooping heads, then she stretched out her hand and said smilingly,

"Are you *real*, you little things? or are you only dream-angels?"

The boy's lip quivered.

"*We* ain't any angels—sister and I. Papa's going to be an angel." He stopped abruptly, for a word more would have brought a sob, and though his childish heart was weeping great, bitter tears, his boyish pride would keep them all there.

Silently he drew forth a letter and gave her.

The young girl noted the address. A shadow passed over her clear brow. It was that of her father who had been dead almost two years.

Before opening the letter, she gave the children into the charge of the good, motherly housekeeper, waited to see that they were provided with every comfort.

Dark-eyed, dark-browed, olive-fair, Olive Archer! The expression of whose clear dark face did not delude one into expecting pearls and diamonds to fall from the sweet, resolute mouth, to realize instead only snakes and scorpions! No unfortunate possession of auburn ringlets, pearly skin, snow-flakes of fingers, and other brilliant brilliancies, the perquisites of blonde beauty, had conspired with vanity to crush every sense plant that budded in her heart, therefore they had grown and blossomed, till now, almost every time she stretched forth her hand, it gathered and scattered its rare leaves and flowers.

Fortunate, sensible, sweet-tempered, Olive Archer!

Therefore she did not throw down the letter she was reading with a yawn, or a giggle, or any such exclamation as "How odd!" "How supremely ridiculous!" and fly out of the room to laugh over the contents with some young friend, and the next moment forget it entirely in the contemplation of silks and laces!

On the contrary, after she had finished the perusal, she quietly rested her head on her hand and mused thus:

"This letter is to my father, and in case of his demise, to me, who am evidently mistaken for my half-sister Olive, who died many years before I was born.

"Ralph Wellenden! I remember his name well as that of the friend of my father in his boyhood—the companion of his youthful studies and sports. And he is dying. It seems to me there is a great deal of sorrow and trouble in this world which looks so bright! Their great, dark shadow, lurking behind this brightness, covers us all. Ah! part of it has already fallen upon me, and the motherless children of this poor man must bear theirs soon.

"He writes that although he has not seen my father, and scarcely heard of him for more than a score of years, he knew that the generous heart he bore in boyhood, could never have so changed that he would allow the friendless and penniless children of his early friend to be utterly uncared for in the great, dreary world. His small annuity would expire at his death, and friends and fortune were too apt to cease together. But, oh! if the noble heart he remembered so well had ceased to beat! Then he could only appeal in the name of that friend to his daughter and heiress, to be the protector and guardian of his helpless children, and leave the issue with God and her.

Digitized by Google

"Ah! if I were but my sister Olive! but stay! Why need I wish so? Cannot I be their guardian? I suppose I should only be nominally so, as I am not of age myself. If my own good guardian will consent: I—but let me think seriously of the responsibility.

"In the first place, will these three proposed wards submit to my authority?

"Mr. Wellenden writes that the oldest, Lionel, is now twenty, and in his senior year at the University of Cambridge, where he has kept him by the closest economy; and it is his most cherished wish that, after he graduates, he should enter upon the study of the law, for which profession he deems him admirably fitted; but that it has been with the greatest difficulty, and only by the strongest exercise of parental authority, that Lionel has remained at the University so long, knowing that his doing so imposed such painful economy on his family; urging vehemently that it was his duty to be making his way in the world by his own strong arm, and aid in the maintenance of his family, rather than to be, as he was, a heavy expense to them. Mr. Wellenden adds, that if his solemn commands and dying injunctions can avail, his son will not dare to disregard his wishes in this respect, should his old friend accept the guardianship.

"I do not like Lionel any the less," mused the young girl, "for his spirit of independence; but it proves beyond a doubt, that, added with his three years' seniorship, he will not stand in much awe of Olive Archer.

"These lovely children, Philip of nine, and Amy of six years, will be the real care. I must try to be the same as a mother to them—study their dispositions and tastes, and direct their education; see their faults and correct them if may be; be gentle and kind with them always. Then I must condescend to lesser matters. I shall have to decide any quantity of ludicrous and vexatious questions—whether Philip has eaten plum-pudding enough, and if mince-pie and sweetmeats agree with Amy's stomach; whether Philip can be excused from his lessons, and if Amy has sat up long enough; whether that boy is a proper playmate for the one, or that girl for the other; be teased about dolls, tops, tea-sets, dogs, ponies, and, in due time, settle the important question when jackets and short dresses shall be discarded, and a thousand other things I can have no conception of now—it is so long since I was a child!" and the girl of seventeen sighed at the recollection of her mature years.

She continued, "I shall love them very dearly, I know, but I must not expect them to be faultless. Should they grow up weak and unprincipled, the fault might—probably would be—owing to my wrong training! Ah! I scarcely dare assume this great responsibility. And yet—if I do not, they will be thrown helpless upon a cold world. Surely the chances are that even I, young and inexperienced as I am, would prove a safer guardian than the world. I am certain my dear father would wish it. My decision is made. If Mr. Leyden will consent, and he *must* consent, I will assume this charge, and the good God guide me aright."

When Mr. Leyden, the old family solicitor and guardian of Olive, was asked to give his consent, he opened his eyes incredulously, and at last opened his lips.

"Guardian! *you!* What baby next will try to be Goliath?"

"Guardy, I have this wish very much at heart."

"Stuff! Nonsense! take your dolls and play; those are wards, spoil as many of those as you please."

"Oh, guardy! I would make a better guardian than you. If I had a poor little ward who wanted to do a little good in the world—the first she ever tried to do—I'd let her do it. If she wanted to take a dozen little orphan children under her protection, she should take them."

"Humph! *protection*, indeed; why, child, you are only a ward yourself. It would, in short, amount to this: that I should have four wards instead of one, and heaven knows that one is more than I can manage with her odd whims and caprices. If they were only like other girls—for finery and that sort of thing—I could get along well enough."

"Not at all, guardy," Olive interposed, eagerly, "you are to have nothing whatever to do with the children, except give them what money they want, and me in private a little advice—when I ask it. It would weaken my authority, you know, should they hear you scold me, as you know you sometimes do, eh! guardy!" and she smiled up in his face.

"It *would* be a pity to do that, for your authority would be weak enough at the best, I have no manner of doubt," he replied, drily; "but, of course, Olive, you are not serious in proposing this mad scheme."

"But I *am* serious, guardian."

"Nonsense! The fact is just here. This unfortunate whim has caught your fancy. Girls are always having fancies. You imagine it would be an extremely romantic thing to take

Digitized by Google

charge of these children because they happen to be tolerably pretty. You don't consider the responsibility. It is my duty to prevent you doing a very foolish thing, and what you would be sure to repent of before a month. It would be the end of all peace and comfort. Besides, you will please to understand that this freak of yours will cost something."

"'Cost something!' Oh, guardy! I never thought you cared so much about money as to mind the spending of a little."

"Not so very little, as perhaps you imagine, Miss Olive," he returned.

"And haven't I a great deal more than enough? You told me, a few days ago, that I did not spend the twentieth part of my income, extravagant as I am, and it ought to be spent for somebody. What good does it do accumulating on my hands in this way?"

"You are a foolish little thing! It is evident you know nothing of money or the world. Your money is not mine. I, having the guardianship of you and it, am responsible for its proper use. Besides, Olive, consider if you should marry. No man would be willing to take such incumbrances."

She replied very gravely,

"I am only seventeen, guardy, and haven't begun to think of husbands yet, but whenever I wish to marry, should my betrothed husband"—she colored slightly at the words—"object to these incumbrances, that would be a sufficient reason for *me* to object to *him*, because it would prove him possessed of neither nobility nor generosity of soul.

"Mr. Leyden," she said, suddenly changing to a more serious tone, "I see that you think this merely a romantic whim, but it is not. It seemed an impossible undertaking to me at first. The heart takes up many ideas, which, being weighed by a worldly judgment, and sifted by self-interest, are often formed too heavy for the one, and are suffered to escape through the meshes of the other. The father of these children was the early friend of my father. He wishes to entrust them to me. I have wealth enough and to spare. I think my father would wish it. I wish it. I shall not make a very wise guardian, it is true, but I will do the best I can. Give me your consent."

"I am not so sure that your father would wish you to take such a burden upon your young shoulders—just at this time, too, when you are about to enter society, and ought to be free to enjoy yourself without a care. Why don't their own relations take care of them?"

"They have no near relatives, guardy dear. Mr. Wellenden was the only son of a younger son of a noble family, and his marriage having displeased his family, all intercourse ceased between them from the time of his marriage."

"Doubtless they will relent. Listen to me, Olive. Relinquish this Quixotic scheme. I cannot consent to it. I really thought you had more sense than to entertain an idea so absurd—you, a girl of seventeen, to burden yourself with these children, and the support of their proud, sensitive brother, much older than yourself. Sheer madness! Think how the world would wonder at and ridicule the whim. Remember, too, that if you once undertake the responsibility, you cannot easily rid yourself of it. It is not a thing of weeks and months, but of years. You will give it up, I know—you are too sensible to entertain so absurd an idea long." He said it a little anxiously, considering his expressed faith in her good sense.

Olive Archer's ruby lip expressed supreme contempt for the opinion of the world, but she only replied in words to a part of his argument.

"Be sure, Mr. Leyden, that when once undertaken, I shall have no wish to rid myself of the responsibility. They will be my love and care through life," she said, earnestly; and the look and tone carried conviction. Perhaps the knowledge of this was the secret of Mr. Leyden's reluctance.

She added, "Think, good Mr. Leyden, what would become of these poor children if I should not take them?"

"Just what becomes of thousands of others. What are they to you?"

Olive looked seriously at Mr. Leyden a moment, then said in a low voice,

"I am not a very good—not a very religious girl, as you know, my guardian, but it seems to me that Providence has placed this opportunity in my way to prove if there is any good in my heart. Ought I to expect a blessing upon my life if I neglect what seems to me an imperative duty?"

"Better prove it in some lesser duty first—in obeying your guardian, for instance," replied Mr. Leyden, drily; although not unmoved by the conscientiousness by which she was evidently actuated.

It was a long time, however, before he could see the matter in a more favorable light.

His care and anxiety was for Olive, who was as a daughter to his heart, in spite of his sometimes *brusque* words and manner. He realized too well the care he imagined she was ignorantly incurring. It was a reluctant consent he gave at last, if consent it could be called.

Digitized by Google

Olive's letter was despatched. In a few days more came tidings of Mr. Wellenden's decease, and in due time the following letter:

"MADAM—I am obliged to receive your bounty—the bounty of a stranger—by a promise exacted by a dying father. If I live I will repay every obligation we shall be under to you, and which I had rather die in the most wretched poverty than be compelled to receive.

"You may think I ought to cherish the most humble and unbounded gratitude, for what the world will call the most disinterested and extraordinary benevolence. Let the world thank you then, as it will. I cannot, for if my father had not received your promise of guardianship, he had not thus fettered my will and my resources, and obliged me to eat the bread of dependence which is bitter, bitter indeed.

"Be kind, madam, to my little sister and brother. They will be able, perhaps, to repay kindness with affection. It will not be for long, for as soon as I am able I shall reclaim them. Yours, etc.,

LIONEL WELLENDEN."

"The impudent jackanapes!" exclaimed Mr. Leyden, in high indignation, as he finished the short, haughty letter. "So this is the first installment of your reward for performing an imaginary duty. I wish you joy of this promising ward of yours. Take my advice, and have nothing further to do with the ungrateful puppy!"

Olive only smiled. She felt a sort of sympathy for the young man whose haughty nature chafed at being compelled to receive such important favors, and which he would have felt more at home to have possessed the power of conferring rather than receiving, and she excused the cold discourtesy of the letter.

Two things cease not—separate not: Time and change. The former measures out the minutes, hours, days, months, and years; and the latter seals them with his unmistakable signet. And thus five years had passed with Olive and her wards.

The former was but slightly changed. She was as girlish in aspect, as gay, and frank, and cheerful; her heart as warm and generous, her impulses as noble and as readily acted upon.

High-bred, naturally graceful, and possessed of innate tact, two or three seasons in London, under the chaperonage of her god-mother, the Dutchess of G——, had given an added ease and dignity to her manners.

She was still Olive Archer, and still residing at Chainey Hall, although rumor told of innumerable eligible offers, some made to one of the richest heiresses in England, but not a few to the charming, sensible maiden, considered a prize in herself.

In spite of the advice and entreaties of the good dutchess, who protested against, and wondered at her fastidiousness and wholesale rejections, and to whom she listened courteously, and thanked kindly, but did just what she had intended to do—rejected all with decision, but with a courtesy and kindness, that, in many instances, converted the rejected suitor into a firm and enduring friend.

In one instance she had signally failed. Sir Robert Truesdale, her nearest neighbor at the hall, a handsome, fascinating man of a somewhat *blase* character, and broken fortune, although twice refused, still persisted in the resolution of yet winning the hand and fortune of the young heiress.

To do him justice, it was not her fortune alone which had thus determined him. That it was which had first attracted him, together with her beauty and grace; but as he learned to know her, she unconsciously awoke in his bosom the first real passion his life had known, but it partook of his selfish and worldly nature.

To such a nature as his, the sacrifice of his own happiness to that of the object of his passion was as impossible as for the ice-clad mountains of Greenland to yield from their bosom the sweet and balmy flowers of a southern clime.

The friendship subsisting between Olive and his sisters, rendered the hall accessible to him at all times. He had of late, however, treated her with a cold yet deferential courtesy, and Olive believed he had forgotten his passion and the past.

Olive had been faithful to the charge she had assumed. She had listened unmoved and indifferent to the wonder, dissuasions, covert ridicule, and well-bred sneers of her dear five hundred friends when they had first learned her intention.

She had too much self-reliance and native independence of character to care what they thought of a plan she had once determined upon. Possibly, also, she might have been unconsciously conscious that a great heiress might be allowed a will of her own; but her gentleness and courteousness sometimes singularly deceived people as to the real firmness of her character, till they were undeceived by the result as to the little impression their strongest arguments had really made.

Many people, when their resolutions are

Digitized by Google

opposed, argued against, or sneered at, excitedly condescend to defend, out-argue, and maintain them. It is almost invariably a sign of weakness. Not so Olive. What many people would have considered unjustifiable interference and impertinence, she charitably set down to the score of friendship or interest, and, therefore, possessed a right to a candid hearing. She only opposed the calm breast-work of her resolution. It was before them ready for any arguments they might bring to bear against it.

Her indifference, united with her courteous manners, secured real admiration and respect. When they found she was not to be moved from her purpose, they unanimously lauded to the skies, as Lionel Wellenden had predicted, "her noble generosity, and disinterested benevolence." But the young girl was equally indifferent to their praise or blame.

The children, Philip and Amy, had grown and improved in these years.

They had thus far been instructed by a governess; but Philip was now fourteen, and it was under consideration whether to send him to Eton, or engage the new curate, Mr. Stacy, a gentleman of thorough classical attainments, to receive him as a pupil.

Mr. Leyden advocated the sending him to Eton; Olive was in favor of the latter plan. The boy himself wished to remain at the hall, but Mr. Leyden, with his old persistency, argued that it would be an advantage to him to mix with other boys of the same age. In the end he prevailed, for Olive had the boy's best good at heart; but she consented with reluctance, for the generous, high-spirited boy was dear to her as a brother, and it was hard to part with him.

The moment of parting came. Philip had braced himself to meet it with all the fortitude becoming a youth of his mature age. His lips quivered, his breath came quick, and his eyes were full of unshed tears as he embraced his sister; but he struggled manfully with his emotion, for stern, unsympathizing Mr. Leyden was waiting impatiently. He held out his trembling hand to Olive, and his lips parted in the vain effort to say "Good-by," but he commanded himself yet. But when Olive placed her little hand caressingly on his dark curls, and, in her low, sweet voice, uttered a few comprehensive words of warning and advice, and then kissed his forehead, it was too much: pride, dignity, Mr. Leyden—all were forgotten. He threw his arms around her, and sobbed aloud.

Mr. Leyden called out, impatiently, and the boy tore himself away, half ashamed of the emotion he was still struggling against, promising to write very, *very* often.

Philip Wellenden was a boy of strong feelings and of rare maturity of character, and during the weary miles of travel his thoughts reverted to his first going out into the world, and dwelt fondly upon the beautiful and beloved spot where he had been received so warmly, nurtured so carefully, trained so wisely. A feeling of love, gratitude, and admiration for his "mamma Olive," as he sometimes playfully called her, was the strongest sentiment his young heart knew. It was far deeper, more intense than his affection for his sister, dearly as he loved her, or for his brother, whom he felt he hardly knew.

Amy was fulfilling the promise of her earlier childhood. Lovely, artless, and affectionate, she had grown deep into her young guardian's heart. Petted as but few are, even of those blessed with parents, sisters, and brothers, she did not become selfish or exacting. She was one of those rare characters difficult to be spoiled. She would not make a brilliant woman, but one gentle, refined, companionable.

If the most unqualified love and admiration from her two younger *proteges* had been necessary to repay Olive for her generous protection, she had been more than compensated. It would have been an impossibility to have convinced Amy that Olive could do or say anything wrong: indeed, to have attempted it would have provoked an outburst of feeling, the nearest approach to anger of which her gentle nature was capable. Happy, trusting child!

Mr. Leyden, jealous that the children would presume upon Olive's indulgence and affection, and become arrogant and ungrateful, always keenly alive to her interest and happiness, watched them suspiciously and closely to detect the first symptoms.

Olive had strictly forbidden the old servants, who were aware of the circumstances, ever to mention the fact that her wards had not a legal claim to her protection, and, although a lenient mistress, her few orders were never disregarded.

Disposed, as Mr. Leyden was, to be critical and dissatisfied with whatever course she pursued with the children, and with their conduct, yet he marveled within himself at the intuitive wisdom and judgment she evinced, and at the singularly strong hold she seemed to gain at once upon their affection and obedience.

Amy, docile and obedient, seldom caused her young guardian any anxiety; but difficulties between her passionate, high-spirited brother,

Digitized by Google

and his governess, or the servants, were frequent.

If complaints of his conduct were brought to Olive when Mr. Leyden was present, as occasionally happened, he was sometimes provoked to interfere, much to the young girl's regret and annoyance. His sharp, severe reprimands were received by the boy angrily and defiantly, the blue veins in his forehead swelling almost to bursting. But a word from Olive, never loud, never imperative, would quell him at once.

Irritated as Mr. Leyden often was with the boy, he was nevertheless forced to acknowledge that never did he fail in the respect due to his girl guardian.

And what had these years done for Lionel Wellenden?

Poor, but ambitious, and possessed of the most indomitable will and perseverance, as well as of rare talents, he had struggled on in his profession. From the moment he left the university, he had rejected almost rudely any pecuniary assistance Olive, through Mr. Leyden, urged upon him.

And his pride—the condensed pride of all his ancient and honorable race—certainly needed the iron will to sustain it through all the anxieties, deprivations, mortifications, and discouragements he met with in the course he had marked out for himself; but through them all he persevered, never despairing of the ultimate end, never flagging in his energy to attain it.

Step by step he conquered. From the miserable London attic, in the dark, narrow London street; the small pittance earned, after a day's hard study of the law, by writing far into the night, by the light of a farthing candle, reports for the newspapers, which was his sole subsistence; through crowds of eager, hopeful aspirants for fame pushed on by influential friends, slowly and toilfully he made his way, till now he partially emerged from his obscurity. Fortune—in the shape of a few firm friends he had made at college, who had an exalted opinion of his talents, and who possessed influential connections—began to smile upon him.

He was now in comfortable rooms, in the Temple, and was looked upon by his legal brethren as a rising young man, sure of attaining to eminence in his profession.

Now came remittances to the children; small at first, but gradually increasing. In vain Olive, through her guardian, urged that there was no necessity for this—that they were her charge. "Temporarily," he replied, "they were; but as soon as it was in his power he should remove them to a house of his own."

This determination seemed so indefinite and so distant it gave no uneasiness to Olive; but Mr. Leyden never received a letter from the young man, but that he was well-nigh exasperated beyond endurance at what he termed his insolent independence, his base ingratitude, and his cool assumption of superiority. Without having seen each other, there was an instinctive antagonism between the two gentlemen.

At midnight, Lionel Wellenden sat at his table in his office, several important briefs lying before him, and with a self-congratulatory smile upon his haughty lip.

"Another year like the past," he murmured, "and my struggles with poverty are over—my fortune made. It needs but a few more such important cases as the one just won to establish my reputation permanently. This case involving a title, and a vast amount of property, placed in my hands last week by Sir Guy Staples, will come on at the next assize. I have carefully examined the documents, and am confident it will terminate in favor of my client. By-the-way, it seems it is to the influence of Miss Archer that I am indebted for this client, as well as for the last two. She commands much influence. I must write a note of thanks to the old lady.

"Perhaps it was rather rude not to have called while she was in London the last two winters, after the invitations she overwhelmed me with. How could she think me such an idiot as to accept them? Did she think me so weak, so lost to manhood, as to enter through sufferance the halls of England's proudest and noblest, where by birth I am entitled to a rightful place? To be patronized, pointed out, and sneered at as an old woman's protege! By heavens, *no!* How dared she expect it? She learned her mistake at last, and was probably offended that the poor dependant dared to have a soul and will of his own, for, though the children wrote me that Olive—she allows them to be very familiar with one of her age—was in London last season, she annoyed me with no more attentions.

"Rather unbrotherly that I have never ran down to the children all these years, but I cannot, I *will* not, till I discharge the vast debt to Miss Archer that weighs me down like an incubus! Every servant, every person at the hall knows that I, a man, have been, and the children are dependant on the bounty of a person upon whom they have not the slightest claim. Oh, heavens! it is bitter, *bitter!*" and in ire and

Digitized by Google

shame he paced the room with hasty steps. Then controlling himself,

"Patience! patience! proud heart! there is light in the future—we shall be benefactors some day who are recipients now. In another year, or two at most, I can call myself a free man, and take my brother and sister to a home of my own. I shall, of course, marry then to give my sister a woman's care and influence. Lord Evansdale offers me his sister, the Hon. Miss Richmond, in marriage. She is beautiful, stately, and intellectual, and would form Amy's mind and manners. A poor devil of a lawyer is no great *parti* it must be owned, but Lord Evansdale is pleased to say that he is certain she will not refuse the hand of a friend of his, a lawyer, for whom he thinks she secretly entertains a penchant—but it is extremely doubtful—Evansdale's friendship for me is very apt to run away with his judgment. He insists that, at least, I will come down to them and play the agreeable. My family is some centuries older than his, therefore I make no false show of humility to his offer, but I have neither time nor taste for sentiment at the present. When I am able to marry, if she is still disengaged, I will think of it. It does not much matter whom one marries. Love and all that sort of thing is, and ever will be, out of my way. A home for the children will be my chief object. Ah! here is a letter I must have overlooked! the regular semi-monthly letter from Amy. What a dear, precise little thing she is! The result of her maidenly training, I presume. She makes it a matter of conscience to write just so often. I really would be willing to excuse occasional neglect in this particular. I am happy to receive them and to learn of their welfare, but the little thing exacts an answer to every letter and every question, so that it is really sometimes quite a bore—turning from grave, dry law documents to answer a child's letter—a girl too is something of a change, and far more difficult for one who has grown old and hard in his struggles for a place, a name, and a hearing in the world. But let me read the poor child's letter.

"Dear Brother—You are so very kind every Christmas to send us such beautiful presents, that I find myself quite expecting one and wishing what it shall be.

"Dear, kind brother, you must not think I have wanted you to send me any, only you have got me in the naughty habit of looking for them by making so many, and they are always just what we most want. It makes us laugh though, you send such funny ones to Olive—just as if she were ever and ever so old! The gray silk she never had made up till a little while ago, and the great cap! Oh! I shall scream with laughter every time I think how comical she looked in it! Such a nice joke! The prayer-book you sent her, made of such nice, great letters, you can read them half way across the church, without looking on, she uses altogether.

"Now, dear Lionel, will you forgive me, and not think me a very presuming little girl indeed, if I whisper to you that I have a very decided choice in my presents this year? So have Olive and Philip, and we all want them alike. Isn't it funny that a lady and a great boy, and a little girl should want just the same present? and we shall be very, *very* disappointed if we don't get it.

"Now, dear brother, I am going to tell you what this wonderful thing is that we all want, and you won't refuse your little sister, will you? Give us your *own dear self* for all the Christmas Holidays, and longer too, if you can.

"I have wanted to see you so much since you sent brother and me your picture three years ago. You look so handsome and kind, though a little bit proud, but perhaps you can't help that.

"Philip is home for the holidays, and if you will only come too, it will make us all very happy.

"Dear brother Lionel, I shall watch at the window for you till you come; and if I do not see you, I shall cry myself to sleep, for I have not seen you five long years. But I am sure you will not disappoint your little sister Amy."

The young man bit his lip and looked exceedingly annoyed. "What *could* have put such an unlucky idea into the child's head? I would rather go into purgatory twenty times over. But it is out of the question. I am sorry for the child, but I cannot go."

He began looking over some documents even at that late hour, but it was evidently with the intention of driving away all thoughts of the disagreeable subject of the letter.

He pored over them sometime, but evidently neither to his satisfaction nor enlightenment. His lips were compressed and his brow corrugated. At last he started up and threw the papers down impatiently.

"It is of no use. My conscience has certainly a tender vein in it to-night. That little sister's watching, disappointed face haunts me. I must have committed some unpardonable sin and am to do penance. I am to mortify myself with a vengeance by listening to that pleading letter and take myself off to ——shire to-morrow

Digitized by Google

morning. I had rather she had asked me to hang myself."

He looked as if he had, and so he looked the next morning when he set out. His countenance, gloomy and irate, did not promise much pleasure to the little sister expecting him so impatiently.

Owing to some unexpected delay, it was late in the evening when Lionel arrived at Chaincy Hall. They had ceased to look for him.

Amy watched, as she had promised, at the window till blinded with tears; then with a sad heart went to her little room adjoining Olive's, and soon forgot her keen disappointment in sleep. Philip, after waiting an hour longer, ostensibly reading, but really listening for the sound of carriage wheels, followed her example, leaving Olive alone with her guest, Madame Lamonte, who, though only a year older than herself, and far more gay and inconsiderate, in consequence of having had a husband, who had only lived six months after their marriage, was entitled to act as chaperone.

Eugenie Lamonte was a bright, sparkling brunette, with regular features, a pair of the sauciest eyes, a musical, piquant voice, a lithe, graceful, little figure—altogether a most dangerous person to a susceptible heart.

Olive and herself had been pupils at the same fashionable boarding-school, and room-mates for three years. Although extremely dissimilar, constant association had endeared them to each other.

Born of an English mother, who had died in her infancy, Eugenie, on leaving school, accompanied her French father to Paris, where she became acquainted with a young French colonel, and whom, after a short and romantic acquaintance, and a weak approbation from her father, she married. Their union, though short, was happy.

For three months after Col. Lamonte's death, the young widow was inconsolable, and remained in the profoundest retirement; then with one of those sudden changes peculiar to persons of her temperament, without minding the usual probationary and decorous steps with which proper people get back into the world, she, without a day's warning of her intention, plunged immediately into the gayest dissipation of that gay capital.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

WAITING FOR HER LOVER.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

EVERY eve when I'm returning
From the labors of the day,
As I pass a lonely cottage
That is falling to decay,
I behold a patient woman
Through the little window-pane,
Looking with an air expectant
Down the narrow, grassy lane.

White as snow her scanty tresses,
Wrinkles on her thoughtful brow,
And her cheeks are furrowed deeply
With the lines that Time can plow.
Seventy Winters, long and dreary,
From their heavy clouds have shed
Flakes of never-changing whiteness
On the patient woman's head.

Fifty years ago her lover
Stood beside her in the lane,
Saying as they parted, "Hannah,
Sunday night I'll come again.
Let me see you at the window
As I hasten up the lane—
God be with you, dear. Remember
Sunday night I'll come again."

But before that precious evening,
Sweeter to that maiden's mind
Than a bed of early vi'lets
Kissed by gentle April wind,
Came to bless her with its presence,
Longingly for which she sighed,
He, the most beloved lover
That e'er blest a maiden—died.

Well-a-day for loving Hannah!
When they told her he was dead,
Her devoted mind forever
From its shattered mansion fled.
Gentle as an April sunbeam,
Patient as a mother's love,
Hopeful as the earnest Christian
Who hath moored his hopes above—

She through all these fifty Winters
Hath believed herself again
Loved and loving as of old-time
When they parted in the lane.
Every day to her is Sunday,
And behind the window-pane
Every eve she sits and watches
For her lover down the lane.

Digitized by Google

FOUR CHAPTERS IN A YOUNG LIFE.

BY MRS. B. FRANK ENOS.

I.—NIGHT.

"I SUPPOSE you have no definite plans arranged for the future as yet, Anna?"

"Nothing."

"It could hardly be expected that you would so soon. It was all so sudden. You will not remain *here* though, I should think?"

"Probably *not*, Mrs. Lacy—though I have scarcely given the subject a thought—where we are to go—or what will become of us. I only know that we are orphans—penniless, and I had *almost* said, *friendless*."

"Oh! don't say 'friendless,' my dear—I am sure there are plenty of your old friends that will come forward to assist you in this time of trial," and Mrs. Lacy adjusted her beautiful bracelets, and put up her lace handkerchief to her eyes—anything to turn away from that pale face looking so white and proud.

There was no answer to this, only a slight movement; and the hands, just now lying so listlessly down on her lap, folded themselves across in the sleeves of her black dress.

"I have been thinking, Anna, that with your education and musical talents, you could do nothing better than getting a good situation as governess—but then the children would be an objection to that. You know, no one wants a governess in the house with three little children to look after, it would take too much time."

"Certainly."

"If you could only get good *places* for the children, Anna"—Mrs. Lacy was coming to the point now—"*good places*, you know, where they would be well treated, I should like you myself. I am determined to keep the girls at home this year and see if they will not do better, they are no farther advanced now than this time twelve months ago. I have always paid a good salary, and shall, of course, expect to pay you the same, although you are so inexperienced; I shall not mind that particularly, however.

"I think, too, I know two ladies that would be glad to take Kitty and Mamie off your hands, and you might bring little Joe with you for a few weeks, until we can dispose of him satisfactorily. You know I am willing to sacrifice considerable for your sake, Anna. I always was a good friend to your poor mother, and am anxious to do anything in my power for her children."

Here Mrs. Lacy melted away into her handkerchief, and sank back in her chair as though overpowered with the memory of her friendship for the dead mother.

The hands folded in the black sleeves were fairly trembling—but still Anna Dean sat, white and composedly, watching her weeping visitor, and spoke never a word.

At last, Mrs. Lacy came out of her linen cambric—with two or three little sobs—and asked in a low, trembling voice, "Well, child, what do you think of it?"

"I *think*, *madam*, that those children will never go out from *my* care, unless they go out as my poor mother went yesterday. As long as I have hands to work for them—no, not for all the money that you could give me, Mrs. Lacy—would I put one of those little motherless ones out into the world alone. If we *starve*—we starve *together*."

"That *sounds* very well, Anna—quite romantic—but *doing* is decidedly another thing." There were no traces of tears in Mrs. Lacy's eyes now. "It is absurd nonsense for a girl of seventeen to talk of keeping a home and supporting three children—it is *perfect* nonsense, child, and you will find it so."

"I shall make the effort, at any rate. If I fail——" the white lips could go no farther—there came a wavering in the voice that tried to speak so resolutely—and Anna Dean would have died sooner than shed a tear then.

"Oh! well, there is no harm in experimenting, certainly," and Mrs. Lacy gathered her furs around her and walked toward the door—"only let me tell you, Anna, you must forget some of your high notions, or you never will get on. You can't expect that any one will twice make an offer of assistance after a repulse such as I have met. If you are in *want*, Anna Dean, you can come to me." She bowed loftily, sweeping through the door that Anna held open for her; and that night at supper, pronounced the daughter of her "dear friend" the most "impertinent chit" that ever walked, unaided, along the broad way toward poverty.

"Why—you should have seen her—she glared

Digitized by Google

at me like a wild animal when I proposed her giving those children away. She is just like her mother; I never shall forget going there, the day after their failure, only two weeks before Mr. Dean died. She was just as queenly as ever, and talked as composedly about their poverty, as though it was the pleasantest thing in the Universe to be as poor as a church mouse. I hope I shall see that proud Anna humbled, yet."

"Why should you care for her, mamma? I am sure *I* never should give her another thought. It is too bad, though, that you could not get her for the children; but perhaps it's just as well, she would have expected to come into the parlor like one of the family; and, I may as well own up to it, with her accomplishments and that beautiful face of hers, I should stand but a poor chance of being seen," and Helen Lacy shrugged her white shoulders and laughed merrily.

Anna Dean sat that night in her lonely home, long after her little sisters had gone to sleep, holding the baby Joe and laying plans for the future.

Child as she was, how dark that future looked. Not one ray of light shone through the darkness that closed in around her. She, whose early childhood had passed in luxury, sitting now, fatherless, motherless, *penniless*, thinking over the last words that her dying mother had uttered, "Anna, be faithful to—your charge."

II.—A RAY OF LIGHT.

Night in a new home—night in a weary heart, feeling that a great step had been taken, and—how would it end? Anna Dean looked around the small room, there were but few traces of old time things, only her piano, a few pictures and books that she could not sell—these were all.

Through the open door into the next room, white-pine benches and desks were visible, they had been put there that day, and to-morrow—to-morrow Anna Dean would commence her school.

"Do you dread it, Anna? you look so very white and sad," and the little head rested on her sister's shoulder.

"No, I can't say that I *dread* it: only I wish the beginning was made. It seems so hard to commence a new thing, Mamie, that's all."

"Yes, I know; but they are so very kind to us here. Only think, Anna, thirteen scholars promised: four to take music, and we are perfect strangers to them as yet. Oh! I know we shall succeed."

"Heaven grant that we *may*, little sister—we have need of success, haven't we?"

A few days after, one of the great ladies of the place said to another.

"And *you* patronize the new school? Well, I don't see but I shall *have* to come around at last. Rosa is actually teasing my life out to go. Bell and Nora Burleigh both go, and they put Rosa up to think there is nothing like it."

"I am sure you will be satisfied, provided you send her, Mrs. Raymond; Miss Dean is a worthy girl and an excellent teacher, in my opinion."

"Yes, I suppose so; but who *is* she? they are strangers here, and I don't exactly approve of patronizing one that I know nothing about. I hear that they have no relatives, and I imagine they must be miserably poor, or the child wouldn't take in sewing, beside sitting up half the night to do it, I've heard. I suppose it would be only an act of charity to send to her."

"Well, I don't know about that—I am sure you will be pleased with the school. Judge Varnce told me yesterday that Maud's governess is obliged to go away on account of her health, and he intends sending *her* to Miss Dean; and I am sure where Maud Varnce can go Rose Raymond can't be injured."

"Maud Varnce *going!* Well done, but that comes of her having no mother to look after her, the judge knows nothing of the fitness of things; Maud Varnce at a little select school indeed! Well, I guess I'll let Rosa try it, and if I'm not satisfied I can take her away."

So it came to pass that Anna Dean had two new scholars; and Judge Varnce's carriage driving up to her door every day, was the best kind of an advertisement, for when the last day of the term came around, the little school numbered twenty-seven.

Thus came a ray of light stealing in through the darkness in that young life. Hope was strong in her heart now, for her first effort had been blest: and blear-eyed poverty might no longer sit by the hearth-stone in their humble little home.

III.—DAWNING.

"But I consider it a sacrifice, Miss Dean. You should not do it, wearing yourself out in this manner, your duties are altogether too great, child: don't you see it?"

"Perhaps I do, Judge Varnce, but as they are *duties*, I ought not to hesitate in the performance of them."

"You *ought*, most certainly, since it is killing you to do so. Listen to me. Miss Dean—Anna—ever since the day that I brought my little daughter under your roof I have watched

Digitized by Google

you with interest. First, because I saw in you, child almost as you were, the germ of a noble woman—a proud, self-reliant, independent woman, standing alone on the very threshhold of life, resolving to do or die. You were a lesson to me, Anna Dean—*me*, a man of the world, rich and influential, bowing down by the way-side of life, because a great sorrow had overtaken me, seeing nothing in this world worth living for, and sometimes wishing that I might die. It was a lesson, Anna, that I bless you for teaching me, that *my* trouble was not the only one in the world; it was hard, but nothing to yours, you so young, so unprotected, with three little children looking to you for their daily bread, and you, resolutely standing to do battle with your fate, where many a man's heart would have failed them."

"And I have *conquered*, Judge Varnee." Anna Dean said it proudly, with eyes flashing and lips compressed. How softly the mellow radiance of the harvest moon fell around her, over the dark, smooth hair parted back from her white forehead, over the hands clasped together on her lap—"*I have conquered!*"

"You have made *another* conquest, Anna Dean. Can you guess what it is?"

The voice was very low that said this—so low that even an eager listener on the little pine benches just within could never have heard it—yet it was like a thunderbolt crossing through and paralyzing every sense in Anna Dean's whole body.

"Don't grow so white and frightened, Anna. Is it such a dreadful thing that I should tell you this? I am not an old man, Anna, but I have had one sorrow, and that has made my life seem long. It was you that brought me back to a sense of duties unfulfilled, to the knowledge that a great responsibility still rested upon me. My little motherless child cared for only by strangers, while I buried myself in my selfish sorrow."

"Oh! Judge Varnee!"

"Anna, don't speak in that way, poor child, I am not reading your death-warrant! Is it because I ask you to make my life beautiful that you tremble like this?"

"No—but——"

"But *what*, Anna? Is it because I would take a poor, little weary child to my bosom, and shelter her from the rude storms that she has buffeted so long alone? I should think you would creep gladly into such a haven of rest, Anna, you whose whole life has been so loveless. Will you come?"

"I am not alone in life, Judge Varnee, that I should consult just my own happiness, there are others to be thought of first, and until they are settled in life, I must go my own way—*alone.*"

"Oh! Anna—Anna Dean, don't say that. Are not your cares mine? I have enough, Anna, for us all. Nothing shall be spared that can make those children all that you could wish—only give me the right to do it, Anna, that is all I ask."

"*Don't* ask it! My mother's dying words were: 'Anna, be faithful to your charge,' and, God helping me, Judge Varnee, *I shall do it!*"

"What madness—what sacrilege, Anna, wasting the best years of your life thus, when with me it is so easy to do all for you. Will you let me, Anna?"

Was it hard for those white lips to answer, that they should move and give no sound? Was it the wild throbbing of the heart that choked all utterance, and made Anna Dean, sitting there in the moonlight, look more like a ghost than a living, breathing woman?

Oh! the poor heart beat wildly, longing to fly into the offered rest, but the proud spirit said it "Nay," even though it breaks in the ordeal, *be ye faithful.*

"Anna—will you *never love* me?"

"Yes, Judge Varnee, *I do love you* better than all the world beside; but I never will *marry* you, Judge Varnee, as long as my sisters and brother are dependent upon me for support. *This* is my answer. *Good-night.*"

It was a timid little touch she gave him, yet the memory of it thrilled through Judge Varnee's hand all that long night, and the softly whispered "Good-night" made music in his dreams.

Anna Dean—no wonder she sits dreamily in her starlighted chamber, long after the moon has gone down—dreaming vague dreams of happiness—thinking in her glad heart: "After the night comes the dawning."

IV.—DAY.

It is five years since Anna Dean's whispered "Good-night" to Judge Varnee, in the moonlight, by the little school-room door. Since then he has been in Europe, and she has walked the "even tenor of her way," true to her promise of long ago.

Two months since Judge Varnee walked once more into Anna Dean's school-room. It was late—the room looked dark and cheerless—not moonlighted, as it did so long ago; but through the gathering darkness he could see that it was not deserted: at a window looking out into the garden, still and thoughtful, sat Anna Dean.

Digitized by Google

"Anna, *it is I.*"

"*Judge Varnee?*"

"Yes, Anna. I have come for you. Can you go? Don't say 'No,' Anna; there is no reason why you should not be mine—*mine*, after all these wretched years."

"*Yes, now*, Judge Varnee, *I am yours.*"

It was the closing term of Madame Leoni's academic year. Maud Varnee, Kate, and Mamie Dean were tearing frantically around a small room, packing things of every conceivable size and shape into trunks and boxes.

"Oh! Maud! Anna wrote that they would be there only in time for the boat; what if we *should* be left, and she go without us?"

"But she *won't*, Kitty," answered the more practical Maud. "Do you suppose she would come way here to go home with us, and then go and leave us behind?"

"Oh! *dear*—I don't know; *do* lock this trunk, *somebody*—I can't do it, if it was to save my life. *Oh! if we are late!*"

Half an hour after there was a frantic meeting between the sisters, and Maud Varnee whispered, "Papa wrote me all about it, Anna—*darling*."

"And Maud, and Mamie, and I shall be bridesmaids. Oh! Anna! you *treasure!* I could squeeze you to death!" And Kitty Dean made a practical demonstration of carrying her threat into execution.

"Oh! Kitty, my dear, excuse me; is *that* what you've learned at Madame Leoni's?" And Anna unclasped her sister's arms from her neck.

"No, nothing half as agreeable as that, Anna. But how handsome you've grown, darling; do you know Joe just told me that he overheard some gentleman down in the parlor call you a 'perfect queen.'"

"Hush! Kitty dear; take these books up to the girls—I will come presently."

Anna Dean gently pushed her sister out of her room, and closed the door after her.

It was a quiet wedding—on a bright spring morning—*very* quiet; for Anna Dean willed it so, and even her three radiant bridesmaids could not talk her out of it.

"And no one will see you, you perverse Anna."

"Yes, *I* shall see her, Mamie!" And Judge Varnee bowed over the little hand laid so confidingly in his. "*I shall see her!*"

Last summer, Helen Lacy, still unmarried, wrote home to her mother, from Newport, "Who do you think is the 'bright, particular star' this season but Mrs. Judge Varnee, and Mrs. Judge Varnee *was Anna Dean*. I'm very much afraid you'll never see her '*humbled*,' mamma dear, as you wished. There are three young ladies—great *belles*—in her *suite*. I don't know who they are; do you suppose two of them can be Kate and Mamie?"

Home.—Anna Dean—Mrs. Judge Varnee—sits alone in her *boudoir*, to-night, watching the glowing coals in the grate, while she dreams an old-time dream.

Voices come up from the parlors below, happy voices, blending with music: Kate is there, with her young husband, Maud, now Mrs. Everett, and Joe and Mamie. They are happy—and why should not Anna Dean dream happy dreams, folding her hands contentedly, while the sunshine on her pathway proclaims it perfect day?

MARGUERITE.

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

Marguerite! the bells are ringing
Joyous chimes, this Summer day,
Marriage music breathes around thee,
Costly gems have decked thy way;
But no roses shed their perfume,
No love light is in thine eye:
Thou art, as some high-born captive,
Proudly going forth to die—
While the marriage bells are ringing,
Proudly going forth to die.

Wrap thyself in scorn and silence,
Cast all earthly love away;
It were well the starry portals
Of thy heart had closed alway,
Never yet to yield responsive
To love's messenger divine,
As in by-gone days it answered
Back the earnest tones of mine—
When, fair Marguerite, high-born Marguerite,
'Twas no sin to call thee mine.

Marguerite! the bells are ringing
Marriage chimes for thee, to-day,
In thy closed heart's haunted chambers
Thou hast put my love away;
But the wrong, the sin, and sorrow
Ever-more will dwell with thee,
And the marriage bells are tolling
Funeral knells for thee and me—
Solemn knells for joys departed,
Never-more on earth to be.

Digitized by Google

JOHN SMITH.

BY VIOLET WOODS.

A YOUNG girl stood before a mirror, twining her golden ringlets around her fingers, singing,

> "'Tis best to be off with the old love,
> Before one is on with the new."

Suddenly she stopped, and turning to her companion, a young lady about her own age, asked, "Don't you think so, Lou?"

Her friend, who was seated upon the bedside, arranging some flowers upon the bosom of an evening dress, answered, "Yes, in some instances. There! how do you think this will do?" she continued, holding up the beautiful robe to view. "Indeed I shall envy you your loveliness to-night. But what were we speaking of? Oh! yes, I remember now. It is right in some cases to discard an old lover before accepting another; but here we are allowed as many as we please, and the greater number of suitors we gain, the more fortunate we consider ourselves."

"Boston is very different from Glenwood in regard to *that*," was returned, "for at home I was taught to believe that the capture of one true heart was a sufficient conquest for a lifetime."

"And, acting upon the lesson then instilled, you have never flirted?"

"Never," was answered, emphatically; but a vivid blush mantled Blanche Lesterfield's cheek as she continued, "Lou, you have long been my confidante, but still there is one secret with which I have not entrusted you. Will you overlook my past delinquency, and receive the confidence now?"

"Certainly, Blanche. But come, let's sit by the window, for the moon is just rising, and as I expect a romantic disclosure, we should have the appropriate surroundings."

The two young girls sat down, and the moonbeams poured in, and enveloped them in a veil of softest lustre. Blanche leaned her head upon the shoulder of her friend, and remarked,

"Now, Lou, if you are expecting the least particle of romance you will be disappointed, for my confession is but a plain, practical, 'ower true tale.'"

"Well, whatever it is, let's have it," urged Lou Warrender, "for, do you not see that I am all impatience?"

"But first," continued Blanche, "let me show you this bracelet. You have often observed the beauty and ingenuity of the device, and have several times asked where an ornament so original and so peculiar was obtained. Answers to these questions were always evaded, but now, as the old gentlemen say, I am going to make a 'clean breast' of it. Here," she added, touching a secret spring, and exposing to view the exceedingly handsome features of a young man, "is the countenance of the only person I ever have, or ever can love."

Lou gave a start of surprise as her eyes rested upon the miniature, and both having descanted upon its beauty, Blanche resumed:

"Now, dear Lou, I will give you the details. It was during the vacation before you entered Madame R——'s school, and almost three years ago, that I visited a maternal aunt residing in the country, about an hundred miles distant from my own home. I objected to going, for I knew that she lived entirely alone, and I could not refrain from anticipating an unpleasant visit. But being named for her, and being also the heiress to all her effects, I concluded that I ought to gratify her urgent request, and consequently I accepted her invitation. When I arrived she was not alone, as I had supposed, for she was so fortunate as to have secured a boarder—an artist from a distant city, who had gone into that sequestered spot, thinking to transfer a portion of its loveliness to canvas. Of course we became acquainted, and I am forced to say that there was not much sketching done. We walked and rode, and the result of the constant intercourse was, that we fell desperately in love. Before he left my aunt's, he asked for my miniature, with which I presented him, but how to retain his, after having accepted it, was a dilemma. I knew that my mother would not sanction its possession, and I was farther aware that if there was a tangible evidence of courtship or marriage, Madame R—— would certainly discover it when I returned to school. Of these facts I informed my lover, and failing, while in my presence, to devise some method by which to elude the most vigilant, he was obliged to depart for his home. When there he procured the services

Digitized by Google

of a jeweler, who manufactured this article. Through a letter, which accompanied it, I discovered the secret clasp. We did not correspond, that being an impossibility upon my part, and I have never heard from him since. He promised, however, when bidding me adieu, that he would be with me again in three years from that day, if not sooner. It is already April, and that was in July. We shall see if he is punctual. Now, Lou, I have given you these details for two reasons: one is, to prove that my confidence in you is boundless; another, that I have neither the intention nor desire to captivate this Mr. Arabesque, who, it seems, is irresistible. So you need not attempt the furtherance of your present designs, for I assure you that, with one exception, I am impenetrable to the fascinations of the whole sex. Before I form another attachment, I shall have to obliterate every trace of the one which now exists; and that would be as utterly impossible for *me* to accomplish, as for mortal power to quench the light of the moon whose radiance now envelopes us."

Blanche heaved a gentle sigh as she concluded, and Lou remarked,

"I suppose it *is* best to be constant; but, to use the words of Byron:

'If I rightly remember, I've loved a good number,
And there's pleasure, at least, in a change.'

Since, however, you have been so kind as to divulge this much of your secret, I shall demand the whole. The gentleman's name, if you please."

"You, who have such a decided preference for high-sounding titles," returned Blanche, "will be somewhat surprised that the one of *my* lover is so unassuming. Nevertheless, *I* shall be proud to wear it if he will only ask. His name is John Smith."

"John Smith!" echoed Lou; and her wild, uninterrupted bursts of laughter almost deafened her less volatile companion. "Mrs. John Smith!" she continued: "euphonious cognomen! I advise you, by all means, to change your name as speedily as possible. Miss Blanche Lesterfield sounds quite common-place in comparison. I think as we are such good friends, I had better follow suit, and captivate some Mr. Thomas Jones. Well, I'll discard Frank Sutherland, and go out on an exploring expedition—that is if you will promise me success. But," meeting the deprecating glance of Blanche's eyes, "I was only jesting. For 'what's in a name?' Nothing indeed; but still I cannot admire your taste. Then, too, I have no fear but what Mr. Arabesque can supplant him, and, moreover, I intend that he shall."

"I defy both you and him," was the laughing rejoinder; "but, Lou, you have excited my curiosity about this 'observed of all observers,' and I find myself growing interested, as well as inquisitive. Tell me first who he is, and why he is so lionized?"

"He is the youngest child of Col. Arabesque, who is a gentleman of the old school, remarkably formal and aristocratic; belonging to one of the oldest families, and possessed of almost boundless wealth. Morgan is strikingly handsome; splendidly educated, and has derived many advantages from a tour of two years' length in Europe, from which he has just returned. Frank told me last night that Morgan is gloriously favored with hirsute attractions, and that even an old friend would scarcely recognize him."

"Then you have not seen him since his arrival?" inquired Blanche.

"No; he has made no visits yet, I believe, but I expected a call before this, as our families have always been upon the most intimate terms. He will be at the party to-night, I am sure, and you can judge for yourself of his innumerable attractions."

"If he has excluded himself from all society since his return, why do you think he will be present this evening?"

"Because the entertainment will be at the house of his sister, Mrs. Claiborne. But I declare, Blanche," continued Lou, "we shall be too late if we do not hasten."

Lou Warrender was the only child of a prominent lawyer of Boston. She was not strictly beautiful to a passing observer, but hers was a face which one must study, as we would a book, to discover its fascinations. Her hair was of that peculiar shade of brown which seems to have caught stray sunbeams, and to have held them imprisoned; her eyes were dark, and possessed that witching imagination which ever betrays a loving, impassioned nature. Her education embraced all of the lighter nothings which generally constitute the accomplishments of fashionable ladies, but extended far beyond. Finding in her father a willing and competent guide, she had, under his tuition, commenced a course of reading, which gave strength to her mind, and afforded a fund of valuable and available information. She was in her twentieth year; a brilliant belle, and under an engagement of marriage to Frank Sutherland, an intelligent gentleman, every way worthy the prize he had won.

Digitized by Google

Blanche Lesterfield was the eldest of three children, and resided near the village of L——, in Pennsylvania, upon an estate called Glenwood, which was owned by her father. She was nineteen years of age; truly beautiful in every sense of the word, and never appeared to better advantage than when she and her friend Lou were in company together. The contrast between them was so striking as to cause both to be the subject of closest observation. Her manner was an index to her appearance: fair hair, snowy complexion, and eyes, blue and dreamy, yet showing that spirit and animation slumbered in their depths. Possessing native abilities of superior order, and an education which had developed them, she was an agreeable, intellectual companion, and one which Lou Warrender fully appreciated. Congenial in mental qualifications, in purity of soul, and warmth of heart, it is no wonder that they had formed one of those enduring friendships, which "were not born to die."

In a few moments the girls were arrayed, and awaiting the appearance of their escorts.

Both were attired in white, but there the similarity ended. Lou's dress was of satin, elegantly embroidered in flowers of silver; upon her neck and arms rubies of the deepest dye glowed like burning coals, while upon her bosom and in her dark hair crimson flowers were placed. Her transparent complexion was heightened by the color of her ornaments, and her eyes flashed and sparkled like ever-moving diamonds.

Blanche's robe was of the finest lace—thin and delicate as the gossamer web. She wore a coronet of pearls, and a tracery of the same jewels wreathed her neck and *one* arm, for upon the other *his* gift was placed. *His* gift which awakened so many glorious memories, and enkindled so many bright hopes for the future.

Having entered the reception-room at Mrs. Claiborne's, they addressed a few words to their hostess, and moved into another apartment. A magnificent-looking gentleman was standing near the entrance, gazing abstractedly upon the lovely scene before him. Seemingly without volition of his own, his glance rested, for a moment, upon the group of which Lou and Blanche were the center; then an expression of intense pleasure beamed upon his countenance.

"Blanche," exclaimed Lou, in a whisper, "there is Mr. Arabesque near the folding-door. Look quick, before he turns."

She obeyed, and met the steadfast gaze of a pair of piercing, black eyes; but her face and neck were suffused with crimson, as she turned to Lou with the remark:

"Lou, don't you think there is a resemblance between his eyes and—and——"

"John Smith's?" interrupted Lou.

"Yes; don't you think so?"

"Can't say that I do," was returned, with a smile, and a slight shrug of the graceful shoulders. "There never was a Smith with such eyes as this gentleman possesses."

"Oh, pshaw!" murmured Blanche, somewhat disconcerted; "you are too incorrigible, Lou."

A while later, as Frank Sutherland passed through the room, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and, turning, he beheld Morgan Arabesque.

"Frank," exclaimed the latter, "who is that little fairy who came in company with Miss Warrender and yourself?"

"Miss Lesterfield," was the reply.

"Lesterfield? What is her christian name?"

"Blanche. But let me introduce you, Morgan. You see for yourself how very lovely she is, but I assure you that her mental attractions are far superior to those of her person."

They became acquainted, and almost every evening found them seated together in Mr. Warrender's drawing-room. Thus passed a month, and in one week more the lovely guest was to return home. One evening they were at a party together: Blanche was exceedingly low-spirited, while Morgan used every effort to arouse her. As a last resort he appealed to Lou, who approached between the dances, to inquire the cause of their indifference.

"Miss Warrender," exclaimed Morgan, "I have been vainly endeavoring for an hour to interest your friend. Can you not devise some plan by which I shall succeed?"

"Do you remember the story of the forty thieves?" she inquired.

He and Blanche raised their eyes, both wondering what possible relation that could bear to the question asked.

"Yes," he answered, "those 'forty thieves' were the terror of my childhood."

"Of mine also," Lou responded. "But you are aware that they owned a cave, in which were secreted jewels of every description, and gold in unmeasurable quantities. They could, however, effect no entrance into that treasury but by the use of certain words. Now, Blanche has a mind and heart overflowing with priceless gems; but in order to gain admission into either, a similar 'open Sesame' must be employed, which is——"

Digitized by Google

"What?" inquired Morgan, with eager expectation.

"John Smith," Lou replied, and she was off in an instant.

Blanche bowed her head to hide her blushing cheeks; for a moment Morgan's eyes rested upon her face, but the next they were withdrawn.

"John Smith!" he murmured; "John Smith!" he repeated, as if unconscious that he was using the words. Suddenly, however, his countenance brightened, and he added,

"Miss Lesterfield, if what Miss Warrender says is really true, perhaps I *can* entertain you."

Blanche looked up. Morgan continued:

"I once had a very intimate friend, who bore the same name as the gentleman to whom Miss Warrender referred. Probably it is the one with whom you are acquainted."

"Possibly it is," returned Blanche, vainly endeavoring to appear indifferent. "But has he black hair; eyes of midnight darkness; and is he very, *very* handsome?"

"To your first two questions I reply in the affirmative; but to the last, modesty forbids a similar one, as he and I are said to resemble each other."

"Oh! I noticed it the first time I saw you, but Lou denied its existence. But was your friend an artist?"

"I think he was," Morgan responded; "at least he went into the country, a few years ago, to gratify his desire for sketching. I believe, however, that he became so enamored of a young lady he there met, that his previous determination was abandoned, and that of wooing and winning usurped its place."

"So he fell in love?" she exclaimed hastily. "Did you learn with whom?"

"The lady bore the same surname as yourself; but I am certain that she was called Mary."

"My own name," she responded. "I was called after an aunt, and she, disliking new-fashioned names, as she termed them, always addressed me as Mary, and Mr. Smith knew me by no other appellation. My parents preferred Blanche to the other, and at home and here Mary is unused. But where is your friend?"

"For some years your friend has been traveling; he returned in the same vessel in which I did. But Sutherland is coming for you," he continued, "and I shall claim you after the dance, when we will resume this conversation."

She arose, and her bracelet, unobserved, fell upon the floor. Morgan discovered it, and, picking it up, he hastened into another apartment. Beneath the full blaze of the chandelier he unfastened the secret clasp, and his face lightened with pleasure as he recognized the features it concealed.

"John Smith," he murmured, "how blessed you were then! how supremely blessed you are now!"

He returned to the parlor, where Blanche was impatiently awaiting him, and, drawing her arm through his own, they passed out upon the verandah together. Approaching one of the marble columns, they paused. The silvery radiance of the moon laid its gentle touch upon his brow, and lightened his dark, transparent complexion; his head rested against the snowy column, and his tall, graceful figure was brought into splendid relief by the contrast. He clasped the missing ornament around the slender wrist, and, still retaining the tiny hand, he pressed it gently, and exclaimed,

"Blanche!"

She raised her crimson face, and met the glance in which love unmistakable was betrayed, but her lips were sealed, and no response issued from them.

"Blanche," he repeated, "you perceive that I am acquainted with your secret, but even that knowledge cannot prevent the utterance of the words which my heart *will* dictate. I see that you are surprised," he added, observing the expression of anguish that passed over her countenance, "but, indeed, I *am* jealous of this John Smith, who, it seems, has won your every thought and emotion. Can I not supplant him, Blanche?"

"That query is unnecessary, Mr. Arabesque," she answered, proudly, moving from him as she spoke.

"But, Blanche——"

"Miss Lesterfield, if you please," she interrupted.

"Miss Lesterfield," he resumed, his face coloring as he uttered the name. "You knew this Mr. Smith to be an artist, and entirely dependant upon his own exertions. His family connections are unknown to you. Do you not think it policy to forget him?"

"Mr. Arabesque," she responded, her lips curling with scorn, "although your questions *are* impertinent, I shall reply to them. First, a man who is dependant upon his relatives to ennoble him, is but a mere cipher; but one, like Mr. Smith, who is an honor to himself, wins the admiration of all. He may be poor, for aught I know, but I, for one, have never worshiped at a golden shrine. He may not possess 'the boast

Digitized by Google

of heraldry and the pomp of power,' but what is far better, his every action is characteristic of the noblest nature, and his heart and mind are capable of all that is great and good in man. Having said *this* much, you will, doubtless, infer, that instead of considering it politic to forget him, I should think myself exalted beyond comparison to become his wife. You may think me unmaidenly bold for expressing myself so unreservedly, but I am sure that you are only attempting to discover the strength of my attachment for your friend."

"You can judge for yourself of my motive when I have concluded," said he, in a low voice. "You may imagine that I am endeavoring to fathom your heart for the sake of another, but you were never more mistaken. Blanche, I *do* love you, and never, until I met with you, had my spirit acknowledged an influence like that which you have exerted. I do not wish to draw comparisons, but you know *my* father's family; you know that I have wealth, and, moreover, you have seen the home which I would fain have you share. Give me your answer."

"I perceive that you are not acquainted with me, Mr. Arabesque," she exclaimed, with indignation, "or you would not presume to address me thus. Do you imagine, for an instant, that gold can win a heart which love has wooed?"

"Have you then thought of me in no light whatever?"

She hesitated, but he urged her to proceed.

"Candor compels me," she said, after a moment, "to say that I have never been sufficiently interested in you to form an opinion, save that you are agreeable and intelligent. One image so entirely fills my heart, that every other is banished from its precincts. I have been pleased with the attention you have shown me, and while I admit that I have been irresistibly attracted toward you, I also acknowledge that the memory of the past has been sufficiently powerful to draw me from the present. But let us return to the drawing-room, Mr. Arabesque; I fear that we shall be missed."

"And must this conversation never be resumed?"

"Never," she answered, with emphasis. "It is painful in the extreme to me, and possibly is to you. We would be happier had we never met."

"I do not think I would, Blanche; and I shall ever be grateful to you for having inspired this attachment."

"Why do you look so sad, Blanche?" exclaimed Lou, the next morning. "Has Mr. Arabesque supplanted John Smith, and do you dread making the announcement?"

"I am not in a mood for jesting," returned Blanche, her face lengthening with every word she spoke; "but I cannot refrain from grieving over an affair that occurred last night. Morgan Arabesque has offered himself, and has been——"

"Rejected?" cried Lou, in dismay.

"Yes, rejected," repeated Blanche.

"And all on account of that John Smith? Is it possible that you would refuse an Arabesque for a poor, unknown artist. Are you really in earnest?"

"I am, Lou; but, indeed, I wish you would not speak of Mr. Smith as you do. A feeling of kindness, at least, toward him, is due the affection you feel for me. He is *my* lover, and I hope you will allow that knowledge to restrain that 'unruly member,' which you persist in using so provokingly."

"Well, I suppose I oughtn't to say anything derogatory, for, of course, you are no more able to resist *his* fascinations than the timid bird is those of the cat. One thing more I must say: John Smith *shall* be supplanted, and you, as Mrs. Morgan Arabesque, shall be my neighbor and the leader of the ton."

"Time proves all things," Blanche responded, "and I'll wager my bracelet that Mrs. Frank Sutherland will yet be proud of an invitation to Mrs. John Smith's."

Morgan did not visit Blanche again until the evening before her departure, and then she was so surrounded by company, that it was quite late before he could speak a few words in private.

"Blanche," he whispered, "come with me into the library; I must see you alone."

Instinctively she shrank from another interview, and he, observing her reluctance, added,

"It is of my friend, John Smith, I wish to speak. I shall not farther urge my own suit."

She blushed from having misconstrued his intention, and rising, they moved into the adjoining apartment. He drew a letter from his bosom, and, having presented it, crossed the room and examined one of the marble statues it contained. With trembling hands she broke the seal of the missive, and read the few lines, which were these:

"My Darling Blanche—By the feelings which animated my own bosom, I knew that you were true to the allegiance you vowed to me three years ago. This belief has been recently substantiated, for, unknown to you, I was a witness to the scene which transpired, and a listener to every word you uttered to Morgan Arabesque,

Digitized by Google

this night one week ago. His wealth has failed to gain him an entrance into that heart, which I, poor and unnoticed, have won. He is the bearer of this and of my miniature. You loved me when I presented the bracelet, which I have since seen you wear, and let not a sight of my countenance, changed by years, cause your devotion to waver now. Two months hence I shall claim the hand you long since promised; do not hesitate, for if to consult your every wish, to love you as deeply as the heart of man is capable of loving, and to strive earnestly for your enjoyment, can make you happy, then will you be so in its fullest sense. Answer me to-night; for I anxiously await my fate.

John Smith."

Morgan came to her side and remarked,

"Miss Lesterfield, now that you have read his letter, will you see his miniature?"

He placed it in her hand, but she could scarcely hold it, she was so much excited. He took it from her, and, crossing the room, stood beneath the chandelier, and motioned her to his side. She again received it; opened the jeweled case, and saw the features it contained. She raised her head; darted an expressive glance into Morgan's face, and her eyes were filled with tears. His arm encircled her; her head rested upon his bosom, while he said roguishly,

"My wish is fulfilled; I have supplanted John Smith."

"But why did you deceive me, Morgan?"

"I did not intend to deceive you, Blanche, but becoming weary of the hypocrisy of fashionable life, I went into the country, not thinking that in its retirement I should meet with one so lovely as yourself. I assumed another name merely because my father had acquaintances in almost every section, and I did not wish to be the recipient of the attention which would naturally be paid to me from being his son. Then when I met you here in Boston, and knew that you did not recognize me, I determined to fathom your heart. But, Blanche, will you grant the request which, as John Smith, I made of you? Will you become my wife at the time I have chosen?"

Her uplifted glance was her only reply, but that was sufficient.

All of the guests had departed when Morgan took his leave. Blanche hastened up stairs, found that Lou had retired and was apparently asleep.

"Lou!" she exclaimed, gently shaking her; "are you asleep? I have something to tell you. Will you listen?"

"Why—cer-tain-ly," she answered, with a yawn. "I'm not very sleepy, so I suppose I'll have to listen."

"Well, John Smith——"

Lou's eyes closed languidly, and her breathing assured Blanche that she was again asleep.

"Lou!" she cried, "why do you not listen? What is the matter with you?"

"Why, I feel as though I had been taking a narcotic. Oh! I remember now. You were speaking of John Smith, and that always has the effect of opium. But I *can* remain awake, if you'll hasten."

"Well, sit up, and let me tell you all about it. It seems almost like a dream."

"It cannot possibly be more strange than the dream I had, awhile ago," said Lou, now thoroughly aroused. "I dreamed that John Smith and Morgan Arabesque were one and the same, and that when you discovered it, you were so strong in your determination to become Mrs. Smith, that Morgan was obliged to have his name changed by the legislature, before you would marry him."

"Why, Lou! did you really dream that?" she asked, her eyes distending with surprise.

"Certainly, child. But how much of my dream is realized?"

"Not very much, I assure you. However, Morgan and John Smith *are* really the same: but I am not more proud of the name he *now* bears, than I was of the one he assumed three years ago."

"You are right in entertaining such sentiments, my dear Blanche; for it is not the name, but the virtues, which ennoble the man. If you remember the jests in which I have indulged, you will think me inconsistent; but my first glimpse of the features you thought to be John Smith's, convinced me that the name was assumed, for I recognized Morgan immediately. My earnest asseverations that he should be supplanted, were uttered with a knowledge of this fact. But when are you to be married?"

"In two months, if we can gain papa's consent, which I do not doubt. So, Lou, the programme will be reversed, and you will wait upon me, instead of I upon you. Our arrangements are not yet definite; but, of course, we will return to the city, and will attend your wedding, provided you honor the quondam Mr. Smith and lady with an invitation."

"Poor John Smith!" sighed Lou, as she turned upon her pillow.

"Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where pencil and palette unhonored are laid:
Blue, yellow, and green were the pictures he drew,
But ne'er to the model was one of them true!"

she added, as the lids closed over her eyes.

Digitized by Google

A low, musical laugh escaped Blanche's lips, as Lou uttered her impromptu parody; but all else was soon forgotten in her thoughts of Morgan.

The weeks sped away until two months were counted, and the moon rose bright and beautiful upon the evening of Blanche Lesterfield's bridal. During the day Glenwood had been all excitement, and Lou, like a restless bird, had been flitting from one apartment into another, seeing that nothing was left undone which wealth and taste could accomplish. But now all the arrangements were complete, and Blanche stood attired in her bridal robes. A dress of exquisite lace fell in fleecy folds around the slender form; pearls gleamed upon the snowy neck and rounded arms, and amidst the golden ringlets which shaded so sweetly the beaming countenance. As she turned from the mirror, Morgan entered, radiant with happiness, and Lou, clasping Blanche's hand, approached him, saying,

"Allow me to introduce Mrs. John Smith."

"Mrs. Arabesque, if you please," he returned, with a smile.

An hour later, and Morgan Arabesque and Blanche Lesterfield were united for life.

A month after, Lou, too, was married.

The two friends continue to live in the closest intimacy. Often, however, Lou reproaches Blanche for having allowed her old lover to be supplanted, and even to this day persists in addressing her as MRS. JOHN SMITH.

UNDER THE APPLE-TREES.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

UNDER the cold, bare apple-trees,
That stiffen in the Winter rain,
I wonder, in such days as these,
How they can ever bloom again.

Where, in these boughs so dark and dull,
So shaken by the tempest's strife—
Where sleeps the wondrous principle,
The mystery that we call life?

How would our hearts with awe stand still,
Should it leap forth with sudden spring,
And, in one hour, these bare twigs fill
With heaps of rosy blossoming!

How lifeless seems the frozen sod,
Which the cold rain incessant wets!
What, if, to-night, the breath of God
Should cover it with violets!

Yet none the less that now it sleeps,
The vital principle, next Spring,
Will crown with violets all the steeps,
And flush the trees with blossoming.

Thus there are times, oh! pitying God!
When, shivering in care's bitter breeze,
Life seems as barren as the sod—
And naked as the apple-trees!

Day after day of frost and rime,
Long, long and wearily we wait;
Yet none the less, in God's own time,
His goodness He will vindicate.

No less for Winter, Spring will bloom;
No less, that long He tarrieth,
Brightness shall be evoked from gloom,
Beauty from dust, and life from death!

LOVE'S FLEETING DREAM IS O'ER.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

ALAS! alas! my fleeting dream
Of hope and love is o'er,
And never can the hand of time
Its visions bright restore!
But though all links are sunder'd now,
That bound my soul to thine,
Yet shall my broken heart e'er be
Thy memory's mournful shrine.

My sorrow, pain, and anguish seeks
No unfrequented spot;
For every scene a desert is
Where thou, loved one, art not.
And if sweet Nature smiles in glee,
And all is bright and fair:
I commune with my stricken heart,
And feel thou art not there.

I bow no more at beauty's shrine,
For me all charms are vain;
The heart that truly, fondly loves,
Can never love again.
The witching smile, the form of grace
I pass unheeded by;
For in the quiet of the tomb—
With thee—my hopes do lie.

Life now, to me, hath not one joy,
Since thou hast ceased to be;
The grave hath closed between our loves;
And what remains for me,
But in my heart to cherish fast
The memories of past years,
And give to thee, beside thy grave,
The offering of my tears?

Digitized by Google

DR. BOLTWOOD'S OFFER.

BY CAROLINE S. WHITMARSH.

CHAPTER I.

"GOOD-MORNING, father!"

Old Mr. Luyster kept on reading his newspaper, and made no reply.

"I said, 'Good-morning.'"

"Well, you haven't been out of town, I suppose, since yesterday?"

"Indeed I have," laughed Lettie, never at loss for a good-natured evasion, "I have traveled into the land of sleep and dreams."

"Sleep and dreams!" contemptuously.

So Lettie wandered into the adjoining parlor, divided from this by folding-doors, and paused before a large engraving of Raphael's "Transfiguration." Raphael might have painted her, as she stood with hands folded in awe, and face aglow with pleasure; a creature made of flame and flowers, full of gentleness and purity, full of spirit and courage.

Heavy hands fell at length on Lettie's shoulders, and an unexpected salute brought the color to her cheeks. "A penny for your thoughts, Let."

"Is it you, cousin Sam? Good-morning!"

"That is not telling your thought."

"Beg your pardon—it is; I 'thought' you were civil;" but her smiling eyes softened the while as she added, "Does no one in this house say good-morning?"

"Ne'er an one. It isn't our way. Cannot we take for granted that we have each other's good wishes?"

"Oh! but it's a pleasure to begin the day with a smile and a civil word: do not you think so?"

"Too much humbug of that kind, Let. We must show our friendship by deeds not words;" and Dr. Boltwood looked at the engraving with quiet satisfaction. "What were you thinking of so intently when I came in?"

"The divineness of this picture. I had altogether forgotten that it was only a bit of paper, and dreamed I was looking through a 'window in the wall' which opened out toward heaven."

Sam laughed derisively, but with pleasure in his face; the engraving was his, and had been framed and hung in secret anticipation of Lettie's return. He did not, however, confess to the kindness. It was not his way.

"Oh, Sam!" and she did not know that she laid her little hand on the arm of the rough, young giant beside her, "isn't it wonderful that a few lines and curves like these can fill us with such unspeakable delight?—can give such satisfaction and suggestion, and put a new heart in us, and lift up all our being as if with immortal wings? This is so unlike the pictures in uncle William's parlor, with their heavy gilded frames, and their nice fitting into the panels; they are only stylish furniture."

"And this?"

"You know very well," and, turning her face toward him, Lettie saw how Sam was watching her with his deep eyes. "It is beauty, teaching, inspiration, courage, faith, everything superhuman and divine!"

"Then you are glad to be home?"

"Ye—es."

"Cordial, upon my word!"

"Perhaps I am a little homesick, but it will pass. Don't laugh: and I may own that at uncle's they are very polite, and very gracious and tender to each other, and to me; I miss already, here, those gentle amenities of every day life."

"You are weak, Lettie."

"Am I, sir doctor? and yet I left uncle's home and came hither voluntarily, and against their wishes, as you know."

"You couldn't have expected to find court etiquette in this house."

"No, cousin, but I knew you led earnest, useful lives. I was heartily tired of being a fine lady, and preferred coming home to help lighten the cares of my nearer kindred."

"And teach them etiquette, I suppose?"

"Teach them to let the light shine which is in their good hearts: I would gladly do this. How can I?"

"Don't ask me. I have no faith in making broad one's phylacteries."

"You would have, could you guess how the want of these phylacteries of kindness strikes a stranger."

"For instance?"

"When I reached Boston, yesterday, at dark, and stepped out into the great chill, smoky station, I felt it was almost rudeness that no one had come to meet me."

"You *are* weak, Lettie; or do you need

Digitized by Google

valerian? Pray, did not the cabman find Tremont street easily enough?"

"Yes; but that wasn't finding me a cordial welcome after I had been absent sixteen months."

"And then how you must have been disgusted to find no Wilton carpets, oil paintings, damask sofas, and nicknacks generally—poor little Lettie!"

"You provoke me to own that I was disappointed; you remember uncle's house, now look about this room!"

"I thought you disliked finery."

"Hush! father will hear! I like good taste and an air of comfort. See those six vases on the mantle-shelf, three even pairs; then that old colored engraving of Jacob and his Children, it never looked so yellow before; and that dolorous Art-Union picture of Signing the Death-Warrant; and that closed window-blind, all cobwebby in the corner; and these plants, that look as if they had frozen once a week, all winter long."

"The arbutalon doesn't."

"You know among all flowers, I dislike arbutalons worst. Look at it, so tall the head bends against the ceiling; a spindling maple-tree hung with bits of beefsteak."

Sam laughed. "Give your mother that description: the arbutalon is her pride and joy."

"So much the worse for me since I must hide my disgust. Now keep my counsel, Sam, for I've only confessed because you are not one of the family, and are not responsible for these things I mean to change."

"There it is, fashionable hypocrisy and politeness! But come, Let, breakfast is ready."

CHAPTER II.

With an unnecessary rattling of chairs and dishes, as it seemed to Lettie, the family seated themselves at table. It was a bountiful repast, but the table-cloth was not smooth; the dishes were set awry; the silver needed polishing. Each one helped himself with little regard to his neighbor: and she missed the attentive waiter at her uncle's table.

There were Ben, Ned, and Freddy, eating as for a wager; there was Sallie, the younger, who pouted because she had no appetite, and Mary, the elder sister, and heiress, who sat next cousin Sam, and upon whom cousin Sam smiled, with a design, the family thought. There was papa, a little petulant that his meat had cooled while he carved for the rest; and Mrs. Luyster, pale and anxious, pouring coffee, hushing disputes, and apologizing.

"Won't you hand me the salt?" said Ben, the eldest boy—the first word he had deigned to address to his sister.

"Certainly, Benny; and will you hand me the bread, please?"

"No bread please here!" And Benny went on eating.

"Well, brother, please hand me the bread, then."

"I'm no more your well brother than Ned is." And still Ben went on eating.

"Benjamin! aren't you ashamed? Pass your sister the bread."

This command from the mother sent the bread plate toward Lettie's side of the table, with a shove that upset pepper-box and salt, and well-nigh upset Lettie's equanimity. "Better a dinner of herbs," she thought, in bitterness of spirit; "I forgot they were such young heathens; but I can bear it, and, perhaps, tame them."

Wholly unconscious of what was occurring, or too accustomed to such scenes for giving them a thought, the young doctor looked, by chance, toward his cousin.

"Why, Lettie, you are eating no breakfast. What's the matter?—homesick?" His words were daggers; and, reader, though you be formed of less gentle stuff, do not call Lettie weak. "Is there anything this way that you'd like?"

"Yes, thank you; the buckwheat cakes."

"There are no *cakes* here, there's only one." The family spell was upon him; but he lifted the plate, and Lettie responded, smiling,

"I meant the two halves of this one."

"Have some water?" asked a voice at Lettie's elbow.

"Thank you."

The three boys dropped their knives and laughed outright.

"It's Kate."

"I know it. Why should not Kate be thanked as well as my brother Ben?"

"I don't want your thanks."

"Ben! hold your tongue!" from papa.

"Really, Lettie, the boys do not usually behave in this manner," said Mrs. Luyster; but it was not many moments ere she was moved to apologize again.

And so the breakfast began and proceeded.

And this was *home*.

CHAPTER III.

Lettie Luyster was not a girl to sit down and pine over the inevitable, nor submit to others' "ways," when she knew they were wrong.

Digitized by Google

Breakfast over, she assumed her mother's usual task of washing the cups, and, bribing Freddy to go to the apothecary's for some silver-soap, scoured and polished till the spoons and forks shone resplendently.

"What are you doing, Letitia?" her father asked, as he bustled through the room. "What's that? Some kind of poisonous acid in it, I'll be bound! And have not you sense enough to know it must wear out silver to scrub it often?"

"I wonder if it wears out one's temper, or only toughens it, to live with angels so disguised as you?" was Lettie's wicked thought as she rubbed on.

Then the parlor blind was dusted and opened, not soon to close again; and four of the six vases were taken away from the mantle, and, to Lettie's wonder, her mother said,

"I have not forgotten how you dislike arbutalons; this shall be moved to-morrow to the upper hall."

"Let us have it moved now!" And Lettie flew to the kitchen for Kate. "And take all the others, Kate, while you are about it." So the withered herbs went.

"Oh! but Jacob and his Children!" That belonged to Mary, the heiress, and had hung here for time immemorial. A bright thought struck Lettie. Repairing to a room which the sisters occupied together, she drew from behind her trunk a large portfolio.

"What in the world is that?" asked sister Mary.

"A collection of engravings which uncle gave me. We will look them over, some time. There is one of Peter the Great, that is ever so much like cousin Sam."

"Let us look them over now." And as Lettie unfastened the strap, Mary glanced in her face a little nervously. Why should *she* notice resemblances to cousin Sam?

"It is his living image. It might have been drawn for him!" the heiress exclaimed, in delight.

"You are welcome to the engraving, if you care for it enough to buy a frame."

Ah! wicked Lettie! to work upon her weakness!

"They cost so much, sister. You remember I paid seven dollars for the frame to Jacob and his Children."

"Let us unframe that for awhile, and place Peter in its stead."

"Unframe *Jacob!* Why, only last week aunt Merry's dog barked at that picture, it was so like life."

Lettie did not blame the dog, but said meekly, as she replaced the engraving,

"I only supposed you'd like a variety; and then it would please Sam."

"I wonder if he would recognize the likeness?" So Mary yielded, and Jacob never hung upon the Luyster's walls again; and, to the heiress' delight, aunt Merry's dog barked at Peter, the next time he came, just as violently as he had at the patriarch.

CHAPTER IV.

"AH! cousin Sam!" said Lettie, as at noon the young physician bustled hurriedly through the hall, and threw open the parlor door.

"You here, Lettie? Is dinner ready?"

"I don't know, I am sure."

"Mary would know."

"Then I should think you would ask her."

"What's the matter? You are very cross—homesick still?"

"No, Sam; only a little tired."

"Tired! You should have driven twenty miles, stopped at a dozen or two of houses, puzzled out means to soothe a full score of whimsical women."

"And one cross one!"

"I shall take her in hand next. What is the dear pet tired with?"

"Why, Dr. Boltwood, is the word *dear* in your vocabulary?"

Lettie was thoroughly amused.

"For purposes of ridicule!" But that deep look came for a second in his eyes.

"Please your majesty, I have been reforming these parlors from barbarism into semi-civilization. Raphael deserved better surroundings."

Those last words checked the sneer which rose to his lips. Ah! cousin Sam, with your great mace of argument and dogmatism, beware of Lettie's sharp-edged scimitar of tact!

"It *is* lighter here. Where are the mantle vases gone?"

"I put four in the other parlor. I do not like to see all the ornaments of the house crowded into one room, and the rest bare; as if it were merely for display and not enjoyment."

"You are right, Lettie!" in a tone as if he kept the seal of the books of right and wrong.

She followed up her advantage quickly.

"What beautiful shapes those antique vases have! I am charmed with them. Where were they purchased, I wonder?"

"At the Crystal Palace, in New York. *I*

Digitized by Google

admire them, though Mary differs. She says they are too much like red flower-pots."

"Only in the texture, and finer at that. But are they yours, cousin Sam?—then I am so glad!"

The doctor was taken by surprise, confused, and yet aroused to opposition. Had this little, penniless cousin flown to the conclusion that she could appropriate him—Dr. Boltwood—with twenty thousand dollars left by his grandmother, and, and——

"Because you are good-natured, and will let me try an experiment with them."

"Yes, I don't care." How tumbled down his castle in the air!

"I will sketch them all over with antique devices, with eagle-headed gods, and wreaths of lotus, and fill the spaces with ivory-black. You'll think your vases have stood in the palaces of Pharaoh, and will thank me on your knees. But, since you are so kind, I will go and hurry Kate about the dinner."

Somehow the room appeared colder to Dr. Boltwood as Lettie vanished. He drew near the hearth, where a bountiful wood fire blazed. Who kindled it, he wondered. There had been no wood fires since Lettie went hence, a year and a half ago. He looked about the expensively, but stiffly furnished room. Each object seemed to have lost a little of its weight, and gained a curve or two, and a home-like glow. He wished the heiress were more like this little Lettie.

"There, I have caught you, old gentleman!" said a voice. "I've watched, while you sat entranced, and I could see in your eyes, mouth, forehead, in your very whiskers, that you were charmed with all my improvements."

"Charmed! But how she desires to please me!" thought Dr. Boltwood.

"Confess now. Doesn't the room look better?"

"Did I deny it?"

"As fully as you could without speaking an untruth."

"The room looks very well, you little goose; yes, looks better, a great deal better, than ever before. But don't expect me to lavish compliments, Lettie; for it is not my way."

"Thanks for your gracious concession; and there is the dinner-bell. Let us go."

"Go first."

"I'd rather not. You put your arm about me, yesterday, as I went 'first;' and I don't like men's arms around my waist, thank you!"

The most puzzling "case" on your list, to-day—isn't she, Dr. Boltwood?

CHAPTER V.

Lettie's labors had their compensation. Partial if not full success, and faint if not cordial sympathy, cheered her heart every day. Papa liked to read his papers before the bright wood fire, and cousin Sam to sit there when he hurried home, tired and cold, at night. Mrs. Luyster, every morning, rejoiced in the shining silver, and sister Mary in the more decorous deportment of the boys, among whom Lettie had become a favorite. Now and then a "Thank you," or "Good-morning," might be heard in the house, but spoken as if with shame, and addressed only to herself.

But there were better compensations than these mere surface changes of her own working. There were the large and constantly replenished library, the earnest plans for benevolence or improvement, the visits of sensible men and women, the table strewn daily with papers and magazines, the newest and the best, and now that Lettie had come, with prints, photographs, and natural curiosities. All these she had missed and bewailed amid the satin and rosewood splendors of her uncle's mansion.

And still, still Lettie was a rose among nettles; and of all who should discern the fact, Dr. Boltwood was the man, and half-resolved to rescue her.

Yet it had so long been understood that the estates, which Mary and himself had inherited from their grandmother, should remain undivided, wouldn't it answer as well to wed the heiress, and invite Lettie to their home?

And yet again, had not Lettie a will of her own, and charms of her own? She might marry some one else—the little mischief! he half-believed himself in love with her!

So Lettie came and dusted the mantle-shelf, and then took the New York Tribune and an easy-chair.

"How many times have you dusted that shelf to-day, Let?"

"Six or eight," quietly.

"Why don't you fret at your father and me for stirring the brands so often? You're a good-natured little thing!"

"Am I? We ought to be good-natured: that's no great virtue. Have you read this speech of ——? Why, how you are looking at me!"

"I've a great mind——"

Lettie saw a blow was to be parried.

"It is a good mind, maybe; but do you think it so very 'great?'"

"Then I have a *good* mind to ask you to come and dust the mantle-shelves in *my* home and be patient with me, charm me 'out of barbarism

Digitized by Google

into semi-civilization,' and make everything about us glow and shine with your sorcery, cousin Let, and——"

"Oh! do stop to take breath!" she exclaimed, with impatient pity. "You are not in earnest," and, looking in his eyes, "I would not be, cousin Sam."

"Why not? But I will, and I am. I don't care for Mary's twenty thousand dollars."

"Care a little for her heart, for her long-cherished expectations."

"Long-cherished nonsense! You cannot buy love—I do not love her—and I love you dearly. Now what should be the result?"

"That I am heartily sorry. I am not of Mary's opinion, and disapprove of the marriage of cousins."

"Oh! if that's all!"

"It isn't."

"Well?"

"I don't love you."

"Why do you not love me?" and he stood before her, "Peter the Great," in his strength and beauty.

"Because I'd rather have you for my cousin—because I never thought of loving you—because you are rough as a burr-thistle and cannot learn 'my way.'"

"You will teach me your way."

"Teach a hawk to coo like a dove?"

"Yes, you can do even that; and you will be my wife, Lettie Luyster."

As Dr. Boltwood left the room, Lettie stirred the brands mechanically—dusted the mantle; and then sank back in her easy-chair, covered her face, and cried.

CHAPTER VI.

As weeks passed on, Lettie's prospects became more troubled. Her best ally was now a harassing foe. Mary was jealous and unhappy. The fire had gone out on the parlor hearth.

Most annoying of all was Sam's pertinacity. That a woman so gentle could be firm—that a woman so poor could resist his fortune, and a woman so forlorn his love, was past belief. He argued till she was angry—he besieged her with favors and gifts till she wounded him by refusals—he prophesied and threatened till, against all reason, Lettie was alarmed.

In this condition of events, she was one day reading. Dr. Boltwood seated himself beside her; Lettie moved sufficiently to make room for the big Newfoundland dog on the sofa between them.

"Get away, Shag," said Sam, impatiently.

"Ah, let him stay! Shag is a good friend of mine."

"Stay, Shag—I envy you!"

"You needn't, cousin. I love you a thousand times better than all the dogs that ever barked; only there are varieties in love; and if you were the last man on earth——"

"Nonsense! I beg your pardon, Lettie, but I believe you are enamored of Mr. Cuyler."

"Yes—I am."

"You are not. He is old, odd, cross, and has seven children."

"And an establishment, and will die soon, and——"

"I do not think we should jest on serious subjects."

"No; nor provoke our cousins to such sin. Do, Sam, be your sober, sensible self once more. I used to enjoy you and be proud of you, and delight in thinking of you as my brother. There's the door-bell!"

"Why do you start so nervously?"

"I don't know. There is something mysterious about door-bells: there's a string in our hearts that vibrates to them at times."

Sam would have contradicted her and sneered, had not certain strings of his own heart vibrated at Lettie's ringing at the door.

"I am sure it is a guest I shall be glad to see."

"And I as sure you are wrong. Dr. Perry agreed to call for me at this hour, to consult regarding——"

A stranger was ushered into the room, and the quick color came to Lettie's cheeks. Away flew Shag: and Dr. Boltwood rubbed his eyes, to be sure it was Lettie clasped in the stranger's arms.

"Affectionate, upon my word!" he ejaculated.

"Forgive us, cousin Sam; and let me introduce you to Mr. Hartley, my uncle's ward, and——"

"And?" repeated Sam, anxiously, as he bowed to the stranger.

"And one who anticipates the honor of being your cousin. Will you shake hands and congratulate me, Dr. Boltwood?"

"From my soul! But, Lettie, you should have told me;" and Peter the Great left the room.

And I do not know what they said thereafter, nor why Shag was left on the door-mat; nor why, when Lettie invited the stranger to the tea-table, the boys thought her cheeks so red; nor why, for all Sam stayed away so long that night, the stranger and Lettie were still by the parlor fire when he returned.

Digitized by Google

He was passing up stairs, when a voice arrested him: "We have waited purposely to keep up a fire for you, cousin Sam; and we wish to consult you regarding our plans. I have been telling Mr. Hartley how much I depend upon your judgment."

"Very probably!" But he suffered Lettie to lead him back to the parlor by that small hand, which he fancied could lead him through life; and from whose gentle sway he would, in six months, have broken loose. For after twenty-five, a man's nature does not often begin to refine; if rude at twenty, he is at forty boorish; at sixty, tyrannical; and at eighty, life by his side will be no heaven.

And yet there is always a certain sweetness along with strength, the sweet nut inside of the chestnut-burr. When Lettie asked Dr. Boltwood's forgiveness for having deceived him, he confessed he had no right to her secrets; and that his had been all the treachery in forsaking her sister.

"And now let me make acquaintance with this new cousin. Had you been more confiding, Lettie, I might have entertained you with certain good deeds of his."

"Dear, generous soul! What were they?"

"See how she wheedles one, Mr. Hartley. She has tamed me as they do a young lion. But were not you the ward who saved my uncle from failure, the panic year, by placing your fortune at his disposal?"

"Let us forget by-gones," said Hartley, laughing. "Your uncle had been more than a father to me."

"And were not you the young lawyer who won that famous railroad case, a year ago?"

"Just before I went abroad? I suppose so. It was a piece of very good luck."

"Lettie, you are a fortunate girl; but there is not a man on this round earth worthy of her, Mr. Hartley!"

"Don't I know it?"

"Let us be married on the same day, I to Mary, and——"

"Oh! by all means," said Lettie.

"Only do not *wait too long!*" said Mr. Hartley.

"So this explains her refusal of my offer!" mused Dr. Boltwood, as Lettie accompanied her lover to the door.

THE SNOW.

BY SARAH E. JUDSON.

O'er the woodland and the town
Fast the snow is settling down;
O'er the graves, beneath the hill,
It is floating white and still.

There is one who's sleeping there,
She was young and very fair;
But they laid her long ago
In that grave beneath the snow.

Mourn we for her, that she lies
With folded hands and fast closed eyes—
Oh! a mournful watch we keep,
When the darkness groweth deep,

Settling in the valley lone,
Round that cold grave, and that white stone,
There, through all the Summer hours,
Bloomed and faded sweet, wild flowers.

The Autumn leaves fell o'er that grave
In many a gold and crimson wave.
Now lightly drift, oh! spotless snow!
O'er the quiet dust below.

Gently throw thy mantle cold
O'er the damp and heavy mould,
Till the young Spring violets wake,
And leaves in the Summer breezes shake.

HOPELESS.

BY MIRIAM CLYDE.

I feel that all the flowers of life
Have faded in my grasp—
And now but dead and dying stalks
My weary fingers clasp.

I raise them to my quivering lips,
I press them to my heart—
But oh! no freshness there I find,
No dewy perfumes start

From out their dreary, blackened depths,
And so I loose my hold,
And let them moulder into dust—
Their little story told.

While I go on to tread a path
By fruits and flowers unblest,
With ceaseless, aching sense of pain
That will not let me rest.

Digitized by Google

BOB THORNE'S TUTOR.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mabel Thorne sat crying in her room; moaning and sobbing so piteously, that had any person been there to see, he must have had a very stony heart indeed, if he could have refused to essay every means of consolation possible to offer.

But she was all alone in her sorrow, unless the mocking-bird in the balcony could have been counted a companion—a very unsympathizing one he proved at all events. The creature had been Mabel's pet for months, she had fed him with her own pretty fingers, been bitten by him without a murmur, done everything in her power to make him happy; and now, in her distress, the ungrateful little monster only piped up more vigorously than usual, and, into the bargain, amused himself by mimicking each prolonged sob in the most ludicrous manner.

Mabel really felt that his ingratitude was too much to bear, in addition to the troubles upon her, and she rose with a good deal of irritation and banished him into a dark room, the bird giving a final crow like an immense Shanghai rooster as the door closed upon him, probably by way of showing her that he was not conquered, even if he was reduced to silence.

Mabel went back to have her cry out in solitude. She was a long time about it; every effort she made to compose herself was followed by a severer burst of passionate tears; and, at last, there was nothing for it but to lie down on the bed and sob herself to sleep, as fast as possible.

Now I am not laughing at the girl, she was really suffering greatly, and yet I cannot help smiling as I recall her afflictions.

Mabel Thorne was in love—what a horrible expression! but it is too late in the month to hunt about for words—she was very young, she had just been separated from the man to whom she had given her girlish affections and fancies, and it seemed to her now that the only thing left for her was to die.

At that phrase, or the state of feeling which it describes, we all begin to draw down the corners of our mouths; and yet it is a painful sight to watch any young person bowed under the tempest of a first sorrow, and sincerely believing that its suffering and darkness must be eternal.

We who have lived past several such tempests—not that we are old, either of us, dear reader, heaven forbid! but then we have lived long enough to learn that the clouds will break away at last, the sun come out again, and in time the whole world go on just as well as it did before.

It is a miserable truth, but it is one nevertheless, that hearts are more like bakers' pies than anything in the world, gutta-percha sort of affairs, and capable of supporting as many crosses as a cranberry tart.

But this is all very wrong. I really had no intention of saying disagreeable things: and I promise now to confine myself wholly to Mabel Thorne, and the recital of her troubles and after destiny.

Mabel had a younger brother preparing for college; and about six months before the opening of this narrative, he had been taken from under the care of his old teachers, and brought home to be finished up by a tutor.

Mr. Thorne, the father, had found an immense deal of difficulty in providing himself with a bear leader for his cub. Half a dozen of the creatures had been tried in turn, and so unsatisfactory had their residence in the house proved, that Mabel, in common with the rest of the family, had decided that the whole race were an abomination in the sight of man, and of angels too, unless they are much more forbearing than could reasonably be expected even of seraphic natures.

There really seemed nothing for it but to send Master Bob ignominiously back to school, where he was certain to get into more scrapes, and commit more sins than could be settled or atoned for in a score of years. At the last moment, however, fate interposed, preserved scapegrace Bob from ferules and birches, and put matters to rights for a time, at least. Fate, in this case, assumed the shape of a fussy old friend of Mr. Thorne, who wrote him that he had found a tutor eligible in all respects, who would be sent on the very next day.

"What is his name, father?" asked Bob.

"Walter Lathrop," replied the paternal, referring to the letter.

Mabel heard and smiled approvingly—such a

Digitized by Google

sweet name—the last tutor had been named Jenkins and squinted dreadfully; the one previous had worn blue spectacles; another took snuff; a fourth snuffled, and so on through a catalogue of horrors frightful to the eyes of Mabel as the apparitions of Banquo's crowned progeny were to Macbeth.

"I hope he don't squint," she sighed, piteously.

"So do I," said Bob; "I hate a fellow that does that; spectacles are worse though, for then you can't tell when the old muff has got his eyes on you."

That sentiment was instantly frowned down by the elders; even Mabel was condemned to silence while Mr. Thorne and his better half discussed the merits of the new tutor.

"I see but one difficulty," Mrs. Thorne said, "he is very young; only twenty-five."

Mabel nearly sprang out of her chair with delight. The others had all been rusty old bachelors, who dodged behind a Greek lexicon every time she approached; but a man of twenty-five—oh, delicious!

"I am inclined to think that will prove no objection," returned Mr. Thorne; while Mabel listened eagerly, pretending all the while to be greatly interested in her embroidery. "The young gentleman will have more influence from that very fact—Robert will find him a companion."

Bob put out his lips, and forthwith began devising all sorts of modes of torture for the unfortunate creature, looking as innocent as a spring chicken nevertheless.

The discussion went on; so did the day, and both ended at last. The next morning, a carriage drove up to the house, and Walter Lathrop made his appearance, having arrived by the early train.

Mabel did not meet him until dinner time; but she had watched him for a full hour from her chamber window, while he walked about the lawn with Bob, and, judging from the boy's merriment, rapidly ingratiating himself into the good graces of his new pupil.

Mabel began by thinking him very unlike anything she had ever imagined in the way of a tutor. Before dinner time arrived, she had gone on to a thousand fancies not at all necessary to describe.

He was tall and slender, really handsome, and there was a certain carelessness about his dress, so well carried off by his youth and good looks, that it had quite a picturesque effect; in time it would probably settle into downright slovenliness; but Mabel did not think of that.

She conversed with him a little during the evening. He sang a tolerable tenor, played the guitar; and Mabel went to bed very indignant with the three pitiless sisters who had condemned a man like that to the profession he was obliged to follow.

Walter Lathrop succeeded admirably in making himself a favorite in the house. Before many weeks one would sooner have taken him for an intimate friend of the family, than a person engaged to perform a special duty.

Mrs. Thorne liked him because he was a believer in homœopathy, and listened with sympathy to her little ailments, at which the others always laughed. He knew an immense deal about Hahnemann, understood the mystery of the small globules, and agreed with her likewise in her peculiar theories upon a variety of subjects.

Mr. Thorne was satisfied with him, because Bob seemed doing well in his studies; and besides, Walter played a capital game of chess—the womenkind had been too stupid to learn. So the young tutor, as I said, ended before long by becoming a general favorite.

There appeared no objection to his practicing with Mabel. Mrs. Thorne liked to hear them sing together; the father considered her a mere child still, and nobody dreamed that anything of consequence could come out of so innocent a matter, unless it might be improvement in Mabel's voice.

Two middle-aged heads ought to have been wiser, for what can be more dangerous than long hours over a piano-forte, the songs with their suggestive titles, and all the little intimacies that must unavoidably spring up? But the thought never occurred either to the father or mother, and the consequence was—you know what, girls—just the prettiest little romance two young people ever encountered.

Walter Lathrop was a man of sufficient talent and good acquirements. There was not so much at the bottom as one might have expected from the showy exterior; his attainments were rather brilliant than solid. He was undoubtedly indolent, not accustomed to deep thought upon any subject, and, from that very fact, as likely to be led into indiscretions and wrong doing as a man of worse principles, but more systematic habits.

I do not suppose he thought he was doing anything wrong in falling in love with Mabel Thorne; I do him the justice to believe that he did not put her sixty thousand dollars and his poverty into the consideration. The truth was, he had a weakness for falling in love—a very

Digitized by Google

contemptible one undoubtedly, yet exceedingly pleasant let wise people say what they please.

Mabel had no failing of the sort. She had been educated at home under the care of an admirable woman, who had seen fit to die something less than a year before, at the very time when Mabel most needed her wisdom and example; for Mrs. Thorne was so occupied with her ailments and her hatred of allopathy, that she had little thought to spend upon her daughter, especially as she openly laughed at Hahnemann and despised sugar pills. Owing to the fact that she was innocent of boarding-school friends and sensation novels, Mabel was not so well informed as she might have been upon a variety of subjects, and she yielded herself to a pleasant dream without reflecting upon it either way.

The time came when sighs and whispers grew more eloquent, when life changed wholly to the young girl: and here I am not jesting. She was an impulsive, imaginative person, and created in her mind an ideal which she clothed in the shape of Walter Lathrop, and worshiped believing it to be him. It was romance with her, but not folly; she really loved, but although she was ignorant of it, not so much the man himself as the being she believed him to be.

However, putting metaphysics out of the question, she was more in earnest than was at all consistent with prudence or happiness; and no persuasions could have induced her to believe that, in ten years from that time, her whole mind would be so changed that a union with Walter Lathrop would have made the misery of her life.

I have no intention of dwelling upon that season. In spite of me I should turn it into ridicule; and as every man and woman can picture the records of that time from his or her experience, if he or she would tell the truth, I shall pass it over in silence.

Walter Lathrop had been six months in the house before the parents dreamed that their daughter was in the slightest degree interested in him. Of course the servants knew it—they know everything always—but they held their peace.

The disclosure was unexpected and unpleasant—it happened in this wise:

One bright autumn afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Thorne went to walk in the garden; they were very good friends that day; he had forgotten his business, and she homœopathy.

They strayed along the walks quite in a loverlike fashion, discoursing of their children—they were pleased with Bob's advancement, and delighted because Mabel grew so pretty.

"A darling little puss," said Mr. Thorne.

"So different from most girls of her age," said Mrs. Thorne.

"Yes, indeed," said he; "no nonsense there."

"No nonsense there," repeated she.

As the words left the lady's lips, the couple reached a spot where they commanded a view of a rustic arbor, a little off from one of the principal paths, and they both stood cataleptic, turned to statues by the sight that met their gaze.

Upon a bench sat Mabel; at her feet knelt the handsome tutor, clasping her hand in his, and pouring out a flood of passion that would have drowned all bulwarks of prudence, which any young girl could have heaped up to stem the tide.

A stifled shriek from Mrs. Thorne—a muttered oath from the father, in spite of his church standing—a cry from Mabel—utter consternation on the part of the young man.

The scene which followed was not pleasant, but it was such an one as will occasionally take place even in well-regulated households.

Before the sun set, Lathrop had left the house in disgrace; Bob had tired himself out with fits of passion, varying from the pathetic to the outrageous; Mr. and Mrs. Thorne sat in their private room, disconsolate and crest-fallen, and Mabel, as I described several pages back, had cried herself to sleep in her chamber.

She was awakened by the doleful groans and shrieks of her bird, and rising, quite shocked at her own cruelty, set him out on the balcony, again to enjoy the sunset and make a more heartless disturbance than before.

Nobody came near her; there she sat until the bell rang for dinner, and when a servant knocked to know if she would go down—her father had sent—she turned away more broken-hearted than ever, and indignant that he could think she would taste food after an ordeal such as she had passed through.

A sleepless night and a dull morning after found her still more miserable. Her mother came up and tried consolation; Mr. Thorne ordered her down to the library, and essayed commands with no better effect than his wife's persuasions.

Lathrop had gone; where, Mabel did not know. She was quite certain that no letters from him would be allowed to reach her, that every movement would be watched, and she could do nothing but give way to her wretchedness, and increase it, as people always do suffering, by thinking of nothing else from morning till night.

Digitized by Google

Several weeks passed, and Mabel's health had suffered so much, that her parents were glad to compromise matters, and, at least, restore their own affection and kindness.

The house was dreary enough; Mabel went about like a restless ghost; she put back her curls and only wore the most melancholy sort of braids; she had managed to get a troublesome cough from much sitting at open windows and incessant watching of the moon.

Mr. Thorne grew alarmed at her state. He really believed the girl would fret herself into consumption—something must be done, that was certain—he was quite ready to offer every sort of consolation, except the one which would have been effectual.

But Mabel was indifferent to every project, resigned to anything that might be proposed; she sighed at the idea of amusement, and shuddered at the gayety of a winter in town.

"We will go South, if you like," Mr. Thorne said, "and spend a season at New Orleans."

"Whatever you please," replied Mabel, meekly.

"Would you rather go than stay here?"

"Just as you think best," she answered, with the same angelic submission and sweetness.

Mr. Thorne was irritated beyond all endurance; but it was no time for reproaches or lectures—the girl must be humored and coaxed back to her senses. Mrs. Thorne was not a very judicious assistant in an affair like that; she fretted a great deal, bothered Mabel with sugar pills and small pellets, but I am not aware that the doses helped her either in mind or body.

At last it was decided that Mr. Thorne and Mabel should go South for the winter; Mrs. Thorne had a fancy that the climate was bad for the health, and concluded to remain at home. It was just as well, for her little peculiarities irritated the girl in the morbid state into which she had fallen.

During the journey, and after their arrival at New Orleans, Mr. Thorne did his best to amuse and rouse her, but his efforts succeeded very slowly. They had a large circle of friends in the gay city, and Mabel went out a great deal; she believed herself a martyr to her father's wishes, but it often happened that she enjoyed a ball in spite of herself, though she always did an extra amount of repining the next day by way of penance for the sin of forgetting her troubles for an instant.

She thought and dreamed of Lathrop incessantly; it seemed to her that she would willingly have given life itself to see him once more. She fancied his distress—he would do something desperate—commit suicide, perhaps! She never picked up a newspaper without a shudder, expecting to find the young man's name down in the catalogue of deaths by miserable accident or self-destruction. The terrible tidings never met her eye, however; his name did not reach her in any way. If Mr. Thorne knew anything of his whereabouts, the information was carefully concealed from Mabel.

The winter passed on. Carnival was almost over, and people were crowding as much amusement as possible into the remaining days of enjoyment, before resigning themselves to the sack-cloth and ashes of a penitential Lent.

Mabel was sitting in her chamber, one morning, weary with the fatigues of a ball, and altogether as disconsolate as one of Miss Landon's heroines. The door opened unexpectedly, and Mr. Thorne entered the room, with a very singular expression upon his face—anxiety and sympathy were apparent, but under all was a certain subdued satisfaction which would break out in spite of his self-control.

Mabel looked up languidly, and replied to his inquiries after her health, rather wondering at his unusual solicitude. They conversed a little, but Mr. Thorne was so preoccupied that it struck her at last, and she turned toward him with a nervous sort of animation.

"Have you letters from home?" she asked.

"No; I expect to hear from your mother to-morrow," he replied. "I have news from the North, however."

His tone was so singular that she began to tremble with a vague anxiety; she had grown so irritable that the least thing excited and disturbed her.

"What do you mean, father?" she inquired, hastily.

Mr. Thorne went up to her and put his arm caressingly about her waist, while she looked into his face, so pale and trembling, that he pitied her.

"I have heard something that you ought to know," he said, slowly; "you will bear it best from me; but, Mabel, dear, be a sensible girl, and——"

She started from him and stood staring at him, appalled by the horrible fear which had lain at her heart for weeks, and now grew almost into a certainty.

"Mabel!" he exclaimed, alarmed at her appearance, and moving toward her.

She put out her hand to keep him back, and cried out in a hollow voice,

"I know what it is—Walter Lathrop is dead!

Digitized by Google

Are you satisfied now? He is dead—let me die too!"

She was in distress too terrible to think of romance or tragedy, but her manner and her fancies so vexed her father, that he forgot all his sympathy, and answered bluntly,

"Don't be a fool, child! I'll risk that young scape-grace's dying for twenty girls."

"He is ill, suffering——"

"Deuce a bit! My dear, he is married."

He was sorry for his cruelty the moment the words had left his lips. Mabel's face grew whiter, her hands shut convulsively, and she fell onto the sofa, neither fainting nor in tears, but trembling so violently that she could not support herself.

Mr. Thorne was thoroughly frightened, and as fussy as any man who finds himself in a predicament where he does not know what must be done next.

"I don't believe it," were Mabel's first words. "You have tortured me enough—the proofs, the proofs!"

Unfortunately for Mabel they were such as were indisputable; there was nothing left but to call up her pride and bear it as well as she could.

She left her father abruptly and went away to her bed-room. Probably all that she had before suffered appeared slight, indeed, compared to the anguish of that hour. She had sense enough to keep it to herself; but Mabel Thorne was not a goose—she still made excuses for Lathrop in her own mind, yet she would have despised herself had she permitted her thoughts to dwell upon his memory as she had before done.

Mr. Thorne, little skilled in the mysteries of female nature, was astonished to meet her in the evening quiet and becomingly dressed—really making a strong effort to conceal her pain; he had expected a course of nervous fever, at the very least.

Neither that nor sickness of any sort followed. They finished their visit, and when spring came returned home. Mabel was greatly altered, there was no denying that; the playful light-heartedness of girlhood was gone, but the ordeal had done her good in many other respects.

She did her best to appear cheerful and happy; she could not endure the idea now of being pitied, and not the slightest allusion to Walter Lathrop ever passed her lips.

Mr. Thorne began to feel a good deal of respect for the girl, and, according to my view of the case, she deserved it. Everybody knows that what is called a first love is, nine times in ten, a sentiment that could not bring us lasting happiness; nevertheless it is a hard thing for any young creature to relinquish such a dream: very much that is beautiful and bright goes with it—life can never give back the feelings that were wrested from the heart during that season; but, after all, it does people good, makes them tougher and stronger, and, like the measles or the whooping-cough, it had better come early in life than wait till mature age and so be dangerous.

The summer passed—it was a dreary one to Mabel—and the following winter found them settled in New York. Mabel might have been quite a belle, only she cared little about it; although, to please her father, she went out a great deal.

One of the most frequent visitors at the house was a Mr. Bradley, a sensible, wealthy man, who had possibly seen his thirty-fifth birthday, but had, by no means, settled in absolute old bachelordom on that account.

He loved Mabel sincerely, and toward spring he asked her father's permission to address her—greatly to Mr. Thorne's satisfaction. The avowal was unexpected to Mabel, but she could not put it aside, as she had done many similar declarations. Mr. Bradley had won her respect and esteem, but she did not love him; it seemed impossible that any such sentiment could ever find a place in her heart.

She told him her whole story very frankly, and he listened with a great deal of patience, offering her his sincere sympathy and advice. They conversed freely for a long time, and Mabel felt a sense of relief in the confidence she gave, such as had not before visited her for months.

"And yet," Mr. Bradley said, at last, "I cannot give up my best hopes in this way, Mabel; you have not answered my question. Will you marry me?"

Mabel looked at him in astonishment.

"You cannot wish it," she said, "after all I have told you."

"I do, more than ever; I really did not know it was in human nature to be so sensible."

Mabel smiled, but shook her head.

"I will be your friend," she answered; "I dare not promise anything more."

But Mr. Bradley was by no means satisfied. He tried argument and persuasion, and Mabel's scruples were a good deal shaken.

"I do not love you," she said, frankly.

"But you like me—a little?"

"I like you very much; I respect you, I could

Digitized by Google

submit to your advice and counsel, but a woman should marry with deeper feelings."

"I am not sure of that, Mabel; friendship, confidence, and esteem make a very good foundation upon which to build a married life."

Then he talked to her again, and she listened. It was all very different from the language Walter Lathrop had employed; totally unlike anything she had ever read in novels; widely opposed to all her former fancies and theories; but it sounded very sensible and pleasant notwithstanding.

"May I ask you one question more?" he inquired; "and will you promise not to think me impertinent or cruel?"

"I am not afraid to promise."

"Do you still care for that man?" he whispered.

The color shot into Mabel's face, but she nerved herself and answered slowly,

"I hardly know how to answer; I believe I do not care for him; yet the feeling I gave—the—I don't know how to say what I mean, Mr. Bradley."

"I think I understand. You cannot forget the dream, although you have ceased to connect it with its former object."

"I trust so," Mabel said. "I should despise myself were it otherwise; but, feeling as I do, I should not dare to marry another—I believe all capability of loving has left me—I am frightened sometimes to find how cold and hard-hearted I am growing."

He smiled. Very possibly he understood and had experienced a similar state of feeling. At all events, he did not appear at all alarmed at Mabel's description of her icy quiet and statuesque repose, for he renewed his offer with unshaken composure.

Mabel did not accept him, she had no idea that she ever should do so; but Mr. Bradley did not despair, and they remained as good friends as ever.

Everybody knows that perseverance will work miracles; so no one will be astonished to hear that before the summer was over, Mabel had promised to become Mr. Bradley's wife.

They were married in the latter part of September, and sailed immediately for Europe.

The next year passed more pleasantly than Mabel could have ventured to hope. Mr. Bradley was so kind and gentle that she was daily drawn more closely toward him. He was a man of extreme refinement of character, delicate sensibilities, and perfectly capable of going through with the task which he had taken upon himself. He was an extremely agreeable traveling companion, possessed as much enthusiasm as Mabel herself, gratified her fancies, taught her to love art with an understanding and reverence she had never known before.

They wandered over Europe for two years, and then returned to America to make for themselves a home, and find such happiness as it might please destiny to bestow upon them.

Mabel was astonished to find how much life had altered. She was no longer either discontented or miserable; she gave to her husband every feeling which she had promised; put aside all thought of Walter Lathrop: but, in spite of herself, there were times when the recollection of that girlish dream would come back and bring something like a shadow of her former pain.

Mr. Bradley conversed with her unrestrainedly concerning all those things, and never appeared either irritated or troubled at her dwelling upon the past.

In truth, Mabel was much more completely cured than she herself dreamed, although it is quite probable that Mr. Bradley was more clear-sighted and saw deeper into the real state of the case.

Mabel had been married three years, and unlike most women who have had as many years' experience in matrimony, she was much happier than when she became a wife.

They were going one night to dine with a sister of Mr. Bradley, and Mabel was dressing for the occasion, when her husband entered and asked to speak with her.

She sent away her maid, and continued the finishing touches of her toilet while she listened.

"What makes you hesitate so?" she asked. "You have no bad news, I hope?"

"No, no," he replied, cheerfully, with a peculiar laughing twinkle in his eyes; "but——"

"Well?"

"Who do you think we shall meet at Julia's?"

There was something in his voice which startled Mabel. She turned toward him—a name she seldom spoke died on her lips.

"Yes," Mr. Bradley replied, composedly as ever, seeming in no wise disturbed by her manner; "we are to dine with Walter Lathrop and his wife."

One of Mabel's old nervous tremors took possession of her; but, after a time, Mr. Bradley succeeded in calming her.

"I cannot go," she said; "I really cannot! Oh! I am ashamed of myself, Louis; but I can't go."

He insisted, however, and almost irritated her by the laughing way in which he treated her distress.

Digitized by Google

"How does it happen they are to be there?" she asked.

"Very simply. Mr. Lathrop's wife has lost her fortune, and he is forced to take up his old profession again. My sister knew the lady years since, and on her account is trying to obtain him a situation."

"Poor Walter!" sighed Mabel, involuntarily.

Mr. Bradley turned away his head to hide a smile—such an insensible husband!

"Have you seen him?" she questioned.

"Yes; I met him yesterday."

He smiled again; fortunately Mabel did not perceive it, or she might have been seriously offended. Could it be that he was laughing at that young Adonis of her imagination? Had he no fear of him?

He induced Mabel to go at last, and she started with a sinking heart. The guests were all collected when the pair entered the drawing-rooms. Mrs. Parsons received them with her usual affectionate warmth; and after Mabel had greeted such persons as she knew, she took her seat, not daring to raise her eyes lest she should encounter the gaze of Walter Lathrop.

She remembered him as he looked when they parted—his graceful form—that expressive face—those dark eyes so eloquent with feeling! Oh! for a moment Mabel was wretched enough—she had deceived herself so long, but she could never fall back into that cold quiet. She must tell her husband all—probably he would no longer bear with her—they should part—well, she could die!

She had reached that point of misery, when she heard her husband's voice at her elbow,

"Mrs. Bradley," he said, calm as a lake with the sun on it, "let me present Mr. Lathrop to you."

Mabel was near screaming, but she forced herself to sit still, to look up. There stood her husband, smiling and pleasant; by his side was an ill-dressed, long haired individual, very puffy and wheezy, as if troubled with incipient dropsy and asthma, shabby as to his lower limbs, very dilapidated as to his whole person from the untidy manner in which he had flung himself into his clothes.

It could not be—Mabel would not believe it! But he spoke, called her by name, croaked something about a former acquaintance, while Mabel sat in speechless consternation. Could less than five years have wrought a change like that, and transformed Adonis into such a Caliban?

She glanced about—the only strange lady present was a tall, lank creature on the sofa, with a troubled, anxious look, and so ill-dressed that it was quite evident she could be no other than the mate of the man before her.

Away flew Mabel's dream; dead at her feet fell the last glow of romance, and she sat there ready to sink into the floor with shame and mortification.

The dinner and evening passed very confusedly to her. She sat near Lathrop, and saw him eat in a greasy, unctuous manner, which fully accounted for his puffy appearance.

Mabel went home in a state of self-abasement unparalleled in her experience. To think she could have woven a dream about an object like that, crowned him with a halo, set him up as an idol, and have worshiped him with the blindness of a Hindoo devotee. That she should ever have acknowledged it to her husband. What must he think of her? What would he say?

She need not have troubled herself about that, for three days elapsed before he even alluded to the subject; then he said abruptly as they sat together,

"Mabel, I want to ask you an odd question. May I?"

She bowed her head.

"Do you love me now?"

She looked up. There he stood, smiling at her with such true, earnest affection, that she fairly burst into tears, and threw herself into his arms to have her cry out in peace.

The ghost of girlish romance was laid at rest forever; and Mabel's answer to his question was whispered as blushingly as if she had not been married three years.

"That is an end of it," Mr. Bradley said, after they had talked awhile; "it is very hard, but old love affairs have a habit of turning into nightmares! I moaned over a girl once for more years than I care to tell, and, when I met her, she snuffled and held a dirty child in each hand."

Mabel laughed heartily, and so the matter ended. Caliban, christened Adonis, obtained his situation; while Mrs. Caliban mended his old shirts, and fretted and fretted as much as she saw fit.

Mabel Bradley went on through life, growing every year more attached to the man to whom she had given esteem, which had transformed itself into a love much stronger and safer to trust than the first ebullition of youthful sentiment and passion.

Digitized by Google

THE BROKEN LIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 256.

CHAPTER IV.

The Bosworths lived behind the spur of the mountain which shut out a portion of the valley from our house by its crown of forest trees. I had taken little exercise in the open air, of late; for Mrs. Dennison monopolized the horse I had been in the habit of riding, with my usual seat in the carriage. Perhaps I felt a little hurt at this, and would not ask for favors that had until now been mine without solicitation. In my love of out-door exercise I am half an English woman. So, mentioning to Mrs. Lee and Jessie that I was going out for a long walk across the fields, I started for Mrs. Bosworth's house.

It was a splendid afternoon. The sunshine, warm and golden, without being oppressive, was broken by the transparent clouds that drifted like currents and waves of gauze athwart the sky. The meadows were full of daisies, butter-cups, and crimson clover, through which the blue-flies, birds, and humble-bees fluttered and hummed their drowsy music. In the pastures clouds of grasshoppers sprang up, with a whir, from the clusters of white everlasting that sprinkled the slopes like a snow-storm; and little birds bent down the stately mullein-stalks with their weight, and sang cheerily after me from the crooks of the fences. How I loved these little creatures with their bright eyes and graceful ways! How quietly they opened my heart to those sweet impulses that make one grateful and child-like! My step grew buoyant, and I felt a cool, fresh color mounting to my cheeks. The walk had done me good. I had been too much in the house, indulging in strange fancies that were calculated to make no one happy, which were, perhaps, unjust. How could I have sunk into this state of mind? Was I jealous of Mrs. Dennison? Yes, possibly! But not as another would have understood the feeling. It was rather hard to hear the whole household singing her praises from morning till night; and Jessie, my own Jessie, seemed so bound up in the woman. Well, after all, these things seemed much more important in the house, where I felt like an involuntary prisoner, than they appeared to me now, with the open fields breathing fragrance around me, and the blue skies speaking beautifully of the just God who reigned above them.

I really think the birds in that neighborhood had learned to love me a little: they gave such quaint little looks, and burst into such volumes of song among the hazel bushes, as I passed. Before I knew it, fragments of melodies were on my own lips. I gathered handful after hand-ful of the meadow flowers, grouping the choicest into bouquets, and scattering the rest along my path. Thus you might have tracked my pro-gress by tufts of grass, and golden lilies, as the little boy in fairy history was traced by the pebble-stones he dropped.

Mrs. Bosworth's house was one of the oldest and finest of those ponderous Dutch mansions that are scattered over Pennsylvania. There were rich lands to back that old-fashioned building, and any amount of invested property, independent of the lands. After all, young Bosworth was no contemptible match for our Jessie, even in a worldly point of view. If his residence lacked something of the elegance and modern appointments for which ours was re-markable, it had an aspect of age and affluence quite as imposing. Indeed, in some respects it possessed advantages which our house could not boast. Majestic trees that struck their roots in a virgin soil, and shrubbery that had grown almost into trees. One great, white lilac bush lifted itself above the second story win-dows, and old-fashioned white roses clambered half over the stone front. Then there was a huge honey-suckle that spread itself like a banner over one corner, garlanding the eaves, and dropping down, in rich festoons, from the roof itself. But all this was nothing compared to that magnificent elm-tree, which overhung a wing of the building with its tent-like branches, through which the wind was eternally whispering, and the sunshine was broken into faint flashes, before it reached the roof. I had never been so much impressed with the dignity of old times, as when I approached this dwelling.

It possessed all the respectability of an old family mansion, without any attempt at modern improvements. The very flowers on the premises were old-fashioned; great snow-ball bushes and rows of fruit trees predominating. In the square, old-fashioned garden that lay upon the road, I saw clusters of smallage, and thickets of delicate fennel. On each side the broad threshold-stone stood green boxes running over with live-forever and house-leeks, while all around the lower edges of the stone that exquisite velvet moss, which we oftenest find on old houses, was creeping. I lifted the heavy brass knocker very cautiously, for it was ponderous enough to have reverberated through the house. Even the light blow I gave frightened me. No wonder people felt constrained to muffle knockers like that in the good old times, when sickness came to the family. A quiet, old colored woman came to the door. She knew me at once, though it was the first time I had entered the house.

"Come in, Miss. Hyde," she said, welcoming me with a genial look. "Mrs. Bosworth said, if you called she would come right straight down and see you, so walk in."

She opened the door of a sitting-room on the right of the hall. It was old-fashioned like the exterior of the building. Windows sunk deep into the wall, ponderous chairs, and a capacious, high-backed sofa with crimson cushions, and embroidered footstools standing before it. The carpet had been very rich in its time, and harmonized well with the rest of the apartment.

I seated myself on the sofa, and waited with some anxiety. Surely, my young friend must be very ill to have abandoned this room for his own! What a comfortable look the place had! How delightfully all the tints were toned down! There stood a queer, old work-table, with any amount of curiously-twisted legs, and on it an antique Bible, mounted and clasped with silver. Such books are only to be found now in the curiosity shops of the country. Under this table, and somehow lodged among its complication of legs, was the old lady's work-basket, in which I detected a silver-mounted case for knitting-needles, some balls of worsted, and an embroidered needle-book. We ladies are always noticing these little feminine details; they aid us greatly in that quick knowledge of character, which men are apt to set down as intuition.

While I was thinking over these speculations, a step in the hall, and the rich, heavy rustle of those old silks that our grandmothers were so proud of, disturbed me. The door opened, and an old lady, very old indeed, came into the room.

I stood up involuntarily, for the person of this old lady was so imposing, that it exacted a degree of homage which I had never felt before. I can imagine a figure like that, wandering through the vast picture galleries of some old English castle, and there I should have given her a title at first sight. As it was, her person struck me with amazement. Not that it was out of keeping with the premises, but because this lady was altogether a grander and older person than I had expected to see in that house.

She received my salutation with a slow courtesy, very slight and dignified in its movement, and, advancing to a huge, crimson easy-chair that stood near the work-table, sat down.

"My daughter is in her son's room," she said, in a soft and measured voice, glancing at me with her placid eyes. "He is very ill, and we are frightened about him."

"Is not this very sudden?" I inquired.

"Yes, very; we don't know what to make of it. He, so healthy and so cheerful, something has gone wrong with him, Miss Hyde."

She looked at me earnestly, as if expecting that I would explain something conveyed in these words.

I felt myself blushing. It was not for me to speak of Jessie's affairs to any one, certainly not in a case like this.

The old lady dropped her eyes, and, taking her knitting-case from the basket, laid it in her lap, evidently disposed to give me time. At length she spoke again.

"My grandson has enjoyed himself so much since we came to the country, especially since his friend, Mr. Lawrence, arrived; and now to have him struck down all at once—it is disheartening!"

"Is he so very ill?" I inquired.

"He has been restless and excited, more or less, for a week or more; but during the last three days has seemed seriously ill. Now he is entirely out of his head; my daughter sat up with him all last night; the doctor was here this morning. He pronounces it a brain fever."

I was really disturbed. She saw it and went on.

"He asked for you three or four times during the night; and—and for another person whom we could not venture to ask here."

"I am glad you sent for me," I replied, anxious to waive all explanation "At home they consider me a tolerable nurse."

Digitized by Google

She looked at me seriously a moment, and then said, in a gentle, impressive way,

"Miss Hyde, be kind to an old woman who has nothing but the good of her child at heart, and tell me if Miss Lee has—has repulsed my grandson?"

"No, not that, madam; but, but——"

"She has rejected him, I see it by your face; I suspected it from his wanderings," she said, sorrowfully.

I was silent, the mournful accents of her voice touched my heart.

"You have no hope to give the old woman?" she said. "Yet to her it seems impossible for any one not to love Bosworth."

"I am sure there is no man living for whom Miss Lee has more respect," I answered.

She smiled a little sadly.

"Respect! That is a cold word to the young heart, Miss Hyde."

That moment the door opened and Bosworth's mother came in. She was altogether unlike the stately old lady with whom I was conversing. Her small figure, keen black eyes, and restless manner, spoke of an entirely different organism, which was natural enough, as she was only connected with the stately dame by marriage with her only son, a union that had been consecrated by an early widowhood. It was easy to see that the elder lady was mistress of that house, and that the daughter-in-law held her in profound reverence. Poor lady! she was in great distress, and came up to me at once.

"You are kind, very kind," she exclaimed; "he has asked for you so often. Oh! Miss Hyde, it is terrible to see him in this state with no way of helping."

"It is indeed," I answered, pitying her from my heart.

"Will you go up now? He asked for you and some one else only a few minutes ago," she said, walking up and down the room in nervous restlessness. "It was an out-of-the-way thing to send for you, almost a stranger, but I am sure you will excuse it. Oh! Miss Hyde, we love him so. We two lonely women, and to lose him!"

Here the poor mother burst into a passion of tears; while the old lady sat down by her work-table and looked on with a sorrowful countenance. A noise from up stairs arrested the younger Mrs. Bosworth in her walk.

"He is calling," she said. "Oh! Miss Hyde, he cannot bear me out of his sight! Just as it was years ago, when he would plead with me to sit by his bed, after our mother there insisted on the lamp being put out."

The old lady shook her head and smiled sadly. "You were spoiling the boy, Hester, making a little coward of him; but he soon ceased to be afraid of the dark—a brave young man, Miss Hyde, and a comfort to his mother; God spare him to us!"

Hester Bosworth began to cry afresh at these encomiums; and, going up to her mother-in-law's chair, bent her head upon the back, sobbing aloud.

The old lady reached up her soft, little hand, and patted the poor mother on the cheek as if she had been a child.

"Don't fret so, Hester. Our boy is young, and his constitution will not give way easily. A little sleep, if we could only induce a few hours' sleep!"

"I have made a hop pillow for him and done everything," sobbed the mother; "but there he lies, looking, looking, looking, now at the wall, now at the ceiling, and muttering to himself."

"I know—I know," said the grandmother, hastily lifting her hand, as if the description wounded her. "Will nothing give him a little sleep?"

I remembered how often Mrs. Lee, in her nervous paroxysms, had been soothed to rest by the gentle force of my own will. Indeed I sometimes fancy that some peculiar gift has been granted to me, by which physical suffering grows less in my presence.

"Shall I go up with you, Mrs. Bosworth?" I said, inspired with hope by this new idea. "He may recognize me as an old friend."

"Oh! yes, yes!" she exclaimed, leading the way. "Mother, will you come?"

We mounted the staircase, a broad, old-fashioned flight of steps, surmounted with heavy balustrades of black walnut. There was a thick carpet running up them; but, lightly as we trod, the keen ear of the invalid detected a strange presence, and I heard his voice, muffled and rough with fever, calling out, "Yes, yes, I knew, I knew, I knew that she would come!" and then he broke into the chorus of some opera song.

There was a cool, artificial twilight in the chamber when we entered it; but through the bars of the outer blinds a gleam of sunshine shot across the room, and broke against the wall opposite the great, high-posted bed on which young Bosworth was lying. The chamber was large, and but for the closed blinds would have been cheerful. As it was, a great easy-chair, draped with white dimity, loomed up like a snow-drift near the bed; which being clothed in like spotless fashion, gave a ghastly

Digitized by Google

appearance to everything around. Young Bosworth lay upon the bed with his arms feebly uplifted, and his great, wild eyes wandering almost fiercely after the sunbeam which came and went like a golden arrow, as the branches of an elm tree near the window changed their position.

I went up to the bed and touched the young man's wrist. The pulse that leaped against my fingers was like the blows of a tiny hammer; his eyes turned on my face, and he clutched my hand, laughing pleasantly,

"How cool your hand is!" he said, in a child-like murmur. "You have been among the clover blossoms, their breath is all around me."

"Yes," I said, dropping into his own monotone without an effort, "I came through the meadows and brought some of the flowers with me. See how fresh and sweet they are."

He took the flowers eagerly, grasping them with both hands.

"Did she send them?" he whispered, mysteriously. "Did she?"

I smiled, but would not answer. The delusion seemed pleasant, and it would be cruelty to disturb it. He held the blossoms caressingly in his hand; a smile wandered over his lips, and he whispered over soft fragments of some melody that I remembered as one of Jessie's favorites. But directly the flowers dropped from his grasp, and he began to search after the sunbeam again, clutching at it feverishly, and looking in his hands with vague wonder when he found them empty.

I do not think the young man recognized me at all, but my presence certainly aroused new associations.

He looked wistfully into my face with that vacant stare of delirium which is so painful, and then his eyes wandered beyond, as if in search of some object they could not find.

"Jessie," he murmured, "Jessie Lee, are you there? Won't you speak to me once more, Jessie?"

The expression of his countenance changed so entirely—a look of such tender, earnest entreaty settled about his handsome, sensitive mouth—that I felt the tears come into my eyes. When I looked up, I saw the stately old grandmother gazing directly toward me; while little Mrs. Bosworth, in her very efforts to be at the same time perfectly quiet and extremely useful, fluttered in a feeble way that would have annoyed me beyond endurance had I been the sick person.

But the young man appeared susceptible neither to outer sights or sounds, saw nothing and heard nothing but the fanciful shapes and mocking whispers of his fever visions.

"Put these flowers in your hair, Jessie," he said, somewhat brokenly, but in a perfectly distinct tone; "they are wild flowers such as you love."

He put out his hands, moving them to and fro over the counterpane, to gather up the blossoms he had scattered there; but his fingers moved so uncertainly, that even when he succeeded in collecting a few, they would drop from his grasp. I saw he began to grow impatient, and I knew that the least thing would excite his fever and thereby increase the delirium, so I put the flowers softly into his palm. He smiled in a satisfied way.

"Here they are," he said; "take them, Jessie; see what a pretty wreath they make."

Then the smile changed to a look of pain. He let the flowers fall with a low moan.

"She has a wreath on now!" he exclaimed. "Jessie Lee, who gave you that? White flowers! Bridal flowers!"

He started up in the bed with such violence, that his mother hurried forward with a cry of dismay, and, getting into mischief, as people in a flurry are sure to do, she upset a bottle of cologne and a goblet, but fortunately the old lady caught them before they reached the floor.

"Oh, my!" hissed little Mrs. Bosworth, in a nervous whisper, "what have I done? Oh! dear, dear!"

"Sit down, my dear," said her mother-in-law, with a good deal of sternness; "you only disturb him."

"But he looks so wild. Hadn't I better send for the doctor?"

"No, no. He will be here before long. Leave my grandson to Miss Hyde; she will quiet him."

The old lady looked at me with such confidence in my powers, and the mother in so helpless, despairing a manner, mixed with a little maternal jealousy at seeing me in the place that was hers by right, that I felt quite nervous. However, I was not foolish enough to give way to any weakness or nonsense when composure was required, so I drew closer to the bed, and laid my hand on Bosworth's arm. He was muttering wildly still, and I could catch the words,

"Are they bridal flowers, Jessie Lee?"

"She has taken off the wreath," I whispered.

"No, no; it is there on her forehead. Who gave it to her?"

"She has thrown it aside," I continued; "she would not wear it a moment after she knew it pained you. It is gone now."

Digitized by Google

He looked earnestly at the place where he thought Jessie stood, and fell back on his pillows with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Kind Jessie," he said, "kind Jessie!"

But that quiet only lasted for a few moments. He grew more restlesss than before; and I saw old Mrs. Bosworth looking at me still, as if she had fully made up her mind that I could compose him, and nothing less than that desirable effect would satisfy. Really, with those old world eyes fastened upon me, I could not avoid exerting all my powers, although in my heart I fairly wished the fidgety little mother safe in her own room.

I sat down by the bed, I talked to him in a low voice—a great deal of nonsense, I dare say, but I was not thinking how it might sound, only anxious to soothe him; and while I talked I smoothed his hair and passed my hand slowly across his forehead, after a fashion which I had acquired in my attendance upon Mrs. Lee during her numerous illnesses.

I cannot pretend to account for it. I know I am a commonplace sort of person, usually disregarded except by those who know me well, but from my earliest girlhood I always had a faculty for taking care of sick people.

My art did not fail that time; Bosworth's voice grew lower and lower; his hands crossed themselves upon the counterpane; his eyes closed, and very soon his measured breathing proved that he was sleeping quietly. When I looked up, that stately old dutchess of a grandmother was regarding me with such a blessing in her eyes, that I felt the dew steal into mine; while the younger lady, subdued out of her fidgetiness, appeared quite out and silenced.

Nobody stirred or spoke. There we sat and watched the sick man as he slept—that quiet sleep which the physician had pronounced so necessary for him, and which his art had failed to procure. It is not often that I feel thoroughly satisfied with Martha Hyde, but I confess that just then I did; not that it proceeded from a sense of self-importance, or anything of the sort, but it is so seldom that a quiet old maid like me has an opportunity of doing good to anybody, that, when the occasion does arrive, it is more pleasant than I can at all describe.

Bosworth must have slept nearly an hour; the instant he opened his eyes I saw that the fever had abated for the present. He smiled faintly at his mother and the old lady; then his glance fell upon me. Through the wasted pallor of his face there appeared a glow of thankfulness and pleasure, which was beautiful to behold.

"Is that you, Miss Hyde?" he asked.

"Yes," I said; "I have been sitting with you for some time. You have had a nice sleep; to-morrow you will be better."

"Thank you; I hope so."

Little Mrs. Bosworth began to flutter; but the old lady put her down with a strong hand, and the weak female subsided into her chair, meek as a hen pigeon that has been unexpectedly pecked by her mate.

I saw, by the way Bosworth looked at them, that he wished to speak with me alone; the old dutchess saw it too, and said, with the decision which was evidently habitual to her,

"My daughter, if Miss Hyde will sit with our boy a little longer, we will go into the garden for a breath of air."

Bosworth called them to him, kissed his mother's cheek, and the grandmother's hand, and the old lady went out in her stately way, while the small woman followed in her wake like a little boat tacked on to a man of war.

"Miss Hyde," said the young man, the moment the door closed, "you came alone?"

"Yes," I replied; "I hurried off without telling any one where I was going."

"You are very kind," he repeated. "They are all well, I hope, at the house?"

"Very well; they will be sorry to hear that you are sick."

"Miss Hyde!" he exclaimed, hurriedly—so weak from sickness that he forgot all the reticence and self-command which characterized him in health; "Miss Hyde, do you think she would come to see me?"

I knew whom he meant—there was no necessity for mentioning any name.

"Would she come, do you believe?" he asked again.

"I am certain that she would," I replied. "You are an old friend to all of us; why should she not?"

"Yes, an old friend," he answered, sadly; "I know, I know! I won't pain her, she shall not be troubled—promise to bring her, Miss Hyde."

"I can promise unhesitatingly," I said; "I have no doubt Mr. Lee will bring her himself, to-morrow."

"To-morrow—oh! how much I thank you!" And he smiled like a tired child. "Will you call my mother now?" he continued; "she will feel troubled if she thinks I neglect her."

I went out into the hall, where the two ladies stood, and beckoned them into the room. We all remained about the bed for a few moments, talking cheerfully; then I bade Bosworth

Digitized by Google

good-by, answered the entreaty in his eyes with a smile, and went down stairs.

The grandmother followed me, and, when we reached the outer door, took my hand between both of hers.

"You are a good woman!" she said. "We are strangers to each other, Miss Hyde; but an old woman's blessing cannot hurt you, and I give it to you."

I was so much affected that it was all I could do to keep from crying like a child; but I did not give way, and, mutually anxious to restrain our feelings, we parted with a certain degree of haste, which an unobservant looker-on might have construed into indifference. But I think that grand old woman understood me even from that short interview, and I know that, for my own part, I went forth from her presence solemnized and calmed as one leaves a church.

CHAPTER V.

I WALKED slowly homeward, reflecting upon the events of the morning, and waiting, oh! how fervently! that Jessie Lee might learn to know young Bosworth as I did, and be able to shed a ray of light into the darkness where he had fallen.

I left the path through the fields, and took my way into the woods, as I knew a short cut that would lead me more quickly into our grounds.

I had passed half through the grove, perhaps, when, on reaching a little ascent, I saw, through a break in the trees, two persons standing at a considerable distance from the path. Their backs were toward me, but I recognized them instantly as Mrs. Dennison and Mr. Lawrence.

I understood at once the meaning of the note which she had sent to him—it was to ask for that interview.

Every day my dislike of that woman increased; each effort that I made to conquer the feeling only seemed to make it grow more rapidly, and this last plot that I had unintentionally discovered, filled me with something very like abhorrence. Of course, I was not so silly as to conjure anything really wrong out of the request she had made; but I was certain that something more than a trivial coquetry was hidden under it. Instinctively I began to tremble for Jessie; by what series of ideas I managed to connect her with that meeting, I cannot say, but I did so; and after that first glance I went on, burning with indignation against that artful woman, who seemed to have brought numberless shadows into the sunshine which, before her coming, had pervaded our pleasant home.

Once, as I hastened on through the dark woods, I looked back at the pair—they were conversing earnestly. In Lawrence's manner there was a degree of impetuosity and impatience; while from Mrs. Dennison's attitude and gestures I felt certain that she was pleading with him to change some purpose that he had formed.

Just as I passed out of the woods into the grounds, I saw that ubiquitous Lottie steal out from among the trees, and run like a lapwing toward the house.

It was not difficult to imagine what new mischief she had been at—spying and listening to Mrs. Dennison. Lottie did not count it a sin, and I knew very well that she had been coolly out into the wood to overhear her conversation with Lawrence.

Some noise that I made attracted her attention; she dropped down on her knees—like a rabbit trying to hide itself in the grass—and began hunting for four-leaved clovers where clover had never grown since the memory of man.

"What are you doing, Lottie?" I asked, walking toward her.

She looked round with a fine show of innocence, although her eyes twinkled suspiciously.

"Oh! it's you, Miss Hyde," she said, in no wise confused, and rising from her knees with great deliberation and majesty.

"Yes, it is I. And what brings you here?" I inquired.

"There's several things I might have been doing," she answered, walking on by my side: "picking flowers, or saying my prayers, or——"

"Well—what else?"

"Oh! anything you please; poetry people ought to be able to guess."

"Lottie! Lottie!"

"There—I won't say a word more! I'm dumb as Miss Jessie's canary in moulting time."

"Then, perhaps, you will hunt about for voice enough to tell me where you have been?"

"Of course, Miss Hyde; I never have any secrets—that's just what I was saying to Cora, this morning."

"Never mind Cora."

"But I do; she's worth minding, and so's her mistress. Mrs. Babylon and I are alike in one thing—we are both fond of fresh air."

"Indeed! You seem well acquainted with the lady's tastes."

"Well, I may say I am; and you needn't take the trouble to contradict! Acquainted with

Digitized by Google

them? Well, if I ain't, I flatter myself there's nobody in our house that is."

I did not answer; the girl's conversation was too quaint and amusing ever to sound impertinent, still I did not wish to encourage her by any sign of approval.

"Miss Hyde," she asked, "did you see any strange birds in the woods?"

"None, Lottie."

"Buy a pair of spectacles, Miss Hyde; don't put it off a day longer! I tell you, out yonder there's two birds well worth watching—the queerest part is, that it's the female that sings—ain't she a red fellar?"

"I saw Mrs. Dennison and Mr. Lawrence, if you mean them," I replied.

"Hush! don't mention names! You mean Babylon and her prey! Oh, my! that Babylon! Well, I declare, sometimes I'm ready to give up beat; for that woman goes ahead of anything *I* ever came across."

Lottie paused, took a long breath, flung up her arms, and performed a variety of singular and dizzy evolutions, by way of expressing her astonishment; then she went on,

"What do you think she's at now?"

I shook my head.

"It's as good a thing as you can do," said Lottie, approvingly; "but you might shake it till doomsday before you'd get Mrs. Babylon's manœuvres through it, I can tell you that, Miss Hyde."

I wanted to reprove the girl; I knew I ought; I felt mean, dishonest; yet I was so anxious about Jessie that I could not prevent myself listening to any revelations the little imp might see fit to make.

"She's put a hornet into Lawrence's hair this time, and no mistake," said Lottie; "and Lord! don't it sting and make him jump?"

"What do you mean, you ridiculous child?"

"Mean, Miss Hyde? A whole bucketfull—a seafull! Why, Babylon's been telling Lawrence that young Mr. Bosworth and our Miss Jessie were engaged."

"Impossible, Lottie! She could not assert so unblushing a falsehood!"

"Oh! couldn't she?" cried Lottie, giving vent to a crow to express her enjoyment. "As for blushing, don't she know the rub of mullein leaves? But she did tell him so. She said she was sure that they had been engaged, and that he, Lawrence, had innocently made trouble between them by flirting with Miss Lee—now, what is flirting, Miss Hyde?"

"The abominable woman!" I involuntarily exclaimed.

"Oh! no," said Lottie, "she's only Babylon! But I tell you what, that Lawrence isn't a swoop; he's a nicer fellow than I took him for. What do you think he did?"

"I can't imagine."

"He just turned on Babylon, like a hawk on a June-bug. 'I cannot believe this,' says he; 'but I will go to Bosworth this very day and explain.'

"Then Babylon began to flutter; she didn't want that to happen, you know.

"'He's sick,' says she; 'not expected to live.'

"'The more reason why I should explain,' says he.

"Then she twisted and fluttered and coaxed, and finally got him to promise not to say a word to anybody, to be regulated by her advice, and so on—she would be his friend—oh! how sincere a friend!—and then she took his hand, squeezed out a tear or so, and before long she had him in her clutch. Oh! it was as good as one of Miss Jessie's play-books."

I had not interrupted Lottie; when she paused I was speechless still.

"What do you think now?" she demanded, triumphantly.

"I do not know," I answered, so troubled and despondent that I longed to cry.

"We'll fix her yet," said Lottie; "don't you fret, Miss Hyde. I'll pay Babylon off before she's many weeks older, or you may call my head a puff ball."

"You silly child," I returned, smiling in spite of myself, "what can you do?"

"Come, I like that!" snapped Lottie. "Why, what sort of a state would you all be in if it wasn't for me—tell me that? I've got my dear mistress, and Miss Jessie, and you, and everybody on my hands; but I'll bring you out square, I will, Miss Hyde."

"I wish you would leave things as they are, Lottie, and attend to your own affairs."

"These are my affairs, Miss Hyde, now don't say they ain't! I'm not a bad girl, I love them that have been kind to me, and I'd sooner have my hand burned off than not try to help them when I see they need it."

"Be careful that you get into no mischief."

"I'll take care of myself! Only wait, Miss Hyde. Keep tranquil and cool, Lottie's around!"

She gave another jump, a louder crow, and lighted on her feet, in no way discomposed by her impromptu leap.

By that time we had come in sight of the house. Lottie looked back.

"I see Babylon's red shawl," said she; "off's the word. Good-bye, Miss Hyde."

Digitized by Google

She darted away before I could speak, and I walked on toward the house, in no mood to encounter the woman at that moment. I saw Jessie and Mr. Lee standing upon the terrace; he turned and went into the house after a few seconds. I paused a moment, collected myself as well as I was able, and walked toward the spot where Jessie stood, determined to tell her at once of my visit to Mr. Bosworth, and urge her to comply with the request which he had made before I left him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THERE IS NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

THERE is no Night in Heaven,
Even comes never there;
The skies are always cloudless,
Fragrant the morning air.
Ambrosial breezes, wandering
'Mid flowers of radiant hue,
Sweep from their starry bosoms
The soft, empyrean dew.

There is no Night in heaven!
Angels, with wings of light,
Fan back the gloomy shadows,
Dispel the dreary night;
And morning, in its glory,
Shines ever brightly there—
There is no room for sorrow,
Vain regret, or weary care.

There is no Night in Heaven!
Day, fadeless, glad, and bright,
Spreads her fair robes forever
Around the realm of light;
The sun clouds not his splendor
Behind enshadowing hills,
For God, with light celestial,
The land of Aiden fills.

There is no Night in Heaven!
Unfading, silvery beams
Fall gently on the streamlets
In spirit-soothing gleams;
And rich harp music, swelling
From angel choirs divine,
Wraps the glad soul in transport,
With grandeur so sublime.

There is no Night in Heaven!
No clouds of mantling gloom,
The shades of sin and darkness
Can never, never come!
His Word, the great JEHOVAH'S,
The Truth, the Life, the Way,
Will guide us safely onward
To Heaven's undying day!

LET ME SLEEP.

BY SARAH P. ALDEN.

"LET me sleep!" says joyous childhood,
Tired with frolic and with play—
Tired with rambling through the wild wood
All the long and golden day.
Spring from thee is going fast,
Life's bright morning soon is past,
And thy childhood soon will seem
Like the memory of a dream.

"Let me sleep!" say youth and maiden,
Wearied now with song and mirth.
Come sweet slumber, vision-laden,
With the gath'ring shades to earth.
Short the voyage down life's stream,
Let us shut our eyes and dream;
Youth is but a Summer day,
Soon must pass these dreams away.

"Let me sleep!" says manhood, weary,
Careworn with a busy strife;
For the way is dark and dreary,
I shall wake with newer life.
Close my eyes, and press my brow,
Give me rest and slumber now;
Autumn flies in clouds away,
Soon will fade life's noontide ray.

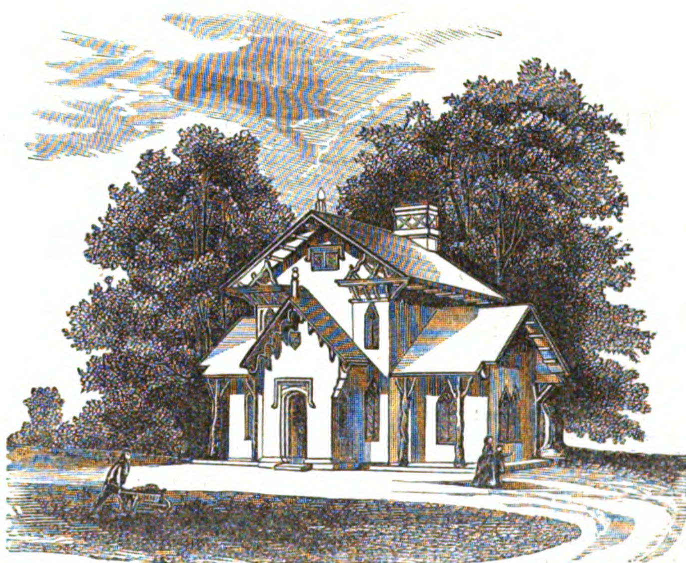
"Let me sleep!" the daylight waneth!
Says the worn-out aged one;
Little now of life remaineth,
I may wake beyond the sun.
Many Winters, o'er me sped,
Leave their frosts upon my head;
Winter's flight to me will bring
Heaven's bright, eternal Spring.

We shall slumber—all shall slumber—
We shall lay us down to rest
With the untold, countless number,
Sleeping on their mother's breast;
For there cometh sleep to all,
Cometh coffin, shroud, and pall;
Death shall close the weary eyes—
They shall ope beyond the skies!

Digitized by Google

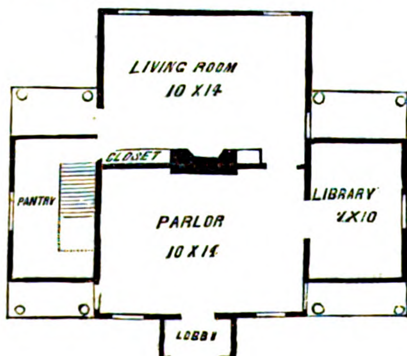
COTTAGE IN THE RURAL GOTHIC STYLE.

BY R. A. WILLIAMS.



It is our purpose to present to our readers, occasionally, original designs for suburban residences and cottages, prepared by eminent architects, expressly for "Peterson." The cottages will be so designed that they may be constructed at a price, placing an ornamental and convenient homestead within the power of any one designing to build. In a country like ours, where the means of building are so general among the people, it is surprising that there is no more attempt made at ornament, both in the dwelling and grounds of the middle classes. The plans we shall give, monthly, will be intended to improve taste in this matter.

We here present our readers with a perspective view of a small cottage in the rural Gothic style, from a design by R. A. Williams, Esq. Its general effect is pleasing, and it will furnish accommodations for a small family—the sizes of the rooms are given. The second story would contain three bed-rooms with stairs and store room. Built of wood and plainly finished inside, it would cost about $7.50. If unplaned boards, it should be yellow-washed, which, with white window-frames, etc., and the rustic pillars of cedar or other wood, would give a very picturesque appearance. The plans below make the interior arrangement sufficiently plain.



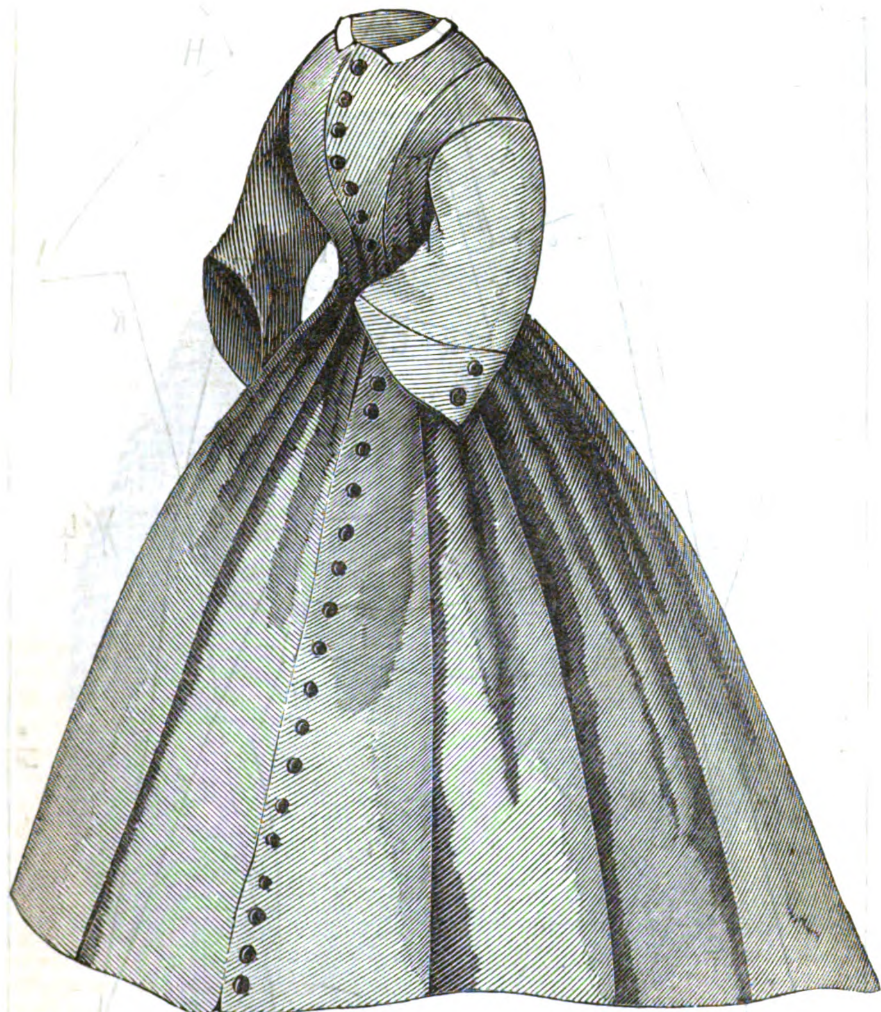
FIRST FLOOR.

SECOND STORY.

Digitized by Google

POLONAISE TRAVELING-DRESS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, a pattern of a beautiful Polonaise Traveling-Dress, accompanied by diagrams by which it may be cut out. The diagrams of the fronts and backs are not given the full length; but we give all that is necessary; and they may be extended according to the size of the wearer. Of course the gores also are to be extended.

No. 1. Front, *a*.
No. 2. Front, *b*.
No. 3. Back, *a*.
No. 4. Back, *b*.
No. 5. Sleeve.
No. 6. Cuff.

To make the front, join A A, and B B. For under the arm, join C C and D D; and join E E and F F on the skirt. Make one large box plait of the fullness, coming under the arm. Join H H and I I to make the side-body, of the back, as far as the waist. Join K K and L L on the skirt, plaiting in the fullness. Make a seam from P to M on the sleeve. Join the cuff at M M and O O.

This makes a very stylish traveling-dress. We give it thus, in advance of the season, in order that our fair friends may have time to make their traveling-dresses before summer comes in.

Digitized by Google

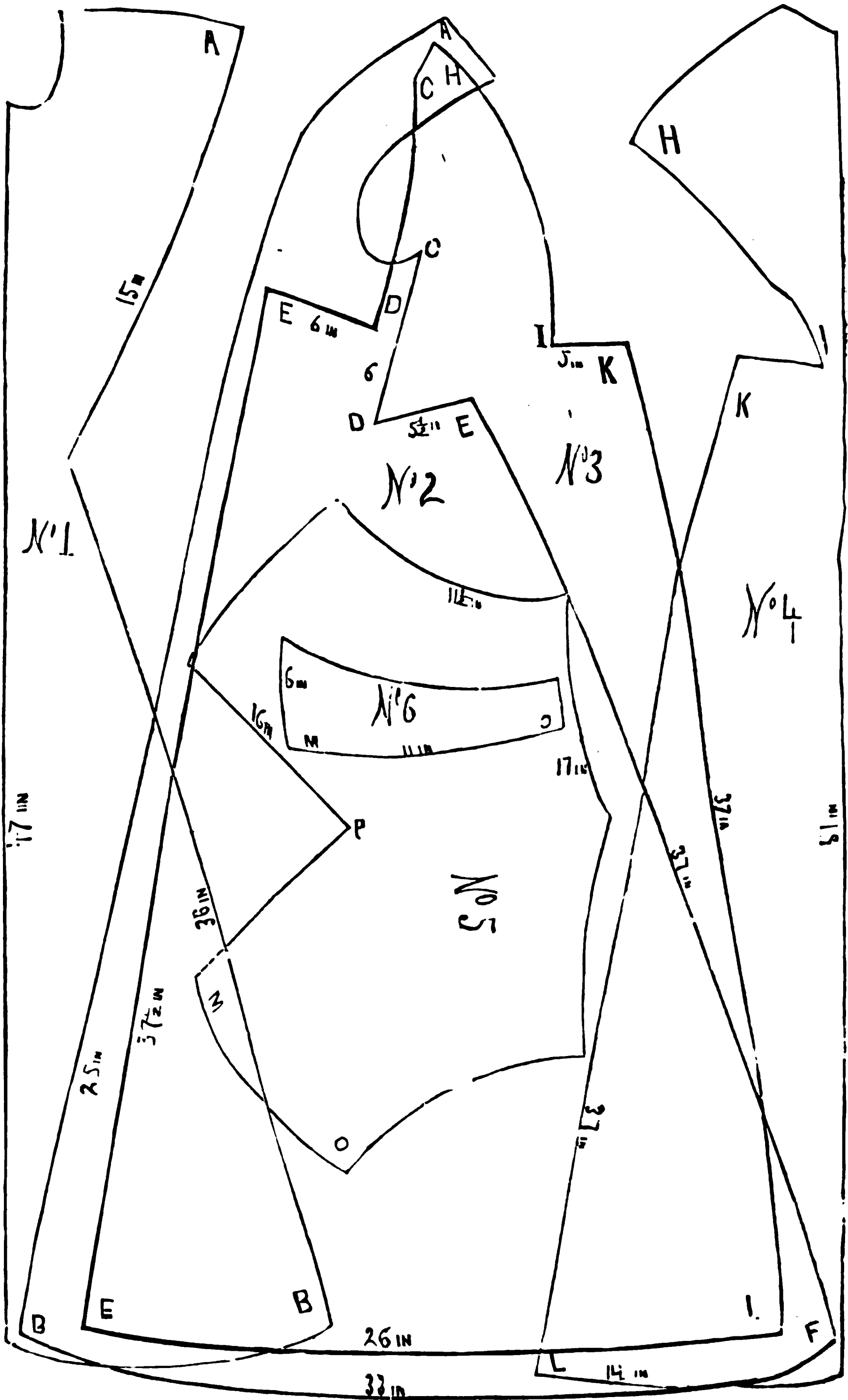
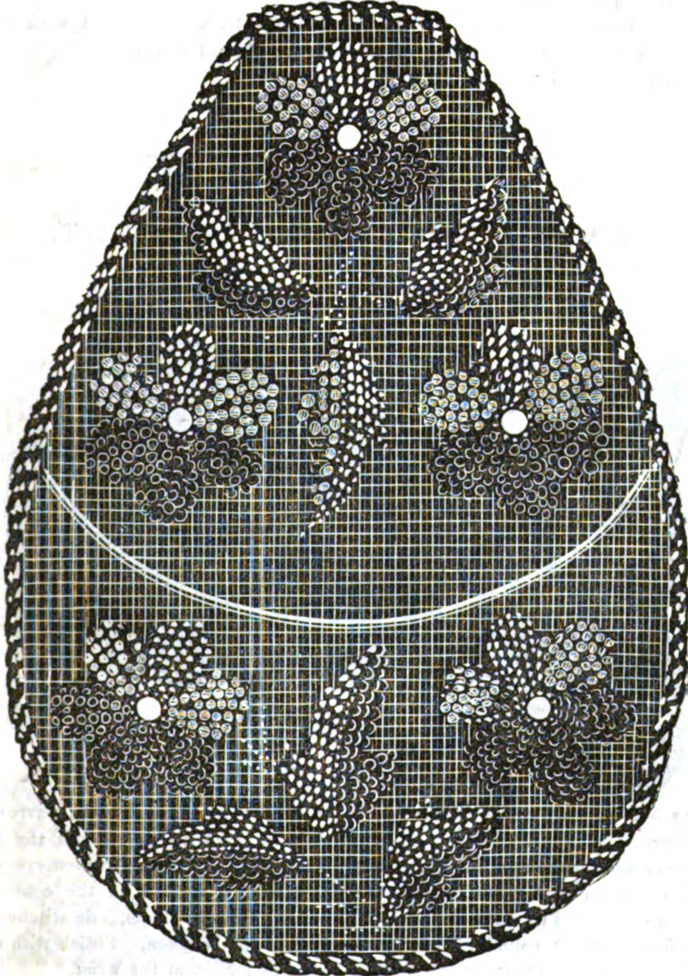


DIAGRAM OF POLONAISE TRAVELING-DRESS.

WATCH-POCKET.

BY MRS. WARREN.



MATERIALS.—Cotton, No. 20. Quarter of a yard of Penelope canvas, that which has 12 double threads to the inch; 6 skeins of magenta-colored Berlin wool, and one skein of black; half an oz. each of opaque white, crystal, and chalk-beads, sufficiently large to cover the threads of canvas; a bunch of No. 10 steel beads, and five good-sized pearl beads, to fill in the center of each flower. Use ink, in which put a little loaf sugar and a camel's hair brush, and a piece of tissue paper.

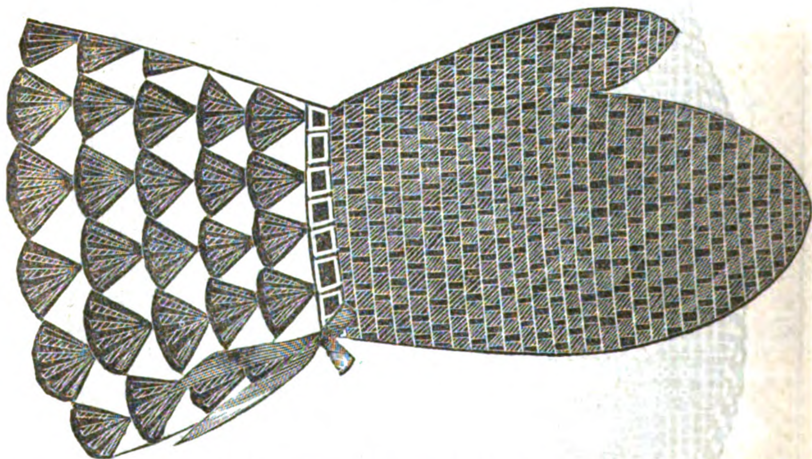
First, place the tissue paper over the engraving, and with brush and ink trace off the entire outline, but only the upper or pointed part of the design; then on another part of the paper trace off the pocket part of outline and design; this pocket part must be cut a trifle larger in the canvas than the outline taken off in paper, and another ink tracing made outside. This will allow of the pocket hanging fuller than the back, for the reception of the watch. Now work the outline in black wool, then fill in all but the

Digitized by Google

design with magenta-colored wool. The stems and veins of leaves are all of steel beads. There are six divisions, or leaves, of flower; one leaf must have all chalk beads; the two leaves on each side of it be opaque white; the two next of crystal, and the lowest, opposite to the chalk. The crystal beads must be threaded with black cotton. By this arrangement of the beads, shade of tint is given to the flower. The leaves on stem must be sewed on each stitch of the corners, the vein of steel beads, the upper part of the leaf in chalk, the lower of crystal beads; the edge has four or five chalk beads, crossed slantways over. Previously to putting the beads on edge, or sewing on the pearls, slightly tack with tin tacks the work on to a board, the right side downward; then with gum water brush it well over; when dry remove it, cut off the superfluous canvas, tack down the edge, line both the back and pocket with silk, then sew on the edge of beads.

BABY'S MITTEN IN CROCHET.

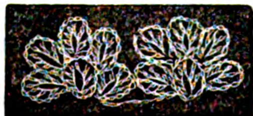
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—½ oz. gray single zephyr; ½ oz. crimson zephyr.

With the gray wool make a ch of 40 stitches, join. Work round in sc 4 rows; work backward and forward 8 rows to make the place for the thumb; 5 rows work round; 3 rows narrowing every other stitch, bringing the work to a point. Take up the stitches for the thumb, work 8 rows plain, 2 rows narrowing off to a point. Work in dc around the hand 1 row; 2nd, 3rd, and 4th rows widen every 10th stitch; 6 rows plain. Tie on the colored wool, and work 4 rows of shells, 5 dc stitches to the shell, 1 ch stitch between. Finish with cord and tassels, or ribbon at the wrist.

CLOVER-LEAF: IN TATTING.

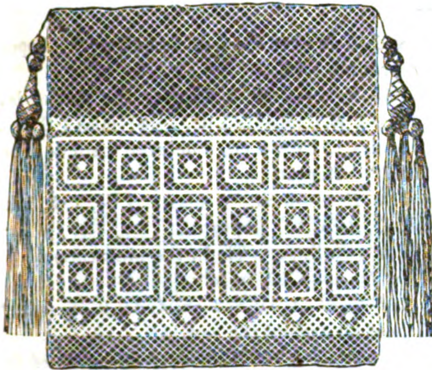


MAKE four pearl stitches and loop, until you have five loops; draw up; then make five scallops, and join each one in the loops made at first. A subscriber sends this pattern, which will be new to many.

Digitized by Google

LADY'S NETTED WORK-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is a very beautiful affair, which can be easily and economically made. The foundation of the bag is netted, in diamond netting, with black purse-twist. All of the solid squares, seen in the full-sized pattern below, are to be darned in with white floss silk; and the dotted squares in yellow floss silk. Both sides of the bag are to be made after this pattern. When the netting is finished, cut a piece of thin card-board of the size of netting, and cover, on both sides, with crimson silk. Next stretch the netting over this. Finish the bag with tassels of the color of the lining, with a little gold thread intermixed. For strings use crimson and gold cord.

Digitized by Google

FANCY BASKET IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

For the engraving, see front of the number, where the basket is printed in colors.

Materials.—1 spool white crochet cotton, No. 14; 1 spool pink crochet cotton, No. 14; finest steel hoops.

With the white cotton make a ch of 8. Join, into that work 18 dc stitches, join.

1st Row.—Work all round in sc.

2nd, 3rd and 4th Rows.—Work in dc, widening enough to keep the work flat.

5th Row.—Work in sc, making the stitches in the upper edge of the chain made by the last row.

6th Row.—Turn the work from right to left, working backward in dc, making the stitches in the under edge of the chain made by 4th row. This row forms the foundation for the sides of the basket.

7th Row.—3 ch, 8 dc, * 2 ch, 9 dc, 2 ch, 9 dc, *. Repeat all around the row, joining the last stitch to the first stitch, which was made by the 3 ch stitches at the beginning of the row.

8th Row.—3 ch, 6 dc over the 9 dc of last row, * 2 ch, 1 dc stitch into the center of the two ch stitches made in 7th row, 2 ch, 7 dc over the 9 dc as before, *. Repeat, joining as in the 7th row.

9th Row.—3 ch, 4 dc over the 7 dc of 7th row, * 2 ch; miss 1, 1 dc, 2 ch; miss 1, 1 dc, 2 ch; miss 1, 5 dc over the 7 dc as before, *. Repeat all around, join.

10th Row.—3 ch, 2 dc over the 5 dc of last row, * 2 ch; miss 1, 1 dc, 2 ch; miss 1, 1 dc, 2 ch; miss 1, 1 dc, 2 ch, 3 dc over the 5 dc as before, *. Repeat.

11th Row.—3 ch, *; miss 1, 1 dc, 2 ch, 1 dc; miss 1, 2 ch, *. Repeat.

For the Edge.—Tie in the pink cotton.

1st Row.—Work in sc.

2nd Row.—4 dc, * 2 ch, 4 dc, 2 ch, 4 dc, *. Repeat all around the row.

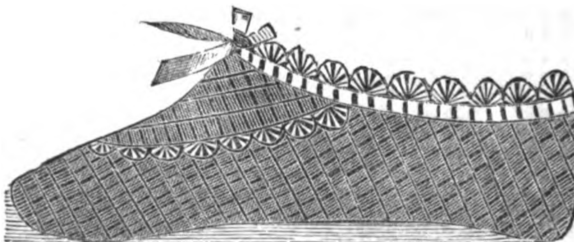
3rd Row.—3 ch, 2 dc over the 4 dc of 2nd row, * 3 ch, 1 dc in the loop made by the 2 ch stitches of the 2nd row; 3 ch, 2 dc over the next 4 dc, *. Repeat. This completes the sides of the basket.

The Base.—Tie the pink cotton to the 5th row, 4 dc, with 8 ch between all round the row; then 1 row of sc. Finish off with 1 row of ch, taking up 1 stitch at the points, making 3 ch between every point.

Handle.—With the white cotton make a ch of 70 stitches. On it work 3 dc, * 1 ch; miss 1, 3 dc, *. Repeat to the end. Join the pink cotton, 5 ch, 1 sc between the 3 dc stitches of white. Repeat all round 2 rows of pink. Sew on the handle, starch and shape until dry.

CROCHET SLIPPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials.—1½ oz. blue single zephyr; ½ oz. Chinchilla.

With the blue wool make a ch of 11 stitches.

1st Row.—Work in sc, widening 3 stitches in the 6th, or middle stitch.

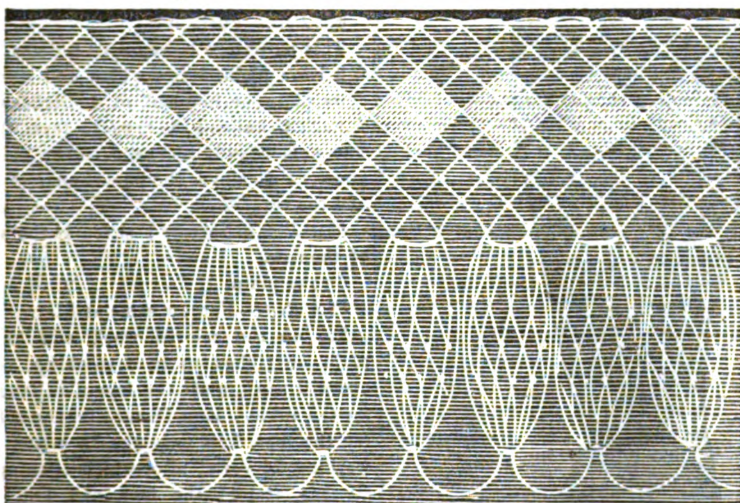
2nd Row.—Work in the same way, making 3

Digitized by Google

stitches in the middle stitch of 1st row; but observe to work always into the under loop of ch stitch made by the previous row, otherwise the work will not be ridged. Repeat the blue 4 rows, Chinchilla 4 rows, and in this manner alternate the colors, until you have 30 rows of work, or 15 rows of ridge work. This is for the toe of the slipper; 12 stitches for the sides; work 12 rows plain. Sew the side to the toe, and edge all round with 1 row of shells worked with blue. Turn over the point on the top of the slipper. Sew the slipper to a cork-sole, and run an elastic in the top of slipper.

NETTED BED FRINGE.

BY MRS. WARREN.



MATERIALS.—Cotton, No. 6, and cotton for darning the pattern. Two meshes, one round, which should measure in the string which should be placed round it half an inch; and one flat mesh, a full half inch in width; a long netting needle.

FOUNDATION.—Net on a string four diamonds, and continue netting for as long as may be required these four diamonds; then gather one edge of this length of netting into a string; on the other edge net two rows of netting to form one diamond.

BORDER, WITH WIDE MESH.—Net 7 stitches into a loop, 1 stitch into next loop, and continue.

2nd and 3rd rows with round mesh; two rows, or one diamond.

4th row, wide mesh—one row.

Outside row, wide mesh—one row, taking the seven loops into one.

In the center of foundation draw a row of diamonds, and along the edge work with needle and some cotton a single stitch in each diamond, turning back at the end of length of netting, the reverse way.

AN INFANT'S HOOD.

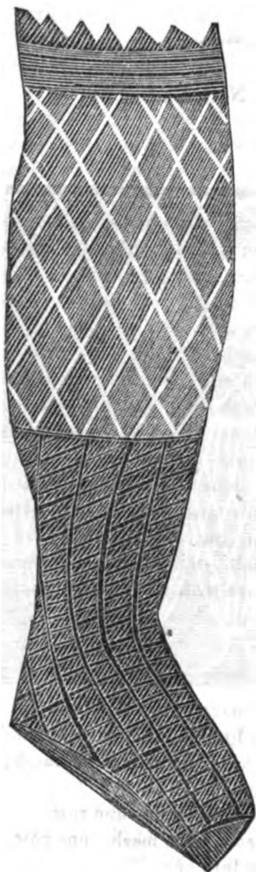
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

IN the front of the number we give an engraving of an infant's hood, to be made of white merino, and braided with narrow silk braid. We give, also, half the crown and part of the front, full size, to show the pattern for the braid. The cape is to be braided to match the rest. The hood should have a quilted silk lining, to make it soft to the head.

Digitized by Google

KNITTED LEGGIN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—1 oz. colored single zephyr; 1 oz. white single zephyr; small bone needles.

With the white wool cast on 51 stitches.

Knit 2 rows plain.

3rd Row.—Knit 2 stitches plain, * throw the thread forward, knit 1, slip and bind, knit 1, *. Repeat to the end of the row.

4th Row.—Purl.

This pattern to be repeated 6 times.

2 rows plain, 1 row widen and narrow. 50 rows plain, or in block of 4 stitches plain and 4 purled, knitting 4 rows to form the block. The next row of blocks, reverse; knitting the plain stitches over the purled ones of last row, and the reverse.

51st Row.—Narrow 1 stitch at the beginning of the row.

6 rows plain.

58th Row.—Narrow same as 51st.

Tie on the colored wool, and knit either plain or ribbed as in a stocking, narrowing every 6 rows, until the leggin is long enough for the ankle. Knit 18 rows for the ankle; then for the foot, knit only the 12 center stitches, working 24 rows; after which take up all the stitches around the foot, and knit 10 rows plain. Bind off. Finish with a strap of leather under the foot, and cord and tassels at the top of the leggin.

CROCHETED BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

FOR the engraving, see front of the number, where the basket is printed in colors.

MATERIALS.—8 doz. smallest size curtain rings; 2 spools colored crochet cotton, No. 14; fine steel hook.

Cover the rings, by working in sc, with the cotton (or zephyr may be substituted in its place); then arrange them, beginning at the center of the base of basket; place one ring in the center, and six around it; sew fast at the points where the rings touch, keeping them perfectly flat; twelve for the second row. This completes the base.

For the sides, two rows of rings, arranging them to stand upright; sewing as before. Little direction can be given for the sides, as the shape depends upon the inclination given to the two rows of rings forming the sides. One row, laid

Digitized by Google

flat, for the edge, and one row at the base, as seen in the design. Cover two larger rings for the handles; either sew them on, or tie with a piece of narrow ribbon, same color.

This basket may be made with two colors, if preferred: blue and brown, or pink and white; making the sides of one color entirely, and edging with the other at the top and base.

PURSE IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

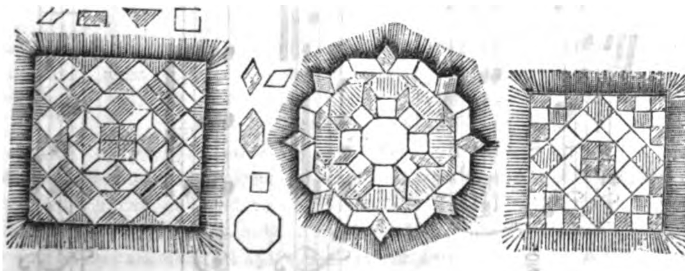
MATERIALS.—1 skein white purse twist; 1 skein emerald green; bunch gold beads, No. 6; fine steel crochet hook; gilt clasp.

With the green silk make a ch of 3 stitches, join. Work 4 or 6 rows in sc, widening enough to keep the work flat; join the white silk (having previously threaded the beads upon it); work 4 stitches in sc, putting a bead at every stitch, * 4 stitches without beads, 4 stitches with beads, *; repeat all round the row; work 4 rows in this manner, widening on the blocks where there are no beads; 4 rows of green, still widening only enough to keep the work flat; 4 rows of white, with beads, as before; finish with 8 rows green. The number of rows to be worked depends upon the size of the hook, also upon the manner of working. Some persons working much closer than others, several rows more or less will not affect the design of the purse. This completes one side of the purse. The other work in the same way. Join the two sides about half way, leaving space enough for the clasp; finish with a fringe of beads, as seen in the design.

INSERTION: IN TATTING.

MAKE a scallop; turn it over; make one pearl stitch, join it, proceed as before. A very simple pattern, yet a very pretty one, as the engraving shows. This insertion has been furnished by a subscriber.

COMBINATION DESIGN IN PATCHWORK.

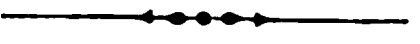


Digitized by Google

ROCHESTER SCHOTTISCHE.

COMPOSED BY W. H. RULISON,

ARRANGED BY SEP. WINNER.



PIANO.

mf

f

ff

mf

Digitized by Google

dolce.

f Ped. * Ped. *

mf

Digitized by Google

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

STOCKINGS.—There are some articles of dress with which Fashion is always meddling; it positively cannot let them alone. As soon as it has decided on one particular form and color as best adapted to them, it changes its mind, touches and retouches, till the original inventor of the aforesaid articles would be puzzled to recognize his own idea. But there are other portions of our ordinary apparel that Fashion, for the most part, leaves alone, only giving a hint and making a suggestion once in a way; and till lately stockings might be considered as belonging to this neglected class. Every winter merino and lambs-wool were in vogue, and the pretty silk and delicate lace-work stockings came in as regularly as the returning swallows, and reigned all through the warm months of summer.

Now, however, it appears that Fashion, having had some spare time upon its hands, has resolved to do a little business with this particular article of modern costume, and the result of its deliberations was made public some time ago, by the sudden apparition of parti-colored and diversified stockings, the tints of which were so bright and so glaringly contrasted, that at first sight one supposed that the wearers must be going to take part in some fancy ball, and that a very great majority of them had selected the dress of a cardinal, with such slight variations as their imaginations might suggest. Red and black, red and white, mauve and gray, dance before one's astonished eyes in all the shop windows, and beneath all those ample flouncings that sweep so gracefully along the pavement; positively one's attention is directed to the rainbow-spanned ankles (rainbows have no black in them, to be sure, but never mind that, the figure of speech does all the same), and one takes note of their neat proportions in a way that one would not be so sure to do, were they less gaily bedizened.

Do we like colored stockings? Well, they are odd, they are a change, and rather pretty too, in themselves, especially when the wearers have an eye for harmony, and adapt the rest of their costume to these brilliant tints; not when mauve skirts flutter over magenta-colored stockings—a phenomenon that occasionally reveals itself to attentive eyes.

ABOUT BORROWERS.—A Georgia subscriber begs us to say a word about borrowers. She writes:—"Tell them they ought to be ashamed of themselves; that they are defrauding the editor; that the subscriber pays for the Magazine for her own benefit and not for theirs. I hardly get the leaves cut, before in comes Sylva, out of breath, saying, 'Missus says, send her your Peterson, she wants to read The Broken Life; she'll return it.' How can I refuse? So I hand it to her with as good grace as possible, and that is the last I see of it for weeks. At last, 'Missus' sends it home, half worn out by constant thumbing. Now I am sick and tired of borrowers. If they would wait until I had read the Magazine, and would take good care of it, I would not care so much. Is there no remedy? If a Magazine is worth borrowing, it is worth subscribing for; therefore tell our borrowing friends to quit borrowing and subscribe at once."

As the Turks say, "Hear and obey."

DRAWING-ROOM BALLS.—At the request of one of our subscribers, we give the following instructions for making these safe and pretty balls. Cut two circular pieces of cardboard the size of the top of a tumbler; out of the center of each must be cut a small round, the size of a penny-piece. Lay them together and work round them over and over, with as many different colored worsteds as you may choose, the brighter the colors the better the effect, selecting those which contrast well together. The worsteds may be joined with a tight knot, whenever required, without injury to the ball. This working round and round must be continued until the round in the center is quite filled in, and will hold no more. Then carefully cut the worsted through all round exactly at the edge of the two pieces of cardboard; introduce a strong twine between the two, and tie it very firmly and securely in a strong knot, tear away the two pieces of cardboard, and there will appear a very elegant drawing-room plaything for a child.

FRENCH HEM FOR FRILLS, ETC.—A very pretty effect is sometimes produced by the most simple means. A little stitch in needlework is now much used in Paris for the edges of different articles, which is ornamental and very quickly done. If for frills for caps, morning-dresses, etc., or where a great length would have to be hemmed, a considerable amount of time and work is saved by this simple plan, which consists of folding down a narrow hem and working over it a row of stitches in ingrain scarlet cotton, similar to whipping, only the stitches should not be quite so close together, returning from the end back again, so that the stitches are in the contrary direction, and form a continuation of crossed stitches of perfect regularity. The Parisian ladies apply this stitch to many purposes, and we have seen it have a very good effect for the edges of pocket-handkerchiefs, as well as those of the small linen collars and cuffs which are so much worn in morning costume, and also for a variety of other articles.

"ITS PRICELESS WORTH."—The New Lisbon (Wis.) Republican says:—"We have been talking for years in praise of 'Peterson's Magazine,' and yet we have but just begun to tell of its priceless worth. Those who are acquainted with this work will not gainsay us, when we declare to the stranger of Peterson—and oh! how long wilt thou be a stranger?—that there is not a three dollar magazine published in the United States, that contains an equal number of fashion plates, silk, wool, and muslin embroideries. And there is no other magazine that can surpass 'Peterson' in his mezzotints and other engravings."

CONSUMPTION.—It is in early childhood that the fatal disease, consumption, can most be *encouraged* or *discouraged* by a mother. Sufficient clothing, guarding against colds and chills, plenty of wholesome sleep on a wool mattress (not on an enervating bed of down), plenty of ablutions, sometimes sponging the chest with vinegar and water, plenty of often-repeated, but never fatiguing exercise, plenty of simply nutritious food—these sweetened and enlivened with an enlightened household cheerfulness form the best prescription that we can offer.

MORALITY AND RELIGION.—The Phœnix (R. I.) Journal says:—"The stories of 'Peterson' are acknowledged to be the best published in any magazine in the country. In them vice is never arrayed in the garb of virtue, but the principles of morality and religion are always inculcated. The pictorial embellishments of this number stand unrivaled. To all of our friends who are desirous of procuring a popular Magazine for a small sum, we would unhesitatingly recommend Peterson's."

Digitized by Google

NEW MUSIC.—Winner's Dime Book of Violin or Flute Tunes, Nos. 7, 8, and 9, are just issued. These numbers contain the latest and most fashionable airs of the day, arranged in a plain and easy manner, among which will be found two sets of plain Cotillions, the celebrated dance, "Sleeping Maggie;" the beautiful melody of the "Ring my Mother Wore;" also Opera and Ballad airs of a good selection. Published by Sep. Winner, 716 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia. Price ten cents each number. Copies sent by mail (postage paid) upon receipt of the price in stamps or cash. Address the publisher.

TO TRANSFER A PATTERN TO VELVET.—Lay the velvet on a board, fastening it down with a few small tacks round its edges. Make a tracing of the design upon thin cartridge paper, and prick it through on every line with a needle. Lay the paper in its exact position on the velvet, keeping it in its place by means of weights at the corners. Scatter over this some white lead in fine powder, then lift the paper away, and an outline will appear in white dots. Mix a little of the white lead with gum water, and take a fine camel-hair pencil and go over every dot, to save them from erasure.

EXERCISE.—Exercise should not be continued after the effort has become at all painful. Our muscles, like the rest of our bodies, are made susceptible of pain for the beneficent purpose that we may know that they are in danger, and may thus be excited to do everything in our power to remove them from it. It is a mistaken notion that exercise of all kinds and under all circumstances is beneficial. Unless it is adapted to the condition of the muscles, it will prove the agent of death—not the giver of health.

HOW TO EAT AN EGG.—As we believe there are few who know how to eat an egg properly, we shall give the secret. By the usual mode of introducing the salt it will not mix or incorporate with the egg; the result is, you either get a quantity of salt without egg, or egg without salt. Put in a drop or two of water, tea, coffee, or other liquid you may have on the table at the time, then add the salt, and stir. The result is far more agreeable; the drop of liquid is not tasted.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Elsie Venner: A Romance of Destiny. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. 2 vols., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The peculiarity of this book, we think, is its suggestiveness. It has, indeed, other merits, and great ones. Its English is of the purest. It is full of quiet humor. Its heroine, Elsie Venner, is that rare thing in fiction, an original conception. But its suggestiveness is, after all, its highest charm. Full of thought itself, at least full of thought for a romance, it is even more remarkable for its magnetism in making others think. In this respect it is like one of the best books of its kind that England has lately produced; we mean "The Recreations of A Country Parson," which, we are glad to hear, has reached a second edition already in the United States. But we suppose that this suggestiveness, much as we prize it, will be the last quality for which ordinary novel readers will buy the book. The strange character of Elsie Venner, half womanly, half snake-like, will be the attraction with the public at large. Dr. Holmes, in his preface, says that a grave scientific doctrine underlies this delineation, and that, though the conception of the heroine was purely imaginary, he has, since the story has been in progress, received proof of the existence of such a character. The broad fun of Col. Sprowle's ball, and of the widow Rowen's tea-party, will be enjoyed, by a different set of readers, quite as much as Elsie Venner. The work is printed in excellent style.

History of the United Netherlands, from the death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort, with a full view of the English-Dutch struggle against Spain, and of the origin and destruction of the Spanish Armada. By John Lothrop Motley, D. C. L. 2 vols., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a continuation of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," whose appearance, a few years ago, revealed to the world that a new historian, worthy to take rank with Macaulay, Froude, Bancroft, and Prescott, had risen up in our midst. Nor is the present work inferior, in any respect, to its predecessor. On the contrary, it exhibits a greater maturity of power than the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," and though the proportions of the story are not as well preserved as in that work, it approaches, on the whole, more nearly to a master-piece. It is difficult, in reading Motley, not to compare him with Prescott, whose history of Philip the Second, a principal actor in those events, was cut off, alas! by death. We think Motley a more exhaustive student than Prescott, having found him, in details where Prescott erred, invariably correct. He is not inferior in pictorial power, to say the least, to Prescott. But, on the other hand, Motley has not the broad charity of the author of "Ferdinand and Isabella." There is as much difference between these two great historians, in this particular, as there was between Shakspeare and Dante. It will require two additional volumes to finish the work.

Flowers of Hope and Memory. A Collection of Poems. By Cornelia J. M. Jordan. 1 vol., 12 mo. Richmond, Va: A. Morris.—A collection of poems, on various subjects, by a lady of the South. The dedication is very beautiful:—"To the Fireside and the Grave, the Living and the Dead of a Broken Home-Circle." The poems are of various degrees of merit, but are generally tender, graceful and musical. We have marked one for quotation in our next number. The volume is exquisitely got up, the paper being of that creamy tint which book fanciers adore, and the type clear and elegant. A portrait of the author embellishes the volume.

A Message from the Sea and the Uncommercial Traveler. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—We have here the last work of the author of "The Pickwick Papers." It is a collection of tales, written as only "Boz" can write, and woven together into two larger tales, as only "Boz" can weave. Of the two, we like best "The Message from the Sea," though both are good. As the price of the book is only fifty cents, tens of thousands ought to be sold.

The Great Preparation; or, Redemption Draweth Nigh. By the Rev. John Cumming, D. D., F. R. S. G. Second Series. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—There has been much interest to see this, the conclusion of "The Great Preparation." We noticed the first volume, on its appearance, several months ago, and since then have received numerous inquiries as to when this one would be out.

Prayers for Rulers; or, Duty of Christian Patriots. By Rev. William Adams, D. D. 1 vol., 12 mo., 41 pp. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—This is a discourse, preached in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York, on the day of the National Fast, January 4, 1861. Its author is well known in the religious world, as one of the ablest and most eloquent divines of his persuasion.

Address Before the Montgomery County Agricultural Society. By Alonzo C. Paige, LL. D. 1 vol., 8 vo., 22 pp. Canajoharie, N. Y.: Radii Print.—This is a scholarly, thoughtful address, very far superior to ordinary essays of its kind. Its peroration is quick, sharp, decisive, ringing out great truths in stirring language.

Digitized by Google

HOUSEHOLD CORNER.

How to give a Dinner.—*The direction of a table* is no inconsiderable branch of a lady's duties, as it involves judgment in expenditure, respectability of appearance, and the comfort of her husband as well as of those who partake of their hospitality. Inattention to it is always inexcusable, and should be avoided for the lady's own sake, as it occasions a disagreeable degree of bustle and evident annoyance to herself, which is never observable in a well-regulated establishment. In doing the honors of her table, the mode of carving is also of importance, and will be treated of in a future chapter.

The mode of *covering the table* differs according to taste. It is not the multiplicity of dishes, but the choice, the dressing, and the neat look of the whole, which give an air of refinement to a table. There should always be more than the *necessary* quantity of plate, or plated ware, and glass, to afford a certain appearance of elegance; and these, with a clean cloth and a neatly-dressed attendant, will show that the habits of the family are those of gentility. For a small party, or a *tete-a-tete*, a dumb waiter is a convenient contrivance, as it partly saves the attendance of servants. The cruets should be looked to and filled every day an hour before dinner; and much trouble and irregularity are saved, when there is company, if servants are accustomed to prepare the table and sideboard in similar order every day. Too many or too few dishes are extremes not uncommon: the former encumbering the dinner with a superfluity which partakes of vulgarity, whilst the latter has the appearance of poverty or penuriousness.

In all situations of life the entertainment should be no less suited to the station than to the fortune of the *entertainer*, as well as to the number and rank of those invited. If the arrangements of table be properly studied, a degree of elegance is attainable under all circumstances, however economical; and the plainest fare, if carefully dressed, may be made to furnish dishes which every one will eat with relish.

Should there be only a joint and a pudding, they should always be served up separately; and the dishes, however small the party, should always form two courses. Thus, in the old-fashioned style of entertaining a couple of friends with "fish, soup, and a roast," the soup and fish should be placed at the top and bottom of the table, removed by the joint with vegetables and pastry; or, should the company consist of eight or ten, a couple or more of side dishes in the first course, with game and a pudding in the second, accompanied by confectionery, would be quite sufficient.

In most of the books which treat of cookery, various bills of fare are given which are never exactly followed. The mistress should select those dishes which are most in season. The cuts which are inserted in some of those lists put the soup in the middle of the table, where it should never be placed. For a small party a single lamp in the center is sufficient; but for a larger number the room should be lighted with lamps hung over the table, and the center ornamented with flowers.

Keep your own Accounts.—The mistress of a family should never forget that the welfare and good management of the house depend on the eye of the superior, and, consequently, that nothing is too trifling for her notice whereby waste may be avoided, or order maintained. If she has never been accustomed, while single, to think of family management, let her not, upon that account, fear that she cannot attain it: she may consult others who are more experienced, and acquaint herself with the necessary quantities, quality, and prices of the several articles of expenditure in a family, in proportion to the number it consists of. The *chief* duties of life are within the reach of humble abilities, and she whose aim is to fulfill them, will rarely ever fail to acquit herself well. United with, and, perhaps, crowning all the virtues of the female character is that well-directed ductility of mind which, occasionally, bends its attention to the smaller objects of life, knowing them to be often scarcely less essential than the greater.

A minute account of the annual income and the times of payment should be kept in writing; likewise an estimate of the supposed amount of each article of expense; and those who are early accustomed to calculations on domestic articles will acquire so accurate a knowledge of what their establishment requires as will enable them to keep the happy medium between prodigality and parsimony.

In apportioning the items of expenditure of a family, something should always be assigned for the use of the poor, which enables any pressing case of distress to be at once attended to, without a question "whether the money can be spared." Much might be done for the poor, if care were taken to keep a pan into which every bone and morsel of spare meat, vegetables, etc., were put; these might be stewed, the bones taken out, and a few peas added, making a meal, two or three times a week, for any poor, deserving family, without increasing the family expenditure beyond a few pence.

Perhaps few branches of female education are more useful than great readiness in figures. Accounts should be regularly kept, and not the smallest article omitted to be entered. If balanced every week, or month, the income and outgoings will be ascertained with facility, and their proportions to each other be duly observed. Some people fix on stated sums to be appropriated to each different article, as house, clothes, pocket, education of children, etc. Whatever may be the amount of household expenditure, a certain mode should be adopted and strictly adhered to. Besides the regular account-book, in which the receipt of money and every payment should be regularly entered, a commonplace-book should be always at hand for the entry of observations regarding agreements with servants, tradesmen, and various other subjects.

HORTICULTURAL.

Economical Plant Protectors.—The first and best method is to get a common garden frame, made of whatever size you think proper, either with one, two, or three lights; but instead of having them glazed, as is the usual custom, have

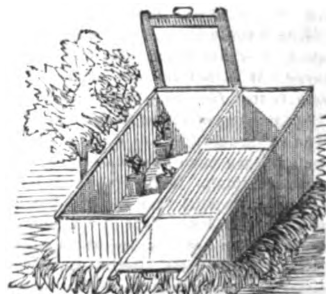


FIG. 1.

some cheap calico stretched upon the frame, quite tight, and afterward made water-proof by means of a composition, directions for the making of which are given further on; and for the plan, see Fig. 1.

The next consists of six stakes being driven into the ground in a circle, at equal distances from each other, and two hoops, whose size and diametrical proportions must depend entirely upon the extent of the plant or tree you desire to surround—one to be nailed within an inch of the

Digitized by Google

top of the supports, the other about half-way down, and afterward covered with water-proof calico, as Fig. 2.

Fig. 2. Fig. 3.

The third and last, though by no means the least important, is not a new idea, but equally useful in its way for square beds of plants. It consists of a sufficient number of arches, which may be formed with hoops from an old tub, which have opened, pointed at each end, and thrust into the ground at the extreme edges of the bed, at about eighteen inches apart all the way down. Then place a straight stick or lath on the top, and one on each side, about twelve inches from the ground; tie each arch securely to these sticks, and you will have a frame strong enough to hold the water-proof calico, taking care, however, that in both cases the material used as a covering reaches the ground, where it will have to be secured, as, without it is, the plants would be as well and better off without any covering at all; for you could but lose them, and you would be sure to do that if you neglected the above caution, and have the mortification of knowing you had taken the trouble to make a frame which, for the want of a little forethought, failed to produce the effect desired, namely, the protection of your favorites.

To give them air and light, you must contrive to have some portion of the coverings movable, for which purpose the top is preferable. Open these doors or windows, as I may term them, whenever the weather will permit, but close them at night, or, in fact, as often as you think there is any danger of their taking harm.

Here is a receipt for water-proof dressing, which I have frequently used, and found efficacious:—Get some thin, cheap calico, and after having stretched it on your frames (or, if required, in a piece, on the ground) quite tight, then cover it, by means of a brush, with a composition made of two pints of pale old linseed oil, one ounce of sugar of lead, and four ounces of white resin. The sugar of lead is to be ground with a little of the oil, after which add the remainder, and the resin, and mix these ingredients well together while warm

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Dyspepsia.—The inability of the stomach to prepare, from the food-eater, the nourishment requisite to sustain the body, and to supply it with pure blood, is treated, in a late number of Hall's *Journal of Health*, in a very lucid manner. The editor alleges that, among a dozen dyspeptics, no two will have the same predominant symptoms, either in nature or locality; and as these persons differ further in age, sex, temperament, constitution, occupation, and habits of mind and body, it is the height of absurdity to treat any two dyspeptics precisely alike; hence the failure to cure in many curable cases.

Dyspeptics of high mental power and of a bilious temperament are subject to sick headache; those who are fat and phlegmatic have constipation and cold feet; while the thin and nervous have horrible neuralgias, which make of life a continued martyrdom, or they are abandoned to forebodings so gloomy, and even fearful, sometimes, as to eat out all the joy of life, and make death a longed-for event. Some dyspeptics are wonderfully forgetful; others have such an irritability of temper as to render companionship with them, even for a few hours, painful, while there is such a remarkable incapacity of mental concentration, of fixedness of purpose, that it is impossible to secure any connected effort for recovery.

There are some general principles of cure applicable to all, and which will seldom fail of high advantages.

1. The entire body should be washed, once a week, with soap, hot water, and a stiff brush.
2. Wear woolen next the skin, the year round, during the day time only.
3. By means of ripe fruit and berries, coarse bread, and other coarse food, keep the bowels acting freely once in every twenty-four hours.
4. Under all circumstances keep the feet always clean, dry, and warm.
5. It is most indispensable to have the fullest plenty of sound, regular, connected, and refreshing sleep in a clean, light, well-aired chamber with windows facing the sun.
6. Spend two or three hours of every forenoon, and one or two of every afternoon, rain or shine, in the open air, in some form of interesting, exhilarating, and unwearying exercise—walking exercise—walking with a cheering and entertaining companion is the very best.
7. Eat at regular times, and always slowly.
8. That food is best for each which is most relished and is followed by the least discomfort. What may have benefited or injured one is no rule for another. This eighth item is of universal application.
9. Take but a teacupful of any kind of drink at one meal, and let that be hot.
10. Confine yourself to coarse bread of corn, rye, or wheat—to ripe, fresh, perfect fruits and berries, in their natural state—and to fresh, lean meats, broiled or roasted, as meat is easier of digestion than vegetables. Milk, gravies, pastries, heavy hot bread, farinas, starches, and greasy food in general aggravate dyspepsia by their constipating tendencies.
11. It is better to eat, at regular times, as often as hungry, but so little at once as to occasion no discomfort whatever.
12. Constantly aim to divert the mind from the bodily condition in pleasant ways; this is half the cure in many cases.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

The Knotted Handkerchief.—This feat consists in tying a number of hard knots in a pocket-handkerchief borrowed from one of the company, then letting any person hold the knots, and by the operator merely shaking the handkerchief, all the knots become unloosed, and the handkerchief is restored to its original state.

To perform this excellent trick, get as soft a handkerchief as possible, and taking the opposite ends, one in each hand, throw the right hand over the left, and draw it through, as if you were going to tie a knot in the usual way. Again throw the right hand end over the left, and give the left hand end to some person to pull, you at the same time pulling the right hand end with your right hand, while your left hand holds the handkerchief just behind the knot. Press the thumb of your left hand against the knot to prevent its slipping, always taking care to let the person to whom you gave one end pull first: so that, in fact, he is only pulling against your *left hand*.

Digitized by Google

You now tie another knot exactly in the same way as the first, taking care always to throw the right hand end over the left. As you go on tying the knots, you will find the right hand end of the handkerchief decreasing considerably in length, while the left hand one remains nearly as long as at first; because, in fact, you are merely tying the right hand end *round the left*. To prevent this from being noticed, you should stoop down a little after each knot, and pretend to pull the knots tighter; while, at the same time, you press the thumb of the right hand against the knot, and with the fingers and palm of the same hand, draw the handkerchief, so as to make the left hand end shorter, keeping it at each knot as nearly the length of the right hand end as possible.

When you have tied as many knots as the handkerchief will admit of, hand them round for the company to feel that they are firm knots; then hold the handkerchief in your right hand, just below the knots, and with the left hand turn the loose part of the center of the handkerchief over them, desiring some person to hold them. Before they take the handkerchief in hand, you draw out the right hand end of the handkerchief, which you have in the right hand, and which you may easily do, and the knots being still held together by the loose part of the handkerchief, the person who holds the handkerchief will declare he feels them: you then take hold of one of the ends of the handkerchief which hangs down, and desire him to repeat after you, one—two—three—then tell him to let go, when, by giving the handkerchief a smart shake, the whole of the knots will become unloosed.

Should you, by accident, whilst tying the knots, give the wrong end to be pulled, a hard knot will be the consequence, and you will know when this has happened the instant you try to draw the left hand end of the handkerchief shorter. You must, therefore, turn this mistake to the best advantage, by asking any one of the company to see how long it will take him to untie one knot, you counting the seconds. When he has untied the knot, your other knots will remain right as they were before. Having finished tying the knots, let the same person hold them, and tell him that, as he took two minutes to untie one knot, he ought to allow you fourteen minutes to untie the seven; but as you do not wish to take any advantage, you will be satisfied with fourteen seconds.

You may excite some laughter during the performance of this trick, by desiring those who pull the knots along with you, to pull as hard as they please, and not to be afraid, as the handkerchief is not yours: you may likewise go to the owner of the handkerchief, and desire him to assist you in pulling a knot, saying, that if the handkerchief is to be torn, it is only right that he should have a share of it; you may likewise say that he does not pull very hard, which will cause a laugh against him.

POPULAR GAMES, ETC.

FORFEITS.—Young people are often at a loss for good forfeits in their games. In the absence of advice upon the subject, the penalties they impose are sometimes vulgar, or highly absurd, creating confusion where innocent pleasure is designed. The following are suggested to help our young friends out of the difficulty:—

1. Mention the name of some remarkable person, and repeat an anecdote about him.
2. Recite a piece of poetry, diverting or humorous.
3. Think of some individual in history famed for his justice.
4. Mention one of the most recent of modern discoveries.
5. Keep a serious face for five minutes.
6. Sing a song.
7. A line of poetry being given, find another rhyme with it.
8. The owner of the forfeit to stand in the center of the room, and every one, in turn, requests her to assume various attitudes.
9. Tell a riddle or conundrum.
10. Pay a compliment and undo it after, to every one present.
11. Kiss some one through the tongs.
12. Dance a hornpipe.
13. Say, "Around the rugged rock the ragged rascals ran," five times without making a mistake.
14. Repeat the names of all the Kings of England.
15. Put yourself through the keyhole (this is done by writing the word "yourself" on paper, and then putting it through).
16. Repeat the story of Alexander and Diogenes.
17. Tell the name of an individual mentioned in history, famed for his love of truth.
18. Find some similarity between a watch and an amusing companion.
19. Repeat five times rapidly, "Villy Vite and is Vife vent to Vinsor and Vest Vickham von Vitson Vednesday."
20. Laugh in one corner of the room, cry in another, yawn in a third, and dance in the fourth.
21. Repeat, without stopping, "Bandy-Legg'd Boracho Mustachio Whiskenfusticus the bold and brave Bombardino of Bagdad helped Abomilique Blue-Beard Bashaw of Babelmandeb to beat down a Bumble-Bee at Balsora."
22. Kneel to the wittiest, bow to the prettiest, and kiss the one you love the best.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Make Invisible Ink.—Starch dissolved in water will, if employed, remain without color until it is washed over with a weak solution of iodine, when it assumes a bluish hue. *Or*—Dissolve green vitriol and a little nitrous acid in common water; write your characters with a new pen. Next infuse small Aleppo galls, slightly bruised in water. In two or three days pour the liquor off. By drawing a pencil, dipped in the second solution, over the characters written with the first, they will appear a beautiful black. *Or*—Mix up some hog's lard very intimately with a little Venetian turpentine, and rub a small portion of it gently and in an equal manner over very thin paper with a piece of fine sponge. When you are desirous to employ this preparation for writing secretly to a friend (or a love-letter), lay the above paper on that you intend to send, and trace out whatever you think proper in a blunted style, by which means the fat substance will stick to the first preparation. The person, to read the letter must powder the sheet with charcoal, and it will be distinct.

To Set Chalk Drawings.—This is extremely difficult, because they will not bear washing over with a brush. The only method is the previous preparation of the paper by washing it with a strong solution of isinglass. When quite dry, the surface is in a good state for making the drawing, after which it should be inverted and held horizontally over steam. The steam melts the size which absorbs the charcoal or crayon, and when it has again become dry the drawing is fixed. This process may be repeated several times during the progress of a drawing, the effect being increased each time.

Strengthening the Voice.—A weak voice is often the effect of general weak health, and in proportion as the body can be strengthened, so will the voice become stronger. Attend to these rules:—1st. Be very temperate in eating and drinking. 2nd. Avoid causes of excitement, mental or bodily. 3rd. Read or recite daily about five hundred lines, in the highest speaking tone which you can comfortably maintain. And, 4thly, Have nothing whatever to do with advertised nostrums for strengthening the voice.

Digitized by Google

RECEIPTS FOR THE SICK-ROOM.

The Blackberry.—Very few regard this shrub of the slightest value—it does, however, possess some qualities which entitle them to the attention of others than the mere passer-by. For instance: the blackberries have a desiccative and astringent virtue, and are a most appropriate remedy for the gums and inflammation of the tonsils. Boerhaave affirms that the roots taken out of the earth in February or March, and boiled in honey, are an excellent remedy against dropsy. Syrup of blackberries, picked when only red, is cooling and astringent, in common purgings or fluxes. The bruised leaves, stalks, and unripe fruit, applied outwardly, are said to cure ring-worms.

Receipt for the Bowel Complaint.—Take tincture of rhubarb, one ounce; syrup of ditto, one and a half ounce; laudanum, quarter ounce; essence of peppermint, three-quarter ounce; mix in half a quartern of the best brandy, and cork tightly. When required for use, take two teaspoonfuls in half a glass of warm water, and the pain will be almost instantly remedied. The taste is not disagreeable.

Antidote to Arsenic.—The efficacy of the hydrated peroxide of iron in cases of arsenical poisoning has long been known; but this is a remedy seldom at hand when it is required. It has recently been shown that the carbonate or sesquioxide of iron will act equally well. After the free use of emetics or the stomach-pump, this should be given in scruple doses repeated every hour.

A Pleasant Spring Medicine.—Take two ounces of Epsom salts, one ounce of cream of tartar, and two lemons. Mix, and pour a quart of boiling water upon them; let it stand till cold; bottle, and take a wineglassful once or twice a day. This will be found a pleasant beverage as well as medicine.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TOILET.

To Remove Freckles from the Face.—Dissolve in half an ounce of lemon-juice one ounce of Venice soap, and add a quarter of an ounce each of oil of bitter almonds and deliquated oil of tartar. Place this mixture in the sun till it acquires the consistency of ointment; when in this state, add three drops of the oil of rhodium, and keep it for use. Apply it to the face in the following manner: Wash the parts at night with elder-flower water; then anoint with the ointment. In the morning cleanse the skin from its oily adhesion by washing it copiously in rose-water.

To Promote the Growth of the Hair.—Mix equal parts of olive oil and spirits of rosemary, add a few drops of oil of nutmeg. If the hair be rubbed every night with this, and the proportion be very gradually increased, it will answer every purpose of facilitating the growth of the hair.

To Make Scent from Violets.—Drop twelve drops of genuine oil of rhodium on a lump of sugar, grind this well in a glass mortar, and mix it thoroughly with three pounds of orris powder. This will, in its perfume, have a resemblance to a well-flavored violet.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

Apple Jam.—Peel a quantity of apples, but be careful they are all of the same kind, core and slice them very thin. Put them into a jar and stand it in a saucepan of water, letting them stew till quite tender. Put a pound and a half of fine moist sugar to every two pounds of your fruit; and to the same quantity put the rind of two lemons grated, and the pulp of one. Let all boil for two hours, and then put it into jars. This is a delicious and inexpensive preserve, and will keep good for years.

Rhubarb Tart.—Cut some rhubarb into pieces an inch long, place it in a saucepan without a cover, adding chopped lemon-peel and sufficient sugar to sweeten—in water; let it simmer till reduced to a pulp; stand aside till cool. Line a flat dish with paste, put in the rhubarb, and, before putting it into the oven, add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and a good sprinkling of nutmeg. Serve with custard-cream. *To Make the Cream.*—Beat up two eggs with a tablespoonful of cold milk, have ready half a pint of milk boiling hot, to be poured gradually on the eggs, stirring all the time, pour backward and forward in the saucepan. If not sufficiently thickened, place on the fire for a moment, but be careful it does not boil, or it will curdle and be spoiled.

To Kipper Salmon.—Clean and scale the fish, but do not wash it. Split it down the back and remove the bone; (the bones will make a nice pickling if broiled or baked.) Lay the fish in the following pickle:—Salt and sugar, equal parts; to one pound of each of those, quarter ounce each of ground pepper and saltpetre. Let it lie in salt two or three days, during which time it should be pressed down with a board on which heavy weights are placed; then stretch each piece on a stick, and either smoke or dry. Haddock, cod, whiting, and ling may be done in the same way.

Summer Salads.—Put into a dish the well blanched leaves of lettuce, which should be freed from water. Mix a little salt and pepper with a few drops of tarragon vinegar, put this over the lettuce, and add vinegar and oil in the proportion of rather more than two spoonfuls of vinegar to one of oil. The same mixture will be suitable for mustard and cress with spring radishes, or for sliced cucumber, with or without onion. Salads are better when prepared just before using; or they should be kept in a very cool place.

Queen's Gingerbeer.—Put twelve pounds of loaf sugar and eight ounces of the best white ginger, well pounded, to ten gallons of water. Boil together for half an hour, then put into a tub or large pan. When cool, add three or four spoonfuls of good yeast, and let it work all night; on the following morning put it into a cask. When it has done working, which will be in three or four days, add one ounce of isinglass, one ounce and a half of hops, and stop it up. It will be fit for use in a month, and may be drunk without bottling.

To Cook Asparagus.—Cut the white stalks off about six inches from the head, soak them in cold water, tie them in thick bundles, and boil them rather quickly. Be careful not to overboil them, as the heads will then be broken. Toast a slice of bread brown on both sides, dip it in the water, and lay it in the dish. When the asparagus is done, lay it upon the toast, leaving the white ends outward each way. Pour melted butter over the toast and green parts of asparagus.

To Make Sherbet.—Take nine Seville oranges and three lemons; grate off the yellow from the rinds, and put the raspings into a gallon of water, with three pounds of double refined sugar, and boil it to a candy height; then take it off the fire, and add the pulp of the oranges and lemons; keep stirring it until it is almost cold, then put it into a vessel for use.

Vermicelli Soup.—To make vermicelli soup, take as much good stock as you require for your tureen; strain, and set it on the fire, and when it boils, put in the vermicelli. Let it simmer for half an hour by a slow fire, that the vermicelli may not break. The soup ought not to be very thick. Half a pound of vermicelli is sufficient for eight or ten persons.

To Cook Tomatoes as a Vegetable.—Cut as many tomatoes in half as will make a dish. Put them into a baking dish, with a lump of butter and some pepper and salt. Bake them until soft, and then dish up hot.

Digitized by Google

To Prevent Milk from Turning Sour.—To each quart of milk, add fifteen grains of bicarbonate of soda; this addition will not affect the taste of the milk, and it promotes digestion.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF STONE-COLORED SILK, brocaded in black spots. The skirt, which is gored toward the top, is trimmed with five flounces, three black, and two of plain silk of the color of the dress, put on alternately. Above the flounces is a double quilling of stone-color and black silk. The body is high and plain, and is confined at the waist by a band with a bow and long ends of plain silk, edged with a quilling like that above the flounces. The sleeves are slightly shaped to the arms and trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Bonnet of straw, trimmed with poppy-colored silk and black lace. Wreath over the face of small poppies with black centers.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS OF PURPLE SILK.—The skirt is trimmed around the bottom with a broad band of black velvet; a quarter of a yard above this is a puffing of silk like the dress. The body is made with a plastron of black velvet, which fits tightly over the lower part, something like a Swiss body; above this is a quilling of purple silk. The sleeves correspond with the skirt. Open straw bonnet, with straw tassels. Cape and strings of purple silk; wreath of violets over the face.

FIG. III.—PRINCESS ALICE DRESS OF BROCADED SILK.—It will be seen that there is no joining at the waist of this dress, the body and skirt being cut in one. The dress is trimmed around the bottom of the skirt and around the sleeves with a broad band of magenta-colored velvet, headed by a row of very narrow black lace. There is also a row of graduated bows down the front of the dress.

FIG. IV.—THE QUEEN CAROLINE MORNING DRESS.—This dress is made loose from the shoulders, after the fashion of a court train. The body fits close from the side-bodies to the front. The lower part of the body falls from a yoke trimmed with a puffing, which extends in a point to the waist in front. A deep flounce trims the bottom of the skirt.

GENERAL REMARKS.—In spite of our unpropitious spring, the windows are already filled with most tempting dress goods. Small French plaid silks are very great favorites for spring wear; they are so useful as well as genteel. The skirt may be made either plain or trimmed with one wide, or several narrow ruffles. Foulard silks are also among the most useful articles of a ladies' wardrobe, that is when they are of a good quality; but a poor one is scarcely worth the trouble or expense of making up. The foulards are usually of a black or dark ground, with small figures in bright colors. The chintzes, this year, appear to us to be unusually beautiful, but we believe that we think this every spring. Those of gray, pearl, or buff grounds are very delicate and tempting; and a pretty girl never looks more bewitching than in a neat morning dress of chintz or lawn.

DRESSES without separation at the waist—the body and skirt being cut in one piece—are still in favor, not only for morning, but for more dressy wear. One of these we noticed the other day was made of gray silk, the body being fastened with green velvet buttons, with larger ones placed down the front of the skirt. The skirt had a little pocket on each side, bound with green velvet, cut on the crossway of the stuff. The sleeves, with a slashed turned-back cuff, fastened down by the same buttons, were finished off at the top by a large puff, with bands of crossway green velvet.

Many dresses are being made with waistbands; and this waistband forms the only trimming when the material of which the dress is composed is rich and handsome. For example, a chestnut-brown silk dress, brocaded with maize and black flowers, was made with quite a plain skirt, with a large waistband of brown velvet, embroidered in black and maize. The sleeves were large, and trimmed with one row of velvet ribbon to match the band.

A bright blue silk dress can be very prettily made with three narrow flounces at the bottom of the skirt, put on with a distance of an inch and a half between each flounce; and, in front, seven narrow flounces, continued to the waist in the form of an apron, and finished off all round by a narrow flounce. The dress can be made with a high and low body—the former buttoned to the throat with black silk buttons, and the latter with short and puffed sleeves.

A violet-colored silk dress would look very nicely trimmed with a broad piece of black velvet at the bottom of the skirt, eight inches wide, with a plain body and black velvet waistband. The sleeves should be made square at the bottom, pleated at the top; the pleats being fastened down by black velvet buttons.

A pretty mode for making sleeves for a plain black silk dress is with five puffings, which diminish in size toward the wrist. The top of the sleeve is finished off by a black velvet epaulet, and the bottom by a very broad pointed wristband of the same material as the epaulet.

RIBBON OR VELVET WAISTBANDS, brocaded or embroidered, are amongst the növelties of the season; as, also, BOWS of the same materials, with fringed ends, for trimming the sleeves of the dresses. These waistbands should match the color of the dress with which they are worn. Independently of these trimmings, expressly made for certain dresses, many are sold separately, consisting of bows of brocaded ribbon, with pointed cuffs to match. These are also embroidered in gold, silk, or jet, and are trimmed with black lace. A pretty little bow may be made of black moire antique, edged with violet-colored silk, the silk being stitched on in white. The cuffs should be rather deep, pointed, and edged with silk to correspond.

We must not overlook one important particular, which is, that all dresses are now accompanied by a brooch-bow to match the trimming of the dress.

For muslin dresses, the puffed sleeve is extremely pretty, the puffs divided either by a narrow insertion with colored ribbon under it, or by a narrow quilling, the color harmonizing with those in the pattern of the muslin.

ALL OUTER GARMENTS, whether loose or tight at the waist, have a decided tendency to fall away at the bottom in front, and form something approaching a train behind. Dresses are also raised in front and long behind: and bonnets even seem to follow a similar impulse.

BLACK VELVET SHAWLS, trimmed with rich lace, are very elegant for carriage costume.

BONNETS are made very large in front, admitting a very full quilling and face trimming: but the outsides are plainer than they have been for some springs.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The skirt is of pink silk and trimmed with four flounces, headed by a ruche of ribbon; at the waist is a bow and long ends of black silk, edged with a narrow puffing. Body of white muslin, square in the neck, made with bands of insertion and puffings of muslin. Very full sleeves with puffings at the top, and bands at the wrist. White felt hat, with a white plume and bow of black velvet.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY.—The trousers and blouse are of gray cashmere, richly braided in dark blue. The body is made to fit loosely, without plaits, but is braided to correspond with the skirt. Loose sleeves, also braided; full white muslin under-sleeve. White felt cap, with full blue plume.

Digitized by Google

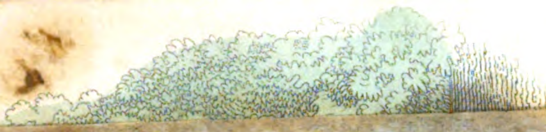
Digitized by Google

Engraved by J. D. Gross

HEART CONFESSIONS.

Expressly for Peterson's Magazine

Digitized by Google



Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers.

LES MODES PARISIENNES.

MAY.

1861

Digitized by Google

INFANT CONFESSIONS.

Expressly for Peterson's Magazine.

UNIV. OF MICH.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

UNIV. OF MICH.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

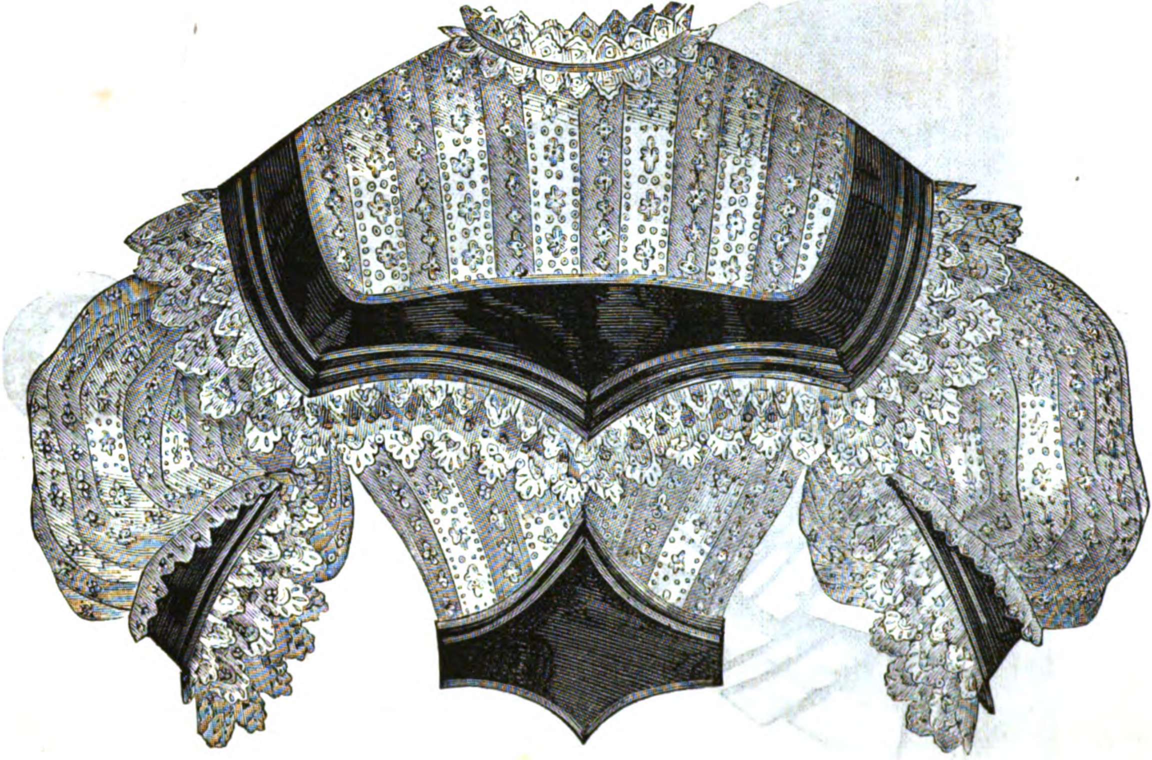
Bead Mats.—Peterson's Magazine

UNIV. OF
Digitized by Google

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN: FROM A PICTURE BY S. READ.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



WHITE BODY.

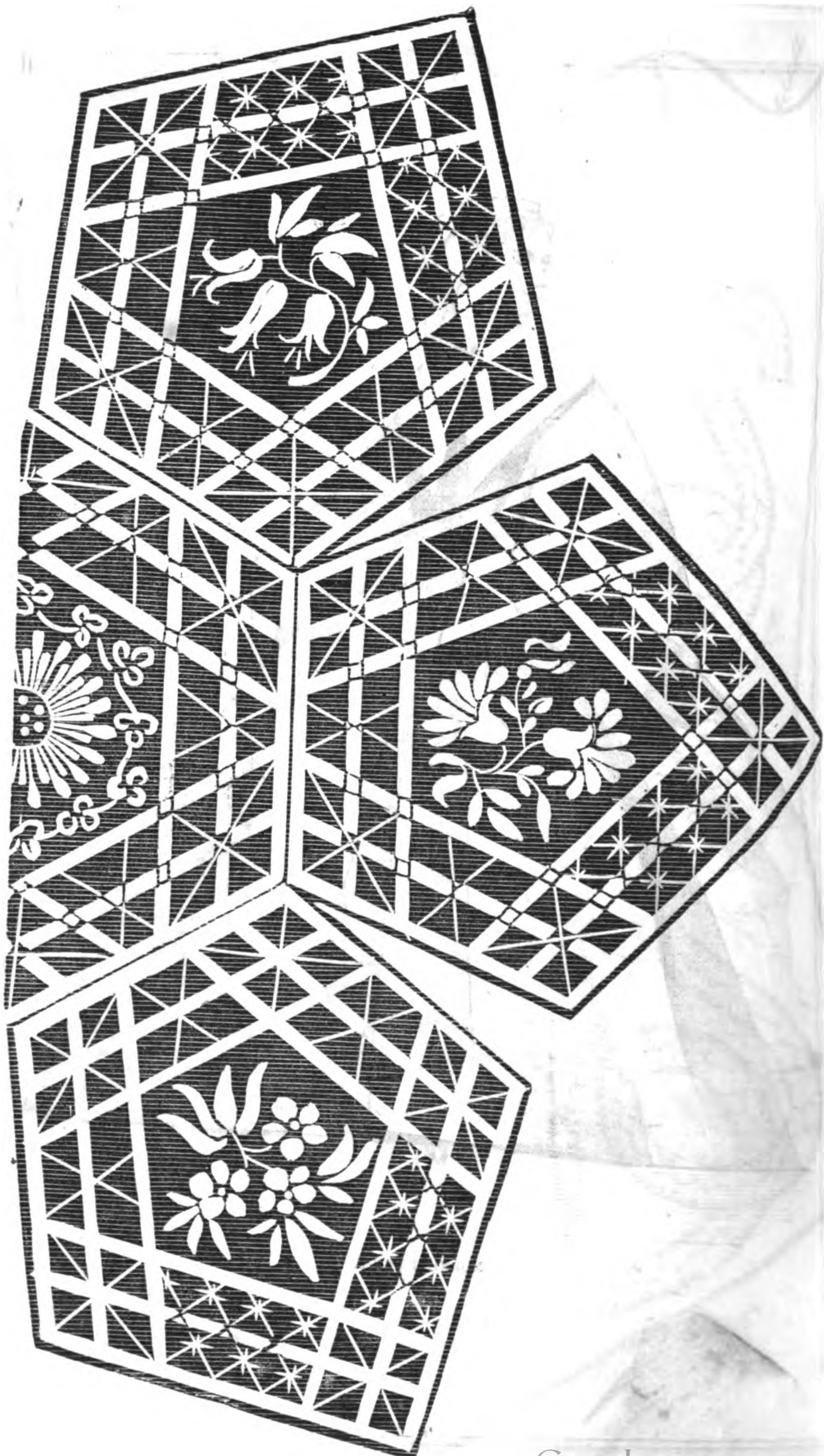
Digitized by Google

WALKING DRESS.

Digitized by Google

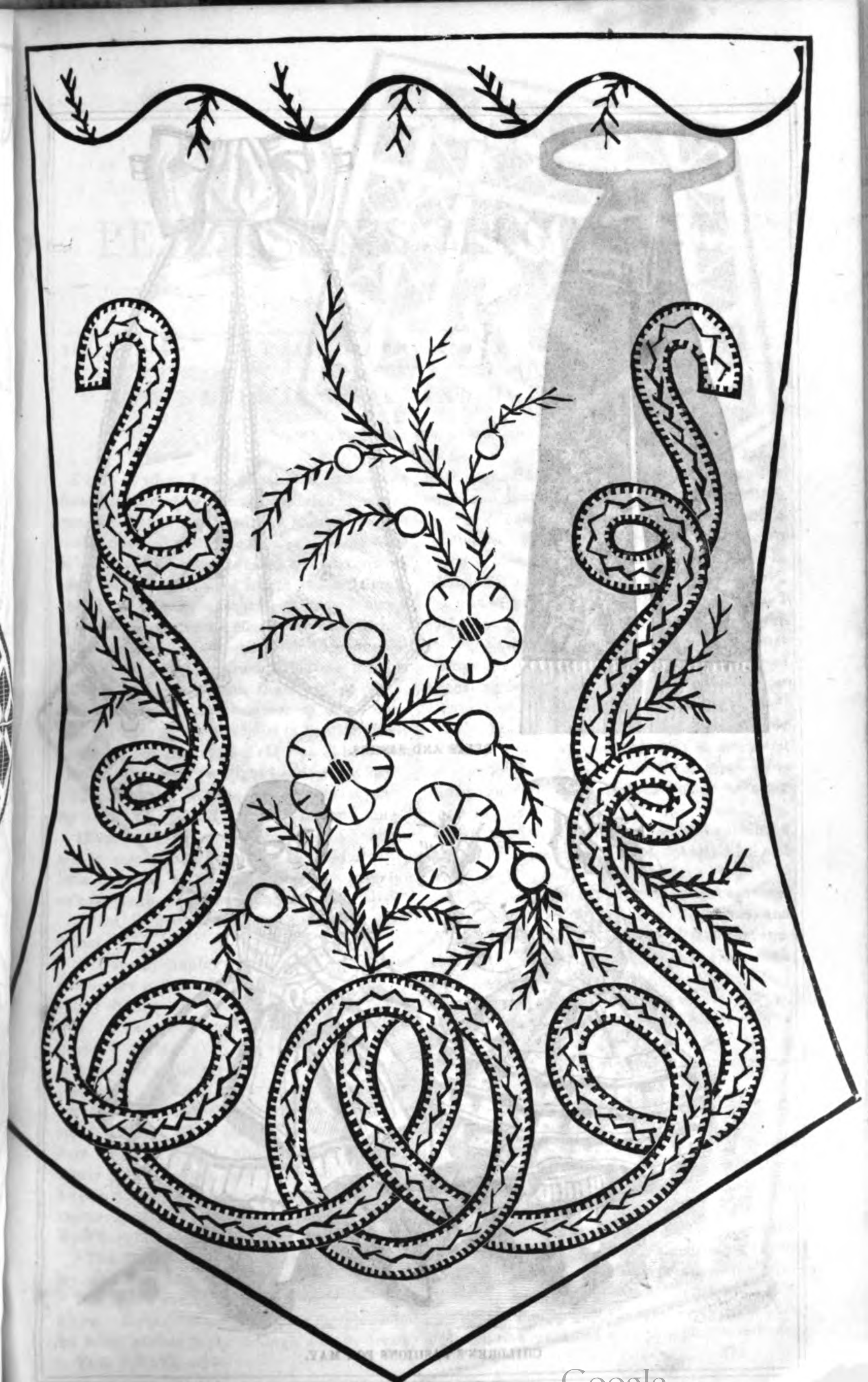
MORNING DRESS.

Digitized by Google

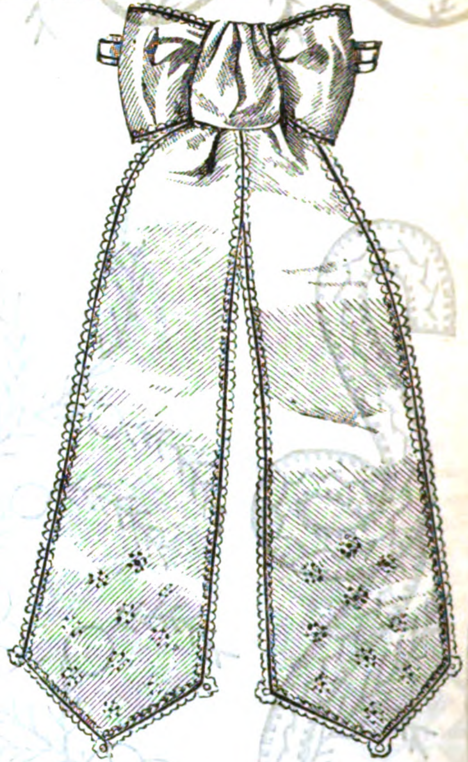


FULL SIZE PATTERN FOR DRAWING-ROOM CARD-BASKET.

Digitized by Google



FULL SIZE PATTERN FOR WORK-BAG.



BELTS AND SASHES.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MAY.

Digitized by Google

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIX. PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1861. No. 5.

HOW I FELL IN LOVE, AND HOW I FELL OUT.

BY HARRY CLARK.

I FELL in when I was passing a summer at Saratoga. She, the woman I adored, I mean, was fair enough to plead my excuse for the truth. She had soft, fair hair, which she wore in the most glossy of braids, wound round a small, exquisitely shaped head; she had large, black eyes, making a most bewitching contrast to the light hair; and a clear, pale complexion, white as snow; black eyebrows and lashes completed the piquant contrast She was neither tall nor *petite*, just about the size that is the most tempting for the caresses of a tall man. Just tall enough for the head to lie confidingly against my shirt front, and the lips to be within kissable distance by a slight bend of my head.

"Mr. Graham, allow me to introduce you to my cousin, who joined our party this morning."

"Thank you for the offer." And I bent my arm to accommodate the tiny hand of a saucy little brunette, with whom I had been carrying on a desperate flirtation for three weeks.

"What is her name, Miss Stanley?" I inquired.

"Elizabeth Stanley; but as she is fair and slender, we call her Lily."

Lily Stanley! it was a name to fall in love with. I only took one look, and my heart was gone. I distinctly felt the void it left, when it sprang from under my vest, into Miss Stanley's possession. I don't know what she wore, but her fair face and slender throat rose above clouds of soft white lace. There were pearls here and there; and, altogether, if I had insanely fallen at her feet, I should have only acted out my sensations. It broke in upon this rapturous dream to hear my first flame, Miss Kate Stanley, say,

"The Redowa. I am engaged to Capt. Hawley, and here he comes."

Did I ask her to dance? I am sure I don't know. I recollect only, that five minutes later, we were gliding lazily through a slow, dreamy Redowa, and I held a tiny white gloved hand in mine, and found my idol was not the spiritual form she looked, by clasping my arm round a substantial waist; a slender, graceful waist, but still made of flesh and blood, likewise silk, whalebone, and lace.

I was to have gone home the next day: but I could not do it. Leave Saratoga! Leave the Paradise that contained my angel. I could not endure the idea. My partner wrote the most appealing letter, threatening bankruptcy, ruin, all sorts of horrors, if I did not appear immediately in the counting-house; but I wrote savagely back that ruin was heaven compared to absence from ——, and there I stopped, because the carriage waited for me to take my angel to ride.

Dick pondered over the blank, but concluded I must be engaged in some speculation, and wrote warning letters accordingly.

Pink silk and roses, blue silk and forget-me-nots, lilies of the valley in a white bonnet, and other attractions too numerous to mention, succeeded the white lace; and as my senses came slowly back to me, and I had eyes for details, I was charmed with the neatness of every dress, from the glossy braids to the tiny slipper. The silks were deliciously fresh; the lace always snowy white; the skirts and stockings, sometimes displayed by the raising of a dress, were always so pure, so fine, and smooth, that every day found me more deeply in love.

Parting time came at last. Miss Stanley went to visit her aunt in Boston—I found out that we both *lived* in Philadelphia—and I returned to the counting-house and my disconsolate partner.

A month of separation fanned the flame the month of intercourse had lighted in my heart. The fair face was in all my dreams—now with drooping lilies falling from the soft braids, now set in the fine lace of the most bewitching blue bonnet, now wreathed with pale pink rose-buds,

Digitized by Google

now under the shadow of the drooping white plumes of her riding-hat.

Walking down Walnut street, one lovely September morning, I saw a lady stepping into the cars. One glance at the neatly-gloved hand sent the blood to my heart; the little gaiter made it give a sudden bound; and then a fair face made it palpitate till I nearly choked.

She was at home. I should hear again the soft, low voice, whose every modulation told of her angelic temper. I should see the sweet smile that always greeted me, and again be in Elysium. Ah, me!

I could not call until the following morning; then I left Dick groaning over neglected Western customers and went home, donned my white suit of linen, with a narrow black neck-tie, smoothed my finest shirt front over my broad chest, drew on my most intense pair of pale buff kids, set a becoming straw hat over nicely arranged curls, and sallied forth.

I ran lightly up the steps of 1617 —— street and rang the bell, gave my card to the girl who opened the door, and went into the parlor. It was in that semi-dark state fashionable in the warm months, and, coming in from the glaring sunlight, I could at first see nothing. I groped my way to a seat.

"I say I won't!"

A shrill, harsh voice in the next room, gave forth this sentence with an angry vehemence that startled me.

A low, sweet voice answered,

"Lily, my dear!"

"Your *dear!* I don't want to be coaxed," answered the first voice. "I *will* go, and there's the end of it."

"But you have been away all summer, and Jennie has not left home at all."

"Jennie! What does a great, ugly, red-faced thing like her want at a watering-place?"

"She is your sister."

"Well, let her wait till I'm married, and then she can rule here. I have set my heart on going to aunt Nell's, and I'm going."

The folding-doors were thrown violently back, and I saw into the next room.

Upon the sofa lay a pale, delicate-looking lady, evidently an invalid. Near her stood a tall, rather ugly girl, with a high color, probably "Jennie;" but the most prominent figure stood in the opening she had made by throwing back the doors. A faded calico wrapper, torn out under both arms, fell in uneven folds to the floor, a rent here and there making an ungraceful festoon; the pretty feet were thrust into old slippers; and the stockings were—were—well, the word will out—they were dirty; dirty stockings on a lady—faugh! The light hair I had so much admired was gone, except a little knot at the back of her head, which was tumbled and had a dead, dry look; the glossy braids probably reposed upon her dressing-glass. She did not see me, as I sat in a dark corner, and, crossing the room, she hit her foot on a stool.

"Confound the thing!" was her lady-like exclamation; and a vicious kick sent the stool spinning across the floor.

I rose. "Good-morning, Miss Stanley."

A scream, a dash for the door, darkness came again over the parlor, and I was alone.

I fell out of love as rapidly as I had fallen into it, and took my white suit and *blasted* hopes out of the front door.

Dick is delighted; vows I am as thorough a business man as himself, and I have almost resolved to retain him as my *only* partner through life.

TO MAY.

BY SARAH E. JUDSON.

Have you heard the robins, May,
Singing in the apple-tree?
The boughs are wreathed with blossoms gay,
And their song is full of glee;
'Tis floating on the scented air,
And while I listened to their lay,
I watch them flitting here and there
With dusky wings of sober gray.

Have you seen the violets, May?
Little violets, white and blue,
In sunny hollows far way
We can find them wet with dew;
And in the woodland pale wild-flowers,
By the footpaths where we stray,
When we while away the hours—
The long hours of the glorious day.

'Tis sad to think of the captive, May,
Pining in his prison cell:
Of dim streets in the cities far away
Where pallid little children dwell.
How sad must seem this sunny Spring!
How cheerless all their hours of play!
They cannot hear the robins sing,
They cannot gather violets, May.

Digitized by Google

PENNACOOK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L———'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

I WAS sitting with my friend, Kate Trumbull, this morning, when the sitting-room door opening slowly, noiselessly, showed Mrs. Kennedy's comfortable, bony face, her long, bony frame in the door. Kate was glad to see her, as she is whenever she comes, as everybody is, for her large, charitable heart, her comic originality. Having given her a low rocking-chair near Mrs. Trumbull, near the stove—although Mrs. Kennedy said, "Land! she warn't cold! she didn't know what it was to be cold, hardly!"—Kate returned to her seat at my side, still speaking to Mrs. Kennedy, telling her she was glad she had come.

"Yes, *I'm* glad!" said Mrs. Kennedy. Guess what I've got in my bag, this morning, Kate!" She was dragging her big bag of big-figured calico round into her lap.

"Your blue knitting-work, your bandanna nicely folded, and your bright, round snuff-box."

"No-o-o! dokimunts!"

"Documents?"

"Yes; dokimunts!" Then turning to Mrs. Trumbull, she added, "Miss Trumble, you remember the time, I guess, (land! of course you do,) that a Mr. Cartwright come from Concord up here ter teach school at the 'cademy? He was the last percepter afore Tyler—*you* remember?"

Mrs. Trumbull remembered; remembered his intelligent face, his diligent, studious, simple habits, his fine character, and talent; remembered that he wrote a little for Mr. Buckingham's paper. Mr. Buckingham was his friend—older than he, a good deal; but they valued each other.

"Yes; wal; that's the feller I'm arter. He lives out in York state now; has a good many years, did you know it?"

Mrs. Trumbull did not know it; had heard nothing of him, had not, perhaps, thought of him for more than a dozen years.

"Wal, he lives there, on what is called the Hudson; has a—what you girls call a *splendid* place, I s'pose, from all I've heern, an' is as rich as a Joo; full. He's an ole bachelder, Kate; (yes, now yer eyes shine; I knowed they would ef I told you *that*.) He's got a man an' a woman that's 'is wife, an' a lot o' hired help ter take care o' his 'ouse, his garden, an' his barn fer 'im, (cheatin' 'is gizzard out of 'im athout his knowin' on't ten times every day he lives, pro'bly.) Ef he'd come this way now an' offer 'imself——"

"To you, Mrs. Kennedy?"

"Land! no! you *know* better! ter you. That's what I've been a-thinkin' about an' talkin' about ter my ole man; *he* seemed ter think it'd do nicely; an' it will. It's sunth'n' that's a-goin' ter happen too, an' I'll tell ye how when I've got hold o' this pinch o' snuff; my box's eeny most em'ty. He's comin' ter go up an' see the mountains as ser many do now-a-days. He's a-goin' ter stay at Concord a few days ter see the ole elm trees up ter the North End. He use' ter think a sight o' these, I remember. One o' his ancestors, as he called 'em, sot some of 'em out when the town was fust settled. Then he's a-goin' ter stop here a few days ter see the old 'cademy, an' to find out all the ole paths where 'e use' ter walk, the old Indian carry'n' way, the path up ter Blake's Falls, an' all the paths. My! there wa'n't a squirrel's path, nor a rabbit's, that 'e didn't find it an' foller an' foller it t'll he come ter the very faintest end on't. He'll try ter find 'em all; you'll be in some of 'em, sarnterin' some day, 's I've seen ye more'n once, an' he'll come across ye; then he'll be askin' round, soft an' perlite as can be (he's desp'rate perlite), who that young lady is that walks alone in the paths in the pine woods, a-switchin' the brakes an' huckleberry bushes with a stick, an' that's got a han'some mouth, han'some eyes, an' is, in short, han'some all over. Every*body'll* know an' tell 'im. He'll come up ter see if we're alive up ter our 'ouse, (fer 'e ain't proud ef he's wuth a million; 'tain't in 'im;) an' I shall ask him fust ef he remembers our good, clever ole Bose, that use' ter go out ter the road whenever he see 'im goin' by, an' go an' take some of his long walks with 'im. He'll say yes, fer he ain't one ter fergit *such* things. Then I shall ask him ef he remembers little Kate Trumble that he called Katydid, once, I remember. Oh! ef I ha'n't thought now what I shall ask 'im! You

Digitized by Google

was a marster young on', when you was little, Kate, fer pullin' off yer shoes an' stockin's; *you* remember, Miss Trumble? Ha, ha, ha, ha! you *see* 'f I don't ask 'im 'f 'e remembers 'bout bein' in here one Wednesday arternune when I was here, an' seein' you set on the floor a-*pullin'* off yer shoes an' stockin's, an' a-*scramblin'* ter do it while we was all talkin' an' didn't see ye; an' we all did see ye, but kep' on talkin', an' there you was, an' we was laughin' at ye; an' when yer big eyes flashed up an' found out that we was lookin', then didn't 'is laugh burst out? *an' didn't* ye help yerself up on to yer little bare feet then? an' didn't the little bare feet run some ter git where the face an' eyes could hide 'emselves under mother's arm? Mother put on yer shoes an' stockin's; (ye was two year ole then, I s'pose;) an' arter a spell ye got over the 'shamed fit a little, an' Mr. Cartwright coaxed ye to 'im with 'is watch an' seal, an' held ye in 'is lap an' called ye Katydid. He called ye so ag'in when he was goin', an' so was biddin' ye good-by. You was his fav'right arter that, I noticed, an' he use' ter very often call ye Katydid. He'll call ter the office ter see yer father; of course he will; yer father was the trustee that hired 'im; yer father'll ask 'im 'if he won't call up ter the house an' see the women-folks, an' then it's done! He'll keep callin', an' at last he'll pop the question, an' you two'll be married, an' ef that won't be the height o' things I don't know what will."

Kate laughed and twirled her ring with glowing eyes, lips, and cheeks; but she protested against the whole arrangement. "Old enough to be her father!" she said.

"No-o in-*deed*, madam! He was very young fer a teacher in a high school. He wa'n't through with college. Pro'bly he wa'n't more'n twenty, 'f he was that. S'posin' he was twenty, that makes 'im a leetle less than eighteen year older'n you, an' you're on'y seventeen. That leaves him not fur from thirty-five; a young man; I'll leave it ter the rest ef he ain't, come! But now 'bout these dokimunts." She was now opening the bag on the big, round strings. "Afore 'is term was out an' 'e went off, he come up ter see 'f I'd do 'im some knittin'. I done it; an' then I fixed 'is pockets, an' sleeve linin's, an' got 'im in good order; an' he paid me for it, an' thanked me too. He had two trunks; 'is clothes were carried up ter our 'ouse in the old one; an' 'e didn't take it away. There was some of 'is clothes 'at 'e didn't let me fix; 'e said they wa'n't wuth it. But they war ef he'd on'y 'a' thought so. Wal, as I was goin' ter say, 'e left 'em, an' a 'rethmetic an' slate, an' these papers that I've got here, in the old trunk, an' said 'f 'e didn't call fer 'em in five year they war all ourn. But *I* wa'n't a goin' ter touch 'em athout furder liberty. So, week afore last, when Mr. Cushion was goin' ter a place near where he lives, an' said 'e sh'd try ter see 'im, I told 'im ter ask 'im 'bout these things; what we sh'd do with 'em. He did, an' Mr. Cartwright sent back word that they war ourn, 'f they war good fer anythin'. So my ole man's ben a-wearin' one o' the straight-bodied, black broadcloth coats, an' I *wish* you could see 'im! I don't know how 'tis; but 't makes 'im look 'exactly 's ef he'd gone up ter roost! he looks *so* up in the air! 'Bout these papers. Here they air, girls!" She came and tumbled them out into our hands and laps. "He toald my ole man who writ 'em. His gret-gret a'nt writ the letters, an' the gentleman she married, er was agoin' ter marry 'f the Indians hadn't shot 'im, er done some perky thing er other, writ the journal. They an' their folks war some o' the very fust that come ter Concord. (Pennacook, 'twas then; this was what the Indians called it.) Folks had what might be called *trouble* in *them* days. They *think* they have 'nough now, I s'pose; an' I s'pose they do. (I heerd one young gal say that *hoops* was as much 's *she* could get along with, an' I sh'd think they might be; I sh'd think they war.) Mr. Cartwright told my ole man how the letters an' journal came ter be kep' so long in 'is family; but I've furgut. He said 'e'd thought of fixin' 'em over ter be printed, but 'e s'posed 'e sh'd never git to 't. This is what my old man wants done now. *I* don't know any head ner tail to 'em, but he's had 'is specs in 'em all the time 'e could git, yest'day an' to-day, 'tween shovelin' snow an' takin' care o' the barn, an' he says they're inte'estin'. P'r'aps you girls can do sunthin' with 'em. I wish you'd look at 'em, an' 'f ye can, percede! I give ye all the liberty ye ask fer. My ole man'll be—d'lighted, as you girls say, 'f he can see 'em in print; he'd think 'e was *made*. That's right, get yer heads tergether an' percede! I ain't a-going ter tork ter ye any more. I'm a-goin' ter take a pinch o' snuff now an' knit an' tork with you, Miss Trumble."

CHAPTER II.

The ink is dim, the papers are yellow; they fall apart in my hands. Both the letters and the journal have the appearance of being genuine documents, since many of the little incidents recounted in the latter may be found in the journal of the Proprietors' Clerk, in Dr. Bouton's

Digitized by Google

interesting "History of Concord;" and that the Chief Peorrawarra and his companion were so shot as described in the letters, is as certain as any event that happened yesterday.

The journal—kept, so it appears, by the hero of our little tale, John Cartwright—has slight connection with the story, as will be seen. I shall, therefore, only give a short extract here and there, chiefly to show to those who are curious in such matters, the early difficulties of access to the now open and pleasant town, Concord, capital of the Granite State.

CHAPTER III.

HAVERHILL.

Commonwealth of Mass., May 10th, 1726.

COMMITTEE met to-day at the Tavern of Ebenezer Eartman, to make Arrangements for going to Penny Cook to Survey the Township.

Wednesday, April 11th.

Began our Journey early this morning toward Penny Cook—intended Settlers, Surveyers, Chainmen, and others who go to look at the Land. Half-way between Haverhill and Nutfield, or Londonderry, where certain Presbyterians over from Scotland have settled, we stopped at a Tavern kept by Johnny Barr, an Irishman, to eat our Dinners of Provisions brought along in our bags. Bought small Beer. Expense for this and Trouble, 5s.

Started again about one or two; Forded two Brooks or Rivulets which come out of Great Massa Beseck and Little Massa Beseck Ponds and Run into the Merrimack River. About Five o'clock came to a Place called Amoskeag Falls, on the River mentioned above, and there Encamped for the night. Men from Nutfield on the rocks, catching a Fish very abundant there. Weather Cloudy.

Friday, May 13th.

Came to Hilly and Mountainous Land; and, about 8 o'clock, passed some Falls called Onnahookline.* About Nine forded a deep Brook, and soon came to an Intervale where we stopped to rest and Refresh Ourselves and our Horses. Forded Suncook River, a rapid River, and difficult to Ford on account of the loose stones that Slip and Roll under the horses' feet. One of our Men fell in. Another lost off His Heavy Bag of Provision. Then, after a Little More Riding and Walking, we came near to our Journey's End. We were at Penny Cook Falls; then we Crossed over Pitch Pine Plain, as it is called, then to a plain called Sugar Ball Plain, which is an Intervale in front of Sugar Ball Hill, a Hill that is covered with Pines and that Rises upward like a Mountain. This was the End of our Hard and Difficult Journey; this was Penny Cook. We had to make great Haste with our Camp, that our Bread might be safe from a Heavy Thunder Shower.

The Plain is a large Tract; our regret is that it is so Difficult to reach. The most direct way would be down Sugar Ball Hill, though this looks but a Steep, Rough Way.

Saturday, May 14th.

Out All Day, Surveying. About twelve o'clock a Committee of Three Men, namely, Messrs. N. Weare, Richard Waldron, Jr., and Theodore Atkinson, sent from Portsmouth by the Lieut. Governor and Council of New Hampshire, and attended by ten Irishmen, came up to us and gave us information that the Government of New Hampshire had been apprised of our coming here, and had Commissioned them to Come and Remonstrate with Us against appropriating this Land, as it was Claimed and Held by Government; showing that if the Government of Massachusetts had made any Grants of said Land to us, it might be Attended with Difficulties to the settlers. We answered them that the Government of Massachusetts Bay had Authorized what we were Doing; that we should procede, trusting in our Government to Sustain and Justify their own Grants. We Sent our Salutes, we said, to the Lieut. Gov. and Council at Portsmouth; then went on with our Surveying, and the Gentlemen took Leave and started Homeward.

Sabbath Day, May 15th.

Divine Service both Parts of the Day, by Mr. Enoch Coffin, our Chaplain. A Fair Day.

Monday, May 16th.

At Sun Rising this morning, according to previous Notice, we Chose a Representative, *nem. con.*, namely, Mr. Jno. Saunders. Then the Surveyers and Chairmen went to their Duties. One Company brought in a Beaver. Some of them Caught a Hedge-Hog. A Fine Clear Day.

Tuesday, May 17th.

This Morning Early, taking two days' Provision with us, we crossed the Merrimack River to the West Side, and began our Surveys of the Same. Fair, pleasant Weather.

Wednesday, May 18th.

Found Some Difficulty in laying out the required No. of Six Acre Lots according to the Court's Act, on account of Gov. Endicott's Grant coming in our Way.

Thursday, May 19th.—Early.

The Writer knows where his House is to rise—His and Hope's. That is, if God Wills.

---

* Now Hookset.

Digitized by Google

A Spring of the Purest Water is back of the Place, under an Oak of Great Size.

A Part of the Com. and Others will stay here to go on with the Surveys; the rest will take leave Early this morning for Haverhill.

Haverhill, May 20th.

We had Cloudy Weather, Light Showers. At Amoskeag Falls, again found large numbers of Men from Nutfield, *alias* Londonderry, fishing. According to all accounts, they Catch eight hundred Barrels of Shad there in a Season. Stopped again at Johnny Barr's; stopped a little at Providence Brook; at Sundown we were at Home, safe through the Divine Care. Mr. Browne, the Minister of the Town, took Dinner with Us to-day. Fair, pleasant Weather.

(Signed) JOHN CARTWRIGHT.

CHAPTER IV.

HOPE AMBROSE TO MRS. BETTY GROVER.

Pennacook, May 12th, 1730.

ESTEEMED AND DEAR AUNT—John, so we have heard, is coming up from Below to-morrow, with Nails and Glass for his House, which he is going about building immediately. His Lot joins Ours; I shall hear every nail that is driven. Sometimes they will have a Pleasant Sound perhaps; for Sometimes I accept my Lot just as it is, and am grateful for it. But at Others, I grow hot and jealous; my Heart grows dreary and discouraged with its fears and Tumult. I think I would, oh! so gladly die, if so I could so escape being the Wife of a Man who will take me with his Hand, while his Heart is a Great Way off, loving another, longing with concealed pain for Another who is so different from me, in having a tall, Grand Appearance, in wearing elegant clothes, in being used to all the Advantages of the Life she has been living at Portsmouth. She is Beautiful, Mrs. Harren says. She has curls over her forehead, neck, and Shoulders. She has them tastefully bound up at Parties and Balls with silvery gauzes that glisten, as do Other parts of her Dress, with Silver Spangles. She is High Bred and of delicate make. Her Neck, Shoulders, and Arms are as soft and White as a Bed of White Roses. Her step is slow and Graceful as a Queen's. Her Fingers taper and are like Wax, only they have the consummate Beauty of being real flesh and blood fingers, upon a living, breathing, beautiful body. So I see her. It is according to Mrs. Harren and Molly's account of Her Appearance at places of Amusement where they have seen Her and John together. Molly says the Story at Portsmouth is, that she was as Fond of John as John was of her; that she would gladly have accepted him when he offered himself, (for offer himself he did, aunt, as you will believe if you ever hear all that Molly Harren has to say in proof of it,) but she was not at liberty. She was already engaged to a gentleman of England, of High Family. So she refused John; but it went deeply against her Heart. She grew pale. John was afflicted. I leave it to you whether it is not Dreadful! It seems worse to me because I know his Goodness so well, and His deserving of such a woman as Miss Dunbar; know what a Simple little Creature I am, who can be nothing to him but this—an adoring, faithful, diligent Wife and Helpmate. I love him so much that no Words that any Mortals use could express it. Ah, Me! but I shall die if I become his Wife, and he does not love me! When young Samuel Ayre came down Sugar Ball Hill last week, on his Way from Below, he had a Cart and eight Yoke of Oxen, as John will have when He comes to-morrow; and found such Difficulties in his Descent and in Fording and Swimming the River, as nearly cost him his Life. One of his Oxen was Drowned and Sam was awhile in deep Peril. If John were to be drowned there to-morrow, in coming, I think I could bear it. My Heart would ache hard half the rest of my days; the World would never be Bright to me again; but He would be lain beneath his own Oak beside the tinkling brook, close to our fence, and would be Mine forever, without the Possibility of his ever seeing me, as his wife, while his Heart was turning to Another.

Ma'am has gone to a Quilting this Afternoon at Mrs. Caswell's. The Children are at Play in the Woods; I hear their Voices. Pa is at a Meeting of the Settlers, to see about building the Meeting-House, about the General Fence, and about a Ferry. Pa is thought a great Deal of, for his Moderation and excellent judgement in Plantation matters.

Tuesday.

Our Path is swept; our Floors are freshly Sanded; we are all in Readiness for John; the Pines are sweet; they show beautifully through our little windows and the open door; the Birds sing their great Evening Anthem; Pa, thinking of John no doubt, works with deeply satisfied Looks along the rows of Garden Vegetables, making them show fresh and green above the Brown Earth. Ma'am is still busy for Him who is to be here at Sundown——

Later.—A Letter from John. John is not Coming until Friday, and I am very, very glad, aunt Betty! Somebody Else came with John's

Digitized by Google

Team to-night; John is not coming until Friday; then he is coming with the Chief Peorrawarra in his Canoe. Peorrawarra has engaged to bring him.

Major Harris is to take my letter to-morrow to my dear Aunt, to whom I send Love, and Hopes, and Prayers. Write to me and tell me if I Ought to Marry John and this Great Weight of Doubt on my Heart.

Your Dutiful and Affectionate Niece,
HOPE AMBROSE.

CHAPTER V.

HOPE AMBROSE TO MRS. BETTY GROVER.

Pennacook, May 13th.

DEAR AND HONORED AUNT—The Commissioner, Mr. Langley, will start early to-morrow morning for Haverhill. It is late; but I must thank my Aunt, and praise her for the Wisdom so far above my own; for, if I had been asked Consent to your speaking to John, I should have held it back, so sure was I of his love for Miss Dunbar. My gratitude to you, to John, and to my Father Above are so great that I weep as I write. (Molly Harren wanted me for her Brother; I suppose this is why she told me so many things, although she, as I have no doubt, heard them among the Gossips at Portsmouth.) I long for his Coming! I read both your Letter and Dear John's to Ma, and she almost cried for gladness; it was such a Load off, such a Desire fulfilled! she said.

Your Loving, Grateful Niece,
HOPE.

CHAPTER VI.

HOPE AMBROSE TO MRS. BETTY GROVER.

Pennacook, Friday Evening.

Aunt, my Heart will break of this Pain that strains it so, and that, with all the Effort I can make, will not for one moment grow lighter. Peorrawarra's Canoe has been out here on the River to-night. Mr. Cogswell, who has been here, saw it, and two persons in it, an hour after Sundown. He knows that one must have been Peorrawarra, from his Height, and from the Outline of his figure, which he could distinctly see, although he could not see his Features, or the Features or Form of the Other. The Other was John, of course. Mr. Cogswell could see another Indian on the Land, on the East side, who looked as if he were keeping along with the Canoe, watching it. He kept among the trees and bushes; Mr. Cogswell saw him sculking from one Clump of Pines to another. He has no doubt it was an Indian, although he saw him indistinctly; the Stoop of the tall Shape and the Stealth were like an Indian, he says. He heard the discharge of a Gun; he thought he heard an Outcry; but it was when he had lost sight of the Canoe, and of the Form on the Shore; he does not know where the Sounds came from; although he knows that to him they seemed to come from the river.

I write these Particulars, my dear Aunt, because I cannot go to Bed; because it is a Relief to me Writing them; and because I believe they must, sometime, be written.

We all watched and listened until a late Hour, going to the Bars, going out into the Road, Watching, Listening under the tall, black Pines. Oh! how my *Heart* was torn, watching to see him, listening to hear him! I kept saying to myself, "God is just! He has heard my Complaints made when my Sky was Bright, if I had but known it; now He lets the thick Darkness come, and He is Just!"

But Good-Night; the rest try to Sleep; I must try.

Saturday Morning.

All the Plantation has been at our door, this Morning. The Women wring their Hands; the Men are pale; for John was their Pride and Hope in any Difficulty with each other, or with the Indians here, or with the General Court at Portsmouth. He was always Grave, but very pleasant, very kind. He was Graver, I fear, for the Hardness of my Jealousy toward Him, which rose and showed itself to him oftener, perhaps, than my Great Love did. May God forgive me, and help me Bear this Thought of my own Sin, of his Grief.

Late—Evening.

A Mr. Durgin, who lives on the East side of the River, came, while I was writing this morning, dear Aunt, and told us a Horrible Tale. He saw the Canoe coming up the River, last Night, with two persons in it, one of whom he knew to be Peorrawarra; saw the Indian sculking on the Land. Then the trees hid awhile the Canoe and the Indian on the Land. Then, the Instant the Canoe came forward where he could see it, a gun was discharged from among the trees, on the Bank, and He saw both Forms in the Canoe fall without Life into the Stream. Instantly there was a Horrible Yell of Triumph from the Creature on the Land. He rushed out, bent Eagerly over the Stream, brandishing Gun and Tomahawk in the air; and when he saw Mr. Durgin, pointing, like one Frantic, to the empty Canoe, he yelled "Peorrawarra!" and then, disappearing like an Arrow in the Wood,

Digitized by Google

he was seen no more. Oh! aunt, can you guess what I suffered? I *pitied* Pa. With the Anguish gnawing silently but with greed at my own Heart, I pitied Him; and at last, when they were all gone (for it was now Noon), I went up before Him, looking into his Face. He opened His Arms for me, and then my Tears burst forth. I was never so shaken; not even when precious little Johnny died.

A Man started after Dinner to go to Haverhill with the News, hoping to get there before the Sabbath began. But just at Sundown, when the Work of the Day and the Week was all over, when we sat and Pa read the Bible, and the Holy Sabbath of Consolation seemed settling down on all our Souls, we heard Light, Quick Steps, such Steps as John has and nobody else; and in one instant there was John, eager, glad, beaming with such Brightness and such Manliness as I am sure no one else ever shows, in our Door. We all rose in an instant to our feet; and, as if with one Heart of Love, Welcome, and Gratitude, took him in our arms and kissed him. I longed to keep my Arms there, longed that His should still encircle me and Hold me a long Time to the wide, firm breast I felt throbbing against my own. But nearly half the Plantation was already coming up the path to our Door—the News of John's Safety had flown so! there was such Gladness among them! This shows how Good he is, what Wisdom he has.

They all came in and heard his Story.

Peorrawarra came away secretly in the night from Haverhill; and somewhere this Side, took in the Squaw of Another Chief. This Chief, having learned the treachery, followed them; was seen at Amoskeag Falls, where he told one his Story and what Revenge he was carrying. It was at this Place that John learned the Circumstances, so far.

It seems that the wronged Chief came up with the guilty Pair at this Settlement; and, watching to take Skillful Aim, shot both treacherous Chief and Faithless Squaw. While they were yet talking it over, Mr. Durgin came in bringing the Gun of the dead Chief.

John came up in Safety to-day on his own Horse. He is here now, sitting in Safety close to my Chair, as I write to finish off this Letter, which Mr. Tallant is to take with Him, Monday. He plans his House ("*Our* House," he says now whenever he speaks of it, and looks so happy, so mild!) with Ma'am, and talks over Plantation matters with Pa; and I listen to the Sounds of his Voice and look to Him, and my eyes meet the full beams of His Love and Goodness, and I am so deeply, deeply penitent over my long Coldness to him, and so Grateful for this my Undeserved Comfort, that I could fall on my knees by his Side and weep out altogether the tears that will keep coming to blind me as I write these last lines to you.

Dear, dear Aunt Betty, your straightforward truth and Plainness procured me this Happiness that I feel to-night; and this makes me, if possible, more than ever Your Grateful, Affectionate Niece, HOPE AMBROSE.

Here end Hope's letters; and here I expected my pleasant office of *reconteuse* to end; but Mrs. Kennedy has just brought a fresh piece of intelligence, ending it with helping herself to a big pinch of snuff, and with saying, "An' now 'f anything happens, 's I guess the' will, I wish you'd write it off too, and let it be printed."

I promised; so, dear reader, *au revoir*.

THE TIDE IS COMING IN.

BY JONATHAN P. HAYNES.

THE waves are washing the sandy shore,
And the moon shines clear and bright—
As I stand where oft I have stood before,
On this pleasant Summer night—
And the tide is coming in.

And memory goes back to departed days,
And voices I seem to hear
That have followed me faithfully always
Through every changing year—
As the tide is coming in.

There are voices of sadness and voices of mirth,
Soft tones remembered well;
And forms that no more will be seen upon earth,
And they each have a story to tell—
As the tide is coming in.

And my heart is sad as I think of those
Whom I nevermore shall see,
Who are from all temptations and woes,
And sorrow and suffering set free—
As the tide is coming in.

But still there are left many true and kind,
And memory holds them dear;
Their friendship doth the more strongly bind,
With each succeeding year—
As the tide is coming in.

And long shall I remember this night,
If I live to future years;
And memory will the living and dead unite,
As the sound comes to my ears
Of the tide as it is coming in.

Digitized by Google

THE GIRL GUARDIAN.

BY GRACE GARDNER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 307.

Her return was eagerly welcomed by the fashionable circle in which she moved, for her wit and beauty everywhere created admirers, and soon the young widow, wealthy and independent, became the brightest star of fashion. She had no lack of suitors, and coquettish by nature, she flirted with and disappointed scores; but in spite of her volatility, there was one place in her heart sacred to the dead, where none had yet been able to enter; and English by education, she could not adopt the *mariage de convenance* so common among the French.

Neither was Eugenie quite the woman of the world she seemed. Be sure that when she was most wildly gay, most charmingly coquettish, most fascinatingly brilliant, there was a silent, sorrowful voice speaking in her heart, which she would not that the world should hear, and, therefore, drowned it in gay mockery.

Gay, fascinating, brilliant, Eugenie Lamonte was formed to be admired. Sympathizing, with the most winning tenderness of manner at will, proceeding from the warm, little heart she contrived for the most part to keep so carefully out of sight—also to be loved.

She had spent the previous winter in London, where Olive had met her. They renewed with mutual pleasure the intimacy of former years; and when Olive returned to Chaincy Hall, Madame Lamonte accompanied her for the purpose of making an indefinitely long visit.

This evening, Olive was silent and rather *distraite*. Madame Lamonte rattled on with her usual volatility with her pretty mixture of English and French.

"So, *ma chere*, this grown-up ward of yours does not arrive? How very vexatious! Here have I been sitting in state, and in my most graceful attitude on purpose to captivate him, and he has the impertinence not to come! *Mechant!* I suppose there is no hope of his coming now," and with a sigh of bodily relief, the beautiful widow threw herself negligently upon the sofa, and continued,

"And so this young gentleman thinks you an old lady—your half-sister, not yourself. *C'est charmant!* and dear old Monsieur Leyden put down his foot that you should not undeceive him. Ah! *je comprends! c'est sage. Mon Dieu!* How bewildered and confounded the *pauvre garcon* will be when he beholds his guardian—*si jeune, si belle!* I hope he won't show any embarrassment or *gaucherie*. Startling and unexpected positions, after all, are what show the real mettle of a man—when a nobleman might oftentimes be glad to change natures with a *charbonnier!*

"Of course, one must not expect much from a poor lawyer, who has had no advantages of society, though some one has told me, or I dreamed it, that his connections are noble. However, if he is decently presentable, I must have a *petite* flirtation with him. It will not be a conquest of which to boast; and I suppose if Madame Eugenie had a proper degree of pride and dignity, she wouldn't condescend so far, but she hasn't—*tant pis!* Gentlemen are so scarce in this region, and I am dying of ennui! That tiresome Sir Robert Truesdale! I cannot coax him into a *petite coquetterie*, although I have given him all proper encouragement—insensate!

"How came such a queer idea into your *chere petite tete* as to become guardian of those *enfants*—such a mere child as you were; but you always were at school such an odd and independent little thing! They are *charmants*, though. If their grown-up brother is only half as handsome! He ought by all the rules of romance to fall in love with you, *petite*. But you are ice, and it won't be—men are so queer. They dislike those from whom they are compelled to receive favors. I read your fortune—you will never marry—*pauvre* Olive!"

At this moment, a gentleman entered the room unannounced. Olive rose to receive him. As she observed him, a bright smile broke over her face.

"Mr. Wellenden, I believe. I am very happy to see you. The children will be delighted," and she held out her hand cordially, coloring slightly as she remembered that he must have expected to behold a far different looking person.

The truth flashed upon Lionel Wellenden with

Digitized by Google

her words. The answering smile left his lips. His brow grew dark; his features rigid; and it was evidently with effort that he replied even with that icy courtesy to her cordiality. He dropped the hand she offered him, and there was something in the action which was not rude, scarcely abrupt, but which told Olive they were not to be friends, well, if not enemies.

The keen, bright eyes of Madame Eugenie watching Lionel with malicious expectancy, could detect no want of self-possession in his frigid politeness. Lionel Wellenden was not of the stamp of men troubled with *mauvaise honte.* He was too proud to be vain or self-conscious, and now every minor feeling was swallowed up in wrath and wounded pride.

Olive presented him to Madame Lamonte. He saluted her with a haughty grace that might have befitted an emperor. The beauty was charmed.

"*Bon!*" she murmured to herself. "A true diamond, not glass—a lion, not an ape!"

She exerted herself, as she seldom did, to amuse and fascinate, and became anxious of her own success. She condescended to go out of her world—the world of fashion—into the borders of another, and recalled with effort a few stray bits of wisdom, with which to tempt the "young lion," who listened with the most superb indifference, even smiled a little contemptuously at the trifling inaccuracy and inapplicability of some of madame's stray bits!

In truth, madame was not in a mood to be entertained. The discovery he had made was a shock of the severest kind—a shock both to his pride and manliness.

It was unendurable when he felt he owed such indebtedness to a stranger—a woman; but when that stranger proved a young and beautiful girl, some years his junior, all the blood of his proud race surged in bitter, angry waves over his soul. And the remembrance of his helplessness, his perfect inability to extricate himself, galled him to the utmost.

Take the hand of Olive Archer in friendship—of this young girl who had humbled him to the dust with the burden of unpaid obligation! Never! never!

Ignoble, unworthy as he knew the feeling to be, and unreasonable, he felt in that moment that he hated her.

For his passion and pride we must pity rather than blame him, for they were his heritage—his only heritage, from his paternal grandfather.

"*Un mechant erreur! est-ce ne pas?* He was born a prince and changed in the cradle, *certainement.* He a lawyer! *mechant!* Is he not marvelously handsome? Ah! *ma chere,* I have lost my *pauvre* heart this time!" exclaimed Madame Lamonte, that night as they sat together before a bright fire in the latter's dressing-room.

Olive smiled indulgently. She knew the geography of madame's dear little heart better than madame herself, who was always fancying it wandering, or lost, when Olive knew that it pointed true as the needle to the pole, to the grave of her buried love.

Lionel Wellenden's personal appearance justified Eugenie's compliment. Poor lawyer though he might be and was, he was a person to be markedly conspicuous anywhere. His tall and noble figure, regal bearing, his strikingly handsome face, with the dark, eagle eyes telling the possession of powers of which many a prince had never dreamed, and the unconscious superiority every movement evinced, must have challenged notice. When Lionel was well pleased and wished to please, he was irresistible.

But Lionel was not pleased, nor wished to please, during his visit to Chaincy Hall. All his worst traits of character were in the ascendant, and he made himself as disagreeable as it was possible for any man to do.

He was angry and dissatisfied with himself and every one, and, therefore, took a perverse pleasure in rendering the whole family uncomfortable.

The children, at first delighted at his coming, soon learned to shun him, for his harsh, sarcastic sayings, which, without fully understanding them, made them feel angry and annoyed; while his criticisms and reflections upon Olive, her plans for, and management of, them, excited their indignation to the utmost.

It was a time of severe trial to Olive. She could not be blind to the young man's dislike, which, in fact, he took no unnecessary pains to conceal beyond the limits of civility.

She made all due allowance for his peculiar trials and character. She could understand something of his feelings; besides he was her guest, the brother of the children. She made no effort to conciliate him, but she was good-humoredly indifferent to his covert sarcasms, and persisted in treating him with a frank, cheerful kindness, which should have made him ashamed of his perverseness; but he was in one of his dark moods, from which he either could not or would not break.

But the young girl was tried sometimes almost beyond her self-control. The children were kept in a constant state of irritation and excitement, by their brother's unjustifiable interference and rebukes, and half a dozen times a day were to

Digitized by Google

be calmed and soothed. She never ceased to be anxious when the high-spirited Philip was alone with his brother, for fear his cold sneers would exasperate him to some rash act.

One day, in her absence, Philip happened to speak of a newly-purchased horse, and expatiated at some length upon the animal's spirit and beauty, adding, "He hoped to be able to drive it himself, alone, the next spring."

"And why not now?" inquired Lionel.

"Oh! Olive thinks it not quite safe yet."

"Ah? Olive thinks so. A brave and obedient young gentleman truly!"

There was something in the tone and the half sneer, that accompanied it that roused the boy's fiery nature. He sprang up and his eye flashed.

"See here, Lionel Wellenden! don't you *dare* speak of Olive again in that tone! I've had enough of it, and I won't stand it any longer!

"Lionel," and now there was a momentary dignity in the boy's passion, "you have told me, and taunted me with it while telling, what no one ever told me before—though I knew it and remembered it—that Olive took Amy and me in, when we were little things, and hadn't a friend in the whole world, nor a home to go to, and has cared for us all these years, just as if we had been her own brother and sister. One would think you would help us to be grateful, but this is the way you repay her; and you said, too, looking as fierce as if you hated her for it, that she had helped you through your studies too—and I believe you *do* hate her, just because you are a man and poor, and she happens to be a beautiful young lady and rich, and to whom you are under obligations. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Lionel! She's the best friend we have got in the whole world, and you haven't the sense to see it—don't want to see it. I say, Lionel, it's real mean and shabby, and if you don't stop this sort of thing, I'll fight you and teach you better manners!"

Lionel gave a careless and contemptuous laugh. Philip sprang toward him with clenched fist, almost choking with passion, when Olive, attracted by the noise, came in. She looked at one and the other inquiringly.

Lionel vouchsafed neither look nor answer, but returned to his book. Philip, suddenly calmed, stammered and looked confused. Olive spoke at length,

"Philip, will you please come to the library, and assist me in writing some notes of invitation?"

He followed her in silence. She gave him a list of names. She was very grave and silent, and the poor boy felt conscience-stricken, and longed to offer some excuse and explanation, but she gave him no encouragement. Alas! the very subject of the disagreement prevented an explanation. At length he commenced falteringly; but she interrupted him, saying kindly, but decisively,

"I cannot listen, Philip. You know my wishes and the necessity of controlling your temper. Were there no provocation of anger, where would be the virtue of controlling it? These incessant outbreaks grieve and alarm me. You must settle the matter with your own conscience, Philip."

The same night Amy ran to Olive in tears.

"I don't like Lionel a bit! I wish he would go home quickly! I do! I wish he had never, never come!" she cried, passionately.

"Hush! dear. You forget you are speaking of your brother."

"No! he isn't my brother. I won't own him for a brother. I don't like him a bit."

"What is the matter, darling? What has poor Lionel done? Has he broken your pet doll, or lost your last book?" asked Olive, smilingly.

Amy broke at once into the story of her grievances.

"I was showing Lionel some pictures, and I told him I was going to have a prettier one than any of those on my birthday—that my 'Mamma Olive' had promised to have her miniature painted for me, and that I should put it with his and keep it very carefully. And he laughed in such an ugly way and said—oh, dear!—I cannot tell what he said—only he don't think somebody is pretty, that *I* think the most beautiful lady in the whole world; and he said, too, that it was absurd to call a young girl like you 'mamma,' and then I couldn't help being angry; and he said he hoped that, at least, I should have been taught something of manners; and that——"

Olive's face had flushed a little during Amy's recital, but it quickly faded, and she now interrupted her, saying soothingly,

"Never mind, love, what more he said. My little Amy must remember and be very kind and forbearing with her brother, and love him a great deal, for something troubles him very much, else he would never say anything to wound her feelings."

The affectionate, forgiving child looked up thoughtfully in Olive's face.

"Does it? I never thought of that. It must be that then which makes him so cross, and say such unkind things. I am *so* sorry. Dear Lionel."

Digitized by Google

And the next time Lionel vexed her, she controlled herself, shook her little head with a charming expression of wisdom, and said good-humoredly,

"You shall say what you like to me, dear Lionel. I am not going to get angry with you any more—Olive says I must not, but that I must love and pity you a great deal, for something troubles you very much. I didn't know it before, or else I wouldn't have got angry at all. I am so sorry, dear Lionel, and I *do* love you so much."

"Dear Lionel" bit his lip till the blood came. So this girl Olive understood it all and presumed to pity him! It was not then for want of spirit that she had borne so patiently with his rudeness, as he had begun to think, but from forbearance and generosity—because she realized well that she was the benefactress; he the poor dependant. He writhed under the thought of her *pity*. It stung his haughty soul to the utmost.

As for Mr. Leyden, he deserted the house utterly after the first day of Lionel's visit, conscious of his inability to endure longer in silence the young man's haughty airs and cavalier treatment of Olive, which nearly suffocated him with passion. He wished to spare her the pain of witnessing a scene, and prudently absented himself.

Only to Madame Lamonte did Lionel unbend. A flirtation ensued, which seemingly threatened to prove something more serious, and it is just possible madame began to agitate, in her own mind, whether such a connection would answer. That it was not *comme il faut* she, as a woman of the world, knew well. A poor lawyer would have been insupportable, in an abstract sense, for a *parti;* but the singular fascination Lionel exerted over her, caused her to view the matter in a more favorable light.

Surely she was rich enough for both. Besides, was he not of noble ancestry, and was not his face and bearing worthy of a king?

In short, madame was, or imagined herself, in love, and Olive looked on apparently not disapprovingly, for she knew that Eugenie, in spite of her flightiness and trifling caprices, was, in all the essential qualities, true as steel. Perhaps, in the young man's capacity for domestic happiness, she might not have felt equal confidence; but she never hinted such fears to Eugenie.

Things were in this state the night of a grand ball at the hall. All the neighboring gentry far and near had been invited. The arrivals commenced early. Gentlemen commoners, squires bustled in with their wives and blooming daughters; knights, baronets, with a sprinkling of lords, ladies, and countesses. Last of all came the good old Dutchess of Cumberland, with her four grown-up daughters, determined on making, this night, a grand *coup d'etat* for an advantageous matrimonial alliance for some one of her daughters.

She soon singled out Lionel, who, dark, haughty, irate, stood near one end of the apartment, receiving those who were presented to him, the noblest and fairest of the assembled company, with a careless condescension which went far toward making him the lion of the evening; for all tacitly allowed that only a personage of note, sure of his rank and standing, could afford such a haughty bearing. Besides, Madame Lamonte, the idol of society, seemed to covet his notice with a pertinacity very flattering from a reigning belle.

Perseveringly the good dutchess labored till she managed an introduction between Lionel, and herself and daughters. But, behold! here was a disappointment: Mr. Wellenden did not dance. Why he did not—whether because etiquette would have required his leading Olive out, or for some other equally important reason—Lionel could best have told.

The good dutchess was certainly not an adept in manœuvring, as her four unmarried daughters proved, and she only succeeded in obtaining Lionel's attendance upon her daughter for an ice; but his courteous attentions to herself won her regard. Her innocent manœuvring was so easily seen through, and her good-nature so apparent, it disarmed his pride.

"*Mon Dieu!* Mr. Wellenden! Where have you been? I am ennuied to death! Such an insufferable bore as I had for a partner in the last waltz! How tiresome of you not to dance! How did you stumble upon that good, stupid old dutchess and her frights of daughters? See! Sir Robert Truesdale is leading Olive out to dance! Is she not looking irresistibly beautiful this evening? Confess you think her charming, Monsieur Wellenden!"

Her black eyes were bent upon him curiously. There was the slightest, almost imperceptible curl of the short upper lip, contradicting his words, as he said,

"Yes, Miss Archer is beautiful—certainly I think her charming!" He glanced toward Olive, carelessly, as he spoke.

Perhaps Eugenie was relieved to know that Lionel did not admire Olive; for she knew if one admired the young girl, there was great danger of their going further and loving her.

Digitized by Google

She continued. "Sir Robert Truesdale has long been an ardent and persevering suitor for Olive's hand. I cannot but think she will finally relent and reward his constancy. Did you ever witness such devotion? 'Love is *such* a tyrant,' they say," she added, half-laughingly, half-earnestly.

Lionel's dark eyes were bent piercingly upon her.

"Is it, madame? Ah! you feel—you know it!"

Madame Eugenie blushed—actually blushed, accomplished woman of the world as she was, under the scrutiny of a poor lawyer.

Lionel saw her pretty confusion. He had evidently no wish to push the subject further, for he spoke again in a distant tone that put her blushes to flight.

"It is stifling here. Shall we promenade, madame?"

She took his arm in silence, wounded and vexed that she had given him an opportunity to declare his suit, which he either knew not how, or would not improve.

They stopped near the door of the conservatory, which was but dimly lighted. Directly Lord Holliston approached, and begged the honor of her hand in the quadrille they were forming.

Lionel looked on for a few moments, then went into the conservatory, and took a seat near one of the opened windows.

His name uttered by some one on the balcony outside caught his attention.

"Who is this Wellenden whom all the ladies are raving about, and who bears himself so lordly? Evidently somebody of distinction. Strange I never heard of him."

"Who is he? Why, a poor rascal of a lawyer! Brother of those beggarly *proteges* of Miss Archer's! A mean, dastardly fellow! An apology for a man, to be willing to live on the bounty of a young girl! A bold, shameless adventurer also, to endeavor to palm himself off in the company of his superiors! I have wanted to tell him so this evening, and would but for fear of offending Miss Archer!" said the voice of Sir Robert Truesdale, in the low tone of passion.

"He is a splendid-looking fellow though, by Jove! Look out, or you will lose your fair lady-love. He is just the man to storm fair ladies' hearts."

"I would run my sword through him first! But there is no danger. Olive Archer is a proud girl. After refusing the hand of some of the first nobles of the realm, she would scarcely condescend to a poor lawyer. When she is mine, and I am master here, my first act will be to turn these beggarly brats out of the house, and kick this proud jackanapes into the street, should he ever venture to show his face here—the cowardly poltroon!"

"How do you get on with Miss Archer?"

"Not very fast. Girls are whimsical and changeable; but it will end as I wish. It is my one firm purpose in life to win Olive Archer's hand."

The speakers left the vicinity. Lionel Wellenden's face was fearful to look upon. His face was livid with passion. The veins in his forehead stood out, purple, knotted, and swelled; his teeth were set; his hand clenched. He was in the mood in which many a man has shed his brother's blood.

More than an hour did Lionel stay there, alone with himself and his passion. The whirlwind of anger at length partially passed.

He went out of the conservatory. Near the door he met Olive. Her brow was ruffled as with some concealed anxiety. When she saw him, an expression of relief passed over her features. She held out her hand eagerly.

"I am glad to find you. Will you attend me to find Eugenie?" And she laid her hand on his arm.

His eyes emitted lightning as he replied rudely,

"Excuse me, madam. You will find a much more fitting attendant!" and turned away abruptly, as if the very sight of her was hateful to him.

Olive met Sir Robert's eyes fixed maliciously and triumphantly upon her.

"Is it possible that Miss Archer's favors can be thus ungraciously received?" he exclaimed, with affectation of astonishment. "Ah! Olive, they would make me the happiest of men!" he whispered, ardently. "Why waste them upon that low ingrate?" offering his arm.

Almost as abruptly as Lionel turned from her, did Olive turn from Sir Robert.

It was not in human nature to forget so marked an insult as Lionel had shown her, and when he made his adieus that night, after the guests had departed—as he should take the morning coach in order to take the first train for London—she was studiously cold. Lionel felt that he had been rude, and owed her an apology; but he would not make it.

Madame Lamonte received his farewell with inward surprise, chagrin, and displeasure; wept herself to sleep after his departure, and was exceedingly surprised the next day to find she

Digitized by Google

was not heart-broken. And thus ended the visit so little productive of pleasure to any one.

Lionel Wellenden went back to London and the law, with a stronger determination, if possible, to distinguish himself, to acquire fame and fortune. Ambition pointed to the goal, and a bitter pride goaded him on. He was soon completely immersed in musty law-books, yellow deeds and parchments, briefs, and law-suits.

He was not, however, so engrossed, but that he found time to wonder why the children did not write oftener—but how could they think of him amid the gayeties of the hall? But they were young and thoughtless. Miss Archer was at fault. She ought to see that they were more prompt. He could not have been convinced that they wrote as frequently as formerly: which he once thought too often. It was the fact, however. Perhaps he naturally feared his conduct while there had alienated their affection; or he was more anxious for their welfare; or, more probably, feared that Sir Robert Truesdale should become master of the hall, ere he should learn the tidings in time to remove his brother and sister from it.

Amy wrote one day a distressed, almost incoherent letter—but he deciphered that Olive was dangerously sick of an infectious fever, and that the physician pronounced her recovery doubtful.

For some reason inexplicable to himself, that week seemed interminable to Lionel. Never had he been so irritable, so unreasonable, and never had he accomplished so little in his profession. In vain he tried to account for it. What was it to him if Miss Archer should die? Nothing. True, the children would be homeless, but his prospects were such that he should soon, in any event, take them to a home of his own. Amy had said that the fever was infectious. Ah! that then was the secret of his uneasiness and anxiety—fear that she would contract the fever which threatened to prove so fatal to her young protectress. He forgot that Amy had written that she was not allowed to approach her chamber by orders of the physician, who took upon himself to command what he knew would be his unconscious patient's first wish and anxiety.

It was noticeable that when the next anxiously-expected letter from Amy arrived, with the news that Olive was better and would probably recover, the look of anxiety left his face, he became his usual self and was soon engrossed in business as before.

About this time the tide of fortune turned in Lionel's favor.

In a private letter, before the public announcement, he learned that by the sudden death of a distant cousin, whom he had never seen or heard of, so isolated from his family had he been, he was the next heir to the family title, the vast estates and revenues. He was now Earl of Grosvenor.

Many an unworthy feeling mingled with nobler ones in Lionel's breast at this knowledge. His first exultant thought was, not that he was now in a position which entitled him to ask the hand of Miss Richmond or Madame Lamonte, in marriage, or that he would now have a princely home for the children; but oh, faulty nature!—that he was now the superior in rank to the young girl who had so long humbled him, that he could repay all obligation, and that he could now triumph over Sir Robert Truesdale.

These seemed, for the time being, the sweetest drops in the cup of good fortune.

The third evening from this found him at the hall. Philip was absent at school, but would be at home in a few days. Amy was overjoyed to see him, and Olive received him with friendly cordiality. "Madame Lamonte had only the day previous set out for Paris," Olive informed him hesitatingly, as if she feared he would be disappointed at the tidings, connecting in her own mind his unexpected coming with Eugenie's supposed presence there.

Later in the evening, after Amy had retired, he commenced to explain the object of his visit.

"Miss Archer, I am happy to inform you that I am now able to relieve you of a long and a heavy burden."

Olive's dark eyes opened upon him in amazement, but she did not speak.

"If you will have the kindness to prepare Amy for a journey by next week, or week after, Miss Archer, you will oblige me."

Olive turned fearfully pale.

"Take my children from me, Lionel Wellenden! you cannot be serious!" calling his whole name in the excitement of the moment.

She looked so beautiful, so moved, claiming her motherhood to the children, that he responded more gently,

"Nay, I am serious. I wish to relieve you of a great care."

Her eyes flashed scornfully. "You know better. You know it will be like taking my own brother and sister from me. You only do this to satisfy your own absurd pride—pride in which there is not a spark of nobleness or generosity."

He felt that she spoke the truth, but it only irritated him.

"You are severe, Miss Archer. It is possible

Digitized by Google

I may have some affection for my brother and sister myself."

"No, it is plain to me you have not. If you had, would you seek to take them from a luxurious home, to immure them in close, obscure lodgings in town? They could not survive the change."

"Perhaps I may not take them to close, obscure lodgings in town," and a slight smile broke over his dark face.

"Where then? Excuse my frankness, but your means cannot allow of a proper home for them." And she looked up in his face searchingly, but she could not read his meaning.

"I hope you do not intend to taunt me with my poverty, Miss Archer."

"I do not know—I think it very possible, that is, if you persist in this cruel resolve, Mr. Wellenden," and the dark eyes filled with tears as her anger gave place to grief.

"Confess that you are not serious—that you are only experimenting on my feelings. You will not take the children from me?—they are very, very dear to me. It would break my heart," laying her hand beseechingly on his arm.

That touch! It thrilled through Lionel Wellenden's strong frame, and told him a little secret he had carried in his heart and never suspected, but he sneered incredulously. Love! where was its birth-place? What were its parents? Could it be born of anger and pride? Absurd! impossible! and though he shivered with the tide of emotion, he spoke calmly and proudly,

"Miss Archer, you do me injustice, in part, at least. I supposed the arrangements I have made would not only be welcome, but under existing circumstances absolutely necessary."

"'Existing circumstances?' Explain, if you please."

"It is not probable that Sir Robert Truesdale, as master of this house, would be willing to retain such incumbrances."

"You are right. Probably he would not. Indeed, since we are upon the subject, I will admit that I am sure he would not."

"And if they could, they should not. Wherefore all these objections then? There need no more be said. They will go with me," he said, loftily.

"Not unless you want a lawsuit. Am I not their guardian?" she laughingly returned, recovering her gayety as she believed she understood his objections.

He was irritated at her gayety, and eyed her haughtily. She added more seriously,

"You will, perhaps, understand me better, when I add that, some weeks ago, I also as well as yourself, was an unwilling auditor to a conversation between Sir Robert and one of his friends, in the vicinity of the conservatory."

His face flushed, but he did not reply, and the subject dropped.

During his stay at the hall, Lionel made himself vastly agreeable. His good fortune had a happy effect upon his disposition. He could bear prosperity better than adversity. Kind, affable to all, he was as unlike the disagreeable Lionel of other days as it was possible to imagine. The children did not now shun him.

Notwithstanding, Lionel was not happy. He was struggling madly against a passion, which yet he would not acknowledge—he, who had heretofore ignored the existence of love, and ridiculing, as the most absurd of impossibilities, the idea of falling in love with a young girl whom he had hated and shunned, and whom he persisted in believing he still was not far from hating, and toward whom, at the best, he was confident he could not entertain a deeper sentiment than friendship; while he was unconsciously watching, with the absorbing interest only love can give, every word and motion of the young girl; in her absence, adroitly leading Amy to talk of her, and never wearying of the subject which had once so wearied him; seeing only her amid groups of the beautiful and high-born; feeling angry and injured when he saw her the center of some crowd of admirers; heart and pulse beating rapidly when she chanced to smile on him: all this, and yet Lionel called it less than friendship, and, to prove it so, forced himself to stand aloof, when he longed to be at her side, and to speak coldly and reservedly, when the hot words of passion were on his lips.

Olive read, walked, and sung with him whenever he wished, and exacting in his love as his pride, her very readiness to do this displeased and mortified him. He read in it only the solicitous politeness of a hostess wishing to amuse and entertain her guest. He did not ask himself why he cared—he had no wish to analyze his feelings.

It was evident Olive feared he had not given up his plan of removing the children, for she looked wistful and anxious whenever his departure was referred to, and shunned the subject.

One evening, after the reception of some letters, she remained sad, silent, and abstracted. No change of mood in the fair girl escaped Lionel's watchful eye; and while he was exchanging gay nothings with the sisters of Sir

Digitized by Google

Robert Truesdale who were present, his thoughts and sympathy were concentrated upon Olive.

After they had departed, and as she bade him "good-night," she added, in a low voice,

"I know all, and congratulate your lordship," and was gone.

The next day, when Lionel resumed the subject of the children's removal, Olive made no further objections. It was finally decided that they should remain at the hall till Lionel should visit his estates and make further arrangements for their reception, and then return for them.

When Amy was informed of her brother's succession to the title, and of his arrangements for their future, in a passion of surprise and grief she threw her arms around Olive, exclaiming,

"Oh! do not take me away, Lionel. I do not want to leave the hall, and I never can, I never will leave Olive. What could I do without her? If I must go, Lionel, take her too."

An ardent flush crossed Lionel's dark face. A strange expression settled on his features. He turned to Olive,

"Will you go?"

She looked up smilingly, saw with surprise his moved countenance—flushed and drew back.

There was a pallor round the haughty lip, but with a look of determination he turned to Olive as the door closed on Amy.

"Olive, I love you. It is not a new thing, though I would not believe it for a long time. Will you forgive all the rudeness of the past and become my wife?" he said, briefly.

"I cannot be your wife," she said, as briefly.

Lionel regarded her for a moment in bitter displeasure, then turned haughtily away. He felt for an instant that it was all a mistake, that he did not love her, and that the old dislike had returned.

He left the room as Philip entered, his fine face flushed and agitated with contending feelings. He went straight up to Olive, and, throwing his cap on the floor, asked vehemently,

"It cannot be true, can it, Olive, that you want to turn us off?—we, whom you have loved and cared for all these years? I know it's all stuff!—but I want to hear you deny it."

"'I want to turn you off!'" she repeated, bitterly—then impulsively, "oh, Philip! it will break my heart to part with you!"

"There! I knew it—I was sure of it—hurra!" he cried, eagerly, his cheek flushing deeper, the light returning to his eyes, and clasping her hands, "neither Lionel nor any other man shall take us away as long as you want us to stay."

Olive's sense of right returned. But it was a difficult task to do—to counsel him to submit to a decision against which her whole heart cried out.

"It is your brother's will that you and Amy should leave me. Hard as it is for me to give you both up, dear Philip, I must not—dare not urge you to disobey him. I have no claim upon my children, except that of love. None legally."

"The claims of gratitude and affection should be stronger than those of the law. Only say that you wish us to remain, dear Olive, and I will defy any power to remove us!" his boyish figure towering proudly as he spoke.

Olive looked at his fine face admiringly, then sighed, "I thank you, dear Philip, for this expression of your attachment; but it would be wrong in me from selfish affection to lead you to disobey and displease your elder brother, who doubtless considers this the best plan for your interest and welfare."

"Ah! then you *do* want us to go away, after all!" he cried, bitterly. "You care more for Lionel than for Amy's happiness or mine!"

He listened to her soothing explanatory words with a lowering brow and moody air, and set Lionel's will completely at defiance; but Olive knew no one but herself could do aught with the willful boy, and persevered in her difficult task. She won at last from him a reluctant consent to submit to his brother's wishes, but it was evidently given merely to please her.

The next morning, Lionel set out on his journey. He would not probably return for three or four months. Meanwhile many letters passed and repassed between the hall and Edgemont, the young earl's ancestral place.

They were necessary letters of business, which he was obliged to write and she to answer. At first, on his part, brief and haughty—on hers, friendly, but concise. After a time a sentence would creep in occasionally, not strictly relating to business, but of a general character; then one of a more personal nature, till at last they wrote as friends write, freely and frankly, and learned to know each other better than before.

He returned a little sooner than was expected. The next day but one would be that of the children's departure.

Lionel imagined that Olive looked paler and thinner than her wont. She was as gay and smiling as ever before Amy and Philip, who were heart-broken as the time drew near for leaving her; painted bright pictures of their new home and enjoyments; laid plans for their occupation and improvement, while he knew her heart was aching at the anticipation of her own loss and loneliness. But she uttered no

Digitized by Google

word of regret, and this unselfish, uncomplaining conduct touched him deeply.

The morning dawned. The carriage would soon be at the door. The children were taking their final leave of their various pets. Olive, busy and smiling, was arranging comforts and luxuries for their long journey, but her eyes were full of unshed tears, and she looked pale and weary.

Lionel stood apart, his mind in a tumult of contradictory feelings. His whole heart yearned toward the fair girl he was so soon to leave, but pride would not suffer him again to urge a suit which might again be rejected. Amy once more came to his aid.

The carriage came round to the door. Philip's farewell was similar to a former one, except that he muttered to himself by way of consolation, that when he was of age, he should return and never leave her again.

Amy threw herself into Olive's arms in a paroxysm of distress.

"Oh! dear, dear Olive! How can I leave you? Nobody loves me, nobody can make me good but you. Oh, mamma Olive! mamma Olive!"

Smiling as brightly as though Amy was only leaving her for a day, though her lip quivered suspiciously, Olive soothed and calmed her.

"Lionel said perhaps I could prevail upon you to come and see us this summer. Promise that you will, and then I can go, not feeling quite so wretched. Say 'Yes,' darling Olive. Then when we get you there, we will never let you leave us again, will we, Lionel?"

"If she will stay with us, we will not," he said, hesitatingly, looking at Olive. Their eyes met. There was a nameless something in the depths of her dark eyes that made his heart beat fearfully.

"For the children's sake, if not for mine, Olive," he whispered, eagerly.

"For yours—and the children's," she replied, with a bright smile.

And as the Countess of Grosvenor, the Girl Guardian became the wife and sister of her wards.

FOR AN ALBUM.

BY E. SUMMERS DANA.

There are soft-hued tints that linger here
Like a fairy spell on each virgin leaf,
No traces yet of a silent tear
That tells of a deep imprisoned grief;
But blithe and gay as the morning bird
With its matin song in the rosy hours,
Comes the honied phrase with a welcome word
To enwreath sweet Friendship's chosen bowers.

They will breathe of a love that is fond and true,
Of a trust that comes like a charmed spell
To bring to the wakening heart anew,
That delights in its close embrace to dwell,
A conscious power that is unexpressed,
Save by tremulous tone, and a look that lives
With the silent voice which the sweet unrest
Of a kindred spirit kindly gives.

You may trust the tones that come to give
A new delight to the fleeting hours;
You may trust the hand that would ne'er deceive
As it wreathed your life with exotic flowers;
You may waken still from an hour of pain
That smites like a swift, ungrateful rod,
To a blinding sense that weeps again,
There is no trust but alone in God.

"WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"

BY MARGARET LEE RUTENBUR.

Lo! the winds blow cold and loudly,
Not a starbeam gilds the sky;
"Watchman! when the morning cometh,
Tell me, will the shadows fly?"
"Way-worn traveler! if thy footstep
Pointeth to the purer shore,
Where the waves of Jordan murmur,
Yea! the shadows will be o'er."
"Watchman, long and weary seemeth
Many a path through which I stray,
Where no green spot gives a shelter
From the thorns around my way."
"Lonely Pilgrim! faith may guide thee,
Firmly clasp her willing hand,
Looking up to Him who leadeth
Those who trust, to Eden's land."
"Take pure, Christian hope beside thee,
Onward press, nor go astray.
Then will come a glorious morning,
And 'the shadows flee away!'"

Digitized by Google

GUY MARCHMONT'S FARMING.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Guy Marchmont had arrived at a decision; a very important epoch in the young gentleman's life, since it was the first time, in years, that he had displayed energy enough to express an opinion on any subject.

Now he had decided within himself that life—this beautiful life of ours—was a vile cheat. He brought his jeweled white hand down on the table with emphasis, as he exclaimed,

"Yes, an abominable cheat! A farce! An idle tale! I am weary of it!"

"Weary of what?" queried his friend, Dr. Frank Eastman, entering the room just in season to hear the concluding clause of Marchmont's remark.

"Weary of living! I tell you, Eastman, life is a bore! There is neither savor nor salt in it! For my part, I wish I had never been born! I should have been a great deal better off!"

"No doubt. But what are you going to do about it?"

Eastman had taken a seat in a velvet-cushioned chair, and began to cut the leaves of a new magazine with Marchmont's gold-mounted folder.

"Do? Ah! that question is to the point! Here am I—twenty-six years of age—with the fair prospect of as many more years to exist. Now, what shall I do with myself through all that dreary time? Give me your opinion."

"Thank you for the privilege, and permit me to say, Guy Marchmont, that you are a contemptible fool!"

"What? Sir!" Marchmont sprang to his feet in a passion; Eastman leaned back in his chair, and laughed heartily.

"Ha! ha! Good! I like that! Your manhood is not all dead within you, though it is very nearly at its last gasp. But there is always hope when sensation can be aroused."

"Eastman," said Mr. Marchmont, with an effort at dignity, "if any other man had applied that epithet to me which you just used, I would have called him to a strict account. You are the only one from whom I will bear such language; for, with all your discourtesy, I believe you mean well."

"I do. My very plainness testifies it. None but a sincere friend can afford to offend by speaking the truth. And because you know that my friendship is of a nature to bear testing, I am going to be still more discourteous, and give you a brief biography of your life. Guy Marchmont, of Boston, twenty-six years of age, is tired of living. He has had enough of the cheat called life. The said Guy is handsome; talented, if he were not so lazy; 'a great catch'—and worth about one hundred thousand dollars He has made the tour of Europe, traveled over the States, and been admired by all the ladies with whom he came in contact. He has flirted with, made love to, and become disgusted with, full threescore of city belles. He declares marriage a humbug, and regards woman as a creature whose sole trade is to get married and settled. And now, at the ripe age of twenty-six, having run through the programme, he is anxious to throw up his engagement, shuffle off the stage, and hide behind the green curtain of the grave. Is the description correct?"

"You should be an artist, Eastman. Yours is a perfect picture."

"Well then; allow me to proceed. You are rusting out—soul and body. You are a mere cipher, a blot on the fair page of life; the world is the worse for your having lived in it; the air is impure for you, and for thousands like you, who have breathed it. And now, one question. Would you be willing to reform this miserable existence of yours? Reform it altogether?"

"Yes, if it would not require too great an effort."

"Humph! Guy Marchmont, rouse yourself! Be once more a man! I have no patience with you, and such as you! Go to work! Try labor—hard, physical labor—the kind which creates an appetite, and forms solid bone and sinew! Make its acquaintance in good earnest! It is the only thing that can save you from moral and physical shipwreck!"

"What shall I do? Hire out to shovel gravel on the railway, at seventy cents a day? Or would you advise me to turn my attention to farming? I have an idea that I could build a grand stone wall, or hold a plough *comme il faut!*" And Marchmont held out his delicate white hands for his friend's inspection.

Digitized by Google

"The very thing!" cried Dr. Eastman, with enthusiasm. "Just what I was about to recommend! Yes, go to farming, by all means! There is poetry in a farmer's life—more real poetry in one day beneath the blue summer sky, on the wild, free hills of the country, than you would find in ten years' city dissipation! Yes, Marchmont, farming is *the* thing for you!"

At the time Guy Marchmont gave his friend's advice little heed, but afterward it occurred to him that Frank Eastman was a sensible fellow, and that his opinion was entitled to some consideration.

Why should he not reform his idle life, and become, in the true sense of the word, a man? There was enough of him left to achieve something yet. He had been unpardonably indolent and useless, but his powers had not been destroyed; they were only latent, and needed but an effort of the will to call them forth.

What if he should make an experiment?

Already the year was bringing along the early April crocusses and snow-balls; before long it would be summer, and then everybody would leave the city for the watering-places. He detested watering-places. Niagara, Saratoga, and Newport he had "done" to death. Surely this was a propitious time to commence the advised reform. Farming had a pleasant sound for him; farmers were independent, and wore blue frocks, and were not obliged to call on all their lady friends of mornings, or to escort a troupe of giggling belles to the opera of evenings.

He would buy a farm. Yes, a farm of his own. And then he could do as he chose with his turnips and cabbages, without the interference of any old curmudgeon of a landlord. Westmore, a village some fifty miles from Boston, he had heard strongly praised for the fine farms which surrounded it; and for Westmore he concluded to bend his course.

He examined the newspaper to ascertain the hour at which the train left for Westmore. Precisely six o'clock. Marchmont whistled ominously. That was full two hours before his usual time of rising, but he guessed he could endure it for once. And the next morning he astonished all his friends by reaching the depot in season for the first train. His early breakfast and his brisk walk had produced quite an effect on our indolent friend, and he experienced considerable exhilaration as the cars swept through the fresh woodlands, and over the smooth, green intervales. Westmore was reached long before dinner, and, to his great amazement, Marchmont felt a decided appetite for the beefsteak and omelettes that graced the table at the "Roaring Lion."

Dinner dispatched, he proceeded to make inquiries touching saleable farms in the vicinity; and before sunset of that day, with the help and countenance of "mine host," he found himself the proprietor of a red farm-house and fifteen acres of land, situated three miles south of the village of Westmore.

Three weeks afterward, Mr. Marchmont took possession of his new estate, to which he was accompanied by his housekeeper, Mrs. Grant, and his French cook.

This much accomplished, Mr. Marchmont felt strongly inclined to subside for a season, and enjoy a little rest; but his neighbors, as neighbors will be, were very much interested in the new comer's business, and would permit nothing of the kind. They sought every opportunity of informing him that it was full time to commence operations, if he calculated on having any harvest to gather, and assured him that he would never be a farmer unless he began ploughing in April.

So, perforce, Mr. Marchmont was obliged to keep on in the path he had chosen. He hired old farmer Brown to plough his ground for him, and obtained the old man's advice as to which particular plot would be suitable for corn, and which for potatoes.

And one fine, warm morning he came down from his chamber at six o'clock, clad in blue frock, overalls, and straw hat. Mrs. Grant lifted her hands in amazement, and the voluble French cook exclaimed, "*Parbleu!*" with more than her usual emphasis.

On this day Mr. Marchmont purposed to inaugurate himself as a farmer, and, retaining only his black kid gloves as evidences of his city breeding, he was ready to begin. Farmer Brown had promised him his oxen to "harrow" his corn lot; and the great, awkward-looking brutes were standing in the barn yard when Marchmont went out—Brown having sent them over an hour previous.

Our hero surveyed the mammoth creatures with some little doubt in his mind as to his capability of managing them; but he could try. It would never do to confess that he did not know how to drive oxen. So he let down the bars, and told "Buck" and "Bright" to go out of them. Buck and Bright stood still, chewing their cuds, apparently entirely oblivious of the existence of Mr. Guy Marchmont. He exhausted his ingenuity in vain attempts to force them to leave the enclosure; and a full hour was spent thus, but without success. Buck

Digitized by Google

whisked off the flies with his long tail, and gazed philosophically at the distant landscape; Bright laid down on the soft ground, and indulged in a siesta. At length, a luminous idea seized Marchmont. He produced two ears of corn, and, by holding these in his two hands, and going backward down to the intervale, he succeeded in piloting the animals thither without much trouble.

Once on the spot, the amateur teamster's courage revived; he shouted "get up," and, at the same moment, gave the oxen a smart, successive touch with the point in the end of the goad. The effect was charming. Buck threw up his huge head with an angry bellow—Bright did likewise—and both set off at a smart trot, bearing with them Mr. Marchmont, who had caught at the horn of the spirited Bright.

Farmer Brown was a slow, methodical man, and, although he kept up the olden fashion of a "brad" in the end of his goad, he would as soon have thought of using it on his favorite horse as on his sleek, fat oxen. No wonder the creatures were surprised at the presumption of the new driver.

Marchmont kept his hold on Bright's horn with determined pertinacity, and tried to feel delighted with the speed his team was making. At that rate all his harrowing would be finished before noon, and leave him a chance to rest before dinner. His complacency was somewhat disturbed by the shout of a passing school-boy,

"Hello, there, Mister! Yer harrow's wrong side up!"

But wrong side or right, it was no time to stop to rectify mistakes. "Onward" was Marchmont's motto just then, and it could not well be changed. He was a little dubious as to the result of the affair; but not so Buck and Bright. On they went—the extremity of the ploughed field was reached and passed—theirs was a path with no turning. Marchmont's attempts at stopping them were futile; all he could do was to hold on and trust to fate.

Across a drain, over a low stone wall, through a yard where an elderly lady was spreading clothes, and into a shed animate with fowls of the hen species, went Marchmont and his span! From sheer exhaustion, the unlucky farmer dropped off just outside the door; and as bad fortune would have it, he fell directly on to a hen-coop, in which were domiciled a particularly savage hen, and her newly-hatched brood of chickens.

Madam was enraged at the intrusion, and brought her forces to bear on the enemy with spirit and address. Marchmont fought with both hands, but he was no match for the infuriated mother. She pecked, cackled, scratched, and kicked up such a dust generally, that our poor friend was fain to call lustily for help.

A pretty, rosy-cheeked girl came out from the adjacent farm house, and stood for a moment gazing curiously on the scene. The half-suppressed merriment burst forth in a silvery laugh before she volunteered her aid, and took off the fluttering bird; inquiring at the same time if the gentleman had experienced any injury.

Poor Marchmont! he would much rather have been killed in an honorable way, than have met the half-quizzical gaze of those black eyes fixed upon him and his disgraceful predicament.

He endeavored to apologize for his unceremonious entrance on his neighbor's estate, but the girl interrupted him.

"Please do not mention it," she said, demurely—"from the kitchen window I witnessed the whole drama, and can testify that you were not to blame."

"Yes, that is—I—madam—it could not well be prevented," stammered our hero.

"Allow me to assist you in rising." She held out her small, brown hand, which Marchmont seized as a drowning man is supposed to seize the classical straw.

"Now, come into the house," said the good fairy, "you will want to wash your face, I should imagine."

Marchmont followed her in, and while she was bringing water and towels, he took the opportunity to look in the glass. No wonder that she had suggested a bath! Marchmont was horrified at his appearance. His face and shirt bosom were plastered with mud and dirt—his immaculate dickey was turned completely hind part before, with the strings dangling down in front, and his black gloves were split from fingers' ends to wrist. Besides, his fine Grecian nose was plowed up by the ferocious talons of that old hen, and the blood, oozing slowly down through his highly-prized moustache, gave him anything but a pacific appearance. He wondered greatly that the young lady was not afraid of him.

After a plentiful ablution, and the use of a comb on his slightly disarranged hair, Mr. Marchmont was more presentable; and the young girl, whose name was Florence Maybright, sent her little brother, George, home with him to drive the oxen, which were quite tractable under the discipline of their juvenile master.

And for three days afterward, Guy was confined to his bed, his impromptu ride and its *denouement* having been too much for him. But

Digitized by Google

instead of being disgusted with farming, as one would naturally have thought he would have been, he was charmed with it and determined to persevere.

He was very constant at church, though Parson Jones talked through his nose, and preached horribly long, dull sermons. Probably the singing attracted him, for there was a fine tenor, and a clear, soft alto; but his attention was given to neither of these; and through the whole service he would scarcely turn his eyes from the beautiful face of Florence Maybright, who sang the air. Of course, he would not have acknowledged this, but then the whole congregation was aware of it; and Parson Jones was dreadfully scandalized by the irreverent conduct of the new comer. But a fifty dollar bill, dropped into the old clergyman's hand one "collection evening," effectually changed the current of the parson's feelings.

Mr. Marchmont attempted no more "harrowing" himself, but employed farmer Brown to perform that interesting process for him; and afterward, with the help of a hired man, his planting was done and his garden made.

The corn and potatoes came up beautifully, so the neighbors said, and the newly-fledged farmer thought so too. He began his hoeing, and during that process the potatoes "came up" a second time, for, in his zeal to exterminate the weeds, Marchmont dug up all the ugly little plants, in the notion that they were weeds too.

In fact, his mistakes were legion. He mistook "button weeds" for cabbage, and *vice versa;* uprooted his carrots and left the knot grass standing; poured boiling water on his turnips to kill the fly, and performed that operation for the turnips while the flies sailed away uninjured.

The old farmers called him a blockhead, and the young farmers designated him "the Boston greenhorn;" but the pretty girls admired his handsome face and applauded his perseverance.

In the meantime, our hero's complexion had changed from white to red; he had gained ten pounds of flesh; and had an alarming appetite, as his French cook could testify.

Marchmont's rural friends advised him to purchase a cow. It would be so much more economical to have milk and cream at home, instead of sending out for it, they urged; and Mr. Gray, one of these disinterested advisers, had for sale a nice, gentle creature, with a most amiable disposition, and a wonderful capacity for milk. Mr. Gray valued this admirable quadruped very highly, but for the sake of accommodating his new neighbor, he would part with her for the small consideration of fifty dollars. Mr Marchmont closed the bargain at once, and "Placid" was driven over to her new quarters.

The next question that arose was a perplexing one. Who was to milk Placid? Mrs. Grant was terrified at the sight of a cow, and La Folie, the cook, would not have ventured near one for all the frogs in Christendom. Marchmont undertook the performance himself. But he soon found that he had miscalculated his own powers, for, do the best he could, the little puny stream of milk persisted in flying everywhere save into the pail. Into the face of the milker, over his hands, against the yard fence, and on the ground—but into the pail—never!

At length the proverbially gentle cow became weary of the method of procedure; she elevated her amiable heels in the air, and over went the three-legged stool, over went the pail, and over went the luckless Marchmont; while Placid, totally indifferent to the ruin she had wrought, bolted from the yard, and began to devour our friend's few remaining cabbages!

One side of the milk-pail was totally demolished; Marchmont's patent lever watch was smashed to atoms, and there was a bump on his head just above the organ of self-esteem, which would have delighted a phrenologist by its size and prominence.

That was the last time that Placid was ever milked in Westmore; for the very next day she was sold to a drover for fifteen dollars.

The next purchase was a pig, and from the moment of his advent at the farm, Marchmont's peace of mind was ended. The pig was a right lively fellow, and possessed of an inquiring disposition. He had no notion of being restricted as to territory, but required room to spread himself and to "root." This privilege was denied him in his pen, and in consequence he was continually breaking prison, and getting into difficulty which only his master's purse could remedy.

He devoured the widow Jenkins' apples which were drying on a board before her door; masticated Miss Smith's embroidered muslin collar while it was bleaching on the grass; frightened Jim March's children into hysterics; eat up Deacon Green's fine tomatoes, and rummaged the corn and potato fields for miles around. Poor Marchmont was in a continual fever about that pig, from the rising of the sun until the going down thereof.

One day, he spent half the morning in securing his pigship in the stye, and well satisfied with his achievement, and thoroughly tired out,

Digitized by Google

Marchmont came into the house and flung himself down on the sofa. Scarcely had his head touched the pillow when in rushed a neighbor's boy, exclaiming,

"Sur! that pig of yourn is out, and into Mrs. Wallace's garden, gulping down the beets and tommytones! Mrs. Wallace is raving!"

Marchmont sprang to his feet, and, coatless and hatless, sallied out in the direction of Mrs. Wallace's garden. The pig spied him coming, and, at once divining what was up, the sagacious creature darted through a hole in the fence, and fled down the road at the height of his speed, followed closely by his proprietor.

The race was a trying one. Piggy had a wonderful facility for bounding over ditches and fences, and then bounding back again, a very vain and useless proceeding, Marchmont thought.

A woman was coming up the road. Our hero saw her, and, without regard to ceremony, he cried out,

"Head him! there, ma'am! Head him! For the love of mercy, don't let him go by!"

The woman threw down some work which she was carrying, and, seizing a stick from the hedge, she did as requested. The "heading" acted like a charm. The pig was surprised and nonplussed by this reinforcement of the enemy. He hesitated, turned, and fled in the opposite direction; paying Marchmont the compliment of a grunt in passing.

The lady now came up, and piggy's owner pulled out a half dollar with the intention of remunerating her for her trouble, when he suddenly discovered, under her sun-bonnet, that she was none other than Florence Maybright. She blushed; he blushed too.

"I beg you, Miss Maybright," he began, "to believe that I did not recognize you when I made that ungentlemanly request."

"I am always happy to assist one who is in difficulty," she replied, with serio-comic air.

Marchmont caught her hand with ill-concealed delight.

"Then stay with me forever, for I am forever in difficulty!"

Florence cast down her eyes.

"Had you not better be looking after your pig?" she asked, innocently.

"Confound the pig!"

It is to be presumed that the natural charity of Florence's disposition prevailed over all other considerations, for on New Year's Eve she gave her hand to Guy Marchmont. And later in the season, all Boston were astonished by the advent of Mrs. Marchmont, the loveliest of all lovely women.

Frank Eastman declares that he made the match; and, from present indications, it would seem that he has a proclivity for that business, being engaged in making one with Florence's pretty sister, Nellie, for himself.

Marchmont adores farming; and speaks of farmers as the only class of men in the world worthy of trust.

LOST TREASURES.

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

Once, in my childhood's early hours,
I learned a song—a sweet, wild lay—
And joyfully I caroled it
From noon till shut of day.

Amid the birds, amid the flowers,
Singing as only childhood can—
Childhood, whose path is free from care,
Whose heart is free from sin.

But years went by; and other scenes,
And other pleasures met my view,
Till my wild heart at last forgot
The song my childhood knew.

I strove to wake the chording tones
On memory's harp; 'twas all in vain:
The pleasant song my childhood knew
I ne'er may learn again.

I had a friend—a cherished friend,
Ever together, side by side;
We said our friendship, tried and true,
Life's tempests should abide.

But time stole on—and, severed far,
Our hearts forgot the "long ago"—
Forgot the constancy and truth
Life's morning used to know.

When, in the after years again,
We met, it was as strangers meet:
The world's cold breath had chilled the flower
Of love we thought so sweet.

We strove to summon from the past
The confidence of early hours;
To rear again from cold distrust
The heart's sweet blighted flowers.

In vain—in vain; the sweetest song,
Forgotten, never more is learned:
And friendship's blossoms bloom no more
If coldly, rudely spurned.

But in that home amid the stars,
They say there are no broken strings!
No wasted treasures of the heart!
No slighted offerings.

Digitized by Google

WAIFS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

COMMON SENSE THE BEST SENSE.—Common sense is wisdom in little things. Without it there can be no success in life, and rarely even happiness. Yet it is one of the rarest gifts to man. Thousands, who are sensible and prudent on most subjects, have yet some special hobby on which they are nearly insane. Tens of thousands more seem to be incapable of deciding about the ordinary affairs of life. Great lawyers, eloquent preachers, profound savans can be counted by the scores, who are unfit to manage business, educate their children, or even take care of what they earn.

A would-be genius once said that common sense was good sense applied to insignificant things. But the things are not insignificant. It is of these despised little things that prosperity and happiness are made up. In a wife, the common sense that will enable her to understand her husband's character, and to make his home a pleasant one to him, is vastly more valuable than fine accomplishments or showy intellectual qualities. In a mother, it tells her how to manage her children's different dispositions, so as to make all alike honorable men or virtuous women. In each relation in life, common sense is everything. Brilliant talents may benefit us occasionally, may even, in some professions, lead to fortune; but the greatest genius, if he has not common sense, is miserable at heart. He is always getting into debt, offending his friends, doing some silly thing, or making his family unhappy. Wine has been called nectar. But give us water for every day use. Common sense is the water of life.

Common sense involves a sound judgment. But he who has a sound judgment only needs a wider sphere to become a great captain, a great legislator, or a great patriot. Hampden, Cromwell, and Washington had reached middle age before they grew famous. But they had always been remarkable, among their neighbors, for common sense. It was the application to larger affairs, of that careful collection of facts, that many-sided consideration of a subject, which they had been accustomed to exhibit in little things, that raised them, when the opportunity presented itself, to that commanding position which has made their names historical. Had the first Napoleon possessed, in addition to his vast genius, a little more common sense; had he been less impulsive, less of a fatalist, less reckless, he might have died in the Tuileries, instead of at St. Helena; he might have won Waterloo, instead of losing it.

Common sense may be cultivated like any other intellectual quality. A judge, who has been on the bench for many years, is better, all things else being the same, than one who has just been elevated to it. For practice makes perfect. A blacksmith who has been pounding iron for half a life time, has a brawnier arm than his young apprentice. Let a man begin at twenty-one, deciding carefully on little things, and what was at first a labor will soon become an instinct, till, at last, he who started with comparatively no common sense at all, will end with a well deserved reputation for it. Cultivate common sense. To a greater degree than anything else, it enters into the composition of good citizens, good members of the family, good men and good women.

SONGS AND SONG WRITERS.—To judge by the number of new songs published, we should say that nothing was so easy as to write a lyric. Does a sophomore fall in love with a school-girl? Immediately he perpetrates a song, which he persuades some music dealer to publish, with a conspicuous dedication to the bread-and-butter Miss. Does the music dealer himself find trade getting low? Forthwith he hires some hack to manufacture a few doggerel verses, which he sets to some plagiarized air, and gives to the world as the novelty of the season. The consequence is that most of the modern songs, which are inflicted on visitors in fashionable parlors, are trash of the vilest kind. To paraphrase the words of Lord Brougham, in his famous criticism on Sheridan's oratory, they are neither good songs, nor bad songs, nor indifferent songs—the fact is they are not songs at all.

For song writing is the most difficult art in all poetry. It requires a rare combination of qualities. Successful songs have been often written by persons who made no pretensions to being poets; yet such individuals have had the

Digitized by Google

organization of poets, and generally also that of the musician. "Auld Robin Gray," "I'm Sittin' on the Style, Mary," and a score of others might be quoted to prove this. The heart must be on fire as well as the imagination, if a good song is to be written.

Hence, while thousands of songs have been published, very few comparatively survive. Some fall still-born from the press, some linger for a few days, only one or two outlast their generation. Even the great majority of Moore's have "died and made no sign." Those of Bayley perished still more rapidly. The lyrics of no song writer survive to the extent of those of Burns. Of living songs the best of his and a few older ones are nearly all that remain. Time has winnowed the bad, the indifferent, and the ordinarily good away, till only those are left which approximate toward perfection. How much better it would be if those old lyrics, which bear the approval of ages, were oftener sung! Why will ladies patronize the trashy songs which lumber up their music-racks, vitiate their own taste, and outrage the ears of their listeners? If they would sing the really good songs the language affords, there would be less talking while they were at the piano, and more lovers at their feet.

Men of Genius in Domestic Life.—The annals of literature are full of domestic unhappiness. Milton, Shakspeare, and hosts of others, either separated from their wives, or felt the matrimonial tie a burden. We cannot wholly attribute the infelicity, in such cases, to the conduct of the woman. The husband, at least, must have been partly to blame.

It may be said that poverty, a peevish wife, or ill-disciplined children, are too much for the sensitiveness of the poet, novelist, or artist. But wherefore? Are poets, novelists, or artists of different blood from others? Have we not all nerves? Do we not all shrink from what is unpleasant? Is beggary delightful to anybody? Are peevish wives, or spoiled children, loveable *per se?* Let us look this matter honestly in the face! Who is there, if he would give up to selfish temptations, who would not fly from an untidy house, a querulous helpmate, disobedient offspring? It is only by remembering what is duty, by practicing a severe self-discipline, that a man learns to bear these things, when, unhappily, they cross his path. No husband ever chooses, of his own free will, a sick wife, a noisy nursery, poverty, or disorder. It is by overcoming obstacles, not by yielding to them, that strength is gained, that happiness is won.

How is it only too often? If rooms are disordered, if children are unruly, if the sweet-tempered girl has been changed into an irritable woman, it is, in most cases, because there has been neglect on the husband's part of nearly all the duties of his position. The woman whom the lover swore to love and cherish has been over-tasked by cares that he should have shared with her, but which he has selfishly left to her alone. Or she has found, after a brief, delicious honeymoon, that she has been almost forgotten, that she has become less to him for whom she has sacrificed everything, than his last poem, or novel, or picture. The female heart, like a flower, requires sunshine, or it dies. Alas! many a woman, mated to a man of genius, has been made a slattern or termagant by the want of sympathy and love, when, if she had been treated otherwise, she might have developed into a perfect *help*-mate.

For the possibilities of the human character are great in proportion to its adaptiveness; and the distinguishing feature of woman is precisely this very adaptiveness. No! it is not because there is a necessary antagonism between men of genius and domestic life, that so many poets and painters have been unhappy in their married relation; but because literary men, because artists, because men of genius generally, are, above all other men, intensely vain and selfish. We will not deny that there is much in the career of such persons to make them so. But this does not affect the argument. For every man, whatever his profession, has temptations peculiar to it; and the world condemns him, remorselessly, if he succumbs to those temptations. Why should men of genius be exempt from the common penalty? Each path in life has its besetting sin. Or rather, each man has to work out his own deliverance, to achieve his own victory over his own inherent selfishness.

HEART CONFESSIONS.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

'Tis the old familiar story,
Story old as life and youth;
"And he loves me, loves me only,
Ah! he is the soul of truth."

May the happy, blushing whispers
Still with brighter visions blend.
May no disappointment meet thee,
Dream on, maiden, to the end!

Digitized by Google

"MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME."

BY ROSALIE GRAY.

I HAD received a very kind letter from Fanny Henderson—an intimate friend of mine living in the country—which contained a most pressing invitation for me to make her a visit; and she added, by way of an inducement, "We shall not make a stranger of you, but we shall treat you like one of the family." This was so delightful; I had always disliked being made a fuss with, and treated like a stranger when I was visiting. I accordingly accepted the invitation, and after a pretty long and dusty journey, I arrived at the charming little village of L——. My friend met me at the depot, gave me a rapturous welcome, and conducted me to her carriage which soon brought us to our place of destination.

Mrs. Henderson flew down stairs to meet me, clad in a flaming red delaine wrapper, the very sight of which, on such a warm day, threw me into a profuse perspiration. One side of her collar was unpinned, and her hair certainly gained the victory over the comb which might, at any past time, have confined it.

"How do you do?" said she, kissing me vehemently. "I should apologize for my appearance," she continued, "if it were any one else, but you know I am not going to make a stranger of you."

Of course I assured her that it was of no consequence, although I could not help secretly thinking how much more cool and comfortable it would have made me feel to have found her dressed in a robe more suitable, in color and material, to the season. However, it was refreshing to be made so perfectly at home, and with this thought I followed Fanny to the room intended for my use, as I felt anxious to change my traveling dress for something lighter and cooler. On my way thither, I caught a glimpse of a large, airy room, prettily furnished, and in the neatest order. The generous sized bed with its pure white counterpane, and square pillows encased in ruffled linen, seemed to invite repose.

"This," said my friend, "is our spare room, but I am not going to put you in here, for I know that it would seem stiff and formal to you." and she led me on to an apartment that looked more like a curiosity shop than anything else. Little dresses of all sizes and descriptions were thrown down carelessly upon the chairs, and around the floor were scattered little shoes and stockings, dolls, miniature railroad cars, tops, balls, etc.; besides several small children who stood on their hands and feet, and glared at me as though the like of me had never been seen before.

"The room is not in very good order," said Fanny; "but then, you know, we are not going to be at all ceremonious with you, you must make yourself perfectly at home, and take us as you find us. I remember how you always disliked sleeping alone, so I am going to take you in with us."

The word "us" startled me, and, inwardly groaning, I began to wonder how many the indefinite pronoun was intended to represent. It was true that I disliked sleeping alone—indeed, I could not do it, I was of too nervous a temperament; but I also had an unconquerable horror of being packed in with numerous small bipeds; however, being naturally bashful, I did not feel sufficiently at my ease, notwithstanding their unceremonious manner of treating me, to remonstrate. During the process of dressing myself, the youthful members of the Henderson family continued to regard me with the utmost interest and curiosity—the idea of removing them never appeared to occur to my friend. I arrayed myselt in a new organdie, which was a favorite dress of mine, and then I gladly accepted Fanny's invitation to come into the parlor. There we quite enjoyed ourselves, talking over our school days until the tea-bell rang.

At this evening meal, I found myself bounded on one side by my friend Fanny, and on the other by her little three year old brother, who was told that he must be very good if they allowed him to sit next to Miss Cora; he was a sweet little fellow with full rosy lips that seemed made to kiss. Mrs. Henderson had changed her fiery dress for a prettier and more becoming one; and her hair, too, had evidently been somewhat subdued, although even now no one would suppose that neatness was her distinguishing characteristic; but then a trifle like that could easily be overlooked in such a woman as Mrs. Henderson, for she was very intelligent,

Digitized by Google

and, moreover, she was one of those warm-hearted, whole-souled creatures whom it is impossible not to love. Fanny too was my dearest friend, and had she been a sister I could not have thought more of her. Then they all had such a pleasant, off-hand way with them, that it took away all feeling of restraint, and made me perfectly at home; it was so charming to be made one of the family, as it were, and not feel that they looked upon me as a stranger, and took any extra trouble on my account. As these thoughts were passing through my mind, I heard an exclamation from my little neighbor, and, upon turning to look, I discovered that he had upset his cup of bread and milk, and the contents were generously distributed over my dress.

"Oh! that is too bad!" exclaimed Mrs. Henderson; "Eddie, why were you so careless? I am so sorry, Cora," she added, turning to me, "I am afraid that beautiful dress is ruined."

"Oh! no," I replied, thinking that politeness required something from me, "I dare say it will all wash out."

"I should have felt so mortified about it if you had been a stranger," said she, "although to be sure, in that case, I should not have had the younger children at the table."

I half-wished, as I went up stairs to change my dress, that I had been a stranger; but then I reflected that it would be very stupid to be treated with so much ceremony, and I descended again, congratulating myself that I was with friends who could throw aside all formality, and not make me feel that I must sit up straight and breathe just so.

As I am no orthodox young lady, of course I felt fatigued after my journey, and wished to retire early. Fanny led the way to that same apartment which had greeted me upon my arrival; the only difference now in it was, that the number of little dresses and other articles that were lying around, had multiplied in a geometrical ratio, and the owners of them, instead of glaring at me from the floor, were found to be comfortably deposited in bed.

"Just see how sweet Eddie looks when he is asleep," said Fanny, taking up the candle, and going toward the bed.

I followed, and could not but admire the little, round, rosy face, with the thick golden hair falling in wavy masses over it. Two more little sleepers, with rose-bud lips, were also lying there, looking so lovely in their childish innocence that I could not forbear kissing them. The bed was very large, and I hoped there might be room for us all in it. When we were about to retire, Fanny observed,

"I will put two of the children down to the foot so as to make more room; I would have sent them off altogether while you are here, only they dislike so much to sleep anywhere else; and then, you know, we are not going to make a stranger of you. I suppose it will be quite a novelty to you to sleep with these little ones; but we have so many in our family that three seem like nothing to me."

I sincerely wished that I could regard them in the same way, but those three certainly did seem like something to me all through the night. The two whose quarters had been changed to the foot of the bed waked up, and proved themselves to be conversationally inclined, and the more they were urged to go to sleep, the more wakeful they seemed to become. This trifle was far from distressing their sister—she was quite too well accustomed to such things to think of lying awake in consequence, and a loud snore soon announced that she was entirely oblivious to all that was going on around her. Not so, however, with me; I could not sleep unless everything was quiet. Finally, the little torments dropped off into a state of forgetfulness; I gave my friend a shaking in order to stop her snoring, and settled myself under the delusion that I was going to sleep. I stretched myself out, but started quickly, and drew up my feet—they felt as if they had been burned—they had come in contact with the little sleepers at the foot of the bed, and they felt more like balls of fire than anything else; but there was no help for it. In whatever direction I put my feet they encountered the same fate, and I made up my mind to try to sleep without thinking of it. I was about sinking into a doze, when Eddie suddenly threw himself against me, and wound his arms tightly around my neck; the child could not repress his affectionate disposition even in his sleep. I felt as if I were imprisoned in the strong grasp of a huge snake, and it was some time before I could succeed in shaking him off. This little skirmish quite waked me up, and, notwithstanding my fatigue, I was unable to sleep during the night, for one or other of the three was constantly expending some outburst of affection upon me.

The next morning, quite unrefreshed by my night's entertainment, I arose, and proceeded to walk across the room in quest of my shoes and stockings, which the children had thrown there, while looking for theirs. I carefully threaded my way through the toys and various nondescript articles which were lying around. Presently I felt a sharp pain, and upon making search for the cause, I discovered that I had

Digitized by Google

trodden upon a piece of china—a fragment of a little, broken tea-set—which happened to be standing on end; I drew it out of my foot, and found that it had just gone in far enough to lame me a little, without seriously injuring me.

At the breakfast-table Mrs. Henderson asked me how I had slept.

"Not very well," I replied.

"No?" said my hostess. "Why, you were not afraid, were you?"

Fearing that a few more of the youthful members of the family might be sent in for my protection, I hastened to assure my friend that I had not been in the least troubled with fear.

"Probably then," said she, "your fatigue prevented you from sleeping."

That evening Fanny was going to have a party in honor of my arrival, and it was proposed, in the course of the day, that we should go out and pick strawberries for the company.

"Come, Cora," said Fanny; "you will go with me, won't you? And we will ride there on the hay-cart; it is over on pa's farm, about half a mile from here."

I consented; and we laughingly climbed up on top of the hay, and departed. I enjoyed my elevated position vastly—it was something so new to me to nestle down in the dry grass, and I felt sorry when we arrived at the strawberry-bed. The day was excessively warm, and the sun was shining fiercely. I am a blonde, with no beauty to spare; and the only thing remarkable about my complexion is, that if a ray of sun lights upon it, it is sure to leave its mark. I drew my white sun-bonnet closer over my face, but it seemed like no protection from the bright, hot rays that beat down upon me. As I was wondering what I should look like when I reached home, Fanny exclaimed,

"Why don't you take your bonnet off? It is only in your way! I don't see any use in being so careful!" And at the same time she seized her own and dashed it some distance behind her.

I looked at her, and secretly thought that if I had a brown complexion already, I should not see the need of being so careful either. But I could not help admiring my vivacious friend—she looked so pretty, with her long, black curls falling carelessly over her shoulders. The excitement and heat had brought a bright color to her cheeks, which set off her brown skin to the greatest advantage; her eyes, too, were sparkling with animation, and as I gazed upon her I fell in love with her over again, and, throwing my arms around her neck, I gave her a rapturous kiss. Fanny returned the embrace warmly, and remarked,

"How delightful it is to have you with me! for you understand us all so well! I have company staying with me, sometimes, whom it is impossible to make at home; we have to be just so with them. Now, there are very few city girls whom I could bring upon such an expedition as this; they would be horrified if I proposed such a thing, and think they were going to ruin their complexions, and prick their fingers, and be killed with fatigue; and it is so stupid to have to do these things all alone by oneself. It is a real treat to have you visiting us, because we know that you like to be made at home."

Of course, after this speech, there was no such thing as withdrawing my services, and I worked vigorously, regardless of my complexion, until our task was accomplished. When we had finished gathering the berries, we returned to the house. Mrs. Henderson remarked when she saw me,

"Why, that little trip has given you quite a color! I dare say we shall have you looking as rosy and healthy as ourselves soon!"

I went to my room and looked in the glass, and the image it reflected was quite frightful: my face resembled a full-blown peony; my complexion had turned into a decided red; the same hue pervaded forehead, nose, and cheeks, and each had an equal portion of large, brown freckles. I have said before, that I had no beauty to spare; but now I certainly had spared all that I might ever have possessed, and I thought, as I stood there, that I might easily have been mistaken for a wash-woman. I put cream on my face, and did what I could to bring it back to its original color; but I only partially succeeded.

It is not pleasant when you are meeting a company of strangers to know that you are looking your worst: and I felt this keenly. However, all that dress could do for me was done, and I tried to throw off my feeling of vexation, and appear as gay as possible. My trouble was quite wasted, for I received but little notice during the evening. My friends introduced me, and then, telling me to make myself perfectly at home, they left me to make my own way, while they attended to their other guests. Of course a party affords but little entertainment to one who is entirely unacquainted, especially when no pains are taken to have her enjoy herself; and, being naturally of a retiring disposition, I seated myself behind the

Digitized by Google

window-curtain, and was soon luxuriating in a comfortable little nap.

One day, as I wandered through the dairy with my friend, I espied a churn. I never had seen one before, as my life had been spent mostly in the city, and curiosity prompted me to try to work it.

"That is the very thing!" exclaimed Fanny; "I have to help ma make the pies, and I will leave you to amuse yourself with that churn. It will be quite an assistance to us, and I know you will enjoy it; all you have to do is just to draw the dasher up and down until the butter comes." And before I had time to reply, Fanny had vanished.

I worked away over the churn until my arms ached so that I thought they would drop off. Presently Mrs. Henderson came into the dairy on an errand. She turned to me, with a sweet smile, and said,

"Fanny told me how delighted you were with your new employment; if we had only thought of it we might have set you at it before."

"Hasn't the butter almost come?" I asked, in despair.

"Oh! no," said she, looking into the churn; "that you will find is a work of time. I suppose you will feel quite proud when you get through, for you will have several pounds of butter there." Then she added, pleasantly, as she left the room, "Isn't it fun?"

"Fun!" Indeed I began to wonder whether I should live through the performance; for I was not at all robust, and had never been accustomed to work of any kind. However, I was evidently expected to finish it, and I went to work again with energy. My head was aching furiously; my arms almost refused to move; I felt the blood rush to my face, and the perspiration was standing upon my forehead. Just at this juncture Fanny came in, and exclaimed,

"Well, I declare! You ought to marry a farmer! I never saw any one love farm work as well as you do! Ma, do look! Here is this girl all animation over the business of churning! Why, Cora, you seem to be twice as well pleased with this as you are with parties!"

I was struck dumb with astonishment at their mode of interpreting my looks, but it was not necessary to say anything; the butter had come, and I was freed from any further labor. I felt somewhat disposed to take a nap after my extraordinary exertions; but I had always rather despised the idea of lying down in the day time, and I battled against my inclination bravely.

In the afternoon Fanny said to me, "I have been invited to take a drive, and I knew that you wouldn't like it if I should refuse on your account, as you hate to be made a stranger of; so I am going to leave you to amuse yourself; now you must make yourself perfectly at home."

Soon after she had gone, Mrs. Henderson came to me and remarked, "I have to go out this afternoon, and as the nurse is sick, I am going to ask you to look after the children while I am gone. You know I always treat you as if you were my own daughter. The baby will probably sleep most of the time while I am away, and the others will amuse you; I don't think you will find them much trouble."

She had no sooner closed the door than baby waked up and began to scream; and the others, thinking that there was now no particular need of behaving themselves, acted like the veriest little imps. I amiably exerted my powers of making a noise for baby's benefit. I rattled the blinds until I was afraid they would break, and I blew through little trumpets until I was hoarse; I fairly lamed myself trotting him, and I clapped my hands at him until I feared they would be blistered; but all to no purpose—the little rogue deafened me with his shrieks, and at last I carried him up and down the floor in self-defence. My arms ached after my morning's labors at the churn, and it seemed now, every moment, as if they would break; but if I attempted to sit down, my little torment would send forth such a succession of shrieks, that I was glad to try walking him again. After I had spent two mortal hours in this way (they seemed more like two centuries to me), Mrs. Henderson returned. She smiled benignly as she saw me making desperate efforts to walk up and down the room with her enormous baby hanging over my shoulder, and three or four of her children grasping my dress and trying to pull me in different directions at the same time.

"Well," said she, "how have you enjoyed yourself?" Then, without waiting for me to reply, she continued, "I knew these youngsters would amuse you—they are so full of life."

I sat down now in despair, not caring whether the baby screamed or not. It *did* scream, of course, and its mother took it; whereupon the little imp turned around and laughed at me in return for all the trouble I had taken with it.

"Dear me! Cora!" said Mrs. Henderson, laughing, "what have you been doing with this poor child? Why, you had all its clothes almost over its head! Poor little thing! I wonder he was so good!"

"'Good,' indeed!" I mentally ejaculated; the

Digitized by Google

little torment had done nothing but kick and scream since its mother left the house, and I wondered whether it was possible to keep the clothes down smoothly while the child was in perpetual motion.

The next morning my head and limbs were aching so severely that I found it impossible to rise. My friends innocently declared that I had taken a heavy cold! I did not contradict them, but I had my own thoughts on the subject. I was confined to the bed for a couple of days, and at the end of that time I announced my intention of returning home.

"Why!" exclaimed Fanny, "you certainly are not going to put us off with this little visit, are you?"

"You have scarcely had time to know how well you can enjoy yourself in the country!" said Mrs. Henderson.

I thought that I had had time to know how I could *not* enjoy myself, and I insisted upon carrying out my intention, pleading, as an excuse, that the country didn't seem to agree with me. I departed amid deep regrets from my friends, and cordial invitations to come again. But since that time I have never acceded to Fanny's urgent request to pay her another visit; and, indeed, I always shrink involuntarily from going anywhere when people tell me that they will make me perfectly at home.

IN THE DELL.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

In the deep, dark dell,
Where the Summer birds are singing,
And the woodland flowers are springing,
And the forest boughs are swinging
O'er the deep, dark dell,
Where the crystal waters well,
And the shadows ever dwell—
In the lone, still dell.

In the deep, dark dell,
Where the golden sunlight glances
Through the boughs in glimmering lances,
And the brooklet sings and dances
Through the deep, dark dell,
Where the wood-lark loves to dwell,
And the linnet's warblings swell—
In the lone, still dell.

In the deep, dark dell,
Where the palest flowers are blowing,
And the greenest mosses growing,
And the streamlet ever flowing,
In the deep, dark dell,
Might a wood-nymph love to dwell,
Fairy weave her magic spell—
In the lone, still dell.

In the deep, dark dell
Fancy shows the dryads biding,
'Mong the feathery fern-leaves gliding,
Or in mossy coverts hiding
In the deep, dark dell,
Where the wild bee makes her cell,
Sounds the elfin horn and bell—
In the lone, still dell.

A MORNING PICTURE.

BY N. F. CARTER.

Sunrise on the waking hills,
Red and purple down below,
Where the singing fountains flow;
Darkness on the forest rills!

One long belt of crimsoned gold,
Where earth meets the bending sky;
Clouds rose-tinted gathering nigh,
Just above morn's waiting fold!

One full blaze of splendor! then
Sunlit beauties everywhere!
Floods of glory in the air!
And the scene is changed again:

Sunbeams hide their golden lips;
As the gloomy clouds shut down
Like a dark and angry frown—
Hope is lost in day's eclipse!

So life in its early morn!
Love is in its crimson bud,
Hope's calm sea is at its flood,
Joys with every hour are born!

Flowers of golden promise bloom
Underneath the Spirit's sky;
Sunny pictures flitting by
Weave bright webs in fancy's loom!

But not long this reign of love!
Shadows linger all the while
Just behind the rosiest smile,
Care-clouds gather just above!

And ideals fond and bright—
Once the glory of the life—
Are eclipsed by darkling strife,
Till in vain hearts yearn for life!

Digitized by Google

MR. BLAXMORE'S THEORY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mr. Blaxmore had a weakness for theories; one could name very few among those which have distorted society, during the past fifteen years, that he had not tried. Luckily for his own happiness, and the peace of mind of everybody connected with him, Blaxmore did not carry any of his manias to a great extent; as soon as the first newness and gloss wore off, he flung them aside in turn for something fresher and more enticing.

He was a man of sufficient wealth to be able to gratify his caprices and tastes, and when his hobbies did not happen to take a severe turn, his household was conducted upon the most liberal plan.

His wife had been a pretty woman when young; the chief attraction she had left was an unalterable sweetness of disposition. She followed at a little distance in her husband's wake, and was always enthusiastic over his latest whim. She had two practices which may have originated with him, although he had flung them both aside. She indulged in hydropathy, and stuffed cotton in her ears, in the most unexpected manner, in all sorts of places.

She was never very well, although I seldom knew her take to her bed. Blaxmore said she was a sensitive plant, all nerves; she only thought her nature somewhat too ethereal for this lower sphere.

They got on admirably together; they are chronicled in my memory as the only married couple I ever met who did not live in the midst of deluges, tempests, and earthquakes. Had any other woman wedded Blaxmore, she would have put him in a lunatic asylum six months after their marriage; had any other man taken the delicate Elizabeth to wife, he would have cut his own throat in less than a week.

They had a family of four children; the eldest being a very pretty and agreeable girl, the other sprouts not having passed the age when both sexes are little horrors to everybody but their parents.

How it happened that Blaxmore, for a long time, permitted phrenology to exist without having penetrated its mysteries, I cannot imagine, except from the fact that so many isms were constantly arising, that he had not time to grab at that in his chase. But he found a leisure moment at length, and when he did get interested in the science, he atoned for his neglect by a persistency and interest I never saw equaled.

The last time I had met him, he was full of the idea of emigrating to one of the South Sea Islands, and forming a colony there upon the most primitive principles of human existence. Supposing that he was still busy with the dream, I went to call at the house, well booked up in everything connected with those regions, and prepared to sympathize with him to any extent, short of making one of the inhabitants of the new Eden myself.

I was shown into the library, and as the door opened had a pretty speech concerning the proposed garden of bliss ready on the end of my tongue; it died in a long breath of astonishment at the sight which met my eyes.

At a table, in the center of the room, sat Blaxmore, wrapped in a dressing-gown and a silk skull-cap upon the top of his head. He was so intently occupied that for a second he paid no attention to my entrance. The green baize was covered with a variety of phrenological charts; plaster heads, dotted with miraculous bumps and cabalistic characters, were scattered about; human skulls grinned at me in a malevolent way; all sorts of stray bones were heaped in a pyramid in the center of the board, surrounded by a greater variety of craniums, than in my ignorance I had imagined there were different species of animals in all the explored regions of the earth together.

In one hand, Blaxmore held the skull of some unfortunate creature, crossed and recrossed with lines and dots in red ink, that made it look as if some wild Mohawk had rudely torn off the scalp and left it bleeding. Blaxmore had one of the charts before him, and was apparently comparing it with the skull he held, emitting little hisses and ejaculations of surprise and delight.

Mrs. Blaxmore sat near the fire, with a damp napkin rolled about her head in the form of a turban, while small drops of water trickled from the folds and streamed down upon her neck.

As soon as Blaxmore saw who was his visitor,

Digitized by Google

he dropped the bone and hurried toward me with a torrent of broken exclamations, which might have startled a stranger into the supposition that he was insane.

"My dear fellow! Just in time—a science so grand and noble—I have found such a head—the bumps are startling—I have made a great discovery—I shall prepare an article at once—wonderful—wonderful!"

All this tirade was delivered in one breath, with a force and explosion as if the words had been blown out of a pistol. I shook hands with him and went to pay my respects to his wife.

"I am glad to see you," she said; "you will excuse the napkin—one of my frightful attacks of neuralgia. If you have any pain in your head, let me prepare a wet towel at once, it will ease you like magic."

I declined the towel on the score that my head was not troubling me; and while she turned to the table for a glass of water, yielded myself again to Blaxmore, who had pounced upon me with frantic violence.

"Have you been extirpating the original inhabitants of your island?" I asked, pointing to the ghastly trophies upon the table.

"Island, island?" he repeated, in a tone of surprise.

The most amusing feature in Blaxmore's lunacies was, that the moment he threw aside a theory, he forgot it as completely as if it never had existed in his mind.

"Yes," I said; "the new Eden, where you are to return to original bliss and innocence."

"Oh! that's all gone by," replied Blaxmore, cheerfully, waving original bliss and innocence aside with his right hand; "the idea was beautiful but visionary, visionary, sir."

"The world is not ready for such changes," remarked Mrs. Blaxmore, settling her turban, and wiping away a drop of water that trickled so sentimentally down her cheek, one might have supposed it a tear springing from her sorrow over the sins and degeneracy of the human race.

"So we must not introduce them," returned Blaxmore; then added in a confidential aside to me, which was quite audible to his wife, "it affects Elizabeth, she is so sensitive, all nerves!"

Mrs. Blaxmore sighed plaintively, and rested her delicate system more comfortably amongst the cushions.

"But what is occupying you now?" I inquired, plainly perceiving that my excitable friend was much more insane than usual.

"Phrenology!" he almost shouted; "that glorious science; I wonder at my own blindness in neglecting it so long; I have wasted my life, but I will make amends, it is never too late for Timothy Blaxmore to learn. Look here, sir."

He lifted the silk cap as he spoke, and displayed the top of his head, so closely shaven that it glistened like white marble, forming the most ludicrous contrast possible to the ring of black hair below.

"What the deuce have you been doing?" I exclaimed. "Have you had brain fever, my dear fellow?"

"All in the cause of science," he answered, with an ecstatic leap; "I would cut my nose off, if by so doing the cause could be aided: I would indeed."

He grasped his long proboscis with such energy, that I really thought it would come off in his hand, and Mrs. Blaxmore emitted a squeak. I felt quite relieved when his fingers dropped, and I saw his nose still in its proper place. Mrs. Blaxmore subsided after a few little shivers, like a bird coming out of its bath, and her husband went on again.

"I have made a beginning, you see," and he flourished the skull-cap triumphantly; "I have shaved my head that I may acquire an accurate knowledge of my own qualities. But come here and sit down; I want you to comprehend this great science, illuminated by such names as Spurzheim, Gall, and Combe."

He dragged me into a chair by the table, pulled the charts toward him, and flourished a skull in such close proximity to my eyes, that I retreated with a shudder.

"Don't be weak," said Blaxmore, severely; "imitate Elizabeth, a creature all nerves, yet in the cause of science she would admit a skeleton into her chamber."

"I think I could," replied Mrs. Blaxmore, sweetly, "although for a time I might be obliged to close my eyes when I looked at it."

"Exactly," said her husband, as if the method she proposed had been the most favorable manner of viewing any object. "You see, sir, wonderful in a delicate nature—all nerves."

"Then you also are a believer in phrenology, Mrs. Blaxmore?" I inquired.

"I am waiting to witness the result of Mr. Blaxmore's studies," she replied, taking off her turban, and replacing it with a freshly moistened towel.

"That is the way we manage," said he; "I am the pioneer and Elizabeth follows—beautiful and satisfactory! But I have not yet fully explained my ideas to her, I will do so now, and you shall have the benefit of them—you cannot dream of what incalculable good phrenology may bring about."

Digitized by Google

I leaned back in my chair with as much resignation as I could muster, and allowed Blaxmore to pour down upon me an avalanche of explanations, that would have crushed the most anxious inquirer after truth.

He went back to the very beginning; gave the histories of the discoveries of phrenology, enlarged upon it and them, darted through the deluge, and proved that if Adam and Eve had only understood the science, man's fall would never have occurred. Down he rushed through the ages, exposed fallacies and errors, proved satisfactorily that the millennium would have begun a century ago if the human race had only been phrenologists; while his wife listened with her sweetest smile, and I tried hard not to betray how stunned and dulled my senses were by his eloquence.

He paused an instant and looked me full in the face; of course I could do no less than falter some show of approval. I hope the shade of my sainted grandmother, who abhorred a lie, was not hovering over me at the moment!

"Wonderful!" repeated Blaxmore; "you may well say so! There is only one thing to regret, this beginning so late in the day. If I had only been acquainted with the science when my children were babes, I could so have moulded and rubbed their organs, that they would have been as superior to the rest of mankind as—as——"

"As inhabitants of a higher sphere," suggested Elizabeth.

"My very thought, dear, let me thank you for expressing it so beautifully."

He stepped gallantly up to kiss her. She turned her head a little unconscious of his purpose, and the salute descended upon her turban; but as they both took it as a matter of course, I had no right to laugh.

"And you really intend to train your children according to their phrenological developments?" I asked.

"I should be an unnatural father else! It will apply to every action of the day, sir! If I wish little Cora to study history, I prepare her by rubbing the organs concerned, memory, and so on, for a week before she begins. What will be the consequence? Why, that she will surpass every girl in her school, and be regarded as a prodigy."

I could only stare at him while he explained and fluttered; I had not a word wherewith to stem the tide of eloquence.

"I have made numerous experiments on animals," pursued Blaxmore; "yesterday I sacrificed the canary upon the altar of science; to-day the gray cat."

"The children will go crazy," I said; "they were so fond of that old monster."

"My children must be above such petty considerations!" exclaimed he, grandly; "they must be stoics—science doesn't know affection, sir; Minerva cared nothing for cats."

At that moment there rose from below a din so hideous that I started to my feet in dismay, and Elizabeth went into mild hysterics; shrieks and groans sounded through the house, till one might have thought a Moslem carnage was going on at the very least. Blaxmore alone preserved his equanimity, and in answer to his wife's moans said,

"The children have discovered the loss of Toby."

Toby was the gray cat who had been sacrificed, and Mr. Blaxmore was correct in his statement; for at that moment the door opened, and in rushed the disconsolate trio, two small boys, followed by a lesser girl, with little curls that stuck straight up on her head with rage and grief.

"Boo-oo-oo!" they screamed at once. "Pa's drownded the gray cat. Ma, ma, pa's drownded the cat!"

"Be grammatical, my dears, even in your distress," said the philosopher Blaxmore; "drowned, if you please."

"There, he owns it, Cora!" yelled the oldest boy. "Oh! you nasty old pa, I'll kick your shins. Come along, Ben!"

They assaulted their paternal ancestor so vigorously, while Cora pinioned his arms as well as her little strength would permit, that I was forced to go to the rescue and drag off the little wretches!

"Ah, such rubbing and polishing as I shall have on those craniums!" exclaimed Blaxmore, ecstatically.

"Oh! my head," groaned his wife. "Where is Caroline?"

"Here I am, mamma," said the young lady, who had just been summoned to the tumult.

"The cotton, Caroline," said Mrs. Blaxmore, plaintively.

The obedient daughter went in search of the article; while Blaxmore dragged the eldest boy up for me to look at his head, the brat struggling and kicking right and left with all his might.

"There's firmness," cried Blaxmore; "there's amativeness—no wonder he was fond of his cat!"

"Let me go," yelled Tom; "I'll kick you like blazes, pa!"

"There, there!" shouted Blaxmore. "You

Digitized by Google

see—ignorant parents would call that impertinence—but he can't help it."

"How red he is!" groaned Mrs. Blaxmore; "he's got rush of blood to the head," and she held her fingers to her ears to supply the place of the cotton.

"Fiddlesticks! it's his bumps!" returned Blaxmore.

"'Tain't!" yelled Tom; "it's cause you killed Toby!"

"Yah! yah!" howled the other boy; while Cora chanted a sort of Runic rhyme in a crescendo tone, which gradually became deafening.

"Put a wet towel on his head," moaned the mother. "Won't anybody quiet him with a wet towel?"

"I told you so," pursued Blaxmore, continuing his examination in spite of kicks and blows. "Here's firmness—what an organ—my fingers tingle to get my brush on it! Come here, Benjamin, let me see your head."

"I shan't!" howled Benjamin, dodging under the table—"I shan't!"

"Pa's killed the cat!" sang Cora, between great sobs; "pa's k—killed the cat!"

"Caroline, the cotton!" pleaded Mrs. Blaxmore, more urgently.

"Human nature is wonderful!" called Blaxmore, raising his voice above the tempest, "and it all proceeds from bumps."

At that moment Caroline returned with the cotton, which Mrs. Blaxmore stuffed vigorously into her ears.

"Ah!" said she, with a sigh of satisfaction, "I feel as if I had gone into another world."

I felt as if I had, too, an infernal one at that, for the shrieks grew more uproarious; and, in the blindness of their passion, the boy Tom kicked indiscriminately: while Cora pulled my hair; and Ben, safe under the table, took up the chanting in his turn.

"Try and quiet the children," said Mrs. Blaxmore, placidly, secure in the efficacy of cotton.

It required a long time to do that, but she got them out of the room at last, and Blaxmore continued his exordium, in nowise disturbed by the *fracas;* while Mrs. Blaxmore dropped off into a gentle doze.

I made my escape as soon as possible and went away, so confused by Blaxmore's theories and his children's shrieks, that I was haunted till morning by all manner of ferocious nightmares, banging skulls, and the dripping remains of drowned grimalkins.

Several days passed before I again ventured to trust myself in the house; but curiosity to know how the family got on under the influence of the new doctrine, at length induced me to hazard another call, even at the expense of having my shins as mercilessly pummeled by Master Tom, as they had before been.

I found Blaxmore as enthusiastic as ever, poring over his charts, examining skulls, of which he had made so numerous a collection, that one might have taken the place for an anatomical museum.

Mrs. Blaxmore was placid and quiet, having taken the precaution to put cotton in her ears when she heard the bell ring. On one side of the fire-place sat Master Tom, looking daggers and small pen-knives at the whole world. Upon a closer examination of the little beggar, I discovered the reason—his head was shaved in small patches, varying in size from a ten cent piece to a half dollar; and most of them, from the way they glistened, had evidently been subjected to friction for the purpose of developing the organs.

"You see," said Blaxmore, pointing to the boy, "I have taken him in hand—he is coming on wonderfully."

Tom groaned, and gave me a glance that was the very concentration of malignity; I suppose the small wretch connected me with the commencement of his misfortunes, and hated me accordingly.

"You would be astonished," continued Blaxmore, "to see what changes have already taken place in the boy's character."

"There hain't!" howled Tom.

Blaxmore seized his brush immediately.

"Thomas, come here."

"I shan't!" said Tom; "you've scrubbed the skin off now, and I ain't going to be scrubbed any more."

"I will apply a little cold water at bed time," said his mother, soothingly.

"Elizabeth, betray no maternal weakness!" exclaimed Blaxmore, majestically.

"I hate cold water worse than the rubbing," retorted Tom.

"You ungrateful boy," said his mother, losing all sympathy for him at once.

"I ain't!" howled Tom. "You're all a banging me and I won't stand it—I'll run away!"

His voice rose higher and higher, till it ended in an absolute shriek. Blaxmore made a descent upon him brush in hand; but Tom dove under the table, nearly upsetting the invalid in his flight. While I was reassuring her and keeping off hysterics, by administering draughts of cold water, the father was trying to dislodge his rebellious offspring from his place of refuge

Digitized by Google

by mingled persuasions and judiciously aimed punches of the brush.

"Come out, Tommy dear, there's candy in my pocket." Punch, punch in the region of the brat's liver.

"I shan't; you're a great big story—yah—yah!" from the unbelieving Thomas.

"I must have more cotton if this continues," said Mrs. Blaxmore, in a despairing tone, as a vigorous poke on Mr. Blaxmore's part, and a demoniac yell from Tom, made the place hideous.

"Firmness must be shaved," said the father; "it is degenerating into obstinacy."

"I mean to be," shouted Tom, not minding his grammar in the depth of his sincerity, but rendering his intentions perfectly obvious nevertheless.

"Oh! you bad boy," expostulated Mr. Blaxmore. "Come out, sir—come out; I'll make an example of you, sir!"

But Thomas utterly declined to come out and be made an example of upon any terms; and the parent was at length forced to relinquish his purpose, and leave his son's bumps, for the time at least, to flourish according to their natural inclinations.

Soon after Caroline entered the room, and we sat down to finish a game of chess that had been commenced several months before. The girl's manner was so constrained and different from her usual cheerfulness, that I felt something was going wrong in the house, especially when I added to my suspicions, the fact that there appeared a certain degree of coldness between the father and daughter which I had never before remarked.

"Are you occupied with phrenology too?" I asked, while we were arranging the pieces upon the board.

She looked up so sadly, even with something of reproach, that I was sorry for the question; but it had reached Mr. Blaxmore's ears, and he took it upon himself to reply.

"Caroline is opinionative," he said; "there are certain organs upon her head which need attention, but she will not hear reason."

"She never would use a wet bandage for her headaches," chimed in Mrs. Blaxmore, fretfully.

Now that fault-finding was unusual in the house, I felt certain that something was greatly amiss. Caroline gave me a beseeching look, so I paid no attention to the remarks; and "What has gone wrong, Catty?" I whispered, as she followed me into the hall when I took my departure.

The poor girl only shook her head, but I saw the tears glitter in her eyes, and felt a greater degree of sympathy than I usually do for the grievances and woes of youthful females.

"Robert Layton will come and see you tomorrow," she replied, having so much difficulty to repress her sobs that I left her from sheer pity, deferring a solution of the mystery to my promised visitor.

The next day Layton called upon me, looking wonderfully troubled and anxious, a very singular expression for his bright, handsome face to wear. I had long known that between him and Caroline there existed a sentiment deeper than mere coquetry or admiration, and her parents had always appeared satisfied with his visits and attentions.

He had hardly seated himself before he burst forth,

"What do you think that goose Blaxmore has been doing? I really believe the creature is a lunatic."

"We will good-naturedly describe him as an eccentric man," I replied. "But what has he been at that annoys you so much?"

"Annoys me?" repeated the excitable young gentleman. "He will drive me mad!"

"Before you go insane, tell me the trouble."

"Why, he and that stupid old uncle of mine must needs get into a quarrel about phrenology, and Blaxmore includes me in his anger—says I am a dangerous young man, and has forbidden me the house."

"Indeed!"

"He insists upon it that I have no faith in phrenology, and that a man who doubts its truth is little better than an infidel."

I laughed heartily. Layton looked vexed at first, then he joined me in a somewhat hysterical manner.

"Surely," I said, "they did not quarrel so furiously that it need make you and Caroline wretched."

"But it does. Blaxmore fairly turned me out of doors! Just like that stupid uncle of mine: he is always getting into scrapes. However, he is sorry enough for his share in this matter, as he is very fond of Catty."

"Have you seen her since the father declined receiving your visits any longer?"

"No; I have heard——"

"Now don't attempt any mysteries with me—you mean she has written to you."

"Yes; she sent a little answer to my letter; she is as miserable as I am, and we both want you to help us."

I hesitated a little. Not that I was unwilling to aid the young ones by every means in my

Digitized by Google

power; but I was puzzled how to attack Blaxmore. He had weak sides enough, in all conscience; but in spite of that, in spite of his philosophy, his belief that each man ought to hold his opinions untroubled by his neighbors, he was as touchy as possible, and nothing enraged him so much as to have anybody combat one of his theories while the freshness of first interest was upon it.

Old Layton had not only combated his doctrine, he had openly laughed at it, told Blaxmore plainly that a strait-jacket would be the most appropriate article of dress he could put on, and, worse than all the rest, he had excited the indignation of the sensitive Elizabeth by sneering at hydropathy, and avowing that what made her sick was being kept in a constant state of dampness.

Suddenly it struck me that I had found an exceedingly easy method of settling the whole matter. I found among my papers several old phrenological charts, and set to work at once.

"What are you about?" asked Robert. "I believe you are going as crazy as Blaxmore himself!"

"I am making a chart of your head," I answered.

"My head?" he repeated, in wonder.

"Certainly!" And on I went, regardless of his exclamations.

"Firmness 7, concentration," and so forth, till he was perfectly bewildered.

"I do think you must be insane!" he said.

"Here's a head for you—organs that would astonish Spurzheim out of his grave! And mind, young man, that you live up to the model I have set you!"

He began to perceive that I was neither crazy nor jesting, and demanded eagerly to know what I meant to do.

"Phrenology must make atonement," said I; "she has lost you a sweetheart, she must provide you a wife."

"But I don't see how——"

"I do; which is of more importance. Can you get a message to Catty before night?"

"Yes; Matilda, the waiter, is very good-natured and romantic—she will do anything for us."

"Blessings on Matilda, the waiter, and the romantic! Sit down and write to Catty just what I bid you."

He obeyed with the greatest alacrity. It is astonishing how yielding a man is when you are helping him to a thing he has set his heart on.

"Tell her you shall be at the garden-gate with a carriage, at nine to-night—she is to meet you there—say I have arranged this."

"Are we to elope?"

"No, you fool! but I shall make Blaxmore think you mean to; that and this chart will settle the business. I must see Matilda, however."

"That is easy enough; she will be at the corner in half an hour with a note for me."

We went out, found the romantic young lady, and I speedily instructed her in her part, which was simple enough, and with which, as she had a talent for acting, she was highly delighted.

She was to discover them in the garden, rush up stairs, and inform the parents; the rest of the affair would be in my hands, and I felt perfectly convinced of my ability to manage it. So I bade the lover keep up his courage, and went my way.

Early in the evening I journeyed to Blaxmore's house, armed with the chart, and, as usual, was received with the utmost cordiality. Tom had been rubbed and scrubbed until he was reduced to passive stupidity, and sat glaring into the fire, apparently too much broken down even to take an active view of his wrongs. I heard the little girl howling in an upper room, and learned that she was inconsolable for the loss of her flaxen curls, which had that afternoon been sacrificed. As for Benjamin, the youngling of the flock, he was supposed to be hidden in the best bedroom, so frantic had he become to escape that dread family Moloch—phrenology.

"It is painful," Blaxmore said, "to feel my whole family thus turned against me! Nobody but Elizabeth understands and appreciates me!"

Elizabeth extended a bit of cotton between her thumb and finger, and divided a pensive glance between that and her husband. Her attention was evidently distracted by the echo of Cora's shrieks, and she only waited to hear Blaxmore out before proceeding to caulk her ears with unusual energy.

"My friends presume to sneer at me," pursued Timothy; "but such has always been the fate of men who were in advance of their age. At least it is a comfort to know that the wife of my bosom is constant and sympathizing!"

"Always!" sighed Elizabeth; "and always will be, though storms should howl and tempests shake our roof!"

She looked so satisfied, that I felt certain she really believed herself composing poetry; and Blaxmore was affected almost to tears by her tender eloquence.

Digitized by Google

"Beautiful!" he exclaimed. "Ah! my friend, what a prize I have in that woman—what a treasure!"

I assented, of course, adding a compliment of my own; Elizabeth smiled at each, in turn, and slowly caulked her auricular organs with peculiar grace.

I determined to make a bold leap, seeing the opportunity for which I had waited.

"Do not include all your friends in that condemnation," I said; "for my part, since my conversation with you, I have become greatly interested in phrenology, and only wonder at my own blindness in having neglected it so long."

Blaxmore fell upon me and fairly hugged me to his heart, pouring forth a flood of rhapsody and delight.

"You shall be my pupil," he said; "I have always known you were no ordinary man; bear witness, Elizabeth, that such have often been my words."

Elizabeth bowed assent. I preferred rather to think the cotton impaired her hearing, than to believe her guilty of a lie; but I knew very well that Blaxmore had never spoken favorably of any man in the whole course of his life.

"You shall come here every evening," he continued, "and I will instruct you into the mysteries of this great, this noble art!"

He struck an attitude worth of Macready, pointed the forefinger of his right hand toward my left eye, and proceeded, in a theatrical tone,

"Happy neophyte! be trusting, be humble, and I will lead thee from the dim vestibule, where now thou standest, into the glorious morning of the inner temple!"

I stood quite overcome. He made a gesture as if crowning me with some imaginary sign, which marked me as one of the magic number, while Elizabeth cooed like a ringdove, and Thomas stared at me with eyes full of stupid wonder and utter disgust.

"You're just as cracked as pa!" he burst forth, at length. "If I was a man, I'd send you both to Bedlam; I would!"

"*Puer ingrate!*" exclaimed Blaxmore, bitterly, waxing classic in the excited state of his mind.

Tom retreated from the Latin as from a blow, and glared into the fire again; while Elizabeth, as women always do, tried to look as if she perfectly understood the phrase, and was familiar with the skeletons of every dead language that industrious old college sextons ever exhumed from the grave of the past.

"You shall have my own children for living subjects," said Blaxmore; "study their organs and their peculiarities at your leisure."

Tom turned slowly from the fire and transfixed me with a fiery glance.

"Just you try it," said he, "that's all! Cora's only a girl, but she can scratch and Ben can bite; and if you lay a finger on my head——"

He finished the sentence with a gesture so emphatic, and a look so menacing, that I fairly retreated from the young monster as if he had been a Gorgon.

"My dear boy," I replied, hastily, "I wouldn't touch you for the world against your wishes."

Tom only laughed derisively. His father had deceived him so often, during the past days, by similar promises, that his faith in human nature was quite destroyed, and he had become as misanthropic as a modern poet, or a disappointed old maid.

"You bad child," said Elizabeth, "when our friend used to bring you candy."

"But he don't now," answered the sagacious Tom.

I took a package of sugar-plums from my pocket and gave them to him. Tom just examined long enough to be certain they were not bones or skulls, then fell upon them with great avidity, leaving me an opportunity to converse with his parents, without being exposed to the inquisition of his sharp eyes.

"I have been making some experiments, Blaxmore," I observed; "I have brought with me a chart of a head which appeared to me very remarkable—I want you to see it."

I pulled out the chart I had made in the morning and gave it to him. He pored over it for a few moments in silence, then broke out into ecstatic exclamations,

"The most prodigious head I ever saw," he said.

I did not wonder at his astonishment, for the manner in which I had piled up the bumps would have surprised the most noted phrenologist that ever lived.

"And this man breathes and exists?" he asked.

"He does, and I know him."

"Bring him to me," shouted Blaxmore; "let me sit at his feet and learn wisdom—such a head! Why he is Washington, Shakspeare, Pitt, Howard, all combined."

"I thought you would be pleased."

"Pleased? I am charmed, electrified! Give me his name. Is he famous?"

"Not yet; he is very young—you shall know more of him hereafter. But now I want you

Digitized by Google

to tell me about this difficulty with young Layton."

"Don't speak of him!" said Blaxmore. "Ah! if he had a thousandth part of the organs which this head possesses!"

"But he is a fine, noble fellow!"

"It may be! it may be! But all is over there, entirely so! I could never admit him to my house again!"

"But Catty——"

"It cannot be helped—I know my duty! Here is the son-in-law for me!" And he shook the chart. "Let this man come—I will give him my daughter, and become his pupil into the bargain!"

With considerable difficulty I brought him back to the subject in question, and heard an account of the quarrel with old Layton and the after-rudeness to Robert.

"Why, sir," said Blaxmore, "that ancient fool told me I had no more brains than a wooden monkey on a stick—that I hopped about from one thing to another just as the monkey does when a boy pulls the string!"

"That to my husband!" moaned Elizabeth; while Blaxmore choked with indignation at the remembrance of the indignity, and Tom slyly snickered—he had not grown so stupid that he was unable to enjoy a joke at his father's expense.

"I thought Elizabeth would have fainted!" pursued Timothy. "I never saw her so shocked!"

"I assure you," added she, "that I was obliged to have my head wrapped in wet napkins all night. If Blaxmore got up once to dampen them, he did a dozen times."

"Under the circumstances," cut in the husband, "we could do no less than decline all acquaintance with the family. I gave young Robert my opinion in unvarnished language. You considered me in the right, Elizabeth."

She pulled the cotton out of her left ear and nodded vehemently.

"I am sorry to see Catty rebel and struggle against my authority," said Blaxmore. "I am persuaded that if she would only permit me to examine her head, I could set everything right as far as she is concerned; but she is willful."

"She wears a cap all the while," said Tom; "so pa can't get at her bumps; and I think she's a brick, I do!"

"It is only too true!" observed Blaxmore, resignedly. "Ah! it is painful to meet with such instances of ingratitude in one's own household! Yesterday the chambermaid left, because I told her that if she would let me rub her head, I could bring out her organ of order, so that she would be worth twice her wages."

"And she declined?"

"Not only that; she attempted to make difficulty between my wife and myself. Then she left."

"And took two silver teaspoons with her," said Tom.

"Oh! this world, this world!" groaned Blaxmore.

Just then there was a great disturbance below stairs, and up rushed the cook.

"Miss Catty's a running away!" shrieked Matilda, playing her part beautifully.

"Running away?" echoed Blaxmore.

"With a man!" said Matilda, breathlessly. "I saw them in the garden just now—there's a carriage too!"

Out we all rushed, down through the hall, and into the garden. As Matilda had said, a carriage was drawn up in the street close to the garden-gate, and, moving toward it, we descried two forms.

"Stop!" thundered Blaxmore.

"It's father!" shrieked Catty.

"Caroline! is that you?" called the parent.

By the time we reached the spot where the lovers stood, Caroline had sunk upon a bench and was apparently fainting. The moonlight made every object distinctly visible, and Blaxmore at once recognized her companion.

"Robert Layton!" he exclaimed. "Oh! I might have expected this of you! Misguided girl, return!"

I got them all into the house, and while the young people were apparently overcome with confusion and remorse, Elizabeth going from spasms to convulsions, the three brats roused by the tumult and rushing frantically about the house in their night-gowns, I drew Blaxmore up stairs into the library.

"You see that chart?" I said, pointing to the one I had shown him.

"Don't talk to me of charts!" he exclaimed. "Oh! my daughter, my daughter!"

It was as good as old Shylock's performance, but I thought it better to cut the scene short.

"You said that the man who owned those bumps would have his way—that it would be useless to oppose him—he was certain to succeed!"

"Well?"

"That is a chart of Robert Layton's head—moreover, he believes in phrenology! So you see there is no harm done. Give your consent—and name the wedding-day."

Digitized by Google

Between bewilderment and delight, Blaxmore was quite beside himself. At that moment the door opened, and the youthful pair entered.

Blaxmore made a dive at Robert and began an examination of his head.

"It's true!" he exclaimed. "What wonderful organs! Young man, take my daughter!"

After Elizabeth had been called up, and the first tumult had subsided, Blaxmore said,

"Oh! Catty! how could you deceive your parents so?"

"I suppose it's all owing to my bumps," she answered, meekly. "You know you didn't understand phrenology when I was a child."

"True," said he, quite satisfied; "but we will make amends now."

It may sound incredible; but the parents were not only reconciled to the match, but perfectly delighted, and began at once weaving all sorts of delightful visions.

I do not know how Robert managed to escape receiving instruction in phrenology; but, at all events, there were no more quarrels, and early in the summer the young people were happily married.

By that time Blaxmore had rushed off upon some new hobby, which did not detail such a series of misfortunes upon the family. Tom's tattooed scalp got a new covering of hair, and the children supplied the place of their slaughtered cat with a beautiful, gray squirrel, which perfectly consoled them.

Luckily Blaxmore was always too busy to think, or put things together in his mind; so he never remembered to question me upon the singular coincidence of my having made those disclosures, concerning Robert's phrenological developments, upon the very night when the young man appeared to be running away with his daughter.

So we all came out of this affair with flying colors, and the happiness of the young couple fully repaid me for any trouble that I had taken in their behalf.

COME AND GONE.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

Those sweet hours my spirit hoped for
With such longing and such prayer,
And that seemed to me like roses
Budding in the Summer air—
They have come and have departed,
Bringing all the joy to me,
Which my faith and love had braided
In the thought: "It is to be!"

Oh! that we could stay the moments
Wherein deepest life is stirred,
When the spirit ceases waiting
With the watch of "hope deferred;"
And the dream that danced before us
In anticipating hours,
Comes with all its holy blessing,
And we feel and know 'tis ours!

Then we feel that earth is better,
Heaven is nearer, God is good!
We forget the thorny places
Where our bleeding feet have stood!
Come at last the long-sought blessing—
Sweetness lingers 'round my way,
And I feel that earth and Heaven
Are not far apart to-day!

SECRET GRIEF.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

The world shall never know, beloved,
The pangs my spirit feel;
Nor what I suffer for thy sake,
And for thy sake conceal!
And even while upon my lips
They see the smiles so gay,
No one will dream of hidden griefs
That wear my life away!

My name even now, perhaps, to thee
Is a forgotten word;
No more thy heart, by love's sweet power,
With tenderness is stirr'd!
But thine is written on my brow,
And there it shall remain
Until that hour approaches, when
I feel to die is gain!

Yes, I am sinking to the grave—
That blessed spot of rest—
Where sorrow's arrows nevermore
Can penetrate the breast!
And even as I calmly sink
Unto the dismal tomb,
Oh! shed one tear, beloved one,
For my untimely doom!

Digitized by Google

THE BROKEN LIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 339.

CHAPTER VI.

JESSIE did not look up as I approached; she stood absently pulling the flowers from a vine that fell in luxuriant masses over a trellis by her side, and appeared so much engrossed in her own thoughts that she did not even hear my footsteps.

They were not pleasant reflections which filled her mind; not sunny visions, such as those which, a few weeks since, had made her face so bright and beautiful! I could see that by the mournful expression of her mouth, and the despondency of her whole attitude—so unlike anything I was accustomed to see in our Jessie.

"You naughty girl!" I said, as I ascended the steps. "How can you find the heart to spoil that pretty vine?"

She started, looked quickly round, and a burning blush shot up to her forehead, while she looked at me in a confused way as if she supposed me being able to read her very thoughts.

"Oh! is it you, aunt Matty?" she exclaimed, trying to laugh and seem more at ease.

"I believe so," was my answer; "I have every reason to suppose that I am that person, and very tired into the bargain!"

"You look fatigued," she said, with her usual kindness; "do go up stairs and lie down before dinner."

"Now, my dear, you know I am never guilty of that weakness!"

"I forgot."

"How could you? I am astonished—when you know—old maid that I am!—how much I pride myself on regular habits and systematic disposal of my time!"

She laughed a little at my nonsense, which was the thing I desired; for it pained me greatly to see her look so weary and disconsolate.

"At all events you will sit down, I suppose," she said, running into the hall and bringing out a chair. "Your rigid principles do not prevent that!"

"Thank you, my dear. I am happy to say they do not."

I seated myself, really glad of an opportunity to rest; for now that excitement had passed, I was astonished to find how tired I felt in body and mind. The mere walk could never have produced that sensation—I was too much accustomed to out-door exercise for any fine lady feebleness of that kind; but my interview with Bosworth and his friends, the sight of Mrs. Dennison and Mr. Lawrence in the wood, together with Lottie's revelations, had so worked upon my mind, that I felt as if I had no strength left.

"Dear me! aunt Matty!" exclaimed Jessie; "how tired and pale you look! I never saw you so overcome!"

"It is nothing. I walked faster than I ought, perhaps."

"That is not all," she answered; "I am sure something troubles you."

"So there does!" I said; "and very greatly!"

"Can I help you? You know how gladly I will do it!"

She began untying my bonnet strings, throwing off my shawl, and performing every little office possible to show her solicitude. Generally I dislike to have anybody touch me, or assist me in any way; but it was always a pleasure to feel Jessie's fingers smoothing my hair, or arranging my collar, and just then her care quieted me more than anything else could have done.

"Did you take a long walk?" Jessie asked, apparently anxious to turn my thoughts from the painful theme upon which she supposed them to be dwelling.

"Yes, very long, Jessie; I have been over to old Mrs. Bosworth's."

She looked at me in astonishment.

"Why, you hardly know them! How came you to go there, aunt Matty?"

"The old lady sent for me."

"Sent for you!" interrupted Jessie, in wonder and displeasure, while her great eyes gave me a searching glance.

"Young Bosworth is very sick, and he wished so much to see me that his grandmother put aside all ceremony and desired me to go as soon as possible."

Digitized by Google

Jessie turned very pale while I spoke, and leaned heavily against the arm of my chair.

"Was it sudden?" she asked, tremblingly. "Has he been sick long, Matty?"

"For several days, I believe," I replied.

I had not the heart to tell her that he was stricken down the very day after his last visit to her father's house, lest she should accuse herself as the cause.

"What is the matter?"

"He has brain fever, Jessie."

She uttered a cry.

"Oh! aunt Matty! aunt Matty!"

"I hope he is not in great danger," I said, anxious to soothe her. "He was able to talk with me, and he had a comfortable sleep."

She put her hands in mine, with a look so beseeching and helpless, that I answered as if she had spoken.

"He asked for you," I said. "He wants to see you, Jessie."

She shrunk back and held up her hands like a child pleading for pity.

"Oh! I cannot go! indeed I cannot!"

"That is unlike you, Jessie. I did not think you would have refused a sick friend any request!"

"Don't blame me—please don't! I would do anything for him; but, indeed, I have not the courage to go there!"

"Why, what do you fear, my child? I am sure he would not for the world speak a syllable that could pain you!"

"I know that, aunt Matty—I am certain of it!"

"Then what is it?"

"Old Mrs. Bosworth has such a stately way; so soft, yet decided! She will look at me so sharply!"

"I found her very kind and grateful."

"But she may think that I have done wrong."

"She is too just, too noble, Jessie, to blame any one for that which was no fault!"

"Oh! aunt Matty! even you speak and look so grave! I cannot bear it—indeed I cannot!"

I was softened at once. How could I have spoken so coldly to my Jessie, while she stood there trembling, with her great eyes full of tears!

"My own darling!" I said, quickly. "You know I could never feel anything but love for you! Don't shake so, darling! We won't speak of this if it troubles you."

"No, no! I ought to hear—I must not be so weak!"

She struggled against her feelings, brushed away her tears, and stood up so firm and determined, that I felt a new respect for her. It was beautiful to see how the true womanhood that lay at the bottom of her nature roused itself, and asserted its supremacy in that moment of doubt and distress.

"You are a brave girl!" I exclaimed. "My dear, honest-hearted Jessie!"

"You must not praise me!" she said. "I feel so guilty and wicked!"

"That is wrong; you should not give way to these morbid feelings."

"Indeed, aunt Matty, I am not like the same girl I was a few months ago!"

I knew whence the change came—I could have given its exact date; but it did not extend back over a period of months—a few weeks had served to bring that unrest and trouble upon the sweet girl. With the coming of Mrs. Dennison all those shadows had crept into the house, gathering silently but surely about every heart, dividing those who before had no thought nor wish that was not common to all, and preparing the way, I felt certain, for deeper and darker troubles, which lingered not far off, only awaiting the command of that arch-magician to approach and wrap us in their folds.

While I was lost in the gloomy thoughts which those words had roused, Jessie turned from my chair and walked slowly up and down the terrace, after a habit she had inherited from her father in any season of doubt or perplexity. At last she came softly back and leaned over me again.

"Aunt Matty," she whispered, timidly.

"Yes, dear."

"I have made up my mind."

I looked in her face, and its expression told me at once what her decision had been.

"You will go," I said.

"Yes, I will. It is right—it is my duty! If he were never to get well, I should reproach myself so bitterly for not having granted his request."

"God bless you, Jessie! I knew you would not refuse."

"I am sure that my parents will have no objection."

"I can answer for that—the most scrupulous person could see no harm! Besides, Bosworth is a favorite both with your father and mother."

"Yes. Dear mamma will be so sorry to hear that he is ill—poor young man!"

"We will go to-morrow, Jessie. I dare say your father will accompany you."

"But I want you also, aunt Matty: I should have no courage if you were not there!"

Digitized by Google

"I will go, of course! You must speak to Mr. Lee about it—don't forget."

"I am not likely to; I will tell him this evening. But aunt Matty——"

"Yes. Don't hesitate so. One would think you were afraid of the old maid. I am not cross if I am ancient!"

That made her laugh again; but the merriment died quickly. Her sensitive heart was so sorely troubled that her usual gaiety was quite gone.

"I shall never fear you; but what I meant was that I don't wish Mrs. Dennison to know that I am going."

"She is not likely to from me, Jessie."

"She would laugh at me—and this is no subject nor time for a jest!"

"I should think not, indeed. The woman who could make a mockery of such feelings would be a libel on her sex!"

"Ah! you must not be harsh!"

"Only the old maidish bitterness—don't mind it, Jessie. But we won't tell Mrs. Dennison."

At that moment I detected a rustle in the hall. My hearing was always singularly acute—Jessie used to say that I was like a wild animal in that respect—and I felt confident that I heard some one stealing away behind us.

I started up at once, hurried into the hall, and met Mrs. Dennison's maid face to face. She was running off—I could have sworn to that—but the moment she heard my step she turned toward me with her usual composure and pleasant smile.

"What do you want here, Cora?" I asked, more sharply than I often spoke to a dependant; for, of all people in the world, it is my habit to treat servants kindly. "Pray, what brings you into this hall?"

"I was just coming to look for my mistress, ma'am. Excuse me; I didn't know it was wrong."

"I have not said that it was," I answered, still convinced that she had been listening; "but our own domestics are never permitted to pass through this hall unless called."

"I will remember—I beg pardon."

"Mrs. Dennison is not here."

"Oh! excuse me——"

She stopped. I saw her courtesy, turned to look to whom, and there stood Mr. Lee, looking at me gravely. He had heard my ill-natured tone, and could see the flush of anger on my face.

"What is the matter, Miss Hyde?" he asked, quietly enough; but the tone displeased me, and I replied with a good deal of sharpness,

"I am not aware of anything, sir; Cora was searching her mistress."

"That is right enough, I am sure!"

"She is not here," I continued, feeling a savage pleasure in the words I spoke; "she is out in the woods with Mr. Lawrence!"

Mr. Lee colored slightly, but managed to conceal his discomposure.

Cora hurried away after giving me a spiteful glance, and Jessie, who had heard my words, came into the hall.

"Mrs. Dennison told me that she should be busy all the morning in her room," she said, quickly.

"I can't help what she said, my dear; I only know that I saw her walking with Mr. Lawrence."

"Surely it is her privilege, if she feels disposed, to walk with any person!" Mr. Lee said, laughing with a very bad grace, while Jessie looked much disturbed.

"I have no desire to interfere with the lady's movements," I said, my temper still in the ascendant; "but I see no necessity for saying one thing and doing another!"

Mr. Lee appeared surprised at my outburst. I dare say it was not lady-like; but I am not made of stone, and my real feelings will peep out occasionally.

"I am afraid Mrs. Dennison would think you spoke too harshly to her servant," he said. "I shouldn't like a guest in this house to be annoyed!"

For the first time I was angry with Mr. Lee. I was not a dependant—I was not accustomed to anything but affection and respect in that house, and the reproof in his voice, added to my own feeling of self-dissatisfaction, made me quite furious.

"Sir," I said, "you have always requested us not to permit servants to enter this hall; when you wish to change any of your regulations, be good enough to inform me in advance."

I turned away before he could speak, and Jessie went to him, saying something in a low voice.

"Miss Hyde!" he called out, approaching me and extending his hand. "Why, old friend, you are not angry with me? I would rather cut off this right hand than have that happen!"

My anger evaporated at once—like a silly fool as I am, the tears gathered in my eyes. He shook my hand heartily, while Jessie hovered about us like an anxious bird.

"I really meant no harm!" he began; but I would not hear a word.

Digitized by Google

"I am ashamed of myself," I said, "and that is the end of it; I am tired and cross."

"You are not well," he replied, kindly. "Jessie, make her go and lie down."

"She never will, papa."

She put her arm caressingly about my waist, and Mr. Lee stood holding my hand, petting me as if my words had been a matter of consequence. Suddenly Mrs. Dennison entered from the terrace, and exclaimed, with a gay laugh,

"What a pretty scene! Are you acting a comedy, Mr. Lee? How well you do it!"

He dropped my hand in some confusion and turned toward her.

"Better comedy than tragedy," he said.

"Oh! yes, a thousand times! But Miss Hyde's role seems to be a sentimental one—she looks very lugubrious!"

I should have been pleased to have struck her full in her insolent mouth; but as that was impossible, I determined, for once, to pay her off in her own coin. A spirit of retaliation was rapidly rousing within me that I had never before possessed.

"You seem gay enough to make amends," I said. "Did you and Mr. Lawrence have a pleasant walk?"

What a fool I was to think I could send a wave that would have any effect upon that piece of marble!

She laughed outright, and clapped her hands in childish exultation.

"She wants to accuse me of being a flirt!" she exclaimed. "Oh! you naughty Miss Hyde! I did meet Mr. Lawrence, but I had no idea of doing so when I went out! I think now I shall make a merit of my intention!"

"You might always do so, I am sure!" said Mr. Lee, gallantly.

She held up a beautiful bouquet of wild flowers.

"I heard Mrs. Lee wish for some last night," she said; "so I went to gather them."

Mr. Lee's face grew all sunshine at once; even Jessie was appeased, and, unseen by either, the widow shot me a quick glance of scorn.

"How kind it was of you!" Jessie said. "Mamma will be so much obliged!"

"I wanted to please her, my dear!" replied the widow. "But I must make one confession; will you grant me absolution, Mr. Lee?"

"I can safely do that in advance. I am sure you have no very terrible sin to reveal!"

"Oh! I told a fib!" And she laughed archly. "I wanted to go all alone, so that dear Mrs. Lee would give me full credit for my thoughtfulness—you see, how vain and selfish I am!—so I told Jessie that I was going to be occupied in my own room."

"I think when selfishness takes such a form, it is a very valuable quality to possess!" returned Mr. Lee.

Mrs. Dennison treated me to another flash from her black eyes; then added,

"And while I was picking flowers, who should pass but Mr. Lawrence; so I made him stop. But I might as well have let him go on."

"Why so?" demanded Mr. Lee.

"Because he was very ungallant; did nothing but talk of Jessie, and never said a pretty thing to me!"

Jessie blushed, but the smile on her lips showed that she was far from annoyed.

"So that is all my secret!" continued Mrs. Dennison. "Now we will take this unfortunate bouquet up to Mrs. Lee—come, Jessie."

"May I go?" asked the gentleman.

"If you will be very good. But mind you do not tease for the flowers—we cannot spare a single one!"

"I promise."

"Then come with us."

She had one arm about Jessie's waist, she kept Mr. Lee close at her side, and so engrossed and fascinated both father and daughter, that they passed on without remembering that I was there. It was just what Mrs. Dennison intended: she wished to make me feel of how little consequence I was in the house, when she chose to exercise her supremacy. That was her way of revenging herself for my rude speech in regard to her ramble.

If it is absolutely necessary for me to tell the entire and exact truth, I must admit that she succeeded perfectly in wounding me. I was greatly pained, but not altogether from jealousy or sensitiveness. Hurt as I was to see how completely my friends were made to forget their solicitude at that woman's bidding, I was still more troubled to perceive how, every day, her influence in that house increased, how artfully she wove the threads of her net about us, and entangled everybody more helplessly in its meshes.

While I stood thinking of those things, I was startled by a sound close at hand—a very singular noise, such as one might expect from an antiquated raven troubled with bronchitis. From behind a tall screen that stood in the hall bounded Miss Lottie, emitting another of those unearthly croaks, and stationing herself directly in front of me with one of her most impish looks.

Digitized by Google

"I am astonished at you!" said she, shaking her head, and pursing up her lips until her words came out in a sort of strangled whistle. "I really am more astonished, Miss Hyde, than I should be to see two Christmases come in the same year!"

"What is the matter now?" I asked, laughing in spite of myself.

"To think of your going and trying to circumvent Babylon! Why, she's almost more'n a match for me, and to see you floppin' up at her quite took my breath away!"

"You are impertinent, Lottie!"

"Well, I don't mean to be! But just let me caution you a bit! Don't try any such game—she'll only fling it back in your teeth just as she did, sail off with her feathers spread, and leave you feeling as flat as she did a minute ago!"

I had an internal conviction that Lottie was correct in her judgment; but not considering it necessary to admit as much, I tried to turn the subject by asking,

"What were you doing behind that screen? I hope you haven't taken to listening to the whole house!"

"Now, Miss Hyde, I didn't think you'd accuse me in that way! But I don't blame you—Babylon's made you huffy! Cut agin, Miss Matty, if you want to!"

"But you should not do those things, Lottie!"

"Not quite so fast, if you please! I can tell you what I went behind there for."

"I do not wish to inquire into your proceedings," I said, coldly, and was moving away; but she caught me by the arm.

"Please don't go off mad, Miss Hyde," she pleaded; "I'll tell you the truth. I was in the little room looking out a book Mrs. Lee wanted, when I heerd you and Miss Jessie talking on the terrace. I didn't know what you said, and didn't want to; but just then I saw Cora creep through the hall and stand listening by the door. So I slips out, got behind the screen, and, once there, I had to stay till the folks got off."

"Then she was listening?" I said.

"I should rather guess she was! and a shaking them big earrings! She didn't miss a word, you may be sure!"

"Why does she do those things?"

"Why? Come, now, that's good! 'Cause Babylon tells her to, and 'cause her heart's blacker than her face, and she loves mischief as well as the gray cat does cream!"

"You cannot think her mistress would countenance her in such proceedings!"

"I don't think nothing about it—I know, Miss Hyde! She's got countenance of her own, though, to help her through a most anything! But I tell you she's sot on to spy and listen!"

"That is a fault you ought to judge leniently, Lottie!"

"No, 'taint, Miss Hyde! I've always been above things of that sort; but since Babylon's come the world's changed, and I have to fix myself according to circumstances! But don't you fall foul o' either of them agin—'taint no use! Why, she walked Mr. Lee and Miss Jessie right off afore your eyes, and you may bet your front teeth that, by this time, she's made them believe you're a pesty, cross old maid!"

"I begin to think I am, Lottie."

"No, you ain't—you can't stay cross two minutes! And as for age—wal, if you furbelowed yourself off like some folks that shall be nameless, you'd be about as young-looking as some folks themselves!"

I turned again to go, but Lottie had, as usual, a few last words which must be spoken.

"See here, Miss Hyde," said she; "Babylon'll carry Mr. Lee off, I know, and Miss Jessie's got her heart so full that she'll slip away to her own room; so you must go and sit with Mrs. Lee."

"I will go to her room as soon as Mrs. Denison leaves."

"That won't be long! She ain't going to coop herself up for nobody; trust her!"

"Very well; I shall be ready."

"And Miss Hyde——"

"Well?"

"Now don't be mad—I must say it! Just leave Babylon to me—you ain't no shakes where she is concerned, you'll only jest get yourself into a brile, and muddle matters—leave her to me!"

She gave her head a consequential toss and darted away, singing some dolorous ditty about "Long Ago."

I went up to my chamber and sat down, sad and sick at heart. Our little world seemed going very wrong; but how to remedy that which was amiss I could not tell. I was powerless; could only remain quiet and let things take their course, praying that God would shield those so dear to me from sorrow and harm.

Perhaps an hour after, there was a low tap at my door, and, in obedience to my summons, Lottie danced into the room.

"She's all alone, Miss Hyde. Babylon's trotted Mr. Lee into the garden, and Miss Jessie's in her own chamber. Come right along and sit with Mrs. Lee."

Digitized by Google

I rose at once and went to the chamber of our dear invalid. She was lying on a sofa, supported by pillows, and looking with pleasure at the bouquet of wild flowers that had been placed on her table.

"I am glad to see you, Miss Hyde," she said. "Come in and sit down. Look at my pretty flowers."

"They are very lovely!" I replied.

"They make me feel as if I were in the woods."

She sighed, checked the vain regret, and added cheerfully,

"Mrs. Dennison brought them to me. Was it not thoughtful of her? I was wishing for them last night."

"Very thoughtful!" I said.

"You look tired," she observed; "sit down and we will have one of our old, quiet hours. Mr. Lee had to go out, and Mrs. Dennison has gone to Jessie's room; so we shall be all alone."

Another falsehood! My blood fairly boiled! Lottie had just seen the pair in the garden. But I could not speak—a word, a look might have destroyed that poor creature's peace forever! No syllable from my lips should send the poisoned arrow of suspicion to her heart!

I did sit down, and we had a long, pleasant conversation; for with those whom she knew well, Mrs. Lee was an exceedingly agreeable companion, although ill health had made her timid in the presence of strangers.

After a time she began to speak of Jessie, and then it occurred to me that it would be a favorable opportunity to tell her of Jessie's desire to visit Mrs. Bosworth's house.

She was shocked to hear of her young favorite's illness, and when I told her how anxious he was to see Jessie, and how necessary it was that he should not be opposed, she agreed with me that her daughter ought to go.

"Certainly! certainly!" she said. "Mr. Lee will think so too. You were quite right to promise, Miss Hyde."

"I thought so, my dear friend."

"Poor young man! Do you know, Martha Hyde, I used to think he was very fond of our Jessie? But of late I have so seldom left my room, or seen any one, that I don't know what goes on."

I did not answer, and she changed the subject, with the excitability of all rich people.

"Mrs. Dennison makes the house very gay," she said.

"Very! Her manners are charming!"

"She seems a superior woman. Do you begin to like her, Martha?"

"Oh! I am an old maid, you know," I replied, trying to laugh. "Spinsters and widows seldom agree; besides, I can only care for people whom I have known a long time."

She did not answer, but pushed her hair back from her forehead and looked absently at the flowers.

"I have such bad dreams!" she said, slowly. "I never can recall them distinctly; but they seem full of trouble."

"Of whom do you dream?"

"All of you—principally of Jessie! Sometimes I think I must be awake and standing in her room—the vision is so real!"

"Such fancies are very common to an invalid," I said.

"Oh, yes; I don't mind them."

She pulled the flowers toward her and began playing with them after Jessie's childish fashion. It gave me a strange feeling to see those blossoms in her hand; when I remembered whose gift they had been, I felt as if my friend held Cleopatra's venomous asp in every flower that she touched.

"Will you read to me for awhile?" she asked, at length. "There is a new poem on the table; take that."

Of course I complied at once, and read to her for some time; then I saw the flowers drop from her hand—her head sank back among the pillows, and soon her regular breathing proved that she was sleeping quietly.

I laid down the volume and looked at her with pain and solicitude. She was so helpless! The least shock would terminate that frail existence, and I had grown so nervous that I was always expecting some trouble to force itself into that room, which, until lately, had been so securely guarded by a husband's love.

She moved restlessly in her sleep; broken words fell from her lips; very soon they framed themselves into complete sentences. She had sunk into one of those singular somnambulistic slumbers which formed such a strange feature of her illness.

"I am tired," she said; "I have walked so fast! How pretty the summer-house looks! It is so long since I have been here! There is Mr. Lee——"

She paused and breathed rapidly.

"Why, Mrs. Dennison is with him! She said she was going to Jessie's room! How earnestly she talks to him! She lays her hand on his arm!"

She paused again, with a sort of cry.

"Martha Hyde! Martha! my husband is giving her flowers! She asks him to put

them in her hair! What does that mean, I say?"

She became so violently agitated that I thought it best to rouse her. I leaned over her and shook her arm slightly. The change of position seemed to alter the dream, and once more she slept quietly.

I went back to the window and sat looking out behind the curtains. It was sunset, and gorgeously beautiful! But in the busy and distraction of my thoughts I could not heed its loveliness.

While I sat there, I saw Mr. Lee and Mrs. Dennison pass along one of the paths. They had been in the garden and were approaching the house. The lady had no bonnet on, and wreathed among her hair were the very flowers which the poor wife had seen her husband place there in her dream.

I grew sick and faint with doubt and horror! I must do something; I could not longer sit passive and dumb, and see that woman wreck the future peace of all our lives! But what to do—which way to turn?

Alas! I was very helpless after all! There was no one to whom I could confide my suspicions; no one to whom I could open my heart, and the only hope I had was in that wild girl, who had understood the real character of our visitor so much more quickly than any of her superiors.

While I was thinking of that, the door of the inner room opened, and Lottie stood there, beckoning to me.

I went into her chamber, and she closed the door. She was in great excitement and glee.

"Babylon's been at it," she whispered.

"At what?"

"Talking about you. Oh, my! hain't you woke up a hornet's nest! Cora's mad too. Wal, wal, I told you to let things alone."

"I care very little for Mrs. Dennison's anger," I said.

"I don't suppose you do. But she'll pay you off if she can. So look sharp, Miss Hyde; these are times for sleeping with both eyes open. No chance to dream or make verses now."

"Nonsense, child!"

"Nonsense if you choose; but that don't alter the matter! Babylon's brought Mr. Lee back to the house; she had him out in the garden to make all right about Lawrence."

"Stop, Lottie!"

"I have stopped—shan't say no more! Hark! what was that?"

It was a call—an appeal for help. A voice from Mrs. Lee's room cried with energy,

"Martha Hyde! Martha Hyde!"

I rushed into the chamber, followed by Lottie, and found Mrs. Lee half-risen on her sofa, tossing her arms about and calling still upon my name, although she was yet asleep.

Many moments passed before I could rouse her, and when I did she sank back on the pillows perfectly exhausted. I administered such restoratives as were at hand, and, with Lottie's assistance, succeeded in bringing her out of the half-swoon into which she had fallen; but she was dreadfully weak and much excited.

"I have had such terrible dreams," she moaned, "I am afraid to go to sleep."

"They are over now," I said, soothingly; "you shall sit up and have your tea."

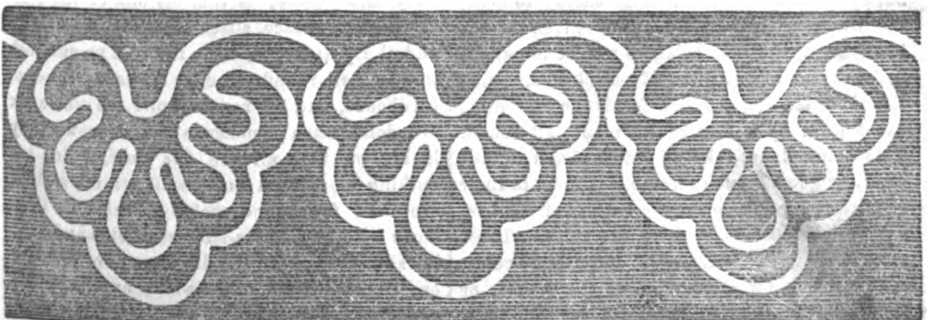
"Yes, please. Don't let me sleep any more, don't!"

All the while she held fast to my hand and looked wildly in my eyes, repeating,

"Such dreadful dreams, Martha Hyde—oh! such dreadful dreams!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

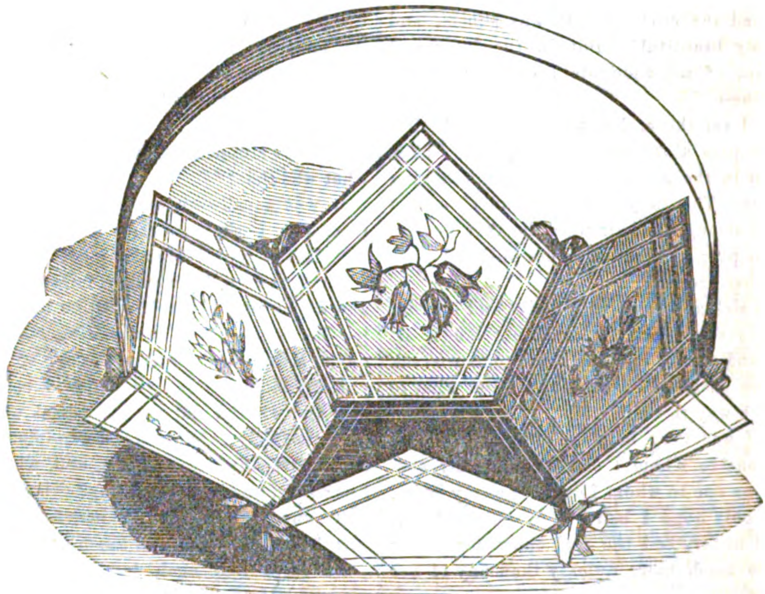
BRAIDING PATTERN.



Digitized by Google

DRAWING-ROOM CARD-BASKET.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



In the front of the number, we give a design for the half of this beautiful Drawing-Room Card-Basket, which is made in the new application of straw-work which has been lately introduced. From this half it is easy to complete the whole, by merely repeating the three outside bouquets, and finishing the center one.

The first inspection conveys a strong impression that we are looking at some handsome Indian article of native manufacture, and when we come to a closer examination, we are surprised to find that the chief material is simply a few of the shining straws gathered from our happy harvest-fields. In commencing to make the Drawing-Room Card-Basket given in our illustration, the first measure will be to cut the entire shape in one piece of pasteboard, giving the six-sided shape which forms the bottom its exact form by a fold of each part all round. This being done, take as many pieces of fine cloth, or good French merino, cut them to their required shapes, one for the bottom of the basket and six others to form the sides. These may be scarlet, blue, and a deep maize-color, with a black for the bottom of the basket; or they may be all of different colors. On these embroider the flowers given in the slightest possible way. For the center the flower leaves may be put in merely with a double stitch, the spots being only a little *point d'or*—that is, a sort of irregular stitching worked very close. The other flowers may be done with as little labor. Contrast of colors must, however, be considered. On the red work a white flower, on the black a red, on the blue a maize-color, on the maize a purple, and vary the greens of the leaves as much as possible.

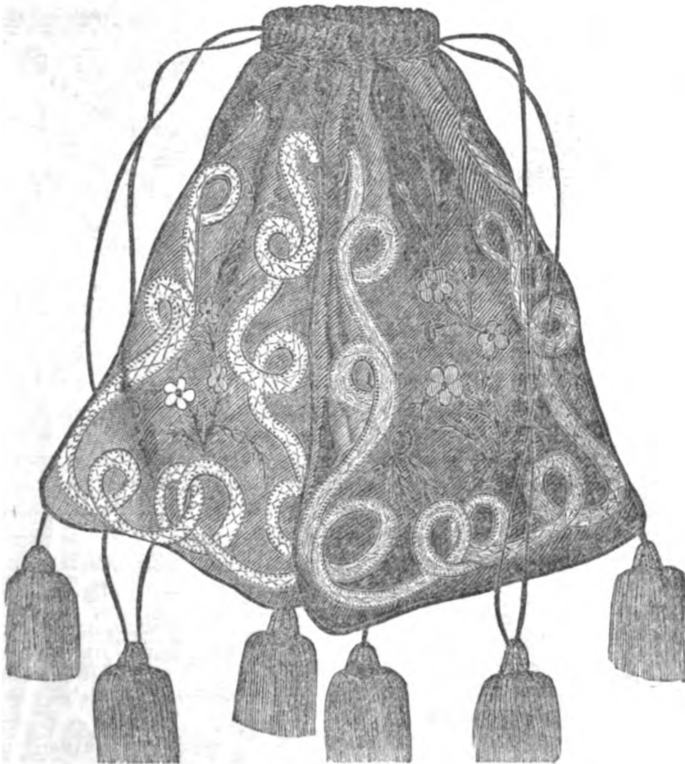
The embroidery being done, lay the six-sided piece on the bottom of the basket, fasten it carefully in its place, on this lay one of the side-pieces, face to face, stitch through the two edges and the pasteboard, turn the side up and tuck it firmly all round the edge of its own piece of cardboard, and so repeat until the whole six are done; then commence the straw-work by laying on first all the fine lines, which are nothing more than finely-split straws, such as are used for bonnet-making, fastening them down with little cross-stitches of blue and scarlet silk. When all the fine lines have been put on, add the wide ones, which are the whole coarse straws flattened down, crossing them

Digitized by Google

also with the silk, leaving only for the present the outer line of the six pieces which form the sides. Then take some crimson German velvet for the under side of the basket, and cut each part so much larger as will just pass over the edge, coming exactly under the line of the wide straw which is next to be added, thus completing the pattern of the straw-work. In this way a very neat edge is secured. The last line of stitches, which may show at the under side of the basket, may be covered with a line of the wide straw. Each point is to be fastened to the next with a pretty bow of ribbon. The handle may be cardboard covered with red cloth and crossed with straw, or it may be a broad plait of straw, or a straw cord, which must be purchased, being one of those used for trimming bonnets. A little practice may be necessary to execute the straw-work with the dexterity and neatness necessary for its elegance; but when proficiency has been obtained, many beautiful articles can be easily produced worthy of any drawing-room.

LADY'S WORK-BAG.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



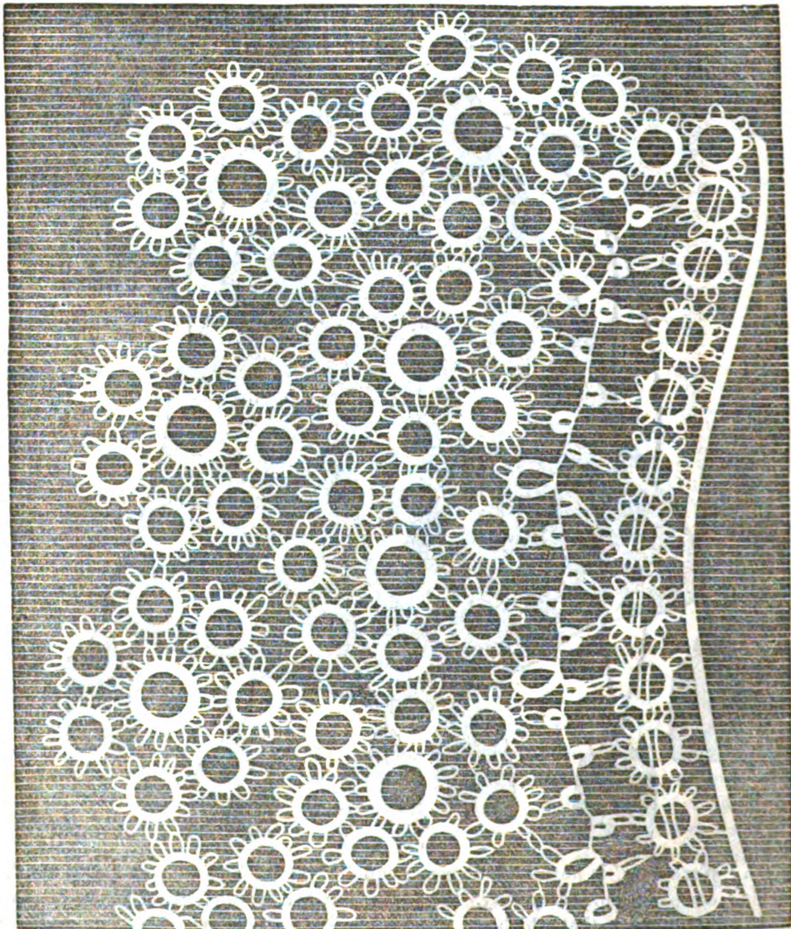
In Paris, a "Work-Bag" is now the indispensable morning companion of every lady. One of the most fashionable is that which we give above. The material may be dark-blue or green cashmere, and the ornaments are executed in silk braid and embroidery. The bag consists of four distinct pieces, identical in shape, and equal in size. The illustration in the front of the number shows one of these pieces in its proper size, together with the design which ornaments it. The serpentine pattern, forming the border of the piece, is to be executed in flat silk braid, of a color harmonizing with the cashmere. It is stitched on with sewing silk of any

Digitized by Google

hue presenting a broad contrast to that of the braid. In the middle of the braid a row of herringbone-stitch is worked with the same silk as that used for the stitching. The flowers in the inner pattern are formed of pieces of white and red cashmere neatly cut out and stitched down. These two colors may be tastefully varied on the four sides of the bag. The branches are worked in silk of different shades of green, brown, etc. The ornamental patterns being finished, the four pieces must be sewed together, and the stitches covered by a thin silk cord of the same color as that of the bag itself. The tassels may be either of one color, or a mixture of various hues. The bag is drawn at the top by a cord, finished with tassels.

COLLAR IN IRISH TATTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



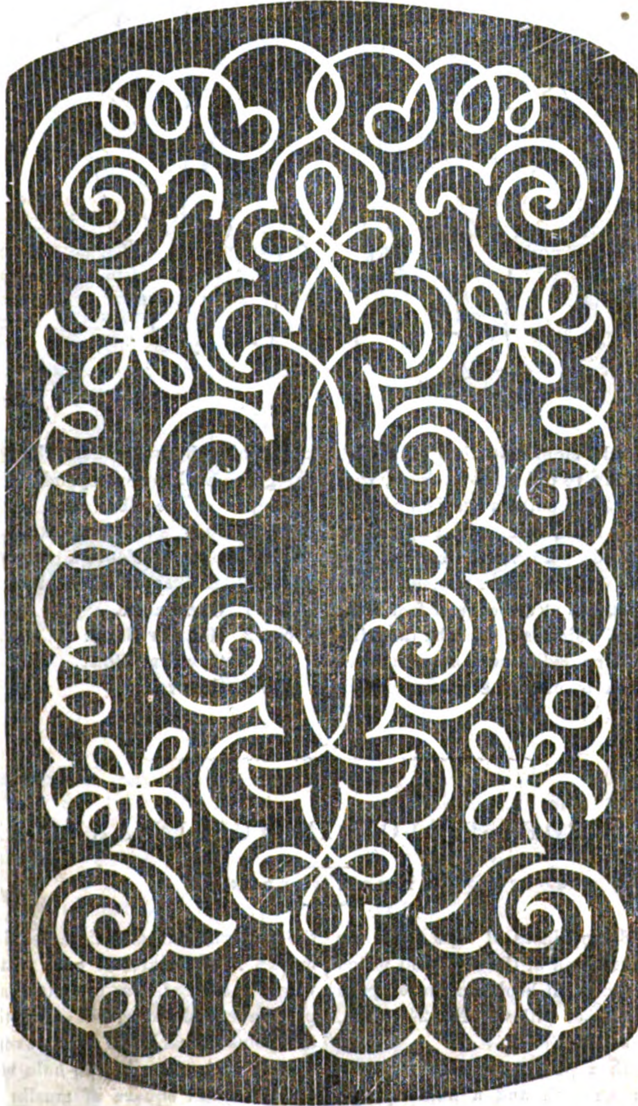
THIS Collar is worked in the usual way of tatting, which involves the necessity of being completed with the needle. The stars are worked separately, and sewn together at the different points. Each star is composed of a center circle, with seven loops round. The

Digitized by Google

collar may be formed of either one or two of these rows. One row of single loops, worked at a little distance from each other, and fastened together one over the other at each end, makes the line of the collar round the neck on to which the large stars are attached.

SEGAR-CASE IN BRAIDING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

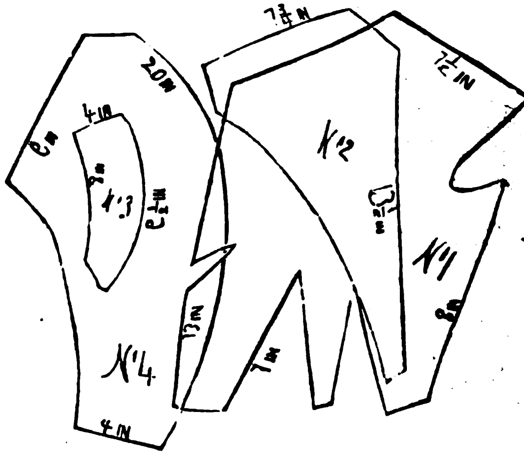


This may be braided on morocco, cloth, or velvet, though the first is preferable; and any colors may be chosen. Gold braid on black is very pretty. After the sides are worked, they should be taken to a pocket-book maker, in order to be made up. This is an exceedingly easy kind of work, and is, at the same time, lady-like.

Digitized by Google

NEW STYLE OF OPEN BODY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



OUR pattern, this month, is that of a high dress body, opening to the waist in front, with *revers* turned back; the pattern consists of four pieces, viz: front, back, side-body, and sleeve. The *revers* is marked by a pricked line, and that it should sit perfectly flat when turned back, a small puff is taken out at the edge of front, the joining together of which is hidden by the trimming of *revers*. Some ladies are having a small collar at the back to meet the *revers*, leaving an opening between them, the collar of course being trimmed to correspond. The wide sleeve is shaped at the elbow, and has a deep *revers*, the position of which is marked on the pattern: at the bottom of sleeve a corner piece must be added at the seam at the back of the arm.

No. 1. ONE FRONT.

No. 2. HALF OF BACK.

No. 3. ONE SIDE-BODY.

No. 4. SLEEVE.

FOR A SOFA-PILLOW IN MUSLIN AND TAPE.

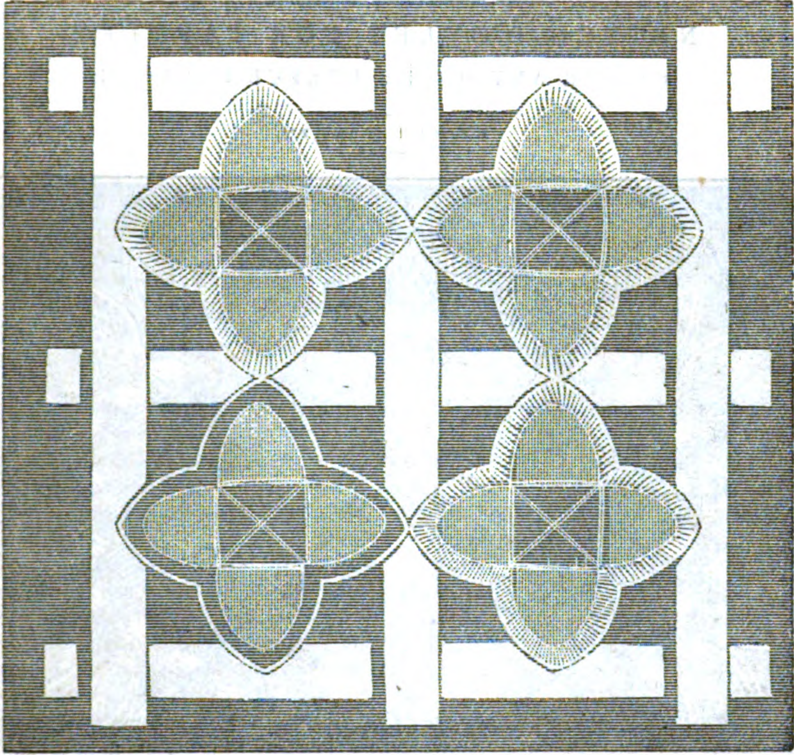
BY MRS. WARREN.

MATERIALS.—Some pieces of tape same size as pattern engraved, and of the soft kind which does not curl. Sufficient book muslin, of good quality, for the size of pillow. No. 24 cotton, and embroidery cotton, No. 8.

First make with a pencil spaces along each edge of muslin an inch and a half square; crease some lines from point to point, and run a white thread in these creases; now tack on the tape at each intersection, and stitch it in a small square; then with pencil trace out the patterns one at a time, leaving a square of muslin in the center of each pattern. (This is where the cross-bars of cotton are.) Run the pattern round twice, widening the running at the point of each leaf; then overcast this very thickly with close button-hole stitch; now cut out the small square of muslin in the center, turn in the edges close to the running, and sew in sewing-stitch thickly over. The cross-bars in the center of these are worked with 24 cotton. The book muslin is now to be cut away.

Digitized by Google

The cushion should be covered in colored material to suit the hangings of the room, and this work made up as a simple pillow-covering, to which a border may be added of the pattern engraved for bread-cloth, only that the tape must be that used for the sofa-pillow.



BEAD MATS IN COLORS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

For these patterns see front of number.

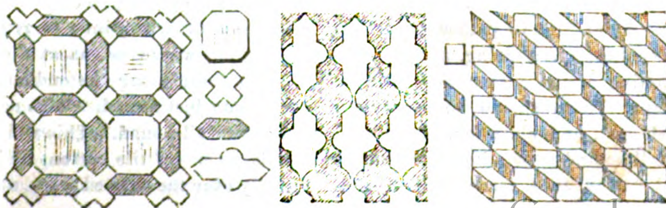
No. 1.

The pattern is worked in small white beads, the ground work in Berlin wool.

No. 2.

The pattern is for colored beads, either pearly or Torquoise, on a white ground of Berlin wool; or it may be worked in white beads, or small white bugles, on a colored ground, bordered with a fringe of beads, or of the wool as shown in the design. Make up on a piece of stiff pasteboard, covered with silk.

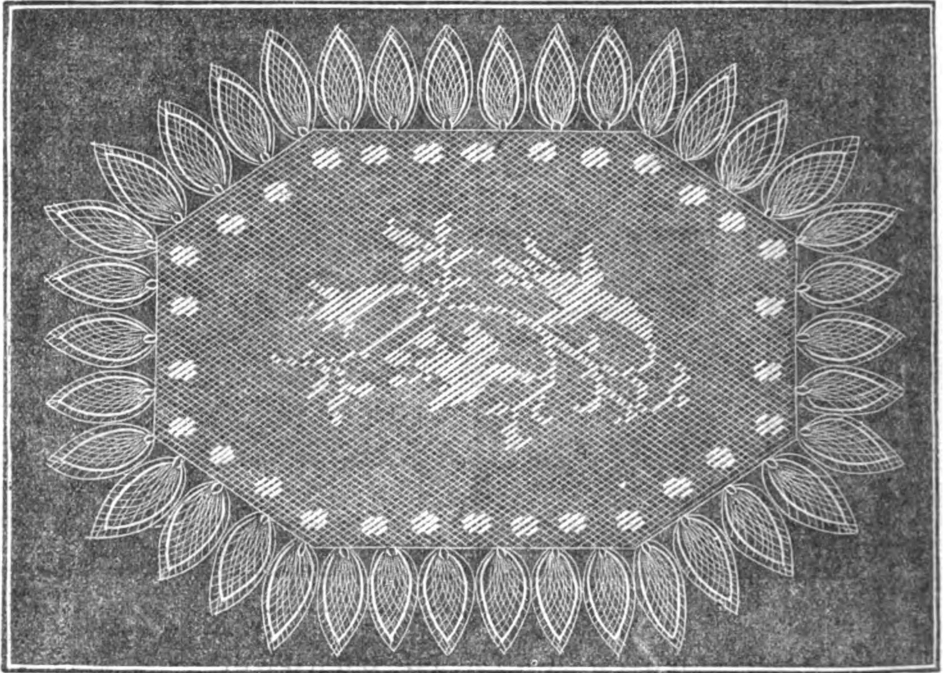
COMBINATION DESIGNS IN PATCHWORK.



Digitized by Google

NETTED D'OYLEY FOR TARTLET
OR FOR ANY OTHER USEFUL PURPOSE.

BY MRS. WARREN.



MATERIALS.—Cotton, No. 10, and Trafalgar cotton. Bone mesh three-eighths of an inch wide; another a quarter of an inch. A long netting-needle, and a long rug or darning-needle.

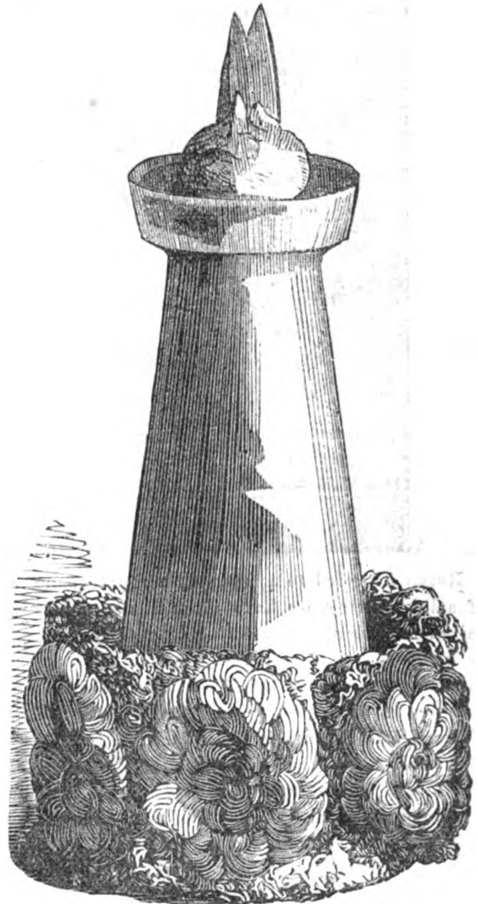
On a foundation, with small mesh, net fifty-five stitches; then net twelve diamonds or twenty-four rows; then * decrease by netting two loops together every third row, at the beginning of the row only, till there are eighteen rows or nine diamonds; then decrease at the beginning of every row till there are twenty stitches. Now cut off from the foundation, turn ends with the netting, and net the other side, only commencing at *; now gather the netting through the center on to a string, net two rows all round, netting at the corners four stitches into one loop. There should be twenty-five loops at each end, and sixty-four down each side. Count the number of stitches, and mark with colored cotton each corner. With wide mesh net ten loops into the stitch next the colored mark at the end, but not at the side, miss seven loops, net ten into the eighth loop, *; then miss three loops; net ten into the fourth, repeat from * again, then miss seven loops; net ten into the eighth; (this will be the loop immediately before the colored mark;) net ten into next loop, which will be immediately after the colored mark; miss seven loops, net ten into the eighth, †; miss three loops, net ten into the fourth, repeat from † three times more, then miss four loops, net ten into the fifth, repeat from † twice more ‡; miss three loops, net ten into the fourth, continue to repeat from ‡ till the corner, where net as at the other corner; then continue along the end and side the same as the one just netted. With narrow mesh net four rows all round. This will make two diamonds. Cut off the cotton, tie it into the loop directly over the colored mark, net nine stitches,

Digitized by Google

T (or turn on reverse side), net eight stitches, thus missing one, and continue turning and decreasing a stitch at the end of every row till the netting is reduced to a point. Continue this all round. Darn as in engraving with the Trafalgar cotton and long needle.

A HYACINTH GLASS-STAND.

BY MRS. WARREN.



MATERIALS.—A skein each of three very distinct shades of magenta, violet, and maize-colored wool; four distinct shades of green, and one of light-brown. A wooden mesh, half an inch wide, two nails of green cambric, some stiff paper and gum, a circle of stiff cardboard, and a crochet hook.

Cut the circle of cardboard a little larger than the hyacinth glass; lay it down on the cambric, and cut the latter half an inch larger; then snip this half-inch all round, so as to admit of its being turned over the edge of the cardboard; now gum this snipped part and carefully turn it over the edge of the cardboard; now cut a circle the exact size, and gum it over. In stiff paper measure the size round of this circle, having the paper one inch and a half in depth, and cut the length a little longer than will go round the circle; lay this also on a strip of the cambric, and cut it half an inch also beyond the paper; then, without snipping, gum the cambric on to the paper, then gum a piece the exact width on to this again; when this is dry, sew the strip round the circle and up at the side.

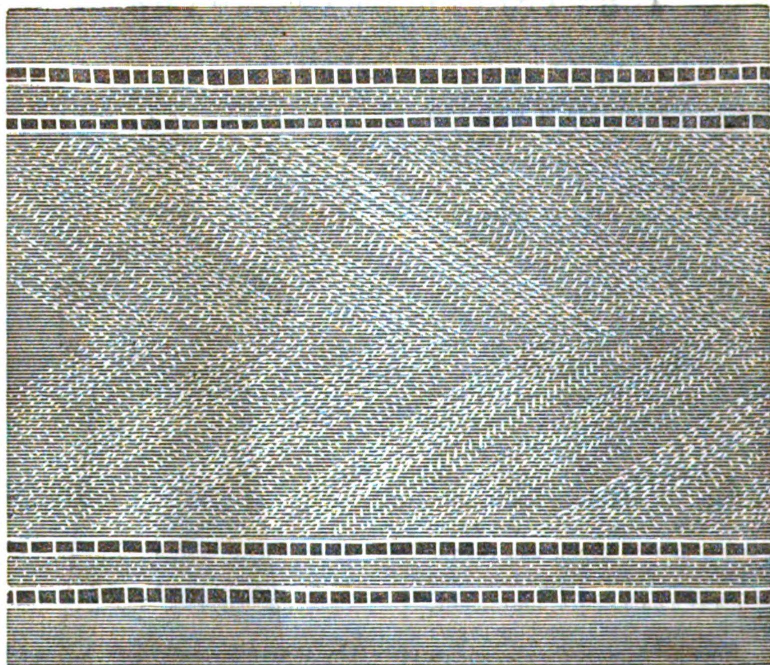
FOR THE FLOWERS.—Take the lightest shade of maize or any other color, tie a loop over the mesh, insert the hook under this loop and make 1 ch; still keep the wool on the hook, wind the wool over the hook, make another tight chain. Continue this till there are fifteen loops, then tie on the next shade and make thirty loops, then the darkest and make fifty loops; draw the wool through and cut it off. Cut some circles of the cambric about an inch in diameter; carefully slip the wool off the mesh, then sew round the cambric in the form of a small rosette. In the next flower begin with the darkest shade, make fifteen loops; next shade thirty, and lightest fifty loops. Thus there will be one flower with a dark center, and one with a light; and they must be so arranged that the dark outside shall come against the light edge of next flower. When all the flowers are made, sew them round the cup as closely together as possible.

TO MAKE THE MOSS.—With No. 10 steel knitting-pins knit each single skein of the green and brown wool in common garter stitch; then, when completed, throw it into a basin of boiling water for a minute, take it up, wring it dry in a cloth, and press it with a hot iron; when cold, ravel it out and put three shades together, and sew it in bunches top and bottom of the cup, afterward pulling it out of any stiffness which the sewing on may have given it.

Digitized by Google

BORDER FOR A KNITTED COUNTERPANE.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



Being intended to accompany a counterpane of solid knitting, we have given this border in raised slanting stripes, meeting down the center, as being the most suitable. Commence in the following way: Cast on 47 stitches. For the first row of the pattern—Knit 3, bring the thread forward, knit 4, purl 4, knit 4, purl 4, knit 3, slip, narrow and bind (these are the three central loops), knit 3, purl 4, knit 4, purl 4, knit 4, thread forward, knit 3. The first and last 3 of the row form the edge, and are always knitted in every row, both in the front and back rows.

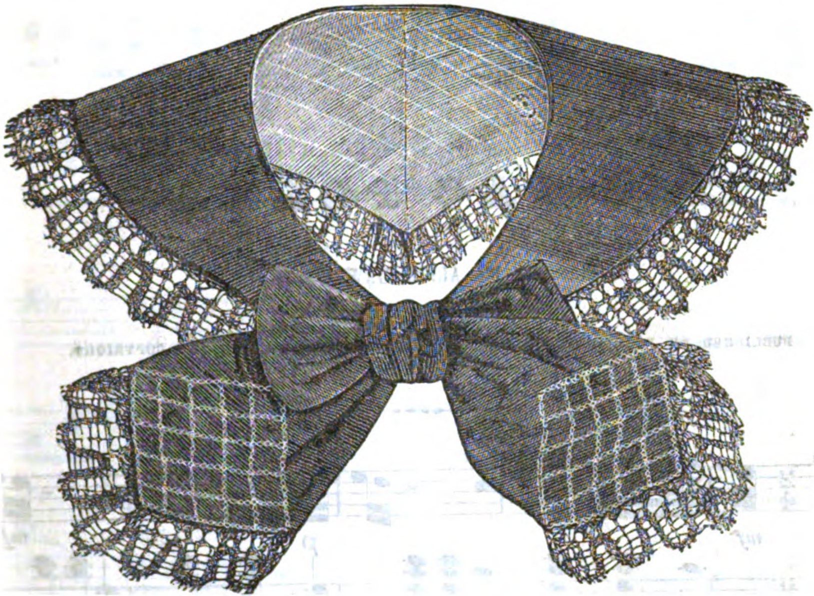
Return Row.—Knit 3, purl 5, knit 4, purl 4, knit 4, purl 7, knit 4, purl 4, knit 4, purl 5, knit 3. In all the back rows it will be an easy rule to remember that all the knitted stripes are to be purled, and all the purled stripes are to be knitted, the 3 at each edge being always knitted, as we said before.

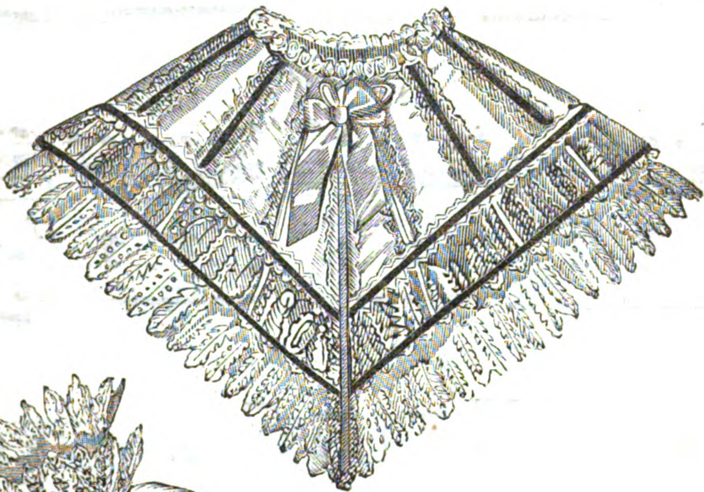
Second Front Row.—Knit 3, thread forward, purl 1 (this one is the commencement of a new stripe), knit 4, purl 4, knit 4, purl 4, knit 2, slip, narrow and bind, knit 2, purl 4, knit 4, purl 4, knit 4, purl 1, thread forward, knit 3.

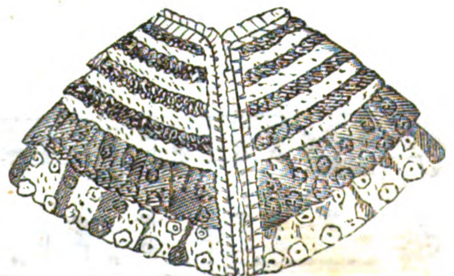
It will be unnecessary for us to go through all the rows, as they are merely repetitions, if the following rule is carefully observed: In every front row a new loop is made by bringing the thread forward and forming the hole, after knitting the three at the edge, and this additional loop is always taken up by the narrowing in the center, so that new stripes are continually being formed in the exact degree that they are being lost in the center when they meet. As there may be some little danger in taking up and laying down the work, if not distinguishing the front and back rows at a glance, we recommend that a little knot of red wool should be tied to the end of the cotton left after casting on; when, simply noticing whether this mark is on the right hand or the left, will show at once which is the front or the back row. This border may be made of any width by casting on as many more loops as will make fresh stripes, in fours, on each side of the central line.

Digitized by Google

LADY'S NECK-TIE, CAPE, SLEEVE, ETC.







Digitized by Google

TIC-TAC POLKA.

ARRANGED BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF SEP. WINNER, PROPRIETOR OF THE COPYRIGHT.

PIANO.

mf p mf

cres - cen - do. f

p mf

f

Digitized by Google

TIC-TAC POLKA.

8 va.

mf

f

8 va.

8 va.

8 va.

8 va.

fz D.C.

Digitized by Google

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"SAVE IN SOMETHING ELSE."—When people have a mind to be extravagant, they say, "We'll save it in something else." Does a husband wish some costly delicacy for dinner, which his careful wife believes they cannot afford, he quiets her scruples, or forces her to deny herself what is needful, by telling her she can "save it in something else." Is a wife determined to outshine her neighbors in dress? She passes lightly over her extravagance in milliners and mantua-makers, by assuring her husband volubly that she can "save it in something else." Does a man, who can illy afford it, buy a fast trotter? He is sure to inform you that he can "save it in something else." Is a woman bent on giving a costly party? She has her answer ready, "I can save it in something else." Rarely is a foolish expenditure entered on, that the reply is not made to the conscience, if not to others, "I can save it in something else."

In point of fact, however, the saving is never made. Those who are first to launch into extravagance are always the last to retrench. The habit of self-indulgence, which is the cause of yielding to one temptation, is continually in the way to prevent resisting others. Neither the husband who cannot deny himself a good dinner, nor the wife who is unable to resist the purchase of a costly dress, are the persons to "save in something else." If the folly is remedied at all, it is because the husband has a self-sacrificing wife, who deprives herself of comforts to keep the family from running into debt, or the wife has a patient, economical husband, who lives like a hermit, that she may dress like a dutchess. Our experience of human nature has yet to furnish us with a solitary instance in which selfishness of this kind did not pervade the entire character. The saving is never in anything which the guilty person wishes. Those who insist on gratifying themselves, when they know they cannot afford it, do it invariably at the expense of others. From the husband who practically stints his wife, to the spendthrift who cheats everybody, his tailor included, those who talk of "saving in something else," actually enjoy themselves at the cost of innocent parties.

There is but one road to economy. Without self-denial, nobody can avoid extravagance. All have something to wish for. The desire to indulge ourselves is as powerful in one as in another. Virtue does not consist in never being tempted, but in successfully resisting temptation. Those who lament so loudly that they cannot be as economical as others, because they have what they call more elegant tastes, are simply more self-indulgent. Luxury is the same sweet-singing syren to us all. A just man schools himself to resist her allurements. A weak one abandons himself to her wiles. It is insulting the long, hard, severe discipline, which habituates us to self-denial, to tell us that we are lucky in being made of sterner stuff than others; for if those others would do battle as strongly and perseveringly with their foibles, would learn to go without the luxuries and elegancies they cannot afford, they also would become of sterner stuff. The evil lies in ourselves always. "Oh! save in something else" means "somebody else must save, for I will not," and is the type of a selfish nature. This is plain speaking; but is it not truth?

ALL THE OTHERS PUT TOGETHER.—The Glasgow (Mo.) Times says:—"A lady friend, in whose judgment and taste we have great confidence, says she would not give Peterson for all the other magazines put together."

HAPPY WOMEN.—A happy woman! is not she the very sparkle and sunshine of life? A woman who is happy because she can't help it—whose smile even the coldest sprinkle of misfortune cannot dampen. Men make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, for talent, or for style; the sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being contented under any circumstances. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference; the bright little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Do they live in a log cabin? the fire-light that leaps up on its humble hearth becomes brighter than the gilded chandeliers in an Aladdin palace. Do they eat brown bread, or drink cold water from the well? it affords them more solid satisfaction than the millionaire's "*pâte de fois gras*" and iced champagne. Nothing ever goes wrong with them, no trouble is so serious for them, no calamity so dark and deep, that the sunlight of their smiles will not "make the best of it." Was ever the stream of light so dark and unpropitious that the sunshine of a happy face falling across its turbid tide, would not awaken an answering gleam? Why, these joyous-tempered people don't know half the good they do.

CHEAPEST AND BEST.—The Aurora (Ind.) Commonwealth says:—"The main difference between 'Peterson' and the Three-dollar Magazines is—one dollar in price. They charge Three dollars per annum and Peterson only Two." And the Saratoga (N. Y.) Sentinel says:—"This is emphatically a Ladies' Magazine, and those of the fair sex who desire to be kept thoroughly posted in the prevailing fashions, needlework, etc., etc., should secure this work, which at two dollars per year, is the cheapest Magazine published in the country." Consequently this is the Magazine for the times. It is not too late to subscribe. Back numbers can be supplied, if desired. Additions to clubs made at club prices.

ABBREVIATIONS IN CROCHET.—"Many Young Subscribers" ask the meaning of the abbreviations in crochet. The abbreviations mean as follows:—

ch.—Chain stitch.
dch.—Double chain stitch, or braid stitch.
sl.—Slip stitch.
sc.—Single crochet.
sdc.—Short double crochet.
dc.—Double crochet.
stc.—Short treble crochet.
tc.—Treble crochet.
ltc.—Long treble crochet.
m.—Miss.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.—The Prodigal's story, as old as Scripture itself, is told, beautifully, in this effective engraving. After wasting his inheritance, the beggared son comes back to his father's house, and stands outside, wistfully looking into the window, hearing the mirth within. By-and-by, with fainting heart, he will approach the door, and knock feebly. Ah! how welcome he will be. The fatted calf will be killed, the neighbors will be called in, and all will be happy.

OUR COLORED PATTERNS.—We give two beautiful colored patterns, in this number, designed expressly for "Peterson." Recollect, no other magazine gives these colored patterns at all.

Digitized by Google

ABOUT RINGS.—The ring known as the "Love Ring," is formed of the following stones, set in the order in which we give them: Lapis lazuli, opal, verd antique, emerald, the initials of which produce the word "Love." The "Regard Ring" is by means of a similar arrangement, consisting of ruby, emerald, garnet, amethyst, ruby, and diamond. Rings of this class have also been used for political purposes. During the agitation of the Repeal question in Ireland, a popular ring was formed of the following settings: Ruby, emerald, pearl, emerald, amethyst, lapis lazuli. This was the "Repeal Ring."

ALL FIND IT USEFUL.—The Halifax Casket, a Nova Scotia cotemporary, says:—"We have always spoken highly of 'Peterson's Magazine,' which well combines instruction with amusement, and courts favor by never, at any time, ministering to opinions or propensities injurious to good morals or social order. From the youngest to the oldest, one will be sure to find in Peterson one or more articles that will interest and amuse, and that will be well worth the price of the number. The plates and the patterns are always of the best order, and the receipts can always be depended on."

EDWARDS' PAINT RESTORER.—Ladies should use Edwards' Paint Restorer for cleaning paint and glass. It is much better than soap or anything ever used for the same purpose. It will remove all dirt from paint and glass without labor. For sale by all grocers, druggists, and fancy goods stores in the country. Samples sent upon receipt of two three cent stamps. Address Fisher, Day & Co., successors to J. E. Tilton, dealers in all Artists' Goods, Engravings for Grecian Painting, etc., Salem, Massachusetts.

OUR MUSIC.—So many ladies have complained of the impossibility of making the Magazine stand on a music rack, when the music was printed, as formerly, lengthwise with the page, that we have printed it, in this number, across the page. If the new method is better liked than the old, we shall continue it permanently.

REQUESTS FOR PATTERNS.—Numerous requests for us to publish patterns have been received, which are in the hands of Mrs. Jane Weaver, and will be attended to in order.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Make your stories as short and pithy as possible. Our readers are too cultivated to like even "linked sweetness" *if* "long drawn out."

SEQUEL TO "PENNACOOK."—In our next number we shall give a sequel to this charming story, in which the reader will hear further of the real heroine.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Pampinea and other Poems. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—Mr. Aldrich has been known as one of the most graceful of American poets. The present volume contains various poems never before given to the public in a collected form. The scene of the principal poem, "Pampinea," is laid in Italy, and the poem itself breathes the very air of that sunny, sensuous land. "Pythagoras" is in a higher vein, and is altogether the strongest poem in the volume. "The Tragedy," "Hascheesh," and "Haunted" are also especially noticeable. The last we quote.

"A noisome mildewed vine
Crawls to the rotting eaves;
The gate has dropt from the rusty hinge,
And the walks are strewn with leaves.

Close by the shattered fence
The red-clay road runs by
To a haunted wood, where the hemlocks groan
And the willows sob and sigh.

Among the dank lush flowers
The spiteful fire-fly glows,
And a woman steals by the stagnant pond
Wrapped in her burial clothes.

There's a dark blue scar on her throat,
And ever she makes a moan,
And the humid lizards shine in the grass,
And the lichens weep on the stone,

And the moon shrinks in a cloud,
And the traveler shakes with fear,
And an owl on the skirts of the wood
Hoots, and says, Do you hear?

Go not there at night,
For a spell hangs over all—
The palsied elms, and the dismal road,
And the broken garden-wall.

Oh! go not there at night,
For a curse is on the place;
Go not there, for fear you meet
The murdered face to face."

The volume is very elegantly printed, like most of the publications of Rudd & Carleton.

The Commercial Traveler, and a Message from over the Sea. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a handsome duodecimo edition of the last work of Dickens, a cheaper edition of which, in octavo, we lately noticed. The present edition matches "The Household Edition of Dickens' Works," of which the enterprising firm of T. B. Peterson & Brothers are publishers. We have frequently spoken in terms of the very highest praise of this elegant edition, which ought to be in every library.

The Crossed Path. By Wilkie Collins. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a new edition of "Basil," one of the earlier novels of Collins. It is now published under a title more descriptive of the character of the story, and as it had but few readers on its first appearance here, ought now to have a very large sale. We consider "The Crossed Path" not inferior to "The Woman in White," by which latter Wilkie Collins is more generally known, at least in America.

The Wits and Beaux of Society. By Grace and Philip Wharton. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a reprint of a late English publication. It is somewhat carelessly compiled, but will be found interesting by many. Those, however, who have read Selwyn, Hervey, St. Simon, Horace Walpole, or the other original sources from which the work has been patched together, or who ever hope to read them, need not buy the book.

Flirtation, and What Comes of It. A Comedy in Five Acts. By Frank B. Goodrich. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—A sprightly satire on New York fashionable life, which we commend to those affected with the mania of "getting into society."

Harry Harson. By J. T. Irving. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. M. Dewitt.—This is a story of American life, written with considerable ability. It is, we believe, a new edition of the work. The author is a nephew of Washington Irving.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

THE HABITUAL USE OF MEDICINE.

By H. T. Brown, M. D.

THERE is no evil habit to which the human family are subject, that is more pernicious in its ultimate results than the habitual use of medicine. The physical system of man is so delicately organized, that very trivial causes will often suffice to bring about disordered action which may eventuate in permanent disease, and there is nothing that will

Digitized by Google

so effectually establish that condition as the habit of continually introducing into the system such substances as tend to irritate certain organs, or such as are foreign to its chemical composition. Notwithstanding the anatomical organization of all human beings is very nearly the same, there are individual peculiarities which materially modify the action of the same medicine in different constitutions. The amount of medicine often required to produce a very moderate degree of relaxation in the system of one individual, will be sufficient, in others, to produce such a degree of vital prostration, as to endanger its subsequent organic functions. There is also another peculiarity of the system, which is equally applicable to all constitutions, that is, the power of tolerating medicine. By habitually using a medicine, the system will so adapt itself to its action, that it will be found necessary to increase the dose continually, in order to keep the system constantly under its influence, and whatever organic function is excited or maintained, by such a course of medication, will be found to suspend its operation upon the withdrawal of its accustomed stimulant. As a familiar illustration of the powers and force of habit in the system, we will take the habitual "dram drinker." While one accustomed to drinking can take a glass of brandy with seeming impunity, the more sober man would be so intoxicated as to be entirely unable to maintain an upright position; yet by practicing intemperance, his system would soon be induced to tolerate the stimulus without any apparent inconvenience. But let the accustomed stimulation be withdrawn, then the unsteady nerves, the loss of appetite, and the restless nights, will indicate plainly the extent of injury done the system. So in the ultimate effect of intemperate medication, whatever is not actually required to assist "nature," should be abandoned as not only useless, but absolutely injurious also. The operations of the system, even in sickness, tends to remove all obstructing causes and resume a healthy action, and if let alone in many cases would finally attain that end; but by the intervention of art, the objects of nature are often thwarted, and serious maladies substituted for comparatively slight ailments. Therefore let the habitual use of medicine be avoided as an evil scarcely inferior to that of habitual dram drinking.

FIRESIDE RECREATIONS.

Water from the Flame of a Candle.—Hold a cold and dry bell-glass over a lighted candle, and watery vapor will be directly condensed on the cold surface; then close the mouth of the glass with a card or plate, and turn the mouth uppermost; remove the card, quickly pour in a little lime-water, a perfectly clear liquid, and it will instantly become turbid and milky, upon meeting with the contents of the glass, just as lime-water changes when dropped into a glass full of water.

Rose-colored Flame on Water.—Drop a globule of potassium, about the size of a large pea, into a small cup nearly full of water, containing a drop or two of strong nitric acid; the moment that the metal touches the liquid it will float upon its surface, enveloped with a beautiful rose-colored flame, and entirely dissolve.

Waves of Fire on Water.—On a lump of refined sugar let fall a few drops of phosphuretted ether, and put the sugar into a glass of warm water, which will instantly appear on fire at the surface, and in waves, if gently blown with the breath. This experiment should be exhibited in the dark.

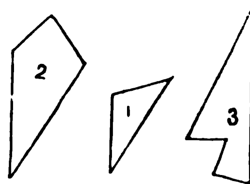
Formation of Water by Fire.—Put into a teacup a little spirit of wine, set it on fire, and invert a large bell-glass over it. In a short time, a thick, watery vapor will be seen on the inside of the bell, which may be collected by a dry sponge.

To set a Mixture on Fire with Water.—Pour into a saucer a little sulphuric acid, and place upon it a chip of sodium, which will float and remain uninflamed; but the addition of a drop of water will set it on fire.

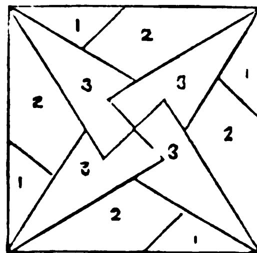
Flame upon Water.—Fill a wineglass with cold water, pour lightly upon its surface a little ether; light it by a slip of paper, and it will burn for some time.

PRACTICAL PUZZLES.

First cut out, with a penknife, in pasteboard or card,
The designs numbered one, two, and three—
Four of each; after which, as the puzzle is hard,
You had better be guided by me
To a certain extent; for in fixing take care
That each portion is fitted in tight,
Or they will not produce such a neat little square
As they otherwise would if done right.



Solution.



HORTICULTURAL.

How the Japanese Restore Faded Flowers.—After a bouquet is drooping beyond all remedies of fresh water, the Japanese can bring it back to all its first glory by a very simple and seemingly most destructive operation. "I had received," says a visitor in Japan, "a bunch of flowers from a Japanese acquaintance. They continued to live in all their beauty for nearly two weeks, when at last they faded. Just as I was about to have them thrown away, the same gentleman (Japanese gentleman) came to see me. I showed him the faded flowers, and told him that, though lasting a long time, they had now become useless. 'Oh! no,' said he, 'only put the ends of the stems into the fire, and they will be as good as before.' I was incredulous; so he took them himself and held the stems' ends in the fire until they were completely charred. This was in the morning; at evening they were again looking fresh and vigorous, and have continued so for another week."

Lawn Grass.—The best plan to preserve the beauty and luxuriance of lawn grass, is to cover it in winter with a litter of fine hay—such as dried herd's grass or "wire grass" will make. This should be removed in the spring, and a light dressing of slacked ashes and lime applied, or scattered with the hand, as grain is sown. It will be found that this method will preserve the fine sward in perfection, for a great number of years; and if the grass may ever want renewing, a little white clover seed may be sown

Digitized by Google

along with the ash and lime dressing. By this process the grounds will be always kept smooth, and the turf fine, thick, and homogeneous.

If a Honeysuckle is permitted to twine round a tree, the trunk of which is of soft wood, it is very likely so to impede its growth as to cause its destruction. This only happens when the climbing plant grows into hard woody stems, strong enough to cause strangulation to the tree round which it twines.

The Plan of Propagating Apple-Trees in Bohemia is the following: Slips of the required sorts are taken from the trees, inserted in a potato, and planted in the ground, leaving about a couple of inches above the surface. In this way neither seed nor grafting is necessary. We recommend a trial of this easy mode.

In Planting Climbing Plants for covering porches, or ornamental arches, it should be recollected that different kinds twine in opposite directions; thus, for instance, the passion-flower and the convolvulus turns from right to left; the hop and the honeysuckle twine from left to right.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

Fore Quarter of Lamb.—Cut off the scrag one joint from the shoulder; saw off the chine-bone, and also the bone of the breast, and joint it thoroughly; crack the ribs in the middle; cut off the thick skin which covers the lower part of the breast, and break the bone of the shoulder to allow of the knuckle twisting round, and secure it in its place with a skewer from beneath the breast right up the knuckle. Put two large skewers at the thin end; pass the spit between the skewers and the ribs, through the thick part at the shoulder; paper it, having a double thickness over the thin end. When the quarter is roasted whole, the shoulder should be raised either at table or when dished. The *hind quarter* is sometimes roasted, and served with mint-sauce. It may also be larded, covered with oiled paper, and when more than half done the paper to be withdrawn, the meat basted with oil or yolk of egg, and slightly covered with crumbs of bread; then put closer to the fire to give it a fine brown; when served, it is sprinkled with the juice of a lemon. The quarter, of eight to ten pounds weight, will take two and a quarter to two and a half hours in dressing, as it ought to be always well done. The fore quarter will require from three-quarters to one hour less.

Boned Quarter of Lamb.—Take off the shoulder and bone it; stuff it with fine forcemeat, and skewer it in a handsome shape. Braise it with two ounces of butter, add a teacupful of water, stirring the braise until the gravy is drawn. Then cut the brisket into pieces, and stew them in white gravy; thicken it with cream and eggs so that it shall be very white; cut the long bones into chops and fry them; thicken the gravy of the braise, add haricots, minced truffles, or anything else of vegetable in season. Place the shoulder in the center of a dish with its own sauce, lay the brisket covered with white sauce round it, and place the fried chops at the edge.

Lamb a l'Espagnole.—An entire lamb is frequently roasted in the Peninsula, without any other preparation than merely skinning it, taking out the fry, and cutting off the feet. It is then, however, extremely young—not more than perhaps six weeks or two months old: the bones eat like gristle, and the meat is singularly delicate. It is sometimes, but only rarely, stuffed with bread and sweet herbs, and served with bread-sauce; but more frequently eaten with lemon-juice.

Au Pascal.—May be a little older, and is also roasted whole, but boned from the neck to the shoulders, and the legs fixed into the body, which is then covered with slices of bacon, kept on with small skewers, or tied with twine; all, however, being removed when the meat is nearly done. Both should be placed in a cradle-spit, and will take about two hours in roasting.

To Stew Lamb—A la Perigord.—Put it into a stewpan with a little oil, parsley, chives, and mushrooms, or half a dozen black truffles, either whole or sliced, together with some trenches of bacon. Let it stew gently in any kind of broth, and when thoroughly done take it out, strain the gravy, and serve the joint along with the truffles or mushrooms only. To be well done it will require four hours in stewing.

Breast of Lamb.—Cut off the thin ends, half boil, then strew with crumbs of bread, pepper, and salt; and serve in a dish of stewed mushrooms.

Cut a *Loin of Lamb* into steaks, pare off the skin and part of the fat, fry it in butter a pale brown, pour away the fat, and put in boiling water enough to cover the meat, a little pepper and salt, a little nutmeg, half pint of green peas, and a coss-lettuce cut lengthways; cover it down, and let it stew gently for half an hour.

Shoulder of Lamb.—Bone the shoulder, trim off some of the lean meat, which chop fine with an equal quantity of bacon fat, season with spice; fill up the shoulder and roll it; braise it two hours over a slow stove; take it up, glaze it. Serve with sorrel or tomato sauce.

Lamb's Head.—Parboil the head, rub it over with yolk of eggs, cover it thickly with chopped herbs, crumbs of bread, and clarified butter, and put it into a Dutch oven before the fire. Mince the heart and the liver very finely, and stew them in a little good gravy, adding a spoonful of lemon-pickle; make some forcemeat-balls and brain-cakes, and fry them; place the mince in the dish with the head upon it, and garnish with the balls, brain-cakes, sliced lemon, or pickles.

Lamb's Head and Hinge.—This part is best from a house-lamb; but any will be white if soaked in cold water and boiled in a napkin. Boil the head separately till very tender. Have ready the liver and lights three parts boiled, and cut small; stew them in a little of the water in which they were boiled, season and thicken with flour and butter, and serve the mince round the head. *Or*—Skin the head and split it; then wash and clean thoroughly both it and the entrails—which consist of the "hinge" and "fry"—and lay the whole in boiling water for half an hour; then take out the heart, liver, and lights; mince them very small; and toss them up with a quart of either veal or mutton broth, a little ketchup, and a spoonful of cream, seasoned with pepper and salt. When the head is sufficiently boiled, rub it over with yolk of egg, and powder it with crumbs of bread; baste it well with butter, and brown it before the fire. Keep the mince hot; and when all is ready, dish the mince with the head over it, and the brains made into savory balls as a garnish. A little minced bacon is not a bad addition, and parsley, thyme, and finely-chopped herbs may be used at pleasure: the head may have a squeeze of lemon, and the mince a grating of nutmeg.

Lamb's Fry.—Parboil it; dip it in eggs, then in bread-crumbs, fry it crisp, and serve it dry, with fried parsley, without any sauce.

Lamb's Sweetbreads.—Blanch them, and put them into cold water. Then put them into a stewpan, with a ladleful of broth, some pepper and salt, a small bunch of button onions, a few boiled asparagus-tops, and a blade of mace; stir in a bit of butter and flour, and stew half an hour. Have ready the yolks of two or three eggs well beaten in cream, with a little minced parsley and a few grates of nutmeg. Do not let it boil after the cream is in; but make it hot, and stir it well all the time. Take great care it does not curdle. French beans or peas may be added, but they should be very young.

To Fricassee Lamb-stones and Sweetbreads.—Have ready some lamb-stones blanched, parboiled, and sliced. Flour

Digitized by Google

two or three sweetbreads; if very thick, cut them in two. Fry all together, with a few large oysters, of a fine yellow brown. Pour the butter off, and add a pint of good gravy, some asparagus-tops about an inch long, a little nutmeg, pepper and salt, two shalots or some chives shred fine, and a glass of white wine. Simmer ten minutes; then put a little of the gravy to the yolks of three eggs well beaten, and by degrees mix the whole. Turn the gravy back into the pan, and stir it till of a fine thickness without boiling. Garnish with lemon.

To Fricassee Lamb-stones.—Skin, wash, and parboil, and then cut them in half, dry and flour them; fry of a beautiful brown in hog's lard. Serve with the following sauce: thicken some veal gravy with a bit of flour and butter, and then add to it a slice of lemon, a large spoonful of mushroom-ketchup, a teaspoonful of lemon-pickle, a grate of nutmeg, and the yolk of an egg beaten well in two large spoonfuls of thick cream. Put this over the fire, and stir it well till it is hot and looks white: do not let it boil, or it will curdle. Then put in the fry, and shake it about for a minute or two. Serve in a very hot dish.

Lamb-Chops.—Take a loin of lamb, cut chops from it half an inch thick, retaining the kidney in its place; dip them into egg and bread-crumbs, fry and serve with fried parsley. When chops are made from a breast of lamb, the red bone at the edge of the breast should be cut off, and the breast parboiled in water or broth, with a sliced carrot and two or three onions, before it is divided into cutlets, which is done by cutting between every second or third bone, and preparing them, in every respect, as the last.

If *House-Lamb Steaks* are to be done white—stew them in milk and water till very tender, with a bit of lemon-peel, a little salt, some pepper and mace. Have ready some veal-gravy, and put the steaks into it; mix some mushroom-powder, a cup of cream, and the least bit of flour; shake the steaks in this liquor, stir it, and let it get quite hot, but not boil. Just before you take it up, put in a few white mushrooms.

RECEIPTS FOR VEGETABLES.

Old Potatoes to Look Like Young Ones.—Wash some large potatoes, and, with a small scoop made for the purpose, form as many diminutive ones as will fill a dish; boil them in two or three waters about three minutes each time, the water being put to them cold; then let them steam till tender; pour a white sauce over them, and serve with the second course. Old potatoes prepared thus have been mistaken for young ones at the best tables.

Potato-Loaves are very nice when eaten with roast beef or mutton, and are made of any portion of the mashed roots, prepared without milk, by mixing with them a good quantity of very finely minced raw shalot, powdered with pepper and salt; then beating up the whole with a little butter to bind it, and dividing it into small loaves of a conical form, and placing them under the meat to brown, that is, when it is so nearly done as to impart some of the gravy along with the fat.

To Brown Potatoes.—While the meat is roasting, and an hour before it is served, boil the potatoes and take off the skins; flour them well, and put them under the meat, taking care to dry them from the dripping before they are sent to table. The kidney potatoes are best dressed in this way. The flouring is very essential.

Potatoes, when boiled, if either waxy, or to be eaten with cold meat, should be peeled and put whole upon the gridiron until nicely browned.

Potatoes should always be boiled a little before being put into stews, etc., as the first water in which they are cooked is thought to be of a poisonous quality.

Fried Potatoes should always be cut from raw potatoes; peel them and cut them in rings the thickness of a shilling, or, if the cook is clever, she will cut the whole slice of potato in one continuous piece like a shaving, in the same way as a mushroom is turned; throw them into cold water until you have sufficient; drain on a cloth; fry quickly, in plenty of hot fat, and with as little color as possible; dry them well from the grease, and sprinkle with salt. When nicely done, and piled up properly, fried potatoes make a beautiful side dish, which is always eaten with great relish. *Or*—Cut a potato in pieces lengthways the size and shape of the divisions of an orange, trim them neatly and fry them; they are an excellent garnish for fried fillet of beef. *Or*—*Cold Potatoes* may be cut in slices somewhat less than half inch thick, and fried in like manner. Some persons also fry them with onions, as an accompaniment to pork chops, sliced cod, red herring, or with a rasher of bacon.

Roasted Potatoes may be either done in a Duch oven or put into the ashes of a wood fire. They should not be peeled, and require a long time: if large, and the fire not very strong, a couple of hours will not be too much. They are usually eaten with cold butter at supper.

Potato-Balls.—Bake the potatoes, mash them very nicely, make them into balls, rub them over with the yolk of an egg, and put them into the oven or before the fire to brown. These balls may be varied by the introduction of a third portion of grated ham or tongue.

Potatoes a La Maitre d'Hotel.—Boil and peel the potatoes; let them grow nearly cold; then cut them into slices tolerably thick, and warm them up in white sauce or melted butter, with parsley chopped; put into it a little white pepper and salt, and the juice of half a lemon. *Or*—Boil the potatoes, and let them become cold, then cut them into rather thick slices. Put a lump of fresh butter into a stewpan, add a little flour, about a teaspoonful for a moderate-sized dish; when the flour has boiled a short time in the butter, add a cupful of water and a little cream; boil all together, then put in the potatoes covered with chopped parsley, pepper, and salt; stew them for a few minutes, and then take them from the fire; add a little lemon-juice, and send to table.

Puree of Potatoes.—Mash the potatoes, and mix them while quite hot with some fine white gravy drawn from veal, together with butter and cream. The puree should be rather thin, and seasoned with salt, a very little pepper, and an atom of nutmeg.

New Potatoes should be dressed as soon as possible after being taken from the ground, and are always best when grown in frames. When washed, they should be rubbed with a coarse cloth and a little salt, to take off the thin outer skin, but they should not be peeled. Put them into boiling water, they will require but a few minutes to do them; send them to table in a hot napkin, unless covered with white sauce, which should be seasoned with a little salt and a slight grating of nutmeg. When quite young they should never be sliced nor fried.

RECEIPTS FOR PRESERVING.

To Dry Gooseberries.—Put five pounds of gooseberries into a stewpan, and strew over them one pound of sugar; set them on a slow fire; when the syrup begins to come out take them off; scald them in this way for two or three days, then take them out of the syrup, place them upon sieves, and put them before the fire or in the sun to dry. They may be dipped into powdered white sugar when taken out of the syrup, and thus candied. They should be laid between paper in tin boxes when put by for use.

To Dry Cherries.—Weigh the cherries before they are stoned, and allow to every pound of fruit quarter pound of lump-sugar; when they are stoned set them over a slow fire to heat, then take them out of the liquor and put the sugar

Digitized by Google

to them, and let them stand till it is dissolved. Then set them over the fire and let them just boil. Allow them to stand for two or three days in the syrup, and again boil them; afterward strain them, and spread them on sieves to dry, either on a stove or in the sun, or in an oven after the bread is drawn. The same syrup will do again for more fruit.

To Dry without Sugar.—Stone, and set them over the fire; let them simmer in their own liquor, and shake them in the pan. Put them to get cold; next day give them another scald, and put them when cold on sieves to dry in an oven of temperate heat. Twice heating, an hour each time, will do them. Put them in a box, with a paper between each layer.

Preserved in Brandy.—Reserve a fourth portion of the cherries, clip the stalks of the remainder; lay them carefully in jars, and fill up the jars with brandy, putting no sugar, as that would wrinkle them. Then stone the remaining portion, boil them with double their weight of sugar, and put them aside. When the brandy-cherries are taken out for dessert, mix a portion of this preserve with the liquor, and they will taste very rich; or the cherries may be strained and the liquor only used, in addition to the brandy from the other cherries.

Another Method.—Weigh the finest morellas, having cut off half the stalk; prick them with a new needle, and drop them into a jar or wide-mouthed bottle. Pound three-quarters the weight of sugar or white candy; strew over; fill up with brandy, and tie a bladder over.

Rolled Cherries, which taste as if done in Brandy.—To every three pounds of morella cherries put one pound of double-refined sugar, sifted in layers, in a large stone jar or small keg. Stop it perfectly close, and roll the jar to and fro for a short time every day for six weeks. Keep them in a cool place.

When intended for Tarts and Puddings.—Take fifteen pounds of Kentish cherries; boil, and break them as they boil, and when the juice has all boiled away, and the bottom of the pan is visible, put in three pounds of lump-sugar finely powdered. Stir the cherries well, and let them have two or three boils; then add a pint of currant-juice, skim the pot, and take out the stones, which will rise to the top. This jam will keep until late in the spring without the addition of any more sugar, and will make good tarts and puddings.

Almack's Preserve.—Take different kinds of fruit, stone the plums and slice the apples and pears, put them in alternate layers in a jar; set them in the oven until they are quite soft; then pass the pulp through a coarse sieve, and to every pound of fruit put a pound of moist sugar, set it over a slow fire and stir it till very thick, then put it into a wide, shallow pot and cut it in slices for use. Windfalls may be employed for this sort of sweetmeat.

Another.—Put into a pan four dozen split plums, two dozen apples, and two dozen pears, pared thin and cored. Boil them without water. When well blended together, and the stones taken out, stir in three pounds of sugar, and boil them an hour. Put it into shallow pans or soup-plates, and dry in the sun or a cool oven.

Damson Cheese.—Stone the damsons, take out the kernels and blanch them; put the whole into a stone jar and bake it. Pour off a part of the juice, put the fruit into a preserving-pan, boil it quickly until it looks rather dry. To every two pounds of the original quantity of fruit take half pound of loaf-sugar; now stir the sugar well in, and let it simmer slowly for two hours. Then boil it again quickly until it begins to candy at the sides of the pan. Pour the jam into shallow pots not more than an inch deep; cover with brandy-paper, and tie down close. *Or*—Gather the damsons on a dry day; bake or boil them till the pulp will pass through a coarse hair sieve, then add their weight of moist sugar; boil it one hour and a half, stirring it continually to keep it from burning.

Raspberry Jam.—Take equal weights of fruit and moist sugar; put them on the fire together; keep stirring and breaking the fruit till the sugar melts, then boil till it will jelly on a plate. Though simple, this will be found a very good receipt. *Or*—Take equal weight of fruit and roughly-pounded loaf-sugar; bruise the fruit with the back of a spoon, and boil them together for half an hour; if a little more juice is wanted, add the juice of currants drawn as for jelly.

Grape Jam.—The grapes ought not to be very ripe. They should be carefully picked, and all that are at all injured should be rejected. To one pound of grapes add half pound of sugar; no water but what hangs about them after they have been washed. Put a layer of sugar, then a layer of grapes. Boil on a moderate fire, stirring it all the time, to prevent its burning.

Barberry Jam.—Take the barberries without stones, pick them from the stalks, take their weight in loaf-sugar, put them into a jar, and place in a kettle of water until the sugar is dissolved and the barberries quite soft. The next day put them into a preserving-pan, and boil them for quarter of an hour. Put into jars, and keep them in a dry place.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

Fig. I.—Walking Dress of Mauve-colored Silk.—The skirt is trimmed with two groups of narrow ruffles, five in the lower group, and four ruffles in the upper group. Above each group is a band of silk darker than the shade of the dress, trimmed with bows of ribbon. The body is high and plain, and the sleeves are made to correspond with the skirt. Bonnet of white chip, with a black lace crown, trimmed with velvet and flowers.

Fig. II.—Dinner or Evening Dress.—The skirt is of green silk; the body of white muslin, trimmed with quillings of green ribbon. Head-dress of black lace and pink roses.

Fig. III.—Walking Dress of Gray Silk.—Around the bottom of the skirt is a narrow ruffle, headed with black; higher up are two narrow ruffles, crossing each other diamond-wise, with two rows of black silk as a heading. The body is high and plain; the sleeve of a small bishop shape, with a very deep cuff which has an opening in it, showing the white under-sleeve.

Fig. IV.—Morning Dress of Gray Cashmere, with a blue dot in it. The skirt opens in front over a handsomely embroidered petticoat. A small pointed pelerine; the sleeves and skirt of the dress are all trimmed with a band of blue bias silk.

Fig. V.—White Body, composed of rows of jaconet embroidery and lace. The sleeves are very wide and short, coming but little below the elbow. The body has a Raphael effect, from the square trimming of black velvet over the shoulders and bust. The waistband and sleeves are also ornamented with black velvet. A double row of lace edges the Raphael body and sleeves.

Fig. VI.—Neck-Tie.—This charming accompaniment of a traveling-dress, or a light muslin or organdie, may be made of any colored silk which may suit the fancy. The one from which our engraving is copied is of black silk, and is edged with black guipure lace. The ends of the bow are ornamented with gold braid sewed on in diamond shape.

General Remarks.—Our store windows are crowded with the most tempting-looking silks, in small plaids and fine stripes, of the most charming colors. Purples, greens, blues, lilacs, and all the infinite variety of grays look so neat and lady-like, that they bear off the palm at this season, from the solid colors brocaded in leaves and small flowers.

Digitized by Google

Organdies and Lawns were never more beautiful, or in greater variety of colors. The grounds are generally of some rich color, with small spots or figures in white. Still many elegant organdies have white grounds with chintz patterns on them; those in which black is largely mixed, are very stylish.

Piques or Marsailles are expensive, seldom costing less than seventy-five cents a yard, but they make very handsome dresses. They are particularly adapted to children's wear, being very strong.

Grenadines, though expensive in the first instance, (the price ranging from one dollar to one dollar and a quarter a yard,) wear much better than bareges or other tissues. Those with black grounds, with small figures brooched in them, are very beautiful. The robe grenadines cost from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars a dress; whilst a robe barege can be bought from twelve to eighteen dollars. Both grenadines and bareges should be worn over silk skirts of the color of the dress.

Traveling-Dress and Walking-Dress materials were never in greater abundance, or more beautiful than at this season. It is impossible to enumerate the names, styles, or material of which these goods are composed. Small plaids are among the most popular, and a mixture of silk and linen will be found to be the pleasantest wear. Many persons prefer something with woolen in it for traveling: and these are cheaper than those of the poplin style. In fact, material for a traveling-dress can be bought from twenty-five cents a yard to as high as a dollar twenty-five cents.

Long, full Skirts are indispensable to all house dresses, (so fashion says,) but otherwise she lets her votaries exercise their own taste. High trimmings, low trimmings, or no trimmings at all, are equally fashionable. We have given two of the very latest styles in the present number. Many dresses are being made with plain skirts, and with no trimming whatever but a sash, with ends fastened at the side; these ends being trimmed with a small frill of the same material as the dress, or black lace. Other dresses are made with a broad band of silk darker than the dress at the top of the hem; others with tiny flounces arranged on the front of the skirt, apron fashion. For bareges, a large box-plaited band at the bottom is very pretty. Small ruffles are always stylish, more so than the deep one which has been a good deal worn. Many silks are made up without any trimming at all, particularly if they are figured. It is an economical plan to make silk dresses with two bodies, one high for ordinary wear, and one low with shorter sleeves, for occasions when more dress is required. If the sleeves are very short, a puffed sleeve of bobbinet, reaching nearly to the wrist, is very dressy. This with a tulle or lace cape, made like one of the many which we have so often given in the Magazine, will make a beautiful dress for a small party. When the skirts are good, and the bodies much worn, a white muslin body is very serviceable, as well as "dressy." Organdies and lawns are usually made low in the neck, with capes of the same material as the dress.

Traveling-Dresses and walking-dresses are liked in the *Polonaise, Imperatrice, or Garibaldi style.* All these mean the same thing—a dress with the body and skirt cut in one like a sacque, and of which we gave a diagram in our April number. Pique or Marsailles dresses are generally made in this way, as from the thickness of the material no gathers can be used. Chintzes are more simple with what is usually called the Parodi or French waist, that is, the body is made without lining, with a *very little* fullness at the back and in front at the waist, which is round, and fastened with a belt.

For Dinner, or Half-Evening Toilet, the Russian body has had a great success. It is composed of puffings of tulle, net, or muslin, mingled with narrow black velvet. The top of the neck is cut square, and bordered by a row of velvet; and the sleeves are also composed of puffings mingled with the same trimming.

Amongst the novelties, we must mention the long embroidered velvet *Waistbands* and *Sashes*, which may be worn with any dress, but are particularly elegant with white dresses; also the pretty *Bows* for the neck; and *Cuffs* made in velvet, satin, etc., and embroidered in gold; the *Imperatrice Cravats;* and the graceful little *Bags*, or *Pouches*, which are worn suspended from the waistband, underneath the Zouave jackets. These pouches are called *aumoniere*, and are a kind of ornamental purse suspended from the waist on the outside of the dress, or it may be attached to a chatelaine. The aumoniere is suspended either by a gold or silver chain, whichever best accords with it in style and ornament. These aumonieres are formed of velvet, silver, or chased gold, and some have been made of morocco in bright tints, such as red, green, etc.

As to **Linen** for dishabille, ladies wear small plain collars and sleeves with cuffs either rounded or pointed, or separate cuffs to accompany plain sleeves. They also wear small straight collars and ruffles falling over the hand, embroidered with small wreaths. For more dressy toilets, rather wide collars of fulled lace, and with open dresses muslin chemisettes and small lace collars, and frill down the front plaited like a shirt-frill and decorated with velvet.

A black silk dress has just been made trimmed at the bottom with three narrow flounces corded with lilac; ten very narrow flounces corded in the same manner were placed up the front of the skirt, apron fashion.

A morning dress of gray cashmere, made in the peignoir form, has been trimmed with bands of red quilted silk. With this dress will be worn a cap of worked muslin, trimmed with small rosettes of ribbon, a collar and undersleeves of nansouk, and black velvet slippers trimmed with red.

Bonnets are much more in the Marie Stuart shape, that is, a good deal flattened on the top, and wide at the upper part of the sides. This style requires a full face trimming, and is very becoming to persons with a long, thin face.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. i.—Dress of French Silk.—The skirt is trimmed with four ruffles. The body is round at the waist, low in the neck, and cut in a point both before and at the back. There is a berthe with a ruffle. A plaited body of fine Swiss mull is worn under the silk body. Short silk sleeves, with full muslin under-sleeves. Straw flat, with a wreath of wild flowers.

Fig. ii.—Dress of White Muslin.—The skirt is finished at the bottom with a ruffle, above which is a row of jaconet insertion. This ruffle, as well as the sash, and the ruffles on the body and sleeves, are all scalloped with red embroidery cotton in button-hole stitch. The effect is very beautiful. The body has three narrow ruffles in front, and broad braces over the shoulders.

General Remarks.—The full frock skirt, with a white body and a kind of Zouave jacket of the same material as the skirt, is still the most popular dress for small boys. In warm weather the jacket can be dispensed with, and the white body may even be made low in the neck, with short sleeves if preferred.

The newest mode of braiding on a white material is to use a very narrow braid, and to fasten this down with a row of stitches on the center of the line in colored embroidery cotton, either of scarlet or blue, which, being ingrained, will bear the washing. The effect is lively and pretty, and the style well calculated for children's dresses.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Drawn by G. W. Willis

Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers

JUNE ROSES.

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine

UNIV. OF

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

JUNE ROSES.

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine.

OF MICH.

Digitized by Google

Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers

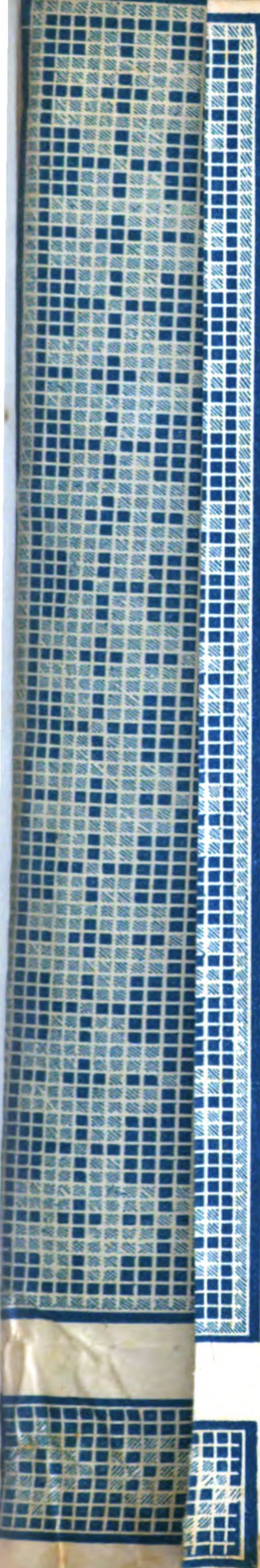
LES MODES PARISIENNES

JUNE

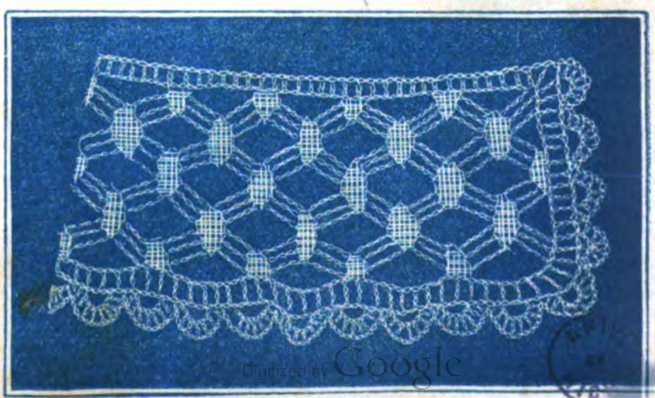
1861

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



PATTERN FOR TOP OF GLOVE-BOX, TO BE DARNED IN ON SQUARE NETTING.



Digitized by Google

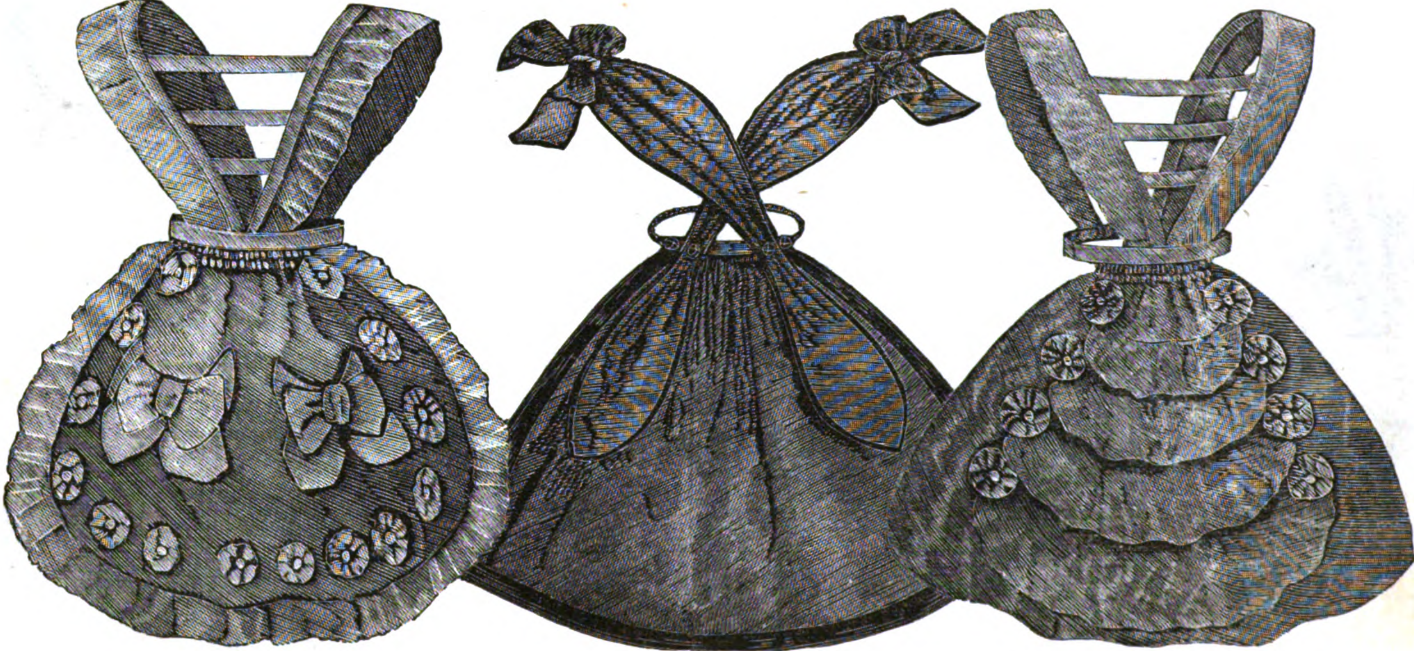
COLLAR IN CROCHET.

Digitized by Google

THE PETS: FROM A PICTURE BY W. LEE.

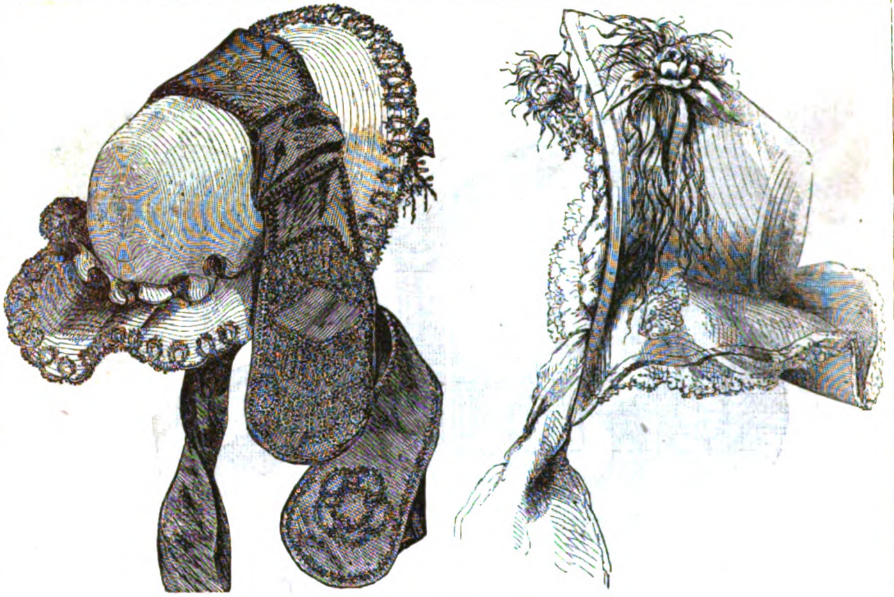
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



NEW STYLES FOR APRONS.

Digitized by Google



SUMMER BONNETS.

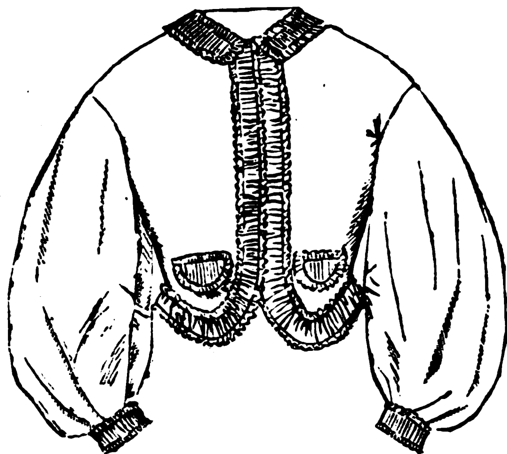
SILK MANTILLA.

Digitized by Google

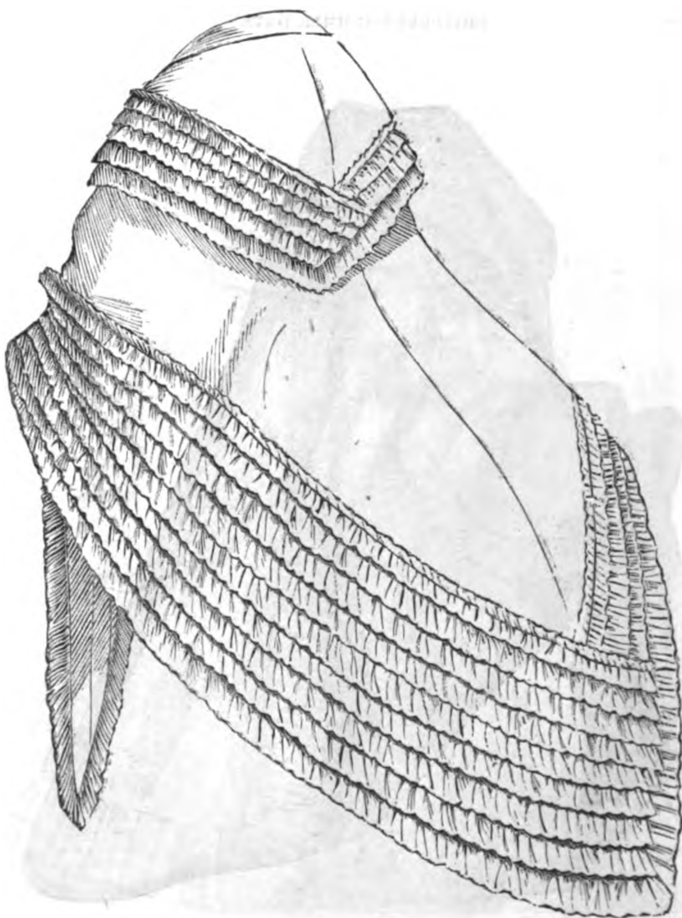
CHILDREN'S SUMMER HATS.

SHAWL MANTILLA.

Digitized by Google

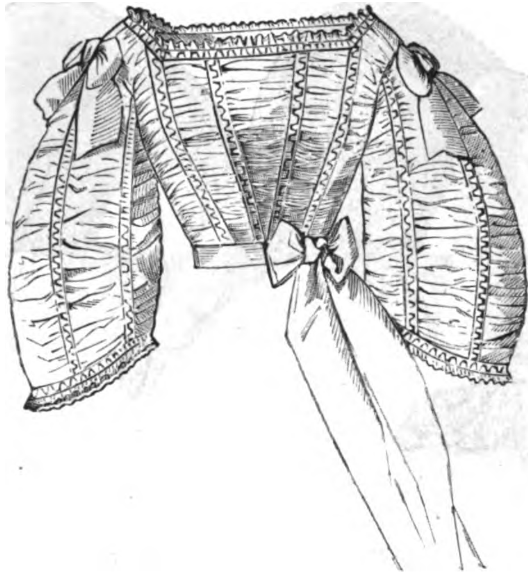


UNDER BODY FOR ZOUAVE JACKET.



SUMMER SHAWL.

Digitized by Google

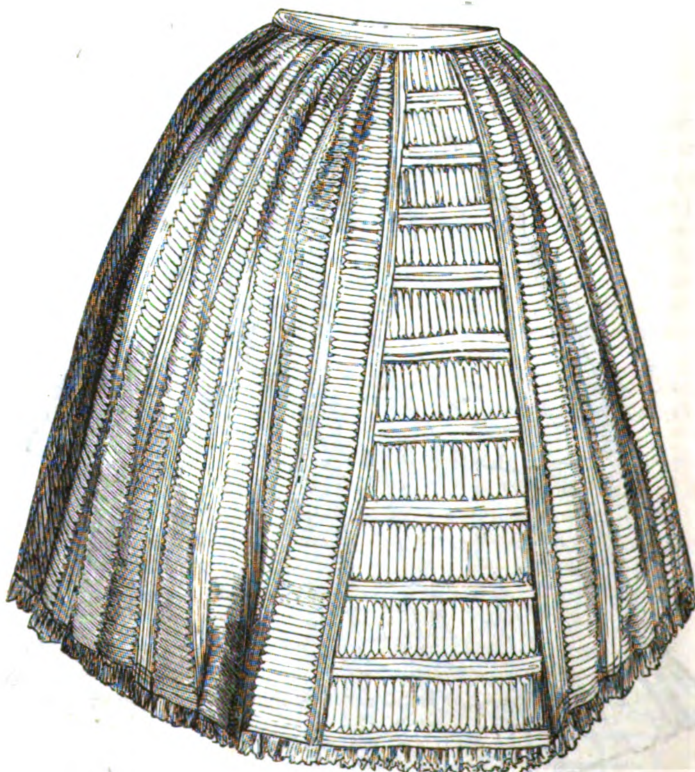


RUSSIAN BODY.

MUSLIN MANTLE.

Digitized by Google

THE ITALIAN: BACK AND FRONT.



NEW STYLE SKIRT.

Digitized by Google

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIX. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1861. No. 6.

MARRYING AN HEIRESS.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"CONGRATULATE me," said Harry Vernon to his friend, Albert Courtney. "You can guess for what."

"You are engaged to Miss Townsend."

"Yes!"

"I do, with all my heart. But——"

"But what?"

"I am sorry she is an heiress."

"Sorry she is an heiress! Well, now, that is odd."

"Not so odd as you think. But, perhaps, I have already said too much?"

"No. Go on, old fellow. We were chums at college, have been fast friends ever since, and it would be queer if I couldn't take a little advice from you, even if it was unpleasant."

"It is not exactly advice. But have you ever thought, Harry, what the marrying an heiress really means?"

"To be sure I have. It means being the envy of all the other young fellows; having a splendid wedding; with 'lots of tin' in prospect, some day."

"That's just it. It's the 'lots of tin in prospect' some day, that does all the mischief."

"How so?"

"I will tell you. Take two girls, one brought up as an heiress, and one with little or no expectations. Of course, I suppose that both are equally well-bred and sensible. The latter has been accustomed to help herself; to assist in household duties; and to weigh well the value of every cent she spends. Such a girl, when married, is a help to a husband, instead of being a tax on him. She has no absurd ideas of position to keep up. If she has taste, she will look as well in a chintz as others do in silks. She will get up an entertainment, and you will be astonished how little it costs. Her servants will stay with her for years, because she is just to them, and not too exacting. Everything in her house will be neat and orderly, for she will overlook everything herself. With such a wife, a man can live on two-thirds of what he would otherwise have to spend; and from these savings alone he will grow comparatively well off in time."

"I know who sat for that picture, old fellow. But Anne certainly *is* a treasure. Now fire away at me and Mary."

"It is not of Miss Townsend, individually, I shall speak, it is of the class——"

"Well, go ahead; no need of apologies."

"A girl, brought up with the notion that she is to be rich, must be almost more than mortal not to imbibe notions of her own importance. She has plenty of servants about her. She never learns the value of money. What are luxuries to others become, through long use, only necessaries to her. How is it possible she should escape being selfish? The worst of it is, she is not conscious of this selfishness, and when married, if not petted excessively, thinks herself neglected."

"You don't flatter."

"Look at the money question also. She is one of several children, and though her father is rich, his fortune, when divided among them all, will not be sufficient of itself to keep her and her husband in the style in which she has been accustomed to live——"

"But her husband will have some income, and her fortune, when it comes, will help that out."

"There is nothing like figures. Let me put a case. Suppose the father is worth a hundred thousand dollars, and has five children, which makes the portion of each twenty thousand dollars."

"Very well."

"Now when a girl, with twenty thousand in expectancy, marries, she spends, generally, a

Digitized by Google

thousand a year more than if she had no fortune in prospect. If twenty years elapse, before her portion falls to her, the whole of it has been spent before it arrives, and twenty years is not, in the average, an excessive time to have to wait. But, in fact, if the loss on interest is taken into account, the twenty thousand will have been expended long before."

"But you don't mean to say that we will spend a thousand a year more than you and Anne?"

"I don't mean to make *any* personal application of my remarks, Harry. That I leave for yourself."

"If I wasn't the best natured fellow in the world, I should get angry. But I know it's all nonsense, what you've been saying. You only wish to croak a little: you always would croak, you know."

The two friends were married about the same time. Both moved into the same block, paid the same amount of rent, and seemed to start life almost exactly alike. It was not long, however, before Courtney's predictions began to be realized. Mrs. Vernon soon found that she could not do without an extra servant. Then she rarely went into the kitchen, never having been taught anything about cooking. This made her table cost more than Mrs. Courtney's. She had a false notion, only too common, that drudgery was not lady-like, and hence neglected a proper supervision of her house. Her unmarried sisters were very gay, and were constantly giving parties, and she could not but give them, and others, parties in return. At the end of the year, when Vernon cast up his accounts, he found that his expenses had greatly exceeded his expectations. He thought, ruefully, of what Courtney had told him, and resolved to do better next year. But the next year passed, and things were even worse. Increased expenses had come, which were unavoidable. He was a young lawyer, and young lawyers are proverbially slow in getting practice; and he began to look forward to the future with uneasiness, for, as yet, he had not profited a cent from his wife being an heiress, nor was it probable he would for many years, for Mr. Townsend was still a hearty man, not yet fifty.

Time passed. In ten years, Courtney had laid by quite a little capital, which, by judicious investments, now began to increase rapidly. If he had wished, he could have spent twice as much as he did, and still have lived within his income. He and Vernon continued to occupy the houses, into which they had moved on being married. But while that of the Courtneys now belonged to them, the Vernons still had to pay rent for theirs, and often found this no easy matter. The one house was always tidy and fresh; the other had a look of faded gentility. In the one was comfort and competence: in the other a constant striving to keep up appearances.

Courtney is still handsome, and so is his wife. But both Vernon and Mary have a jaded look, which plainly betrays the struggle they have with fortune. Of all poverty, that of people like the Vernons, is the worst. What did Harry make by MARRYING AN HEIRESS?

UNSATISFIED.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Last eve, while walking on the moor,
I paused before a cottage door,
And watched a troop of barefoot girls,
With sunburnt hands and tangled curls,
Playing at "hide" amid the brake
That greens the shore of Lily Lake.

I called the eldest one away,
And led her from the scene of play,
And said I to her, "Happy one,
Tell me how cheerfulness is won?
Is 't found in gold, or glittering gems?
Does 't hide in princes' diadems?"

She looked at me with wondering eyes,
Filled to the brim with soft surprise—
Tossed the red clover with her foot—
No dainty thing in satin boot,
But bare and brown as leaves that sail
On the rude wings of Autumn's gale.

"Well, maiden," said I, "I have wealth,
Friends, baubles, home, and lusty health,
But, like a serpent in my breast,
Lurks the fell spirit of unrest!
I dwell at ease in stately halls,
And you within a hovel's walls!

"And you are happy—I am not!
Pray, why this difference in our lot?"
She lifted up her graceful head,
And in her shy, sweet voice she said,
"I question not what God has sent;
Though small His gifts, I am content."

I left her there, and strayed away
Down 'mid the stacks of new-mown hay;
The birds sang in the locust trees,
And music lulled me in the breeze;
The brook with notes of worship ran,
All things praised God but restless man.

Digitized by Google

KATYDID.

A SEQUEL TO "PENNACOOK."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

December 12, 1860.

"GUESS who's come!" said Mrs. Kennedy this morning, as, with her back turned toward us, she used both hands to shut the door by which she had just entered the room, where Kate, her friend Miss Dempster, and I were sitting.

"I don't know, I'm sure!" Kate replied. "Who has?"

"The Prince of Wales!"

"The Prince of Wales?"

"Yes; an' e's ben up ter our 'ouse; 'e was up last evenin'; an' 'e's han'some! 'E looks like you, Kate; 's got them dimples round 'is mouth, an' looks pleasunt. 'E's got han'some legs; walks han'some with 'em; 'is teeth 're like snow, an' he's so perlite in 'is way o' doin' things! But 'e's a larger man 'n I ever thort 'e'd be; 'e could take ye up an' carry ye all roun' the room an' ou' door, an' pro'bly will some day. Cold this mawnin'."

Kate was in a burning fever to know exactly what and whom she was talking about. This Mrs. Kennedy could not fail to perceive. So she was beginning to tease her with delays. She dragged out her snuff-box, shook it, dallied with it, dipping her fingers about in the powder, said, "Snuff's good!" told us all what she was "agoin' ter buy at Jones' afore she went home;" asked Miss Dempster "how she liked the country in the winter time; whether she ever see sich monster snow-drif's afore;" told her she "must go up ter their house an' see what a drif' they'd got at the corner o' the wood-shed." She seemed to have utterly dropped the Prince of Wales out of her concerns.

Kate, after waiting, watching, shrugging her shoulders restively, and exhibiting various other signs of being—in short, tantalized, seemed to look suddenly into Mrs. Kennedy's whim, seemed suddenly to determine on being no longer tantalized. So she walked to a front window, humming "Old Kentucky Home," and, when there, cried out, "Here comes uncle David, his head down, looking sober, and whittling a stick to a point, as I live! My elegant uncle David, fastidious in all his manners, finding fault with me because——"

She was in the middle of the room, ready for him, when he came in, his open pocket-knife in one hand, and his stick, whittled to a point, in the other. Kate made him a low bow, and, pointing with one fore-finger at his knife, with the other at his stick whittled to a point, said, "See what you've been doing, uncle David, as you came along the street of this handsome village! I've heard you more than once find fault with Yankees for doing this very thing! What makes you look so sober?"

"Oh! I met Mr. Herkimer at the post-office; we got to talking politics, and he said things to me no man has any right or reason to say to me. My head aches to-day, and I couldn't bear it."

"And so you said harsh things back again? Oh! my gentle uncle David!"

Her reproach was light; it fell like dew on his spirit's disturbance.

"Let's dance, uncle David," she added, beginning to dance, to make bows, and offer both hands to him as she danced. She dances so often to her two-years-old brother Jack, that he is used to it, and begins at once to go stumbling and bobbing his shoulders up and down when she commences. He looked up from his picture-seeing to-day, and then came to his feet and began to dance. Kate praised him, laughed at him, pointed him out to Mr. Murray, to Mrs. Kennedy, herself dancing ridiculously all the while, and offering her hands to her uncle, who did not take them, to Jack, who did take them gladly; and soon, I hardly know how, she got Mrs. Kennedy in. After that lady had awhile stood back, laughing at Kate, saying, "If she ever did see anybody big er little dance jes' like that!" blushing at Kate's invitations, at the little, white hands extended, she began to come forward to say, "Laud! she guessed she could show us some dancing 'f she tried hard for it!" She took Kate's hands and began to "rigadoon." (This is what she said she was doing: it consisted of such steps, so taken, as it is impossible to describe.)

By this time Mr. Murray was in a great glow, swinging his foot with laughter. Kate again held out her hands to him. He would not dance, but he ran after her; she ran behind

Digitized by Google

the chairs, behind Mrs. Kennedy, who spread her straight-hanging skirts at angles on both sides to hide her. Miss Dempster had as much as she could do, meanwhile, to keep little intermeddling Jack from being run over, when suddenly into the midst of the frolic came Mr. Trumbull and a stranger of bright, commanding aspect, fine-looking beyond most men, pleasant-looking as a summer morning. Kate was at that instant half-hidden behind Mrs. Kennedy; Miss Dempster was at the elbow of the latter, seeing to Jack.

"It's the Prince of Wales!" I heard Mrs. Kennedy say, the other side of her hand, to Kate.

The new-comers, standing still an instant in the open door, looked wonderingly, smilingly on the group before them. Then Mr. Trumbull said, introducing his companion, "My old friend, Mr. Cartwright, ladies, gentlemen. Mr. Cartwright, I believe this is brother David, 'Squire Murray;' it looks some like him. This is my daughter Kate—or I believe it is—and this is her friend, Miss Dempster, of Boston, visiting us. Mrs. Kennedy, your old friend and ours."

Mr. Cartwright shook hands with them all; but I do not know, I am sure, how he could know which was Kate, or which Miss Dempster. Mr. Trumbull then took him out to my sheltered corner of the sofa and introduced him to me. Both Kate and Miss Dempster had about as much as they could do, while he stayed, by bringing toy upon toy, "jack-horse," ball, elephant, and music-box, to make up to Jack for the interruption of the fun. But Mrs. Trumbull came in. She, her husband, Mr. Cartwright, Mr. Murray, and Mrs. Kennedy, sitting together around the open fire, had a sociable half-hour talking of old times, of old friends. I heard Mr. Cartwright say that he has a companion who is desirous of getting some winter angling in the lakes, and so forth; whereupon Mrs. Kennedy, with a look of arch drollery that made his color rise, asked him, "'F he 'ad any anglin' of any sort that he 'xpected to do while 'e was in these parts." They laughed, and so did he. He looked at Kate and Miss Dempster, as I had seen him do several times before, held his hand out to Jack; but Jack tumbled himself in amongst the folds of Miss Dempster's skirts, his face hidden. He rose to go, when Mr. Murray, preparing to accompany him, invited him to take a drive through the villages, and return to his house to dinner, an invitation he accepted with evident pleasure. Mr. and Mrs. Trumbull had already invited him to dine at their house to-morrow, bringing his friend; but they were going, with a party of the village gents, over to the lakes at Sandbornton and Laconia, fishing, to be absent several days. He thanked them with a deal of graciousness; and, when they returned, he and Mr. Cowperthwaite would be happy to accept such invitation, he said; and they went.

We buzzed, we chattered, we talked, two or three together, the first few minutes, admiring, naming his excellent points—all but Kate. Her eyes shone, (though she used them mostly just then seeing to Jack, who, busy with his playthings, did not in the least need being seen to.) Light seemed to flit and flash among the dimples round her beautiful mouth. She was stirred; although that she often is, but with this difference: the enthusiasm of her praises usually outvies all ours. Now there was not a word until, at last, when all seemed to have said their say, and now were looking toward her for hers, she came away from Jack, with a toss of her curls, saying, "*I* don't think much of your Prince of Wales, Mrs. Kennedy!"

"Er, Katydid! I guess you don't!"

CHAPTER II.

Thursday, 13th.

At Lyceum, last evening, I saw Kate, her mother, and Miss Dempster standing together, waiting for Mr. Trumbull to join them, when Mr. Murray came to them through the crowd, accompanied by a young gentleman—the same that Kate and I saw when we were out yesterday, and whom we conjectured to be Mr. Cartwright's fellow-traveler. Mr. Murray introduced him to the ladies; I saw that he stood modestly by Kate, his hat in his hands behind him; saw that he had an interesting face, a gentlemanly bearing, a bearing most respectful and attentive toward Kate, on whom his looks every moment rested. His forehead was wide, high, and fair like a woman's; the veins swelled, the color flitted in and out. He was very young, probably not more than twenty-two or three. He and Kate fell at once into an easy conversation, Kate keeping her bright but modest looks raised to his; and when Mr. Trumbull came, they went out together, the stranger at Kate's elbow, his hat still held in his hands behind him, as if of his exceeding great respect toward Kate, and they were still talking, and Kate's modest looks were still raised.

She is coming; she hurries, under some excitement; she runs up the path, up the steps—"Good morning," she says, in the door.

"Good morning, dear."

"Let me have your pen; let me wipe it."

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER III.

Evening.

"Did you see Mr. Cowperthwaite last night, at the Lyceum? He was there."

"Yes, I saw him."

"Isn't he pretty? Didn't you like his appearance?"

"He looks delicate as a woman."

"Just as delicate! Oh! I think he is *so* pretty!" She laughed at herself; she said the gentlemen were getting ready to start for their fishing; the big sleigh was at Major Howe's door; they were going to be gone several days. Oh! she would want to see Mr. Cowperthwaite so! Ma spoke to him last night about the invitation to their house, which the other, Mr. Cartwright, had done her the honor to say they would accept on their return; and Mr. Cowperthwaite said few things would give him greater pleasure. He was the prince, she said; the other, Mr. Cartwright, was king, perhaps. She liked the prince best. She would leave the king to me and Jule; by Jule, meaning Miss Dempster. And again she laughed. She was at a front window, looking out, talking now of this, now of something else, when Mr. Cowperthwaite passed on our side of the street. He was taking long steps, to get to Major Howe's door, probably; but he saw Kate, and touched his hat with a smile and a graceful bow. She then sat down and began quietly to look a book over, but without discerning much that was in its pages. I asked her if she saw anything of Mr. Cartwright when she came.

"Yes," she replied; and what a prolonged, melodious little monosyllable it was! What new, delicious music must have been stirring in the heart out of which it came! But she soon roused herself; she turned a deaf ear to it; tossing the book from her, she said, "I don't think much of him, though! I like the prince a great deal the best! a great deal! I'm willing you or anybody should have the other."

CHAPTER IV.

Saturday, 15th.

Mr Cowperthwaite grew tired of the sport, and came off to-day leaving the rest there. They have fifty holes in the ice, he told us, coming up with us to-day when we were walking, and a little red ensign up at every hole, which the pickerel and trout instantly lower when caught. This is their signal of distress, he said. Some one of the party goes to the spot, draws the fellow out and makes him prisoner, in barbarous disregard of his signs of capitulation! They were having a capital time, he said; or the fellows appeared to like it, anyway; they had great crackling fires on the ice; had grand, good dinners, but it was shivery work; he was tired of it and glad to come away.

Kate told him he showed his humanity in leaving a sport that was so cruel.

"Not so much that! not that at all!" he ingenuously confessed. "But I was really tired of it, as I am apt to be of a thing if it lasts more than a day. I am lazy."

Kate smiled as if she thought the inconstancy pretty, like himself. I think he felt it so, in a degree, although he had also the air of one who is making a clean breast of what one knows to be a fault.

"He may deny it as long as he will," said Kate, after we parted with him. "He may let it go that it is because he is lazy; but I like him ever so much better than I do those that have stayed to catch every poor thing they can get hold of. I know what they'll do when they come. They'll take every fish, even the littlest of them all, to Bingham's to be weighed; and then they'll boast of the number of pounds, the number of fish and the size, and they'll send them round, pairs, or even half-dozens of them, to their friends, or their supposed friends. If any one thinks our family are his friends and sends some to our door, with the compliments of Mr.—anybody, you see if I taste one single mouthful. If I did, I should feel it stop in my throat!"

She was battling her rising sentiment toward Mr. Cartwright. At least, I think so. I do not tell her so, however; it would be pitiful to see her utterly *hors de combat.* I let it go on, satisfied with knowing that Mr. Cartwright is king.

CHAPTER V.

Tuesday, 18th.

NOTE FROM KATE.

My Dear—You must come and dine with us to-day, so pa, and ma, and all say. They are coming—the Messrs. Cartwright and Cowperthwaite. The first named gentleman sent two splendid great trout and a half-dozen great pickerel to ma last evening; but I don't look at 'em.

"You are to sit at Mr. Cartwright's, at the king's right; he is to be at pa's. The prince is to be at pa's left, and I at the prince's; so you see I shall be nicely tucked away out of sight; out of the king's sight that is, of course.

The fish are to be the dish of honor, stuffed, and garlanded with celery leaves. Uncle David

Digitized by Google

and aunt Ruth are to be here. What do you think Mrs. Kennedy calls Mrs. Cowperthwaite? Cataraugus; Ned Cataugus. She was here yesterday and saw the Gœthe he had brought me to read with his name, "Ned Cowperthwaite," in it. "Oh, poh!" said she, giving the book a toss in amongst the newspapers. "Ned Cataraugus, I sh'd think!" Afterward she said, "I've seen this—this Cataraugus o' yourn, an' he's oneasy lookin' 's a fish out o' water. 'Is wife, 'f 'e gits one, 'll haf ter fry pancakes fer 'is bre'kfust, flapjacks fer 'is dinner, an' turnovers fer 'is supper, an' then he won't be contented 's likely 's not." Isn't she queer?

Be sure to come, else what shall we do?

Truly yours, KATE.

CHAPTER VI.

The 19*th*.

I SAW that Mr. Cowperthwaite and Kate, although they attended with politeness to the affairs of the table and to the conversation that was general, had a good deal of noiseless by-play at dinner. They broke a merrythought together, and Kate got the largest part, upon which the color rose and spread over the gentleman's wide, beautiful forehead. After dinner they played with Jack, until the latter, seeing Mr. Cartwright's hand extended to him, went with great modesty toward him, showing him his slate by-the-way; and it ended with his being settled cosily on Mr. Cartwright's knees, for the rest of their stay. When they went, after he and Mr. Cartwright had once shaken hands and bade good-by, he made his way out between our skirts and the gentlemen's legs to wave his little hand and say, "Day-day, day-day," which he did with the sweetest of all inflexions. Mr. Cartwright returned the salutation with a look of beaming kindness, such as might well lift Jack off his feet, as it almost did. "There—there," the little fellow said, as if deeply satisfied, and was coming away, but, upon a new impulse, he crowded back for another "day-day," and got it from Mr. Cartwright in the gate.

Kate was very lovely in her gown of fine mauve merino and black trimmings; but I have seen her appear at better advantage.

CHAPTER VII.

The 20*th*.

KATE came in to-day, threw herself with a long breath into an arm-chair, saying, "Oh, dear! I'm tired! Don't you think it's a disagreeable day? No sun, and the air like lead! Hu! it keeps me shuddering just like this!" After talking awhile of things in which she clearly felt no interest, there came a pause, which was broken by her saying, with her eyes down, "I will tell you why I haven't liked Mr. Cartwright."

"Why, dear?"

"Because! the day he dined at uncle David's, aunt Ruth asked him if he didn't think I was beautiful; and after he had hesitated as if he didn't like to say, No, aunt repeated the question, and then he said he couldn't say that he thought I was. Aunt said, 'You can't think that Miss Dempster is?' He did, he said. He thought Miss Dempster was very beautiful."

"Oh, well!" I replied, "you know how it was; you know the mistake he made in your persons."

"Yes, but I didn't know until yesterday." The music had come to her tones again; her head drooped, her features softened, love melted her, and made her the tenderest, most beautiful creature my eyes ever saw. She was silent awhile, then she said she must go. But she did not. She said, "Did you see how Jack liked Mr.—Mr. Cartwright? He hunted for him after he was gone, and at last cried because he couldn't find him. How long do you suppose they will stay?"

Mr. Cartwright had told me at dinner that they would remain several days longer, and so I informed her.

While we were talking, Mr. Murray came in and said he and others were getting up a little sleigh-ride to Webster Lake, across the lake, and home on the other side. All who pleased were to take their skates, he said. There would be thirty, or more, to go. All would stop a half-hour, or so, and have a pleasant time on the ice.

Kate sprang to her feet and brought her hands together for joy.

They were going to take Dunlap's big sleigh, he said, which would hold a dozen—"you two, your father and mother, Kate, and Miss Dempster, me and my wife, Mr. Cartwright and young Cowperthwaite, and the young folks at Capt. Lancaster's. You may have Cowperthwaite on your seat if you want him, Kate; to-morrow afternoon, two o'clock."

She hardly looked as though she wanted him; but Mr. Murray did not see the expression. He went then. Kate said she should sit on the seat with her father and mother, or with uncle David and aunt Ruth, or with Jule and me. She had "made up her mind."

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VIII.

Saturday, 22nd.

Mr. Cartwright was on the back seat with Mr. and Mrs. Murray.

"There are things on the way I want to show him," said Mr. Murray to me, as his reason for making the important self-appropriation. He was at our gate, helping me to the seat Mr. Cowperthwaite had, up to this time, occupied alone. "Kate is going to sit here with you two; her father and mother, and Miss Dempster are going to sit here," touching his palm to the empty seat before ours.

At Mr. Trumbull's gate, Cowperthwaite stepped out, and, with eyes questioning the windows, was going up toward the door, when they all appeared in the hall—Kate with her gray veil down, her closest hood on, muffled as if she were in Kamtschatka, and not a word out of her head. She bowed to Cowperthwaite, slipping by him, as he politely stood holding the gate open; bowed to the rest, all together, but looked grave and still; and, slipping somehow through Mr. Murray's hands, she took her place between her father and mother on their seat. Then she looked back, bade me "Good morning," and chatted with me, while Cowperthwaite and Miss Dempster were seating themselves beside me. She spoke graciously now to Cowperthwaite, saying something about the day's being so pleasant; he answering rather curtly, as I thought, and with a shrug, "Very!" She looked back still farther between me and Miss Dempster, to speak to her aunt and Mr. Cartwright. But she was grave; she was so all the way.

The party was a large and merry one; of double sleighs and single sleighs, there were a half-dozen beside ours. Several of these reached the lake before us, and on our arrival a busy scene presented itself. Many, already on their skates, were striking out toward the middle of the bright expanse. Close by where we drew up, a company of men were at work filling the ice-house with the ponderous blocks they had been many days engaged in sawing. Seized and held fast by iron grappling, block after block was drawn, by horse-power, up a steep sliding-way, and dropped within the building to lie with its fellows. A number of fishermen were on different parts of the lake. Their fire, near which were dinner-pails, baskets, sleigh-robes, over-coats, together with the little pile of fish they had taken, was burning sluggishly in the sunshine, the mild air. Some of the ladies, who had no desire to go upon the ice, chose to sit in the sleighs, which were drawn close to the shore so that they could see and hear what went on. Among these were Mrs. Trumbull and Mrs. Murray. And when Cowperthwaite stood by Kate, ready to help her out, and her uncle was saying, "Kate, come," she replied that she would sit awhile; she would come by-and-by, perhaps; she didn't bring her skates; she didn't feel like skating. A dozen came, begging, commanding, saying, "Do come!" or, "You shall come!" but she drove them off at last. Cowperthwaite was the last to turn away, following the rest almost immediately. Mr. Cartwright, by-the-by, had been one of the first to go. He was already at the lake's edge, standing with several of the party, looking upon the skaters, the fishermen, one here and another there, the men working at ice-storing, upon the whole scene, bright with its own natural loveliness, with the brightness of the day, with the animation of so many human beings, with the bright colors of hood, and scarf, and gown. I saw Cowperthwaite sitting by himself on an inverted boat, hurriedly fastening on his skates. Next I saw him making great strokes on the ice, circling, performing such feats as caused nearly all the rest to suspend theirs and watch him; especially when he began to skim in and out the edges of the glare coat formed, within the last few moderate days, over where the first blocks of ice had been taken. The party had been warned by the ice-gatherers not to venture there; and now came cautious remonstrances from them and others, gentlemen of the party. After having watched, a few moments, the effect of these, and finding that he disregarded them, venturing farther at each essay, Mr. Cartwright came with quick step, anxious looks, and called out, "Ned, you mustn't do that! You hear what these gentlemen say! Ned, Ned, are you crazy?"

He was in an agony of apprehension, which Cowperthwaite seemed perfectly willing to augment. He struck the middle of the dangerous spot, and there was a crackling, a crack, and down he went—without struggling, but as if willing to go—out of sight. Mr. Cartwright gave one manly groan of horror, threw his coat off in an instant, crying out to the men, "Break it all away, far as you can—drop your grappling-irons and poles at the edges—be careful, but do what you can!" and he had gone down after the rash young man. I never heard such cries, or saw such anxiety among so many, or such commotion, such hurrying to and fro. With the giant force—the giant will doing its uttermost—imparted, they beat the ice through

Digitized by Google

as if it had been glass, and cleared it as much as possible from the surface, until they came to the thick, old coat, and there they were stayed. Then they dropped their irons, their poles, their garments, until at every yard of the edge there was something for the hand to grasp—if the hand came.

Up to the time of the accident, Kate had been sitting in the sleigh. I did not see her come; but now I saw her close to the edge, beside her father. She was bending forward, still as if she were turned to stone, her eyes fixed on the water. Her mother went to her, and, laying her hand on her shoulder, said, "I'm afraid to have you stand there, Kate." Kate turned a little, looked back in her mother's face like a dumb creature, and I saw the look of horror on the fixed, pale features.

Long were the moments to us who waited and watched in such fear. At first there were many exclamations, such as, "How long it's been!" and "Oh! it's been so long, I don't believe we'll ever see either of them again!" but now it had grown still. Every face had grown pallid. I knew that those who best understood the matter, were fast losing their hope, when one man, who was at work for the ice-gatherers, Mr. Clay, a poor man, but a good old Christian, said loudly, "Thank God, brothers! here's one, if no more!" and he grappled tightly the blue frock he had stripped from his person and let down. We saw the garment pulled. The irons were brought to the spot and let down; again feet and hands were in motion, tongues were loosed. So many closed about the spot that I saw nothing more for many minutes. Then, through an opening, I saw them both on the firm ice; saw that Cowperthwaite was wholly unconscious, and that men were rubbing him; saw that Mr. Cartwright was sinking away into insensibility. He put his hand to his forehead and seemed to struggle against it; but the pallor spread, the head sank, and he was gone; and then, in an instant, Kate was by his side, working upon his forehead, his hands, drying them with her own handkerchief, her mother's, mine, Miss Dempster's. Others worked upon him also, but not one with such pale, set looks, quivering hands, and mental oblivion to all about them. At last he slowly opened his eyes, when Kate's were withdrawn, watching the returning color in his hands, feeling, of course, the returning warmth. When she saw that consciousness was returning, she retreated, went and took her seat in the sleigh; and, as her aunt has since told me, gave herself up to a short fit of crying and trembling. Cowperthwaite, whose consciousness returned sooner than Mr. Cartwright's did, behaved with a great deal of penitence and gratitude, caught Mr. Cartwright's hand and kissed it, with his tears running. Mr. Cartwright called him a good fellow, with his tears rising, but with smiling, gratified looks. Old Mr. Clay, as his long, stalwart arms helped Cowperthwaite to his feet, said to him, "God was pooty good to ye, this time, young man; but no better, I s'pose, than He is all the time, on'y we don't allers see it ser plain. You're ser fond o' fishin', you two, ye ought ter know what that Christian gentleman, Izaak Walton, says 'bout being thankful ter God fer 'is perventin' grace."

Mr. Cartwright instantly repeated—"'And therefore let us praise Him for His preventing grace, and say, Every misery that I miss is a new mercy.'"

"That's it! them's the words!" said Mr. Clay, his swarthy face kindling as if light down from heaven had broken over it.

Apropos, Mr. Cushing, who has visited Mr. Cartwright, says that his beautiful house is full of books, and I see he knows all the authors that are worth knowing.

Haste was now made to get them into the sleigh and wrap them in a half-dozen robes. Other sleighs were stripped (against the protest of the two gentlemen) until no more could be pressed into service by the strongest hands; and as they brought them and wrapped them about their bodies, legs, feet, Mr. Cowperthwaite said more than once, "I'm ashamed of myself; I don't deserve your kindness, gentlemen, but Cartwright does."

Mr. Cartwright, good-naturedly, soothed him with, "Yes, you do deserve it! you're a good fellow, as these gentlemen can see!" Upon which the young man again tried to seize his hand to thank him, but desisted upon Mr. Cartwright's saying, "No, my boy! I know how you feel. I see it all, my good fellow!"

"One thing I know," said Cowperthwaite, his voice husky; "you shall see what I'd do for you if there's ever a chance!" Rather disconsolately adding, "But I don't suppose there ever will be."

Mr. Cartwright said, laughingly, he hoped not a chance like that they had just escaped, at any rate. Cowperthwaite also laughed a little; but he was weak, repentant, affectionate as a woman, and soon renewed his self-reproaches.

This was after we had started and were on our way home, accompanied by nearly all the

Digitized by Google

rest. A few only remained to finish out the contemplated drive, as Mr. Cartwright begged them all to do.

Kate looked back once toward Mr. Cartwright, and I suppose her eyes met his; for hers kindled, and in an instant fell and were withdrawn.

Miss Dempster drove back with the Howes, while I took Mr. Cartwright's former seat with Mr. and Mrs. Murray, to make room for the wrappings of the two gentlemen.

CHAPTER IX.

Evening.

KATE is "as vexed as she can be!" So she says, and she appears so. The trouble is, Miss Dempster informed her last evening, that, in riding home in Major Howe's sleigh, one seat in which was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Hadleigh, she overheard the lady saying, *sub voce*, to her husband, "Did you notice Kate Trumbull?"

"When?" he inquired.

"When Mr. Cartwright plunged into the water, and all along after that. Did you notice 'er?"

"No."

"I wish you had. I did, and I found out a thing or two I've been expecting would happen some time." Having waited a few minutes for him to make inquiries if he would, she added, "They're engaged, of course. Pretty quick work, I should think!"

He made no reply, but looked to see a train go by a little way off, and she said no more; "Although, of course," Kate says, "her mind was busy enough!" Kate cried with vexation. She says she thinks it too bad that a man like Mr. Hadleigh, whom everybody respects so much, should be married to a little-minded, curious, mischief-making thing like her.

Mrs. Kennedy has invited us up there, for Monday evening; has included the Hadleighs, Mr. and Mrs. Murray, Messrs. Cartwright and Cowperthwaite. Kate says she "will go, to show Mrs. Hadleigh that she isn't 'engaged,' stupid, little-minded thing! she hates her!"

"*I* guess you don't, Katydid!" I replied, in tones resembling Mrs. Kennedy's. Upon this she laughed and began to wonder what Mrs. Kennedy would get for supper; to say that whatever it was, and however managed, it would all be well enough because it was Mrs. Kennedy, who never cared for anybody, and always made more fun of herself than anybody else could make of her, possibly.

CHAPTER X.

The 25th.

MRS. KENNEDY fastened upon Cowperthwaite when he and his friend came, to inquire of him about his accident. After they had chatted awhile, she said to him, "Guess what I've called ye all along, Mr.—Mr.—ye see how 'tis, I've called ye sonth'n' else ser much, I don't know what yer true name is."

"I see. What have you called me?"

"Cataraugus! Ned Cataraugus!"

How he and all the rest laughed! "But I ain't goin' ter call ye so any more."

"Why?"

"'Cause I like ye now, an' I ha'n't afore."

Again he laughed and said, "I am glad you like me, I assure you I am, Mrs. Kennedy; but please call me Ned Cataraugus all the same. I shall call myself so after this."

"I—guess—you—will!"

"I shall, I assure you."

We all laughed, the gentlemen uproariously, at Mrs. Kennedy's fun at the supper-table. Her husband sat, still almost as a mouse, his gentle looks ever and anon turned to her, as if, long and intimately as he had known her, she were still a marvel to him, as no doubt she is.

Kate, tucked between her father and uncle at table, laughed as hilariously as any; but the rest of the evening she was still and timid like a fawn. She kept as much as possible out of Mr. Cartwright's way; but this did not prevent his hovering near, or the grave solicitude with which his eyes followed her and rested on her lovely, half-averted face. "I'm so ashamed," she said, cuddling up to me once in the course of the evening, "thinking what Mrs. Hadleigh said. She watches everything I do, this evening." Kate told Mrs. Kennedy about it. "Laud!" that lady said, "ye must expect sich things ter be said—by sich women. "It's all she can think of to say, I s'pose. But, Katydid—Katydid—ye mus' treat *him* well, fer all the Miss Hadleighs in the world. Ye know this, Katydid."

Kate told her she should not treat him at all.

"Ye can't help that. Ye've got ter treat 'im some way, an' pooty soon too; ye can't help knowin' this, Katydid." Kate seemed frightened, and cuddled back still farther between Mrs. Kennedy and me.

When the time came to go, Kate could not find her hood, nor I my overshoes. Mrs. Kennedy helped all the rest about finding their things and putting them on; but when Kate or I appealed to her, she looked comical, twisted her features and said, "Yes, I hear, girls. Wait

Digitized by Google

till I've fixed the others off, (you ha'n't got any babies ter home,) an' then I'll see ter you."

She had got rid of all but us and Mr. Trumbull, who was at the door with his horse, talking with Mr. Kennedy, waiting our appearance, when she came to us, winding her hands, one over the other, and saying, "Now, Katydid, now, girls, I'll tend ter you." Then, brightening as if with sudden recollection, she said, "I'll tell ye where yer hood is, Kate. It's in the front room. I car'd it in fer Jenny Lancaster ter see 'bout the stitches round the front. She's goin' ter knit me one. You'll find it in there layin' ahind the clock. We'll be findin' the overshoes."

She went to open the parlor door for Kate; and, having shut it behind her, returned to the bed-room where she had left me, walking as if upon pipe-stems, making queer grimaces and half-whispering, "Guess what I've ben an' done now! I've shot 'em up tergether in the front room!"

"Whom?"

"He an' she! Mr. Cartwright an' Kate. He's awaitin', ye see, while the young man slips down ter the village with the Lancaster girls. Then they're going. Kate didn't know but he'd gone; I s'pose you didn't. All the light there is in there is a candle, an' that wants snuffin', so the room was dark arter all this kerosene, and she didn't see 'im, ('e was on the black sofy,) and went straight ter the clock, an' then I shot the door. I'm half-scaret; but I don't care! Miss Hadleigh's out o' the way, everybody else 's out o' the way; an' it's time fer the two that was made fer one 'nother 'f ever two were, to be doin' sonth'n' else besides a-skirmishin' roun' 's they have ben ever sence he's ben here. I'm glad I done it! I'm happy! Here's yer overshoes; I put 'em in the clothes-press, safe, ye see! While ye're puttin' 'em on, I'll jes' step ter the door an' tell Mr. Trumbull 't ye'll soon be along."

"Very well, Mrs. Kennedy; but tell 'em to be spry. Whoa, Ben," I heard him reply. I suppose Kate heard the same; and that this was what brought her at once into the parlor door, where she now appeared, looking as if she had been awhile in Paradise—as I have no doubt she had. Adam was beside her, holding her hand. I saw him relinquish it after having pressed it a moment between both his.

"Don't come out," I heard her say; but he was her king, and came, guarding her down the steps, out the short path, putting her into the sleigh, turning each adjustment of her dress, of the sleigh-robes, into a caress.

Mr. Trumbull meanwhile tucked me in, gave his adieus to host and hostess, and to Mr. Cartwright said, as he was gathering the reins, "Come round and see us."

"Yes, to-morrow."

"Had a good time, Kate? got paid fer comin'?" Mrs. Kennedy was saying.

"Yes," with the up and down love-full inflexion, which must have been manna to Mr. Cartwright—if he needed it after the sweets of Paradise.

She hasn't been near me to-day. I fancy she fears that the every day things of the world will rub off a portion of her joy. But she will come to-night. Others will come because it is Christmas Eve. Our rooms are bright and warm; and the crimson berries in the cross are like blood in the light of the blazing wood fire.

CHAPTER XI.

Morning, the 26th.

All I could get out of her was, that he had loved her from the first; that he called her Katydid, *his* Katydid; and that she was happier than she could tell, if she were to try all the rest of her days.

LINES.

BY MRS. SARAH S. SOCWELL.

I'm sitting alone and lonely to-night,
  And deep in my heart is a gnawing pain,
As I watch the fading of day's last light,
  And list to the dull, monotonous rain.
For memory softly lifts the veil
  Which hath fallen dimly over the past,
And my heart sends forth a bitter wail,
  While the burning tears fall thick and fast.

Away, far off is a joyous scene,
  Gladdened by forms I know full well;
But a trackless desert lies between,
  And a river whose flow is a solemn knell.
I call, but no answer comes again—
  I stretch my hands, but the mirage flies—
I hear but the dull, monotonous rain,
  And nothing but darkness meets my eyes.

Digitized by Google

MY FOUR LOVES.

TRANSLATED FOR PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

My first love! Where shall I find words to express the depth of that passion? How describe the delicious agitation of my senses when I heard his voice, and the happiness which pervaded every fibre of my being as his glance met mine? What wealth of tenderness did I not employ to beguile him into his own sweet smile? Nevertheless, I must acknowledge, he was ugly. But it was my first love. He was the first who had caused my heart to palpitate at his pleasure, he was my *beau ideal* of all that was joyous, for had he not opened to me a new existence? Henceforward my happiness centered in him. All my heart was his; no sacrifice would have been felt such if he required it. Every word of my love vibrated through me like a tender melody. His glances, whether smiling or tender, were reflected in my soul with truest sympathy, and when his lips multiplied kisses on my mouth, when his caressing arm circled my neck, when his hand played with my curls, my happiness had reached the divine, for I imagined that this was bliss fit for angels. In his presence all the other emotions grew feeble. What cared I then for ties imposed by laws or custom? The charms of society, the triumphs of vanity had lost for me all their power. How many times when with him have I divested myself of my ornaments, preferring his simplest word of affection to all the intoxication of the world's flattery. In my *abandon* I would throw the garland which had bound my tresses under his feet. For his sake I would have dared all—for him I could have wearied heaven with petitions. How then could a rival affection enter my soul?

Must I avow it, though? A year of this intoxicating bliss had scarcely passed, when another sentiment gained entrance into my breast. I could not suppress, do what I might, the interest inspired by this new claimant for my sympathy—for through my souvenirs of the past he had no place in my regard, it was his beautifully frank and candid expression which carried the citadel of my soul His were great dark eyes, wherein I sought and found a depth of tenderness never before revealed to my sense; and when his head reclined upon my bosom, and his lips murmured my name, it seemed the first accord in a new love harmony—and I inwardly exclaimed, "Happy woman to be loved again!" with delight I welcomed my doubled bliss, and I loved them both. And now I scarcely knew how to continue, for, some time after this, I found that circumstances had thrown in my way another aspirant for my heart. Shall I tell you what beautiful blue eyes he had—how gracious all his actions? Yes, since I have decided to confess the whole truth and to hold back nothing, I must avow that this passion was not only one of the most piquant episodes of my life, but that it glided through my experience like the ephemeral stars which traverse the heavens without disturbing their grand harmony; thus my young love secured his place in my soul. For him was I prodigal of my sweetest caresses—I loved to watch the developments of his first feelings—to appropriate his earliest sentiments, and feel they were all mine. Persuaded that the heart of a woman resembled a flower whose perfume is love, and that the addition of another object on whom to lavish this treasure of sweetness but causes happy expansion similar to that of a plant under bright influences, I did not resist this new sentiment. I loved all three!

Ah! If I could shade in mystery what remains of my confession. If I could seal in the bottom of my heart this last weakness of nature, I would stop at this mystical number of my first loves. But, alas! destiny is inexplicable. In spite of myself I was destined to adore still another, one who, to my partial eyes, was worthy to have come direct from heaven. Beautiful as the cherubim who sustain the Virgin's veil, his small mouth was wreathed with such smiles as Satan might have worn on his first visit to our mother Eve, if indeed the devil scorns not such means to accomplish his purposes. His eyes wore the expression of voluptuous innocence. I felt whilst gazing into them that there I could hope all, pardon all. Amiable, gentle, submitting to my caprices, he lavished on me the softest endearments, whilst regarding me with the most touching tenderness. I could not be with him and not love him; have I not proved how impossible it was to do otherwise? I could but succumb to my destiny!

Digitized by Google

But four! marvelous prodigality of a woman's heart! Is it not so? To love four at once! To make all happy with the same affection. Showering on each equal favors, and receiving from each the same smile, the same caresses—and all this without, for one moment, causing the least disturbance in the sweet relations of our love! It is one of the incomprehensible mysteries that nature reveals alone to the heart of woman! Nevertheless, if you wish to solve this mystery, to know how I love them all, and how they love me, raise the curtain which covers my tableaux, and you will see

"A MOTHER WITH HER FOUR SONS."

LINES.

BY C. M.

Make ready the dwelling for me—
Make ready the chamber of stone—
What matters though narrow it be,
And gloomy, and stifling, and lone?
'Tis only this vile, wretched clay
That tempts me forever to sin—
'Tis only this body of flesh
That they shall lay off me within.
But I shall go hence to my home
Where evil can taint me no more,
Companion of angels and just—
Temptation and sorrow all o'er.
Oh! I long, I long to be free
From fetters that load me with sin;
Make ready the dwelling for me
That now I may lay them within.
I cheerfully yield up my life,
My errors and faults to atone;
Make ready the dwelling for me—
Make ready the chamber of stone.

Oh, coward soul! is this thy prayer?
Rather to God lift up thy eyes
For strength to combat evil here,
Than urge thy life a sacrifice.

No readiness to die so pleaseth Him,
As readiness to live to do His will;
He measureth unto thee appointed days—
Thy round of duties thou hast yet to fill.

Shrink not the task! thou canst the victory win.
Thy fetters strong?—they will be stronger yet!
God did but fashion this pulsating clay,
In which the jewel of the mind to set.

That has dominion over flesh and sin.
If the sore struggle be but once begun,
God gives his angels charge concerning thee,
Until the final victory be won.

Then let thy life a daily offering be—
Its incense sweet unto thy God shall rise;
The contrite spirit and the humble heart,
He loveth better than the sacrifice.

"AT HOME."

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

At home to-night to memory;
To thy pale phantoms, one and all;
The sad, the sinful, let them come
And wave their white robes in my hall.

Each unwept sin that's stained my soul;
Each sorrow that has turned me gray;
Each hope that never saw the light;
I'll have a goodly company.

Their clay-cold feet upon the floor;
Their icy fingers on my heart;
Their eyeless sockets filled by fear;
I will not at one horror start.

Here stands the ghost of some bright hour;
My steps had almost took the way,
The straight, direct, that leads to Heaven,
But in a broader went astray.

And here a first and hapless love,
That wrung my very life-blood out;
And here the grief that sent to me
Hell's powerfulest of servants, Doubt,

And slighted counsels, unscourged faults,
Good thoughts that never grew to deeds;
Oh! memory, 'tis a mournful train,
Thy wan hand to my presence leads.

I'll set no royal bread and wine
To entertain these pleasant guests;
The tears and ashes of my soul
Befit such high occasions best,

At home to-night to memory,
I will not dodge one hostess duty,
But grasp each cold and fleshless palm,
And jocund feast these things of beauty.

Ha! 'tis a glorious, festive scene,
My brain turns wild, my eyes are glazing
Help! lo! the morn's glad feet are nigh,
And on their flitting forms I'm gazing.

Digitized by Google

MR. LINKLEPAN'S SERVANTS.

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

It is a drawing-room in a fashionable quarter of the city, and in it are seated Mr. Linklepan and his two weeks' bride; an open door giving view of the breakfast-room beyond, with its dainty *tete-a-tete* equipage of china and silver. Mr. Linklepan, notwithstanding the most partial believer in his juvenility could not deny that he belonged to the class of elderly gentlemen, yet presents a genial, fresh appearance; an expression peculiarly free-hearted and unsuspicious being a characteristic of his face. One glance at his bride will convince the most stoical that Mr. Linklepan is not to blame for his desertion of the single brotherhood, even her lady-friends admitting that she is a perfect "little darling."

Mr. Linklepan, before his marriage, had lived a jovial, careless life, being looked upon by those who shared his acquaintance as the prince of good fellows. He, therefore, knew little of housekeeping, and had ambled along in easy fashion, trusting to fate and his cook to provide him with a good dinner—his expectations being sometimes realized, more frequently disappointed. When this "good, easy man" found that Miss Polly Burton was inevitably to become his wife, he knew the programme must be changed. So he bought a fashionable house in a fashionable neighborhood, gave the furnishing thereof to a fashionable upholsterer, who chancing for a marvel to possess good taste, the result was eminently satisfactory. But, alas! here Mr. Linklepan was stranded. He must provide himself with servants. So, betaking himself to an Intelligence Office, which held out unheard-of inducements in its advertisement, our worthy gentleman picked out the stoutest specimen he could find for a cook, being the victim of a vague impression that a fat woman must necessarily possess a thorough knowledge of the *cuisine;* selected for a chambermaid the most comely young woman that presented herself; and hired a pluffy, red-faced personage as coachman, on the ground that the latter looked as if he "knew horses."

Mrs. Linklepan, upon arriving in her new home, thought it perfect, until assured by her friend, Mrs. Jatterby, who prided herself upon belonging to what she styled the *creme de la creme,* that she lacked one thing. And now the bride sat revolving the subject in her mind, while her husband affected the perusal of the morning paper, but in fact giving, as was proper, the larger share of glances to his bride. The lady in question sat playing with the tassels of her dress awhile; then said,

"Linky, dear, I am delighted with everything. There is but one want to be supplied."

"Name it, my life," chivalrously answered the husband.

"Mrs. Jatterby says we must have a footman; that nobody can pretend to belong to the *ton* unless they do."

"Very well, my dear; I'll advertise this very day."

"Thank you, the dearest Linky that ever was!" returned Mrs. Linklepan, with a gratified air. "But you must specify that none but an Englishman need apply; for the Irish are so awkward! And there's another thing Mrs. Jatterby mentioned: he must certainly——" here the speaker blushed and hesitated.

"Have a stylish livery, I suppose you mean to say."

"Of course; but beside that he must possess——"

"Unexceptionable references, certainly!"

"Nonsense! I never believed you could be so stupid. I really think you are doing it on purpose."

"Why, my love?" with an appearance of unaffected bewilderment on the part of the gentleman thus accused.

"Well then—since you won't understand—he must have unexceptionable calves! Mrs. Jatterby says so."

As Mrs. Linklepan pronounced the obnoxious word, she looked prettily confused, and Mr. Linklepan, leaning back in his chair, embarked in a genial ha, ha, ha! which lasted for some time.

The first individual that presented himself in answer to Mr. Linklepan's advertisement, chanced to combine, in perfection, the traditional attributes of a "flunkey." He was tall, stout, and possessed a thorough cockney accent. In reply to Mr. Linklepan's interrogations he answered, that "H'ingland" was "h'originally" his "'ome," where he had "h'occerpied" the

Digitized by Google

position of a confidential servant to the "Markis of Devonshire."

"I should also like to have you take charge of my cellar, which I keep stocked with wines of all kinds," remarked Mr. Linklepan, with considerable pride; for to be looked upon as a connoisseur in this part of a gentleman's education (?) was one of his few hobbies.

"Certingly, sir. H'I h'am h'accustomed not h'only to the duties of a footman, but those h'of a butler h'also."

"Very well. But Thomas—you say that's your name—you are perfectly sober, I suppose?"

"Bless your 'eart, sir!" with a laugh of scorn at any other view of the subject; "I never drinks nothin' but beer, sir; and that draw'd very mild."

"What wages have you received?"

"Well, sir; when I was h'at the Markis of Devonshire's I got ten poun' a month, with perksits."

"Ah!" returned Mr. Linklepan, in a dismayed tone; "I should never think of giving over fifteen dollars."

At this, Thomas, with a scornful air, was about to depart, when Mary, the one Mr. Linklepan had selected in behalf of her good looks, entered. She was the very ideal of a housemaid: rosy, neat, plump, and cheerful. Mrs. Linklepan, who, with her own eyes, had watched the above presented applicant enter, had internally remarked, that, as far as she could judge under the circumstances, she was sure his calves would please even the fastidious Jatterby, had sent Mary to impart this information to Mr. Linklepan in a whisper. Now Thomas, albeit he was of a mercenary disposition, and had made up his mind that Mr. Linklepan was a gentleman that might be imposed upon to almost any extent, could appreciate beauty as well as his betters, and, upon Mary's appearance, immediately made up his mind to enter Mr. Linklepan's service.

"Well, sir," said the former, "h'upon reflection h'I've concluded to take h'up your h'offer, though h'I must h'allow h'it's far beneath my h'expectations."

And that very day Thomas entered upon his new duties. For some weeks everything went on smoothly. Mr. Linklepan came home to well-cooked dinners, and Mrs. Linklepan was convinced that their household economy was faultless; her friend, Mrs. Jatterby, having deigned to signify her approbation of Thomas, nothing was wanting to complete her satisfaction. At this stage, Mrs. Linklepan suggested to her husband that it was but right and hospitable that they should give a family dinner, whereat the relatives on both sides should be present. To this plan Mr. Linklepan heartily agreed, and, upon the day selected for its celebration, remarked,

"I think I'll inquire of Thomas into the state of my cellar. So when I go down town, if there's anything needed, I can order it. For you know, Polly, if there ever was a man that enjoyed a bottle of good wine, it's your father."

At this moment Thomas presenting himself, the speaker inquired, "How many bottles are there left of that old sherry, Thomas?"

"H'I'll go h'and see, sir," answered this valuable domestic.

The latter presently returned with the intelligence that there was just "'alf a dozen, sir."

"Bless me, Thomas, you must be dreaming! I counted two dozen the last time I was down," ejaculated the gentleman, in dismay.

"That may be, sir. But h'if you knows h'ennything of wines, you knows there's nothin' so likely to bust h'as h'old sherry, sir. H'I've knowed a dozen of bottles a day to bust in the Markis of Devonshire's cellars, and nothin' thought about it."

Notwithstanding this illustrious case in point, Mr. Linklepan looked considerably ruffled; but with an attempt at playfulness remarked,

"I believe, Thomas, you mentioned that you were perfectly sober?"

"H'in course, sir," with an offended air. "H'as I told you before, h'I never drinks nothin' but beer, and that draw'd very mild."

"I dare say it's all right, dear," interposed Mrs. Linklepan.

"Very well! But, Thomas, you must be more careful in future."

"Can't promise, sir!" returned the latter, with imperturbable composure; "the natur h'of wine is to bust bottles. H'if they busts they busts, h'and that's the h'end on 'em."

We trust the reader has no dislike to scenes in low life, as we wish him to descend from the parlor to the cellar for a few moments, that he may be an eye witness of the curious circumstances under which wine refuses to remain bottled any longer.

Thomas, who fills the double office of footman and butler, is seen descending the cellar stairs, holding a lighted candle in one hand; while with the other he assists Mary, whom he has induced to keep him company, ever and anon bestowing upon the digits of the latter an affectionate squeeze. Having reached *terra firma*, Thomas

Digitized by Google

says with a monarch-of-all-I-survey kind of air,

"Now, Mary, you just take this h'ere seat and make yourself comfatble. 'Ere's a bit h'ot cracker h'and cheese, vich h'I takes h'it allers grees well with a glass o' wine."

"But la, Tom, where's the wine to come from?" innocently inquires Mary.

"Now don't be a silly," elegantly retorts the latter. "Don't you see h'it h'all h'around h'us?"

"Is it the masther's wine ye'd be taking?" inquires his companion.

Thomas scornfully, "H'in course h'it h'is."

"But he'll find it out, shure."

"Not h'at h'all, my dear," returns Thomas, with a grin, "the bottles bust."

So saying, this last scans the prospect and soliloquizes, "Drank Madeira last week, tired o' that. Sherry's a perticler fave'rit h'of mine, but must leave some o' that for the h'old gent. H'I'll take Port. Say, Mary, do you h'approve my choice?"

But Mary's Irish honesty revolts from "making free," as she calls it, with the masther's wine. Thomas, being troubled with no such scruples, scientifically draws the cork and applies the bottle to his lips. Having disposed of its entire contents, he smacks his lips with infinite relish and remarks,

"Mary, you don't know what you misses."

"It's enjoyin' yesself ye seems to be!" exclaimed Mary, astonished at the cool audacity of her associate.

"There's but one mouth in the world I likes better," returns her bibulous companion, tapping the mouth of the empty bottle; and then gazing expressively at Mary's lips. At which demonstration, Mary disappeared up the stairs with a little shriek of pleased alarm.

Plethoric cook from above, "Timmas, Timmas, it's a faintish feelin' I hev in me stomach. Bring up a bottle of Port, and one of Madeiry, 'till I thry which shuits me the best."

"H'all right, cook! I'll be along in a jiffy," replies the accommodating Thomas.

And this is the way the bottles burst in more cellars than one.

About this time Mrs. Linklepan began to have her troubles. The pluffy coachman, selected by her husband, was subject to fits of abstraction, during which he was apt to confound names, numbers, etc., in a most singular manner; being also impressed with the belief that the object of his life was to drive, he possessed a strong disinclination to stopping upon any account whatever; this, together with a propensity for depositing Mrs. Linklepan at the wrong place, and in the most out-of-the-way localities, made him an appendage excessively inconvenient; but as the man showed himself honest and sober, these weaknesses were more readily tolerated. This was not the worst, however: for the little lady spent whole mornings in wondering how that fearful stain came upon her new silk dress; also why it was that her best bonnets became soiled in the lining so speedily; and in guessing why the stones of her jewelry were so frequently missing from their settings. Another cause of astonishment to the unsuspicious mind of Mrs. Linklepan, was the rapid disappearance of her pomades.

"One would think I laid upon the article, instead of occasionally using it upon my hair," she said to her husband, in recounting the above grievances; and then the little woman, who was one of the best creatures in the world, concluded with a sigh of resignation, that all these perplexities would be made plain to her "in another state of existence." What a blessing it would be if all the doubtful questions which be-muddle mankind, could be disposed of in as satisfactory a manner!

Presently summer was at hand. "We must leave town, of course," said Mrs. Linklepan, to her husband.

"Yes, my dear," responded the gentleman, dutifully. "But where shall we go?"

"Wherever the *ton* go. Mrs. Jatterby says the White Mountains are the thing, because it's the fashion to study nature this year."

So the *ton*, together with Mr. and Mrs. Linklepan, went to the White Mountains and studied nature! Possibly in the looking-glass. At all events, young New York said it was a great deal "bettah than Sawatogah." Because of the grandeur and beauty on every side! Not at all, only the air was cooler, and they could "daunce" with so much greater comfort. But I am wandering. Let me set you down in Mr. Linklepan's mansion, about six weeks after the master and mistress had left it. The latter had confided their house to the tender mercies of their domestics, who improved the opportunity to their hearts' content. "There were sounds of revelry by night," and all kinds of enjoyments pursued in the day time. The flesh of the fat cook increased to such an extent, that it was with difficulty she waddled through the performance of her ordinary avocations. Thomas' nose, as the result of constant bibulation, assumed an intense rubicund red; the coachman, being left to himself, grew more abstracted than ever, and emerged from his meditations upon those occasions only when he found

Digitized by Google

it necessary to declare it as his opinion, that "them horses were a-eatin' their head off," which remark must be presumed to contain some truth not appreciable by ordinary intellects. Mary, who still retained some of her native honesty, occasionally expostulated against such a free and easy use of the goods which had been left in their charge, but was speedily hushed by the two ringleaders, viz: the plethoric cook and Thomas the bibulous.

"Timmas," said the cook, one day, "the ould gintleman and his wife will be for comin' back afore long! bad luck to 'em! And we'll ax the ladies and gintlemen from next door, (she meant the domestics,) and hev a grand tay-party for a finishin' up like!"

This proposal was heartily seconded by Thomas, who made arrangements accordingly.

But the day of retribution was at hand. Mr. and Mrs. Linklepan, becoming weary of the study of nature, resolved to return home, for a short time at least: and the very evening that had been selected for the "tay-party" found them in town. Our couple ascending the steps of their home, found the street door ajar, and, as they entered, Mr. Linklepan remarked,

"It appears to me our servants are rather uproarious for a respectable house." So saying, he opened the drawing-room door, from whence the sounds of revelry proceeded. The scene that met the gaze of our worthy gentleman and his wife transfixed them at once. Thomas and the cook, not considering the apartment ordinarily used handsome enough for the occasion, had turned the drawing-room for the nonce into a refectory. And the massive chandelier shed light from its six burners upon a repast that would not have disgraced the most sumptuous occasion. The board was heaped with "delicates," which the redoubtable Thomas had ordered from the dealer from whom Mr. Linklepan was wont to purchase supplies, and which, of course, had been credited to the latter. White grapes, and red, great yellow bergamots, candied fruits, together with viands of more solid nature, were tastefully arranged upon the table; while in Mrs. Linklepan's superb decanters sparkled wine of Mr. Linklepan's best.

Grouped about this display were Mr. Linklepan's servants, together with the "ladies and gintlemen" from next door, and one or two other guests invited to do honor to the occasion. Mrs. Linklepan, as she gazed, gained on the spot the knowledge in reference to her wardrobe, for which she had imagined herself destined to wait until "another state of existence." For, notwithstanding the season of the year, the cook had ambitiously arrayed herself in this worthy lady's choicest brocade, which, of course, refusing to meet about the capacious person of the borrower, this last had covered the deficiency with the same lady's cashmere shawl; while upon her head, bedaubed with pomade, flourished Mrs. Linklepan's bird-of-paradise head-dress! Mary, after much persuasion, had also suffered herself to be inducted into one of her mistress' dresses, which, to confess the truth, became her exceedingly.

Thomas was in his glory. He had disposed of the contents of one decanter, and was about to replenish it from a row of bottles upon a table near at hand; while the pluffy coachman sat propped up against the wall, holding upon his knees a plate brimming over with edibles, and a goblet of wine in his hand, over which he looked in an abstracted manner, occasionally spilling the same without any perceptible reason, and advancing inaudible opinions, to which no one paid the slightest attention.

Mary, looking up, saw her master and mistress in the door-way, and directed attention to them by a loud scream, when as pretty a tableau ensued as one would wish to see. The guests made their exits as quickly as possible; and Mr. Linklepan, recovering from his amazement, sternly demanded the why and wherefore of the vision that had greeted him. Thomas, nowise disconcerted, waved his hand and bowing profoundly, replied,

"Verry 'appy to see you, sir. We were h'only consoling h'ourselves on your h'absence by a little society."

"Woman!" gasped Mrs. Linklepan, addressing her audacious representative of the *cuisine*, "by what authority do you wear my articles of apparel?"

"You see, mum," replied the one thus addressed, or dressed, whichever you please, turning of an enraged red, and pointing to Mary, "I put them on to plaze her, mum, intirely."

Poor Mary, thus accused, could reply only by sobs. In the meantime Mr. Linklepan was employed in denouncing Thomas, who received his reproaches with the dignified reply,

"Ef h'I don't suit you, sir, you can pay me my wages h'and let me go."

"Pay you your wages, you rascal!" returned his master. "Out of my sight immediately."

"Very well," rejoined Thomas, with composure, "you may h'expect a summings h'on the mornin', sir;" and then, for the first time, becoming facetious, "he laid his finger aside of his nose," *a la* St. Nicholas, and with a diabolical grin remarked,

Digitized by Google

"You will perceive, sir, h'I never drinks nothin' but beer, h'and that draw'd very mild."

Mary, in her distress, followed her quondam suitor into the hall, and sobbed out,

"Shure your not laving me, Thomas, and I in sich trouble?"

"Can't be 'elped, my dear," returned this worthy, whose admiration, like that of many of his betters, was good-for-nothing in rough weather. "H'accidents will 'appen. H'I can h'only h'advise you to keep cool." And with this piece of consolation he vanished.

Mrs. Linklepan, justly indignant, discharged Mary, who was the most innocent of the party, on the spot; also the cook, in spite of her protestations, that much against her "wushes" she had been "injuced" to join the others.

The coachman, who from his corner had gazed upon the scene unmoved, giving vent to one ejaculation only, to wit:

"Oh! my eye! Did inybody iver behold the likes of this?" was retained from a sense that, by no possible contingency, could he have assisted the rest to accomplish their breach of trust.

When Mrs. Linklepan related her misfortunes to the Jatterby, the only sympathy she received was embodied in the ensuing sentence.

"Just what you might have expected, *chere.* The *ton* always employ housekeepers."

So Mrs. Linklepan obtained the appendage in question, and is more cheated than ever, but so dexterously that a lengthy experience only will render her conscious of the fact.

Mr. Linklepan superintends his wines in person, and hurls anathemas at every opportunity upon the race of "flunkeys" at large.

THE SUMMERS.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

Oh! the Summers! the golden-gleaming Summers!
The divine, shining Summers of years ago!
How this music brings back the Summers—
The Summers full of sunsets, that faded long ago!

How this music, this rich, impassioned music
Thrills even the dead dust of years that were—
Bringing up the Summers, the glorious, perished Summers,
Each warm and shining from its silent sepulchre.

Blue, dewy mornings, resonant with robins—
Still, intense glories of burning August noons—
Vast, whispering forests—sunny clover-meadows—
Amber-shining sunsets of long-forgotten Junes—

Harvest-moons looking on lakes full of lilies—
Midnights—with soft sounds of whispering rain—
Oh! the Summers! the golden-gleaming Summers!
Never such Summers will bloom for us again.

Why? Has the sky's blue really faded?
Are the rich forests less green than of old?
Has the sweet bobolink's carol grown plaintive?
Have the years tarnished the sunset's red gold?

No! Nature yearly reneweth her beauty,
Each time resplendent as ever before,
But our own youth, that made all things look glorious,
Sweet youth is gone, and returneth no more!

There seems a want now in the regal Summer—
Some incompleteness that brings a nameless pain;
But on the hills where Summer is eternal,
We shall walk hand in hand with our lost youth again.

ROBE HER FOR THE BRIDAL.

BY HESTER C. LAUREATE.

Twine the orange flowers, and braid
Pearls among her hair!
Twine the flowers ere they fade,
Braid the pearls with care;
For my darling and my pride
Goes from me this day a bride.

Ready are the robes so costly,
Rich are they, and rare,
Let the satin falling softly
Make her seem more fair.
She has won the Lord de Vere—
Hasten! he will soon be here.

Once she said she ne'er would wed
Edward, Lord de Vere.
Oh! but the words were idly said,
For the bridal day is here;
And her early dream is remembered not;
It is well for me that she forgot.

For in the breast of the Lord de Vere
Dwells a secret of days long past;
He will wed my child, I have nought to fear,
My secret is safe at last!
Hasten to robe her in spotless white,
Then hurry her quickly from my sight.

For did you not see the marble-like hue
Of her face, as she passed us by?
And the pleading look in her eyes of blue;
Did you hear the weary sigh?
Hasten the bridal! I will not fear—
She will sigh no more when Lady de Vere.

Digitized by Google

GRANDMOTHER LEDYARD.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

"SATAN shall be loosed out of his prison," read old Prudence Ledyard, in the nasal tone she considered best adapted to serious subjects; "loosed out of his prison," she repeated, looking up from the great Bible which was open at a chapter in Revelations, and gazing sternly at her grandson, who vainly tried to smother a yawn. "This is the time, and he's got possession of you, Martin, I know he has!" she continued, in a sharp, irate voice, which formed a ludicrous contrast to the dolorous solemnity of the tone in which she had read the unpleasant information above set down.

"I don't care," said Martin.

"Oh, you bad boy!" exclaimed his grandmother.

Prudence Ledyard had been a stern, hard woman all her life, ruling those about her with a rod of iron; and many times impelled to severity from a mistaken sense of duty. Her husband, a weak, sickly body, who prized quiet more than anything, had been glad to yield his will for the sake of peace; gladder still, probably, to creep into his grave and lie there undisturbed.

She had one son, who, after years of patient endurance, married without her consent a girl whom she saw fit to detest. Of course Prudence never forgave that. The wife died while Martin was very young, and the husband followed soon.

He sent for his mother when he was on his death-bed and besought her to take care of his boy. Even in that moment, Prudence was true to the belief and principle which had regulated her whole life.

"I forgive you," she said; "but I never can forget your disobedience and wrong doing. I will take your child. When he is old enough to judge between duty and disobedience, he must make his choice or leave my house. My property is in my own hands; it is doubtful if I ever give him any. You will leave enough to pay for his support and his education until he is grown up; after that, he must provide for himself."

She took the child home with her, and not many weeks after her son died and was buried; so that, with the exception of the boy, Prudence Ledyard was alone in the world. But that did not seem in the least to soften her heart.

The boy throve and grew apace, learned to laugh when his grandmother flashed her dark glances at him, and in that child Prudence Ledyard had at last found a spirit which she could neither quell nor make afraid.

When he could scarcely lisp, he would dispute her commands; and the first time she attempted to punish him, he went into a spasm of rage really frightful in one of his years, and so belabored and threatened with his boyish tongue, that she retreated from him with the conviction that he was literally "possessed," according to her interpretation of the quaint Scripture phraseology.

She never gave up the belief. She had not loved the child before, he resembled his mother too much; but after that she put him as far away as possible from the cold winter of her heart. Perhaps it was a harder struggle than any previous one of the sort had been; but Prudence did not relinquish her design.

But Martin was a tough-shelled, obstinate little nut. At the bottom he had feeling enough, but he learned early to hide it; and he met few who called forth the concealed richness of affection and tenderness beneath his cold exterior.

He had always known that his grandmother did not love him, felt it long before he could reason upon the matter, for children can do that.

But in all the gloom of Prudence Ledyard's dwelling the boy grew and flourished; shouted and laughed at his play under the apple trees; while Prudence sat in her room busy with her knitting, and frowned as the bursts of merriment rang through her chamber, which was so little accustomed to such tones, that the echoes repeated them in a sort of cold surprise.

She was well to do in the world, but she kept only one servant, nevertheless, changing frequently because no human hand-maiden could ever have satisfied her ideas—and assisting herself, agreeable to the instincts of her New England blood, in all sorts of household labor. Martin had to take care of the garden and feed the pig; the former was a rather pleasant task than otherwise; but Martin's soul revolted as far as the pig was concerned, although he never refused to obey where work was concerned.

He became a fair student in time, a tall, manly boy, who would have been pleasant to

Digitized by Google

look upon in the eyes of any relative less grim and obstinate than was Mrs. Ledyard.

Still, for good or for worse, the odd pair clung together until Martin's school days were over, and it became time for him to think what business he should choose. As a matter of course, that discussion excited a war. Prudence inclined to one thing, Martin to another; she pulled him ferociously in one direction, and he struggled as obstinately in an opposite course.

As usual, Prudence Ledyard was discomfited. Martin had his will, and that led him to accept a place in a large mercantile establishment owned by an old friend of his father. Prudence was so deeply incensed, so outraged at the idea of being beaten, that she fully made up her mind to turn the young man out of doors; but still she did not do it, although everybody who knew her expected nothing less than a total rupture between them.

Martin succeeded well in his new position. He was clear-headed, industrious, and faithful, and those qualities gained him the respect and esteem of his employer. At the end of eighteen months, he held a very responsible place, and received a good salary.

If Martin had only cared for her property she would have rejoiced; that weakness would have given her a hold upon him: but he did not; she might have bestowed it all upon the first stranger she met, and he would only have laughed. She had overtaught her lesson, and so thoroughly convinced him that he need expect nothing from her, that he would hardly have accepted money had she offered it.

He came of age at last, no very important event in his life, although he gained possession of the few hundreds left from his inheritance. Prudence hated mightily to give it up; and, worse than all, he never would tell her where he had placed it.

That summer, a school for little mites not far beyond their A, B, C's, was opened near Mrs. Ledyard's dwelling, by one of the prettiest girls the town had ever boasted, the only daughter of a poor widow lady who hoped thus to eke out their slender income.

Prudence Ledyard conceived a mortal detestation and horror of Norah Mason before she had ever exchanged three words with her. In the first place, the widowed mother was an invalid, and Prudence hated people who could not work—she always ascribed it to indolence, and nothing could change her opinion. Besides, worse than all, the girl was a beauty, and, as a crowning sin, she wore her hair in curls.

It fretted Prudence Ledyard's soul to see the young girl go by her house surrounded by her little troop of scholars, looking so gay and happy. Prudence said she always expected to see a thunderbolt strike her in the midst of her vanity and sin.

She railed so much and so loudly against the offender that Martin's interest was aroused. He made it convenient to obtain a sight of Norah, and, as nine young men out of ten would have done, fell desperately in love. He easily obtained an introduction, and, before long, he was quite intimate at the little cottage.

Norah had few friends, and it would not have been in female nature to have been otherwise than pleased with the attentions of a young man as agreeable and kind as he was.

Naturally, not many weeks elapsed before some of Prudence's familiars came to her with the news that her grandson had been fascinated by that bold and designing girl. Mrs. Ledyard was nearer fainting than often happened with her iron frame, so gaunt and lean that there did not seem to be one particle of flesh to spare.

It was almost the hour for Martin's return. She had no time to reflect, or she would certainly have been wise enough to have remembered that opposition only made him more determined, and that any attempt at coercion would be fraught with the most fatal effects.

By way of working off her extra excitement, she busied herself about the tea-table, and, from the terrible clatter among the dishes, she must have relieved her feelings somewhat. Prudence's meals were wont to be plain, but upon that occasion. she appeared especially determined to mortify her grandson's appetite. Then too, he was late; waiting added fuel to the flame, and, by the time he entered the house, Prudence's passion was at white heat.

"I am sorry I am so late," he said, pleasantly; "but I could not get away before."

Prudence sat in her stiff-backed chair.

"I have had my tea," she said; "help yourself to such as you can find."

Martin complied good-naturedly enough, although he was very hungry and tired, and had hoped the old lady would expect that, and provide him with something unusually palatable. He found biscuits like stones, cold tea, and the fire out.

"Really," said Martin, "this is not a very tempting meal, grandmother."

"Go to Norah Mason," ejaculated she; "perhaps she'll give you something better."

Prudence thought to confound him by that

Digitized by Google

outburst and her knowledge of his actions, but Martin absolutely laughed.

"So I will," said he; "she makes capital muffins. Good-by, grandmother."

"Stop!" shouted Prudence; but he had his hat on his head, and left the house without paying the slightest attention to her imperious command.

Martin did not come until quite late. The first sight that met him was his grandmother, seated by the fire, in a costume more picturesque than common.

She was arrayed for bed; most people undress by way of preparation: Prudence did no such thing. She wore a brown quilt, a red flannel wrapper, and over that a short night-gown with tight sleeves. On her head she sported a cap with a border at least a quarter of a yard in width, lying limp and flat on her forehead, under which her spectacles peeped out, and gave her, as she sat in her great chair, very much the appearance of an enormous white owl ensconced in a hollow tree.

The moment Martin set eyes upon her, he knew that she was in battle array, and prepared himself at once for the encounter.

"A pretty time to come in," said Prudence. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself to keep an old woman up this way?"

"It is only eleven, grandmother, and you have never been in the habit of sitting up for me."

"I don't choose to go to bed and leave my doors open that I may be robbed or murdered!"

"I am sorry," said Martin, mildly.

That irritated her beyond endurance, and she uncorked her wrath and poured it down upon him. Martin stood quite unmoved until she began to denounce Norah in terms more emphatic than lady-like; then he assumed the defensive, although not so far forgetting himself as to employ either unkind or insolent language.

"What do you know about her?" he asked.

"Enough, and too much," said Prudence; "a bold-faced little hussy, and I'll tell her so."

She narrated every scandalous story that had originated from envy of the girl's loveliness—she railed and ranted until Martin grew pale with suppressed anger.

"Have you done?" he demanded.

She was quite out of breath and could not answer; but her night-cap border shook defiance still.

"Let me tell you one thing," he continued; "Norah Mason has promised to marry me, it ill becomes you to be the first to assail your grandson's future wife."

"You shall not!" exclaimed Prudence; "I will not permit it."

"I am not accustomed to being defeated," he replied; "this violence is useless! For shame, grandmother, to accuse a poor girl of whom you know nothing."

"She's an outrageous flirt," said Prudence; "she always has a lot of young men about her—she walks with them at all hours. If you marry her you never touch a penny of mine," she cried, at last.

"I never expected it, and don't wish it," he replied.

"But I did," she said, hoping to influence him in that way; "I meant to give you everything!"

"Thank you, grandmother; keep it for some one who would be more grateful."

"You shall leave my house," she cried, excited to the last degree by her failure.

"As soon as you please; I have only lived with you because it did not seem right to leave you alone."

"If you marry her you shall go——"

"I shall marry her, and I will go," he interrupted, changing the auxiliary to suit his view of the case.

Prudence softened a little. She did not wish him to leave her house; she hoped to change his resolution, and she had a wife already chosen for him.

For that night it ended in a drawn battle. Prudence retired to meditate her plans at leisure, and Martin went up to his room, forgetting all annoyance in the heavenly words Norah had whispered that evening.

Martin remained in the house, and for several weeks there was a suspension of open hostilities, although Prudence was working hard to gain her ends.

She and her tabbies set upon the girl; they watched her, they repeated her words, they magnified her slightest act into an atrocity, they roused a terrible excitement against the poor creature, but still Martin remained constant.

He received anonymous letters which were burned unread. Nothing was of any avail; but Prudence would not be foiled.

At last, a story came to her ears, manufactured by one of her own set, which she readily believed, and, with that for a motive, she determined to break up Norah's school. A thing of that sort is not difficult to do. Just when the girl began to hope for better days the blow came; her scholars deserted her; her friends stood aloof.

Digitized by Google

Into the bargain, Prudence Ledyard forced herself into the house, and overwhelmed both mother and daughter with an account of their enormities, leaving them horrified and heart-broken.

Home went Prudence, satisfied that she had at last succeeded; Martin was not able to marry then, the girl would be forced to leave the place. But wise as she was, Prudence was out in her reckoning that time!

Martin had told the whole story to his employer. His services had been rewarded by a partial partnership, and he found himself in a position to satisfy the great wish of his heart.

When he went home that night he had heard everything, and Prudence, sitting in state to enjoy her triumph, was amazed to see her conduct put before her in its true light. He told her of his intentions, his new prosperity, and then prepared to depart.

"Good-by, grandmother," he said; "if the time ever comes that you repent this wickedness, we may be friends again; if you ever need help, be sure I shall be first to grant it; but otherwise I will never enter your house. You have driven from you the last member of your family; the rest died while you were at enmity with them! You are alone now, you are growing an old woman; think of these things."

He went away, and Prudence Ledyard was left alone in the dwelling which her hard nature had made so desolate. She did not repent; firmly as ever did she believe herself in the right, and that those who opposed her were sinners beyond the hope of pardon.

Before autumn came, Martin married Norah Mason. The slanders died a natural death and were forgotten. The young couple found themselves established in a pleasant house in the best part of the town, and Martin's new position brought about him a circle of valuable friends. They were very happy; but both of them would gladly have done something that might have brightened the life of the stern, old woman.

Norah would willingly have gone to Prudence, and used her best endeavors to find a place in her favor, but that Martin refused to permit; not that he cherished any animosity against his grandmother, but because he was certain that Norah would be received with insult, and that such a step would only harden Prudence still more against them.

Life went on smiling and bright to the young pair. Mrs. Mason resided with them, and, with a removal from poverty and trouble, her health rapidly improved.

They had been married two years. One little blossom lay in Norah's arms, and the presence of that child filled Martin's measure of bliss! He was successful in his business, happy in his home; truly he could well afford to spend a little pity upon the solitary woman, who, years before, had shut him out of her heart, and refused to admit even the natural ties of affection, which should have made a bond between them.

Once or twice, Prudence Ledyard had met Martin in the street during some of her rare visits into the town, but each time she turned stubbornly away, refusing to notice the greeting in his eyes, and in imagination firmly shaking the dust from her feet, lest it should be that in which he had trodden.

She heard, in spite of herself, of his prosperity and happiness; but the bitterest drop was to find that Norah had taken an enviable position in the pleasant society of the town, was courted and made much of, had Sunday schools under her charge, and was considered altogether perfection by everybody who knew her.

"Pride goeth before a fall," quoted Prudence, and not content with such denunciatory passages as she could remember, hunted the Bible over to find others, and hurled them all at Norah. Indeed she read those verses so constantly that the volume opened naturally to them.

The blow fell at last, and a terrible one it was. Prudence had a horror of beggars. She was charitable enough in her own way, gave liberally to the heathen; but any luckless vagrant that stopped at her door in search of food or clothing, was certain to be driven away with contumely and threats.

One day, an old man stopped and begged for a crust of bread and something to wear. He was sick, he said, had fever and terrible chills. Would she help him?

"Go work," said Prudence, and ordered him away. He pleaded for some time, assured her that he was in want; but she insisted upon believing that he would pawn anything she might give him for liquor, and, at last, exasperated beyond measure by his persistence, she put up her two strong hands and fairly pushed him out of the door, and heard him pass moaning into the street.

She was not well that night, her head ached, a most unusual malady with her, and somehow the pleadings of that poor wretch sounded in her ears in spite of all her efforts to forget them. She could neither read nor sleep, and it was almost dawn before she forgot her discomfort in restless dreams.

The next morning she was well again, and

Digitized by Google

went about her daily duties, satisfied with herself, and totally forgetful of the poor beggar who had been driven from her door.

For nine days more did Prudence Ledyard go on in her old, hard fashion; then she fell ill. No light malady, but a sickness which brought her to her bed, and which, when the physician gave it a name, frightened all her neighbors and friends from her house.

She had been seized with small-pox, and, at her age, there seemed little hope of recovery.

But Prudence did not die. The sickness was long and terrible, though, in her wild delirium, she could not tell who cared for and tended her.

The crisis passed. She began to mend; but there she lay, a miserable wreck, a poor, decrepid old woman—Prudence Ledyard was blind!

When Prudence cried out in her despair, a sweet voice answered her with consolation, and quieted her at last.

"Who are you?" Prudence asked.

"Your nurse; the doctor sent me."

"And haven't you been afraid?"

"There was no danger for me; I had the disease when a little child."

Days passed; but that gentle attendant did not quit her bedside, and, in her sweet teachings, Prudence Ledyard learned to view life differently. At last the old pride grew so subdued, that she asked for her grandson; and very soon he came.

Then Prudence wept; and when he had comforted her, she told him how kind that stranger had been, when old friends and neighbors stood aloof.

"That nurse is Norah, my wife," he whispered; and when Prudence's reeling senses recovered from the shock, she heard their voices in forgiveness, and felt the cool touch of Norah's tears.

When Prudence Ledyard was able to leave her sick-room, she went away to her grandson's house, and there, in her blind helplessness, she found affection and care.

Old as she was, Prudence learned many new lessons, and the hardness of her nature was so far softened that she proved a patient scholar.

THE POET

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

Earth was fading from his vision,
Death had clasped his willing hand,
As he passed the haunted portals
Of the unknown, silent land.

White-winged peace, within his chamber,
Waved her pinions o'er the gloom,
And the angels softly whispered
In the dimly-lighted room.

Then the poor who truly loved him
Laid him to his long, long rest,
With his pale hands meekly folded
O'er the lyre upon his breast.

Not alone he passed Death's River,
Lowly ones, long gone before,
All the children, too, who loved him,
Wait his coming on the shore.

'Twas for them he lived and labored,
Not the world his praise confessed;
But the poor and suff'ring blest him,
And he loved their praises best.

So the angels came to crown him,
While their blessings fell like rain;
And at last the poet-pilgrim
Knew he had not lived in vain.

DREAMING AND DOING.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

'Tis well, perhaps, in childhood's days
To dream o'er life, and idly plan
The noble acts and deeds to be
Accomplished by the future man:
But as years pass, a doer be
Within this "wide, wide world" of strife;
Aye, mortal, make activity
The crowning Ajax of your life.

Work for the right, where'er you be,
And not for Mammon's gilded pelf;
Work in the ranks of faith and hope,
For God, your neighbors, and yourself!

Bury your dreams in Lethe's stream,
And act in mercy, truth, and love;
This will secure Elysium's crown,
Victorious, in Heaven above!

Then up! shake off all wakeful dreams!
Join in the good work always near;
Dwell not upon Herculean tasks,
But every humble act revere:
The brooks and rivers form the sea;
And oaks were acorns once, we know—
The sands of life, with master skill,
To an eternal mount may grow!

Digitized by Google

WHO CAUGHT THE PARSON?

BY MRS. S. D. WYMAN.

"How long has the Parson's wife been dead?" said my aunt Elsie.

Why did the red blood flash so quickly into my face? Because the question was one which I was solving that instant in my own mind!

"Three years this spring," I replied, and then followed a most annoying silence, broken only by a very emphatic "Hem," from aunt Elsie.

A singular personage was this maiden aunt of mine, a woman of many ideas, but few words; we were accustomed to say that she could express more by a gesture, a look, or a single syllable, than any ordinary mortal in a dozen sentences. Her silence now was very aggravating indeed.

I re-read my letter. It was from a former school-mate and dearly loved friend, who was then residing with her brother, about fifty miles distant, and contained an invitation to visit her; thus it ran:

"I am very lonely. The house has never been more gloomy since brother's wife died. My health is poor this spring, and our dear little Willie is pallid and thin: his moaning breaks our hearts. Innocence and suffering!—why must it be? And my brother resembles his former self little more than ghosts are said to do. We need lively society exceedingly, to 'chirk us up,' as aunt Elsie would say. Do come and make us a long visit. Next week, brother goes to the 'Association,' and you must be here during his absence. We have a fine horse and carriage, a saddle too: so bring your 'habit,' and we will have some gay doings at this grim and glum old parsonage yet.

"Saving my dolorous presence and the total want of 'beaux,' I think I may promise all the accessories of a pleasant visit. But I forewarn you, don't indulge in the faintest anticipation of finding even a transient admirer here; the race is extinct in these parts, the last forlorn specimen died a year ago, a bachelor of seventy. Come as soon as you can, and without fail: the mere anticipation is reviving. And bring your cousin Kate with you.

"People begin to think," she continued, "that it is quite time their 'Parson' took to himself another spouse. Thirty females, enjoying 'single celibacy,' (aunt Elsie again,) have joined the church during the past year. The sewing society flourishes like a 'green bay tree,' and the female prayer-meeting was never so well attended. A great many hints have been thrown out, by certain 'mothers in our Israel,' to the effect that the influence of a pastor's wife is much needed in the church to 'take the lead,' as they say. Brother receives so many 'tokens of affection' in the shape of books, slippers, bouquets, and such trifles, that I fairly shake in my shoes at the sight of a female visage near the premises. My future sister-in-law is a great terror to me. There is a certain 'insinivative vidder' in the church whose 'eternal interests' and temporal too, perhaps, render frequent private interviews desirable with the shepherd of her soul, as she calls brother. She gives me the horrors every time she comes. Yesterday brother gave me a private sermon, greatly to my edification and comfort, on the text, 'Fret not thyself, etc.,' assuring me that he had no thoughts of marrying again: it was a great relief to me."

And with a renewed invitation to visit her the letter closed.

I replaced it in its envelope and took up my sewing, but still aunt Elsie preserved her silence and continued her knitting; but the spiteful snapping of her rapid needles seemed to say what I knew was in her mind, "Who will catch the Parson?—catch, catch, catch the Parson?"

I knew, from previous experience, that when her thin lips did open, after so ominous a silence, it would be to emit some exceedingly unsavory remark; and thinking that the better part of valor would justify a retreat, I threw down my work, saying that I would go over and deliver the invitation to cousin Kate.

I saw Kate on the piazza, when I entered the gate. As she ran down the garden walk, between the rows of fragrant shrubbery, to meet me, in her snowy morning dress, with its crimson girdle, and her brown floating curls, which were never disarranged or quite in order either, I thought, as I had done many times before, how exquisitely sweet and graceful she was! Her figure was airy and symmetrical, and when you looked in her face you thought of all sweet,

Digitized by Google

pure things, of the lily among flowers, and the "rose in snow." And there was an exhilarating atmosphere of healthful vitality about her: her very presence was like a keen, fresh breeze, as it comes through the pines down the mountain sides, and tosses the long branches of the old maple trees, and bends the tall poplars that skirt the roadside by our grandfather's door in the old Green Mountain State.

Very lovely indeed was cousin Kate, but neither highly intellectual, nor educated. It was much to be regretted, I thought, that she had no taste for literary or scientific pursuits. She would never make a congenial companion for a man of intellect and education; she could never appreciate or sympathize with exalted aims and noble efforts. I had taken some pains to elevate her tastes, but at last relinquished my object, concluding to let her womanhood ripen after its own sweet will, and a very sweet ripening it promised to be indeed.

I read her that portion of my letter which contained the invitation from our mutual friend; but for some motive, not quite clear to my mind even now, I withheld what she said of the future "Parsoness."

Kate hesitated a little. "I should dearly love to visit Helen," she said, "if it was not for that awful Parson: he frightens away my breath with his doleful visage. But I can play with the baby while you discuss theology with him; and besides, we needn't stay after his return from the Association. Yes, I will go." So the matter was arranged, and the day after the Parson left home, we arrived at his house.

Our warm-hearted friend gave us a cordial welcome, but the hand we clasped, and the cheek we kissed, were thin and wan, and there were deep lines of care and pain where the brow should have been smooth. And the baby, as every one called him, although he was three years old, was a puny, weak child, a victim, as I at once surmised, to overanxiety and nursing.

The first week of our visit we spent very agreeably. Kate took immediate possession of Willie; and the poor little boy, who was shy of all other strangers, "gathered up" to her, as his old nurse said, in a surprising manner.

Helen and I spent the time in delightful rides and rambles, or in reading and literary pursuits generally. We read German. We botanized. We geologized. In short, we pursued each of the sciences, for an exceedingly short distance, of course; although a scrupulous regard for the truth in the matter prevents my recording the capture of any. It was all agreeable, very—but still I was secretly glad when the week was ended—and the time for the Parson's return had arrived. I had not seen him for five years, and remembered him as an embodiment of intellectual and manly vigor. I had listened, spell-bound and awed, to the brilliancy of his conversational powers, when youth and diffidence made me only a listener. I could not conceal from myself the fact that his was the voice which first awakened tastes and aspirations, which had opened to me a life of intellectual enjoyment undreamed of before. I longed, therefore, to acknowledge the great obligation; to listen once again to the noble sentiments which fell from his lips; and to receive from him solutions to the bewildering problems of life, which, as yet, wore the stare of the sphinx for me.

On the appointed day the pastor returned. His reception of us was grave and chilling—to say the least—"As though we had come to his wake prematurely," Kate said. He seemed utterly prostrated, both in body and mind, and for several days we saw him only at table. I could not understand it. This was not his natural temperament I knew. Formerly he was agreeable, even facetious. I could not believe him thus grave-visaged and mannered from principle or hypocrisy. It must be the result solely of depressing circumstances.

The weekly lecture I attended with pleasure, hoping to find something of the former charm of his eloquence. But the sermon was cold and dry. I was disappointed and saddened, far less by any want of cordial attention to ourselves, than by a great change which I perceived in my friend.

The next Saturday afternoon, the Parson entered our cheerful sitting-room, some time before tea was announced, seeming unusually depressed. He complained of a distressing pain in his head. I think his misery had at last made him gregarious, and glad even of our poor society. Little was said by any of us, however; there seemed to be a "hush" upon us, to borrow Helen's ingenious excuse for unsociability: it was quite a relief when tea time came. At table, the Parson exclaimed, "Oh, my sermon! Saturday night and not one word written: not even a text chosen as yet! What shall I do?"

As he left the table, he said, "I think I will take a short ride, and if either of you ladies can endure my dismal presence, I should be glad of your society: I shall be at the door in ten minutes, and shall probably be too ill-natured to wait an instant."

"You must go, Kate," I said, after he left.

"No, indeed!" she answered quickly, and

Digitized by Google

then checking herself, added, "Willie couldn't spare auntie at bed time, could he? She must sing him to sleep." The little boy answered by a pouting lip and a sweet caress, and both Kate and Helen insisted that I should accompany the Parson.

I was secretly pleased to do so: it was the golden hour that I had wished for. I had so much of my own experience to tell him, so many questions to ask, there could be no better opportunity.

But every effort that I made to introduce any subject of conversation failed, or if he seemed to be interested for a moment, his mind soon relapsed into its old apathy.

After repeated efforts, which became exquisitely painful and mortifying to me, the idea slowly dawned upon my mind, that it was not intellectual entertainment that the Parson needed. This had become a weariness and satiety to him. He needed to be amused. Anything which changed the habitual current of his thoughts, and by soothing his over excited nerves, aroused a healthy flow of animal spirits, was what was required to renew the vigor of both mind and body.

Thus I reasoned. But what could *I* do to amuse the Parson?

I felt fully able to discuss with him the doctrines of "Predestination" and "Election," or the "Foundation of Moral Obligation," or even "Infant Baptism." I had my own views on the subjects of "Human Depravity" and the "Future State," which I should have been delighted to have presented to him. I was somewhat familiar with the ancient schools of philosophy, and the fundamental principles of the Chinese, and could repeat Emerson's "Brama," if not understand it. In history, both Sacred and Profane, I was passably well read, and there were none of the "Ologies" which I could not at least talk about. I could quote poetry also, if necessary; and of all schools, from Milton down. But of what avail was all this? Wherewithal, could I amuse the Parson? For the first time in my life, I was obliged to admit to myself the unflattering truth, that a woman, whose mind was stuffed with poetry and inflated with philosophy, might not be able to afford all the companionship that an intellectual man might need; that there were mental conditions into which the highest and strongest might fall, when a warm flow of simple human affection, or a contagious vivacity of spirits, would be worth all attainable lore.

"Let us visit her grave," he said at last: and at the gate of the cemetery we met Helen and Kate.

Not one word was spoken by any of us, as we stood by the tomb. It was a high, smooth mound on which grew many white-blossomed plants, and, at its head, a simple, white slab bore the words: "OUR PASTOR'S WIFE."

The Parson leaned upon the railing, quite overcome with emotion, until we turned to go: then he laid his hand upon the turf above her head, with a movement of affection as though he were caressing her hair, and wept audibly.

After our return, Helen was attacked with a paroxyism of distressing pain, such as she was subject to, and, for an hour, Kate and I were at her bedside. When, at last, she slept, we returned to the parlor, and there sat the Parson, leaning his head upon a stand, a lamentable picture of suffering and dejection. He raised his head, saying, "You have come to a gloomy house, ladies; I regret that it is not in my power to make your visit a more agreeable one." Then he spoke of his dead wife, and of his grief for her loss. "There was a mingling of self-reproach in it," he said; "the welfare of his people lay ever nearer her heart than his own. She had sacrificed herself—he had sacrificed her to his church; and he felt that, but for this, she would have been spared years longer to him." And again he wept.

I must own that the Parson's grief did not touch my sympathies very deeply. I wished rather to reason with him: to tell him that the departed one would not wish his manhood to be destroyed in unavailing sorrow: that she would bid him emulate her own noble endeavors. I shrewdly suspected that his digestive apparatus was out of order, and desired also to recommend an alkali.

The Parson was no longer my ideal as formerly. He had violated one of my "Fundamental Principles," which is, that no human soul is worthy the sacrifice of the happiness and well-being of another. But I had somewhat less confidence in my philosophy than formerly. Having nothing else to offer, I was silent. But I looked up at Kate. She was weeping!

I could generally read Kate in her face. But I could not do it now. There was a strife in her heart, I thought, between inclination and some strong sense of duty. What could it be?

At last inclination yielded, and her sense of duty triumphed. Kate left her seat and went directly to the Parson. Without hesitation or timidity, she laid her soft, cool hand on his forehead, and said, quietly,

"You need care. Helen is sick, and I will take her place to-night."

Digitized by Google

Without waiting for a reply she brought his dressing-gown and slippers, and bade him put them on; then she found pillows for the lounge, and made him lie down upon them; and then she gave him some simple medicine, and bathed his head, mesmerizing it in the most soothing manner possible. When she spoke to him, it was in a dignified style, quite unlike herself; and he obeyed in a dazed, unresisting way, as though he had no power to do otherwise. Kate had never voluntarily spoken with the Parson during our visit: the awe in which she held him amounted almost to dislike. Hence the feelings which could have induced this change must have been exceedingly powerful.

There was no mistaking their character, however; for although every word and movement was gentle and solicitous, still it was plainly mercy and compassion for a suffering fellow-mortal, and not personal interest, that prompted them. I thought, as I watched her, of the "cup of cold water," of the "oil and wine," of the angel-troubled waters and the healed bathers; and I knew that she was one of those for whom the beatitudes were in reserve.

It may seem a small thing to some; but I believe that strong souls, inspired by the true martyr spirit, have gone shouting to the stake, with less reluctance and self-renunciation, than this timid girl went to her duty at the Parson's side.

After a little time the Parson seemed somewhat relieved, and then Kate left the room, returning soon with a dish of hot tea and a few tempting dainties, saying to her patient, "You took no supper to-night; now you must eat." He hesitated a moment. "You will feel better for it," she said. At this he resigned himself, and made a heartier meal than I had ever seen him take; after which he was permitted to return to the lounge, and Kate resumed her soothing attentions.

"Sing to me," he said, "and, perhaps, I can sleep."

"What shall I sing?"

"I would not live alway."

Kate's voice was sweet and low, and when she had finished the hymn, the Parson was sleeping. He lay very still for a few moments, and then suddenly clasped one of her hands in both his own, exclaiming, "Oh! my wife! God bless you!"

A crimson cloud swept over Kate's face, and she disengaged her hand, saying, "You have been dreaming; it is only little Kate Berry."

The Parson was very much agitated, and Kate also; but she quickly composed herself, and began singing that sweetest of all modern hymns:

> "Shall Jesus bear the cross alone
> And all the world go free?"

The Parson did not dream again. After some moments of silence he said, "Now read to me a chapter from the Bible; any one—no matter which."

Kate did not leave her seat, but repeated from memory that beautiful and appropriate chapter, beginning, "Let not your heart be troubled," etc. Truly, thought I, my simple-hearted cousin possesses the inestimable lore.

When Kate had finished, the Parson arose, saying, "I am quite relieved. My head is free from pain, and I am furnished with a text and a whole sermon also. My gratitude to the kind heart, which prompted these attentions, is greater than words can express. I shall never forget them. Good-night."

When we were left alone, Kate's self-control left her, and she wept like a child. I drew her head to my shoulder, and tried to soothe her, but it was with a painful sense of unworthiness, as though she were one "whose shoe's latchet I was not worthy to unloose." For I had caught a faint glimpse of that higher sphere of moral purity and excellence, to which no cultivation of the intellect alone can raise us.

Cousin Kate and I remained at the parsonage many weeks. Meanwhile, the acquaintance, so favorably commenced, progressed in sweet idyllic measure. By simple, unconscious wiles, Kate won him back to sweet attunement with all harmonies: to peace and health and manly aspirations.

A medical professor of my acquaintance frequently begins the first lecture of his annual course with this curt aphorism, "You will find, gentlemen, as you go through the world, that human nature prevails pretty generally!" To many weaknesses of this universal inheritance I am an heir, and I think I am relating no exceptional experience, when I say that the sight of the daily increasing love of the Parson and Kate awakened feelings, not wholly unmingled with pain and mortification. No person of either sex, conscious of attractions, sees them entirely ignored without similar emotions. But the Parson was not as formerly my ideal: so I said to myself calmly, "This ends my dream!"

One evening, as Helen and I entered the parlor, after our return from a short ramble, we found Kate and the Parson seated upon the sofa together. The latter rose, saying, "Come in, both of you, I have something to tell you."

When we were seated, he said very quietly,

Digitized by Google

"Helen, Kate has promised to be my wife. How will you receive her?"

"As a dear, welcome sister," was the reply, and Helen kissed the sweet, blushing girl.

Little more was said. As we sat in the gathering shadows, I doubt whether four hearts often beat together in silence, filled with more conflicting emotions.

The Parson's plans were very simple, and they were plainly told.

"You know, Kate," he said, "that in consenting to be a Parson's wife, you accept apostolic poverty and humble ways of life. We can spend one month at the sea-side, and then we must return to our duties here."

"But perhaps you do not know," said Kate, "that I have a small fortune of my own; I believe it is fifty thousand dollars; and you must leave your studies, for six months at least, while we travel all over Europe together, and then we will return here, if you wish."

A strange look broke over the Parson's face, one of surprise, regret, and self-depreciation, struggling together. He dropped the hand he had been holding, and said, "You are very rich, Kate. I never thought of that. It is too great a sacrifice, and you must take back your pledge to be a humble Parson's wife."

Kate put her hand to his, and said, "Whither thou goest, I will go; thy people are my people, and thy God mine!" And so it was arranged.

After we had left the parlor, Helen was as full of exclamation points as a brier-bush of thorns. "Who would have believed it four months ago! Kate Berry wed my brother! And in his own house too! Well, well, you or I may marry the King of the Cannibal Islands yet, for all anybody knows. What a funny little Parsoness she will make!"

When Kate and I returned, after our visit, aunt Elsie met me with her unfailing cordiality.

"Who caught the Parson?" she asked, with characteristic abruptness. "Kate," I answered, and nothing more was said about the matter.

I never make what might be called "heart disclosures," and had I wished a confidant, aunt Elsie would not have been chosen.

The following October Kate was married. Her preparations were so simple that no one suspected their object. A few weeks previous, the Parson had announced his proposed trip through Europe and tendered his resignation, which the church refused to accept, no one, however, supposing that a wife was to accompany him. His parting with his people was very tender and affecting, particularly to the female portion of the church.

It is more than three years since my cousin's bridal. The married pair returned from Europe in due season, the Parson bringing back with him renewed health and vigor, both of body and mind; and I listen to his preaching and conversation with more than the old enthusiasm.

Kate also was changed upon her return. Perhaps not changed, only developed: the sweet bud had bloomed into a flower of even rarer beauty and fragrance than it had promised. I can but faintly express the change when I say that she seemed to have brought away from the solemn shrines and temples of olden art and religion which she had visited, the halo of the Madonna in her soul.

The Parson's second wife neither presides at sewing societies, nor at maternal meetings; nor leads in the prayer circles. But in spite of many prejudices against her, she has won to herself, by her sweet charities and consistent life, the hearts of all her husband's parishioners, and is, in the fullest sense, "Theodora," "a bearer of precious gifts to her fellows."

Even the old Parsonage has met with something like a rejuvenation. On the late cheerless walls the sunlight finds rare pictures, and about the room are vases of exquisite sculpturing Where weeds once rankled, sweet flowers bloom. There is sunshine and fragrance for gloom; and for silence music and soft laughter. I see and feel a strange, weird charm and change in all.

And now I hear Kate's singing, as by Willie's little bed she rocks his baby sister. Hark! It is the same perfect hymn she sang on that evening when the Parson called her his wife in a prophetic dream. Is she thinking at this moment of that time?

Down in the cemetery the "Hunter's moon" lays broad, bright beams upon two graves; for by the first wife the sister sleeps. Oh! my best friend, my heart is lone and sore without you!

TO A FRIEND AFAR.

LULIE, where art thou now? where, dearest, where?
Art thou at home, amid thy garden fair?
Or art thou roving from the loved ones there?

Thine absence is to them like gloomy night,
When not a star sheds forth its cheering light,
And when the moon is clouded from our sight.

Like this thine absence—but, when thou art near,
Their silent joy is sleeping in a tear—
Thy presence, love, to them is ever dear.

Lulie, I see thee not; thy placid brow—
Those soft, sweet eyes—that smile I see not now;
Lulie, I sigh for thee; where, where art thou? C. H. C.

Digitized by Google

BOUGHT.

BY CAROLINE S. WHITMARSH.

It was a day of shade and shine in early June. A dozen times had the clover blossoms in my neighbor Hyslip's pasture winked the rain-drops out of their eyes; and here was another quick, sudden shower, to bow the patient things again with its weight.

The hearse drove up to my door—that equipage which, sooner or later, stops at all our doors; but hardly on such an errand as brought it now to mine. It was the new hearse, the best one; there are twain in our town of Plymouth. The old was owned by the Episcopal church, high-church, and there were crosses carved on it—we had to obtain permits from wardens, vestrymen, and all that; we are plain Congregationalists, and wanted a plain hearse, free as air. So we bought one by subscription, with glass sides instead of the carving: more modern-looking, and some of the low-church people borrowed it. High-church remonstrated. They got up a famous quarrel: and ever since the town has been divided into two parties, new hearse and old.

You need not smile, nor shudder. What is a country town or a country church without its quarrels, little pleasant breezes that bring to the surface and blow away ill-feeling? Don't country people love each other better than city? Are they not kinder in sickness, more cordial in health, and yet are they not always fighting?

Queer human nature! I have seen wet eyes at funerals glance toward the door to learn which hearse it was, new or old. Queer hearts of ours that can turn, all at once, from great, deep thoughts of human tenderness and heavenly joy, to thoughts of some petty pique below here among the shadows! When our bodies shall be refined, "caught up" into heavenly glory, may they not have just such power of quick motion as the mind has now, and dart from here to Sirius, and down the unmeasured depths of the milky-way, in shorter time than we can dream, so tethered as we are at present by our clay!

The hearse opened—it opens behind, you know—and my cousin Matilda emerged. I thought she had gone to New York the day before yesterday. She entered the room blushing, laughing, and looking vexed. "I do believe," she said, "I've reached the worst now! Don't ever tell any one, cousin, that I came to your door in a hearse. I was caught in the shower—was in dismay about my new bonnet and dress, gloves—everything new, you see! Mr. Wilkins offered me the ride, and with the big drops coming down on my ribbons I could not wait to deliberate; so in I crept, and entertained myself with crying to think I was driven to the alternative."

But we both laughed, as I brushed the hearse-dust from her new barege. "Never mind, Mattie, some people only write down incongruities and absurdities; you were born to live them, I believe. Fate knows how sweet-tempered you are, or she would not tease you so. How happen you to be here still?"

"My usual luck. The letter I expected from my employer did not come."

"You don't seem much troubled."

"Troubled! Haven't I been disappointed in everything ever since I was born?—and haven't I borne all, and laughed at all, till my heart is cased in armor as hard as a crocodile's scale? I should like to see myself troubled about the losing an appointment as governess."

A knock at the parlor door, and my neighbor Hyslip, he of the clover-field, appeared, interrupting our conversation. The hearse had driven from my gate just as he approached it with his team; he had stopped to ask wherefore.

I evaded the subject with certain allusions to the village quarrel, and then evaded that; for talk of the paraphernalia of burial could not be pleasant to a man of Hosea Hyslip's age. But ah, when is a man old? Hosea should have been, yet he eyed Matilda's boot which she was drying at the wood fire; perhaps with wisdom of old he was mentally commenting on the folly of modern shoes! He measured her height, and looked in her frank, blue eyes—perhaps he was thinking of a fancy he had for her mother once. Matilda's mother had refused him as being too old by eight years. She had better not: she married a worse man, though younger.

I always liked Hosea as a neighbor. He was so hopelessly homely to look upon, you could not help regarding him with a feeling of sympathy. There is a point of ugliness beyond which disgust turns to pity, and Hosea was

Digitized by Google

more than one remove past that point. Then he had lost his wife: that added to my tenderness. And he was strong, practical, honest: a rich man, who never took more than six per cent; a prosperous man, who would go out in a cold night to leave wood at some widow's door; though in sooth it was part to save the expense of teaming, and part a sort of "t'other worldliness"—we must lay up some treasure in heaven.

"Mattie," said I, as Hosea left the room, "there is an honest widower, who has asked me twenty times to select him a wife. Suppose you take him, and become my neighbor—I'll teach you all about butter and cheese; and," drawing her toward the window, "look what a grand old pine that is in front of his house—a very harp of Æolus! and look at his clover meadow, the daily delight of my eyes"—the late afternoon light was streaming across it now—"an Aladdin's garden of emerald, diamond, and pearl—and then he has a tree of the best summer apples I ever tasted." What nonsense we utter sometimes just to hear ourselves talk!

"What a hand he has!" said Matilda, thinking aloud. "Is his character as gnarled and stubborn as his flesh? And I wonder why they left off the forehead and chin in making his face. Don't he remind you of the pictures of Gen. Jackson, with that bristling gray hair? Is one man so much worse than another?"

"There is a choice in the matter of personal charms," I said, smiling at the incongruity of the fancy she suggested—she, past thirty, to be sure, but with the beauty that time ripens—with spirit and sense, a color of health in her cheek, a lady-like delicacy and completeness in the proportions of her face.

"Not every one," she said, "can find a husband like yours, handsome as Antinous; and I tell you, cousin, I am nearly tired of being tossed about and thwarted by fate."

"Nonsense, Mattie. Come out to supper, and do not harbor such fancies. I'd as soon see Psyche married to Caliban."

We sent her afterward to the railway station; and heard no more of cousin Matilda for a week.

Meantime Hosea came again. His boots, being big enough for the giant-killer, were redolent of the barn-yard; and he shifted one over the other with an awkward restlessness.

"Who was that young woman stopping with you yesterday?" outspoke Hosea. "Wan't it one of Matty Holder's girls? I used to like Matty in old times."

"The very same."

"What a foot she has—smaller than her mother's; and what a good carriage! A healthy girl, no doubt," as if he had been selecting a cow! "How would she suit me for a wife?"

"You had better ask her."

"That's a fact." My indignant irony was lost. "Just let me know when she comes agin. But I must go; it's milking time."

"Better stop and take tea with us," said my husband, entering.

"No, thankee; can't stop; and then I've got a piece of 'bacca in my mouth;" besides, significantly glancing at me with one eye, "I may as well wait till some subserkent opportunity, he, he, he!" And Hosea disappeared.

Cousin Mat came again in due time. Always welcome, but always unlucky. Her anticipated employer had failed in business, must dispense with the luxury of a governess for his children.

"I wish you could spend the summer with us, and teach Nellie music and drawing."

"Oh! I will, gladly—only for my board; and help you sew beside."

"But, dear girl, it is too late. My mother is coming to live with us, you know; and then we have more than company enough engaged to fill every corner. If we only had room for you!"

"Just my luck—no one has room for me! I mean to buy a traveling house of my own, like the daguerreotype men's. How unwise I was to be fastidious in my youth! I might have married a house and a man, as you did:—no, as you didn't; but a man who could earn a house in due time. Here am I, trudging about with my own carpet-bag, living in others' houses, taking whatever I can get."

"And receiving plenty of love and welcome, and escaping a hundred cares. Believe me, Mat, as many wives as spinsters carry carpet-bags. But suppose some prosperous old widower, with a house, were pleased with you?"

"Then I would marry him."

"Hosea Hyslip, for instance."

"Oh! cousin!" She clasped her hands till they were white where they met, and the color settled in deep spots over her face. "That scare-crow! Why, he is seventy! But I don't care, I would marry him."

I knew how to change that decision; at least so it appeared to me. I would send for Hosea about milking time, when he was most himself.

He came. He spoke tenderly to her as her mother's child:—there is something attractive in that old man, say what you will! Her hand touched his as a sparrow alights on a gnarled apple-bough. He ogled her. Oh! Hosea.

I would not leave them alone. He should not insult her with his offers beneath my roof. But Hosea was not to be thus baffled.

Digitized by Google

"Well, Miss Matildy," he said, after having rubbed his feet together and his hands, as though he expected to condense courage like electricity; "you see—eh—I knew your mother very well."

"In your youth and hers," said Matilda.

"Well, I suppose so—and—ah—I like you. How should you like now to come over to my house and live? I have got more money than I can use. Come, help me spend it. I've got first-rate neighbors, as you see; and yet I'm lonesome: there's no one at home to sympathize and be kind to me."

"You have not many more years to live," I interpolated.

"No; and then there'll be the widder's thirds, and, maybe, more—that'll depend on the futur. Say, Matildy, is it a bargain?"

"Thank you, sir."

"What? yes, and thank you too! Now I'm made! I'll have the fences white-washed to-morrow, and the wing finished—and——you couldn't be ready pretty soon, could you? I've put off the spring cleaning, hoping I should find some one to—to——well, no matter about that: there will be new carpets to pick out, and curtains, and setch——"

"And am I to clean house?" asked Matilda.

"Bless you! no, child! Not to lift your hand! I keep help, now, and a housekeeper beside. You may have as many more as you like. All I ask is your taste about the carpets, and wall-papers, and the garden. When did you think you could be ready——"

"Oh! don't finish!" said Mattie, with a sudden spasm of right feeling. "Any time."

"Not this week?"

"The sooner the better!" setting her teeth together as she spoke, as if she had resolved, by the sadness of her sin and sacrifice, to punish fate. "But we will wait a month."

"That is not unreasonable. Got all the money you want for your own fixing-up? Here is a purse my wife kept by her a life-time 'most: eighty dollars in gold in it. How she liked to save the bright pieces when I gave them to her!"

"I'd rather have bills—I hate gold! Indeed I don't want anything!"

"Oh! yes, yes! I'll give you bills enough, and you shall keep the gold to look at."

Matilda, with the ends of her white fingers, took the bank-notes which Hosea offered her.

He left us alone; and I, as an experienced elder relative, began to lecture.

"It is all useless to remonstrate," she said, laughing and crying. "Had you led my life you would do the same. It is respectable sin. People will call upon me just as readily. And I can buy books, pictures, a piano—and one day shan't I triumph on the 'widder's thirds!' Ah! see that bill burning"—she had carelessly let one fall in laying them on the mantle—"I wish it were all of them—wish I had courage to burn myself up, rather than do this; but I haven't!"

So I helped select her wedding garments, and helped her sew them. Queer human nature! had I sewed white garments for her coffin, I should have wet them with tears; this was only the death of her better life, and all her faith in God. I thought of the earthly rest and returning—of the blessed name of home—of the great old farm-house, aired and warmed with cheerful fires; and Hosea consoled—maybe, at last, tolerated—maybe buried. Why should I shed tears now?

It is three years since. And many of my dreams and hers have come to pass. I think Matilda is so dutiful, or so depraved, as to like her husband a little. She has coaxed him to leave off chewing tobacco, and to build her a green-house, and enlarge the mansion so as to have "chambers in the wall," she says, for all the wandering spinsters she may wish to entertain. Her "team and kerridge," as Hosea calls them, are at every one's service; but on pleasant days, a little Hosea with stiff hair claims room on the front seat. She excels in sweetmeats and delicate cookery—I am proud of my pupil thus far. There is no more popular house in Plymouth, for spending an afternoon, than cousin Mat's.

But——

AN ANTIQUE MADRIGAL.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

I LOVE thee not for beauteousnesse,
Though few are half so faire,
But for an earnest hearte, and mind
With giftes so rich and rare.
As rugged cliffes doe placide growe
When starres upon them shyne,
So is my soul forever soothed,
Deare love! by looks of thine.

And thus alonge undying years
Oh! may it ever be;
For love has not its fullest bloom
Tyll in Eternity.
Not only for this fadynge life
Have we our troth-plight given.
But that the love of earth may growe
To perfect love in Heaven.

Digitized by Google

MY TWO LOVERS.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"A MAN who is unkind to his mother and sisters, will ill-treat his wife."

My aunt Hattie, who made this sage observation, was a shrewd, sarcastic old maid, who, for fourteen years, had filled the place of parent's friend and counsellor to her orphan niece. It had been no sinecure, this post of hers; for I was a frail child, and my position as heiress made her office of chaperon to my young lady-ism an anxious trust.

"Auntie!" a trembling at my heart made my voice unsteady. "Auntie dear, of whom are you thinking?"

"Of two men, Edith, who are courting my niece. That's an old-fashioned word, dear; but I'm an old-fashioned woman. I mistrust Carroll Vaughn, my child. There is a tone in his voice, when he speaks to Mary, that sounds unnatural."

"Carroll Vaughn!" I cried. "Why, auntie, he is the pink of courtesy; and how beautifully he speaks of his duty to his widowed mother!"

"I mistrust him, Edie. I like John Myers better. He is rough, but frank. Hem! blushing, Edie?"

"Not a bit of it, auntie! Now, my sage monitor, tell me one thing. When a poor girl sees a man only as he chooses her to see him, in his company dress, and most fascinating manners, now can she judge of his domestic virtues? I cannot visit Mr. Vaughn at home, nor Mr. Myers either for that matter."

"Edie, will you do an errand for me?"

"Certainly, I will."

"I wish to inquire the character of a girl who applied for a place here, yesterday. She has lived with Mrs. Vaughn and Mrs. Myers."

"Auntie, I see."

"Do you? Run off for your bonnet then."

Away I went. I was some time dressing, and I took a mental survey of my two admirers while I donned my walking suit.

Carroll Vaughn was a handsome man, who dressed in faultless taste, and who had the most courteous and finished manners I had ever seen. He spoke of women as of creatures too bright and good for every day life, and treated me certainly as a being to be respectfully adored at a distance.

No words can express the deference with which he treated both my aunt and myself, and the loving devotion he had expressed in speaking of his widowed mother and sisters, had often brought tears to my eyes. I knew that he was poor; but I thought him talented, and capable of making his mark in the world, were the means of starting fairly within his power. This was my most ardent lover. Then—and here I felt my cheeks burn, though I was alone —I thought of John Myers. His honest, frank face was only saved from positive ugliness by the most brilliant pair of large, black eyes, and his figure amply atoned for lack of beauty in his features. It was tall and finely formed, and his carriage was erect and manly. Reserved and almost bashful in his manners, he had never spoken one word of love; but there was a softness in his tone, and flush on his brow, when he spoke to me, that told the tale without need of spoken words. Others might seek the golden treasure my father's will had left to me; but if John Myers spoke ever of love to me, I felt sure no sordid hope of winning an heiress would prompt him.

"Her name was Margaret O'Neill," said my aunt to me; "be sure to inquire if she is a good ironer, Edie."

"I will. Good-by."

I went first to the house of my handsome beau. It was early in the day, ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, when I rang Mrs. Vaughn's bell. The servant showed me into the front parlor. I merely said that a lady wished to inquire the character of a servant, and, drawing my veil closer, I went into the room.

While waiting for Mrs. Vaughn to come down, I heard a familiar voice on the stairs. I say familiar, though the gentle, winning tone it had always assumed in my presence was changed for a high, discordant, scolding one.

"Where the—" (I omit the oaths,) "is my breakfast?"

"I am coming, Carroll," said his mother; "but there is a lady waiting to see me."

"Let her wait."

"Did you see Mr. Lee, Carroll?"

"No," (another oath.)

Digitized by Google

"I am afraid you will lose that situation."

"Well, it don't matter. I intend to get the situation of husband to an heiress!"

"Very vague, Carroll."

I mentally assented.

"Where's Mary? Why the thunder don't *she* get my breakfast?"

"She is making Miss Jones' collars. She is in a hurry. If you would see Mr. Lee, Carroll, your mother and sister need not work so steadily."

"Mary might as well get used to it, for neither she nor Pattie are going to loaf on *my* wife's money. I suppose we *must* take you; but the girls must shift for themselves."

I had heard enough. From the sound of the voices, I knew that the speakers were in the kitchen; so I softly crossed the entry and made a quick exit by the front door.

Should I go home? Somehow the thought that I might hear a similar conversation at Mrs. Myers' gave me a sick feeling, but I conquered the nonsensical weakness and turned into G—— street. The front door stood wide open. I know it was wrong, but I went into the house, unannounced, and, crossing the entry, went to the library; the sitting-room was next it, and there I knew I should find Mrs. Myers, who was a friend of my aunt's.

As I opened the library door, Mrs. Myers' voice fell upon my ears.

"My dear boy, you are right. You must indeed go."

Go! Where? I stood still.

"It is a lucrative situation, and will enable me to give you and the little boys many of the comforts you have wanted since father died."

"But we shall miss you sorely, John."

"It is best for me to go, mother dear. I have not told you before; but I had better leave the city for a time."

"John, you have not done anything wrong?"

"No; but—but, mother, I love where my love would appear, if spoken, a mean seeking for wealth. I cannot woo an heiress. To live upon my wife would be revolting to every feeling of manhood. No; were the case reversed, and were Edith Hart poor, and I rich, she should know how deeply and truly I love her; if she remains single till I can win position and fortune she may know it later; but now——"

Was it indelicate, unmaidenly? I know not; but I passed the threshold between the library and sitting-room, and said,

"Now, John, she——"

And here, like an idiot, I began to cry. Crying as a general thing is not becoming; but John seemed rather to admire it.

There was a general sobbing and embracing; and when aunt Hattie, two hours later, came to find her lost niece, she could only say,

"Well, my dear, I always liked John, and I think he will make you very happy."

Carroll Vaughn, some time later, married an heiress after all, a widow lady with a son two years older than her bridegroom. His sisters, Mary and Pattie, take in sewing, and his mother keeps a boarding-house.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

BY MARGARET A. B. SCOTT.

Away! ere the Spring blossoms flicker
  The hill-sides with russet and gold,
Ere the song of the birds in the May time,
  We lay thee, sweet friend, in the mould!
In the dew of thy morning, the Master
  With tenderest pity stoop'd down,
He sought thee to brighten His chaplet,
  To wear thee a gem in His crown.

Gentle and loving! He called thee,
  Go at His bidding, nor fear,
Bright in the land of immortals
  Opens thy beautiful year!
Sleep peacefully, love, it is over—
  The brief, silvery ripples are still.
And the sheen of thy presence shall hover
  To hallow all joy and all ill.

Attuned to new rapture, she heareth
  Strains wondrously sweeter than ours,
So swift from our bleak Winter passing
  She trod on unperishing flowers!
Her pinions have lighten'd the valley,
  And lifted the thickness of gloom,
For, ajar through the portals, a zephyr
  Drifts back from a billow of bloom!

Not for thee! but for us be our sadness,
  The weight of life's burden to bear—
Thick studded with dangers to baffle—
  A fetter so weary to wear!
Safe sheltered forever thou sleepest!
  No harm to thy pillow can come,
The Father, with gentle compassion,
  Hath tenderly taken thee Home!

Digitized by Google

THE BROKEN LIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 417.

CHAPTER VII.

That evening we had a number of visitors from the town, and so much gayety that it quite passed from my mind to speak with Mr. Lee concerning the call upon young Bosworth. Indeed, I was not in the parlors much of the time, for he came to me and asked if I would sit awhile with Mrs. Lee, as he could not leave his guests, and she was so much more nervous than usual, he did not like leaving her with Lottie.

I felt grateful to him for remembering her, and went away at once. As I passed toward the hall, I saw Jessie at the piano surrounded by a group of gentlemen, Lawrence nearest, turning over the music and talking to her at intervals. Mrs. Dennison was flitting about like a gorgeous butterfly, making merriment and pleasant conversation wherever she passed.

Her quick eyes detected me as I passed the music-room door. She moved along, smelling careless of her flowers, the sight of which made me sick; they were the roses the sleeping wife had seen.

"Going to preserve your bloom by an early sleep, Miss Hyde?" she asked, pleasantly.

"I am going to sit with Mrs. Lee," I replied, coldly enough, I dare say. I was not accustomed to dissimulation, and when I disliked and doubted a person as I did her, it was very difficult for me to conceal it.

"You are quite the guardian angel of the house," she returned, so sweetly that no one except a suspicious old maid like me would have perceived the covert insult under her words; "I expect every day to see you unfold your wings and fly off."

"This is my home," I answered, quietly, "so I shall not fly very far from it in all probability."

She laughed in her charming way; but there was an expression in her eyes which would have startled me, had I not felt that she was powerless to do me any injury.

"And a pleasant home you have," she said, with a sigh; "you can't think, Miss Hyde, how delightful it seems to a tired worldling like me."

I was in no humor to listen to sentiment, and I replied curtly,

"Not tired, Mrs. Dennison, or of course you would forsake it."

She shook her head patronizingly and smiled, oh! such a sweet, sad smile—she must have practiced for days to have attained such perfection in it.

"How innocent you are!" she said; "I envy you, dear, kind Miss Hyde!"

How I longed to fling back her affectionate epithets with the scorn they deserved, but, of course, that was impossible; so I made a movement to go on, trembling all over with repressed indignation."

"You are running away from me as usual," she said, reproachfully; "I never get a moment now of your honest, sensible conversation."

"You must suffer from the loss," was all the answer I made.

I know I am not very wise, I do not deny having my share of little vanities, but Mrs. Dennison had not found the road which led to them.

"So I do," she replied; "I see you do not believe me."

"You have not an exalted opinion of my courtesy, Mrs. Dennison."

"Ah, now you are going to be sarcastic—oh! my dear Miss Hyde, that is not in your way."

She added a few more playful words, then I was resolute to go. I left her standing there in one of her graceful attitudes, pulling negligently at her roses.

Once in the hall I glanced back; the widow had changed her position—she was stationed by a window—I saw Mr. Lee approach her, and they began an earnest conversation. I turned and went up stairs, growing always sadder and more sick at heart.

Mrs. Lee slept quietly nearly the whole time, so that I had ample opportunity for my sorrowful reflections—more than I desired, since

Digitized by Google

dwelling upon the things which troubled me only increased my restlessness, without bringing me any nearer a conclusion that could have been of the least assistance.

After Mrs. Lee had gone to bed, I went into my own room and saw no one again that night. When it was too late, I remembered that I had not spoken to Mr. Lee; but consoled myself with fancying that Jessie would tell him, or that I should have an opportunity in the morning.

I was disappointed both ways. When I went down to breakfast, I found that Mr. Lee had been obliged to ride over to the iron works. He had gone before any one was stirring, and would not return until late in the afternoon.

While one of the servants was giving me that information, Mrs. Dennison passed through the hall. She hurried on with a smile, but I noticed that the hem of her dress was wet with dew; I felt certain that she had known Mr. Lee's intention, and had gone out to meet him and hold one of her private conversations.

Before she appeared again, Jessie joined me in the breakfast-room.

"How late we all are!" she said, "it is too bad."

"I quite overslept myself," I replied; then I remembered my thought of last night. "Oh! my dear, did you ask your father to go with us this morning?"

"I had no opportunity," she answered; blushed crimson and added, "I am afraid too that I half-forgot it."

I knew the reason of that, Lawrence had been talking to her all the evening.

"It does not make much difference," I said; "I will go with you."

"I am sure papa would be willing," she observed, looking troubled at the idea of the visit.

"I spoke of it to your mother; she desired you to go."

"Very well then," replied Jessie; "suppose we start after breakfast, we can get back before mamma will want us in her room."

"I shall be ready; we can walk across the fields."

"Yes; then Mrs. Dennison need not know anything about it."

"Hush!" I said, "there she is."

Mrs. Dennison came in airy and graceful as usual; I noticed that she had changed her dress. She kissed Jessie with as much affection as if she had not seen her for a week, and began discoursing with great volubility.

"I was up before either of you," she said; "I have been out in the garden, ruined my white dress, and raced among the beds to the great astonishment of the old gardener."

"You look as fresh and charming as possible," Jessie replied.

"Of course. But don't pay compliments, Miss Hyde does not like them."

"If they are sincere, I do," I said.

"Ah! then you must like mine. Indeed I should be afraid to tell you a story—I am certain those honest eyes of yours would detect it at once."

I disclaimed any such valuable peculiarity for my poor eyes, and the widow rattled on to something else. She always went from one subject to another in a rapid, graceful way, like a bird hopping about in the trees.

"Why, where is Mr. Lee?" she asked.

"Gone out," said Jessie; "he went early."

"How ungallant!" she returned; but she looked so very innocent, that I was more than ever convinced she had seen him before his departure.

One thing I could say for Mrs. Dennison, she never troubled her hosts to entertain her. So, soon after breakfast, she went as usual her own way, and Jessie and I were free to start upon our expedition.

"We had better go at once," I said; "there is no telling when she may dance in upon us again."

"You don't like her, aunt Matty," replied Jessie; "I am sure you don't, yet she is very charming."

"Never mind; there is no time to discuss my fancies," I said. "Get your bonnet, Jessie."

She trembled and grew a little pale, but complied at once. We were ready in a few moments, and, passing through the garden, went down the path by the grove and took the way across the fields to the old house.

Jessie was very silent during our walk, and I was so much occupied with my plans and my fancies, that I had little time to break the thread of her painful thoughts.

When we reached the gate that led into the grounds, Jessie stopped.

"Oh! I am so frightened!" she said.

Poor child! she was very pale, and shook from head to foot with an agitation that reminded me painfully of her mother's nervous excitements. I did my best to soothe her, but, in spite of her efforts, it was some moments before she could go on.

"You will not mind it after the first meeting," I said.

"I am very foolish, I know! There, I can go now."

Digitized by Google

As we turned into the avenue, I saw Mr. Lawrence pass along the road on horseback. He gave a sharp, quick look, and went by. I said nothing to Jessie: it was useless to agitate her farther. His passing at that time might have been mere chance.

Jessie clung to me as we went up the steps and entered the hall. I did not speak, contenting myself with a reassuring pressure of the hand, for I knew from experience that in such cases of nervous dread, one is only made worse by persuasions and cheering speeches.

We were shown into the room where I had before waited for old Mrs. Bosworth, and very soon I heard the rustle of her dress in the hall.

She came in with her stately manner, but I could see that trouble and watching had had its effect upon her, and it seemed to me there was a smothered pain in her eyes when she greeted Jessie. But she was exceedingly kind: so gentle and caressing, that the girl soon recovered from her fright and began to look like herself.

"You will excuse my daughter's absence, I hope," the old lady said; "she is lying down; she is not very strong, and watching has quite worn her out."

"But you think your grandson better?" I asked.

"Much better; yes, much better!"

There was a thanksgiving in her very voice! Jessie said tremulously,

"We were very sorry to hear of his sickness."

"Thank you, Miss Jessie; I was sure you would be."

The old lady's fingers worked nervously; I knew, in spite of her pride, what was in her heart. She longed to take Jessie in her arms, to beseech her to speak the one word that would bring her boy back to life and happiness."

"He suffers less with his head, I suppose?" I said, breaking the little pause which would soon have proved awkward.

"It is quite easy this morning; indeed last night he slept for several hours undisturbed. He is so patient," she continued, "so gentle, but that is his nature."

I knew she was glad to have that opportunity of praising Bosworth; she felt as if it was indirectly doing something to interest Jessie in his favor.

"It was very kind of you to come, Miss Lee," she said. "I thought you would be willing to humor a sick man's fancies, and he did pine so to see all his old friends," she added, quickly, with her customary tact, for the color began to flicker on Jessie's cheek.

"My father would have come also," said the girl, talking rapidly, "but he was obliged to go out very early; and you know my mother seldom leaves her room."

"It is sad that she should be so great an invalid," said the old duchess—I must call her so. "My daughter and I go out very little; but we have often wished to see more of you, our nearest neighbors."

"Mrs. Lee is fond of company," I said. I longed to do all I could to draw the two families together.

"Ah, if that is the case, we shall call frequently upon her;" she looked at Jessie as she spoke.

"Mamma will be so pleased," she said, quite firmly; "it is very monotonous to live always shut up in her room."

"So it is; but I pity the young most! If I could only have taken my poor boy's illness in his stead."

She was checked by the entrance of one of the old servants, who whispered something in her ear.

"Will you go up stairs?" she said, turning to me; "my grandson knows you are here."

She took Jessie's hand softly and led her away, and I followed. Jessie bore up like a little Spartan, but I could see what an effort it was—I pitied her far more than any one else.

When we entered the sick room it was worse. In spite of all I had said, she was not prepared to find Bosworth so changed. They had put a dressing-gown upon him, but its gay colors only increased the ghastliness of his face, already wasted and worn by fever.

He was so happy to see us—so like a child that fears to give pain by its own pleasure. I think Jessie took heart after the first few moments; and I could see the old lady watching her in secret, as if she thought that unless she were only a beautiful piece of marble she must be softened now.

"It was very selfish of me, Miss Jessie," he said, "to call you away from your amusements to visit a poor, sick man."

"I was very glad to come," she replied; "my mother is so anxious about you, she could not rest till some of us had been here."

"She is very kind," he said, with the touching smile of illness.

At last we fell to talking quite cheerfully. I did my best to prevent the restraint we were all under becoming perceptible; I dare say it was blunderingly done, but it succeeded tolerably well.

Bosworth made Jessie tell him all about her

Digitized by Google

new flowers—he was a great botanist—and I chimed in with a wonderful history of a nest of young birds I had found, and really made him laugh at my nonsense.

But he was so weak that he grew weary—I saw it and made Jessie a sign to go.

"Not yet," he said, as we rose; "stay a little longer, please."

So we sat down again, but I saw by his eyes that his senses began to cloud a little.

"What is that hymn you sing, Miss Jessie?" he asked, suddenly; "it has been running in my head all the morning."

Jessie could not speak, she was trying with all her might to keep back her tears, so I said,

"You mean that little one of Mrs. Hemans—'Child Amid the Flowers at Play.'"

"Yes," he replied, "that is it. Won't you sing it for me?"

It really was heroic, the way that poor girl struggled with herself and forced back her composure. She turned her face a little from the light and began to sing; her voice was very low and tremulous, but I never heard it sound so sweet; Bosworth lay back on his pillow and listened with a happy smile.

"Thank you," he said, when she finished; "I can sleep now—you were very kind to come."

He tried to take her hand, said a few more broken words, and then we went away. I saw that Jessie could endure nothing more. Old Mrs. Bosworth detected it too; she must have felt for the girl and been grateful to her for that visit. She did not accompany us down stairs, and I was glad to make our farewell as short as possible.

The moment we were out of the house, Jessie gave way completely, and sobbed and wept as I never before saw her.

"Do you think he will die, aunt Matty?" she asked.

"I do not; he is certainly better."

"But he looks dreadfully; I never saw anybody altered so much."

"You are not accustomed to fevers, my dear. I am, and he will get better; I am glad you have made this visit; it will do him good."

"Then I am glad, too," she replied, wiping away her tears. "Oh! if anything had happened, I never should have forgiven myself."

In reality there was no blame to be attached to her; she had been guilty of no encouragement or coquetry, but I could not bear that she should brood over his illness until she accused herself as the cause, and really grew horrified at what she might fancy her own wickedness.

"He is in God's hands," I said; "either way it would have been as He willed."

"Then you do not think that any trouble—any——"

"I think he would have been sick," I replied, seeing her unable to go on; "he has not looked well for some time past, and his grandmother told me that he had always been somewhat subject to fevers."

Jessie breathed heavily, and looked relieved.

In our absorption we had passed from the grounds into the high road, instead of taking the by-path.

"We must strike into the clover field at the turn," I said, when I observed our error; "it would make too long a walk to follow the road."

Jessie did not answer. I heard the tramp of horses' hoofs, and looking up saw Mr. Lawrence riding rapidly toward us. He did not check his horse—he lifted his riding-cap, gave a low, stately bow, a quick glance at Jessie's tear-stained face, and galloped on.

I heard Jessie utter a smothered exclamation, but she did not speak a word.

"Mr. Lawrence seems in great haste," I observed, but she did not answer.

I was confident Mrs. Dennison had been besetting him again, for he was deadly pale and looked strangely enough.

"Here is the path," said Jessie, suddenly.

We turned into it and walked rapidly home, scarcely once breaking that unusual silence.

CHAPTER VIII.

When we reached the house, Jessie went directly up to her room. I did not attempt to detain her; I knew that she would be much better alone.

I went to my chamber, likewise, but I was not left long to my sorrowful meditations, for Lottie's quick tap sounded at the door, and in she danced in the peculiar manner which always betrayed great excitement.

She closed the door carefully, and stood before me with her hands folded behind her back.

"I told you how it would be," she exclaimed.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, you're flying out at Babylon; she's mad, and you'll take the consequences."

"I do not imagine they will be very terrible, Lottie."

"That's as a body may happen to think. There's been a great time since you started."

"What has happened?" I inquired, quite losing all scruples as to the manner in which Lottie might have obtained her information.

Digitized by Google

"In the first place we had Lawrence——"

"Was he here?"

"No, no! Babylon went out to walk for her health—you see Babylon needs exercise. After you went away, I had my eye on her——"

"Why, you did not see us go."

"Oh, didn't I?" she demanded, ironically, nodding her head with great wisdom. "I was at my window, Miss Hyde, and I always keep my eyes open. Howsumever, I wasn't watching you; I'm above such tricks, unless I feel it my duty."

"Did she see us, too?"

"I don't know; but she knew where you were going."

"Why, how did you find that out?"

"Heard her tell Mr. Lee, to be sure."

I was so angry that I felt myself growing pale. Lottie saw it and tittered.

"You would like to choke her, now wouldn't you, Miss Hyde? What a pity! it's agin religion and the law. I should just like fixing her myself."

"For shame!" I said, but I am afraid it was only because I thought it was my duty to check such expressions; not from any lack of sympathy with them.

Lottie tossed her head; but she was in too great haste to communicate her intelligence to be indignant.

"After you'd gone I watched her; she went about very uneasy for awhile, then she put on her shawl and streaked off to the grove. I wanted some wild grass as I went along, but Babylon didn't see me. She waited in the grove till Mr. Lawrence rode by, when she hailed him.

"'Where are you going?' said she.

"He stammered a little and said something about it being his custom to ride every morning, and at that she laughed right out in her tantalizing way."

"'You'd better tell the truth,' says she; 'you didn't believe what I told you last night, and you've been to see with your own eyes. Did you meet them?'

"'Miss Jessie and her friend have just entered Mrs. Bosworth's gate,' he replied, dreadful solemn.

"'Of course,' says Babylon; 'I tell you he is her lover. It was to be expected she'd visit him during that sickness brought on by jealousy.'

"He shook in his saddle like a leaf, but she hadn't any pity, and went on at an awful rate about all of you. Then she tried the old dodge—she was his friend—he might trust her! She went up to him and reached up her hand, but he didn't seem to see it.

"'I must go,' said he.

"She tried to stop him, but he wouldn't hear a word.

"'When will you come again?' she asked.

"'God knows!' was all he said, and rode off like a whirlwind.

"Babylon watched him as long as he was in sight, then she gave way to the awfulest mad fit I ever see. I really thought she'd break a blood-vessel. She danced and kicked and screamed, then all of a sudden she started for the house on a breeze run. I ran after her, and as I got into the garden I saw Mr. Lee ride up. She followed him into the house.

"I went and stood on the verandah, picking roses and humming 'Katy Darling,' only I chose all the low parts and heard quite comfortable.

"That was wrong," I said, "very wrong."

"Oh! I didn't listen to him," she replied, "but I had to keep watch of Babylon."

I may as well confess my weakness. I longed to ask Lottie all she said. However, I did not have to wait long for the communication.

"'Jessie has gone out,' said she. He asked her where, and she put on such an innocent face. 'You must know,' says she, 'your daughter would not have taken such a step without your permission. No, no, I understand Jessie's womanly prudence too well.'

"He just stared at her; then he asked in that voice he has when he's angry, what she meant. She hemmed and hawed and put him off; said he knew, and wouldn't speak.

"'Mrs. Dennison,' said he, 'what does this mean? Where has Jessie gone?'

"She put on the innocent look again; she really did it beautifully.

"'Don't you know?' she asked; 'don't you, actilly?'

"She worked him up almost into a fit. Goodness knows what fancy he got into his head.

"I have seen no one this morning,' he said; 'there were none of them down when I went away. Where has Jessie gone?'

"Then she pretended to back out; she had been wrong—it was doubtless an innocent little secret of Jessie's—she ought not to have spoken—she was so frank and indiscreet—she would rather bite her tongue off than tell what Jessie wanted kept private, and all that. He fairly foamed at the mouth and grew white as death; you know nothing makes him so mad as to think there's any mystery in the house or anything going on he don't understand.

Digitized by Google

"'Mrs. Dennison,' says he, 'if you won't speak I must go to my wife.'

"'Don't, don't,' she said; 'she is so feeble; don't agitate her.'

"'Then you tell me,' says he.

"Then she went all through the old performance, but at last it came out—Jessie had gone by appointment to visit Mr. Bosworth. Lord, how mad he was! She told him you was with her, said she didn't blame Jessie, guessed it was all one of your old-maidish romances, and made him furious against you."

"How did it end?" I asked.

"It didn't really have no end; some man called him off on business, just then you and Miss Jessie came up the steps, and I came to tell you. Babylon—she set down to the piano and went to playing a jig; she likes the fun. I tell you she's all right when there's a row. But I'm going to Mrs. Lee, she must want to get up by this time. You're in a hobble, Miss Hyde."

Away she danced, trying to hide her uneasiness, but at the door she stopped and exclaimed,

"I can't think what ails my head, I'm so dizzy."

She staggered and would have fallen, but I caught her; she was deadly pale. I gave her some water and she soon grew better.

"Are you sick?" I asked.

"No, I guess not; but lately my head feels so queer every morning. Yesterday when I went to get out of bed I actually fell flat on the floor like a great awkward lobster."

She laughed, but I was very uneasy about her; but she declared she was well again, and hurried away to her duties; for, wild as she was, she was an orderly little thing, and always punctual.

I sat and thought for a time, but that did no good, so I went down stairs. As I entered the lower hall I met Mr. Lee. He gave me a look such as I never before saw in his face; it so increased my indignation, that if it had not been for Jessie's sake I would have walked out of the house that instant.

"Miss Hyde," he said, in the low, measured tone his voice always took when he was angry, "will you step into the library for a moment."

"Do you wish to speak with me?" I asked, rebelliously.

"If you have leisure."

I swept before him into the room. I am afraid I did not look amiable; every drop of blood in my veins tingled as if on fire. He followed me and closed the door.

"How does it happen," he began, "that you and Jessie went upon an expedition like that of this morning, without consulting me?"

I did my best to answer quietly, although his manner aggravated me almost beyond endurance.

"Simply because you were not here to consult," I replied.

"But you could have told me last night."

Then I flashed up a little, and said,

"Mr. Lee, I am not a school-girl to be stood in a corner and catechized."

"Madam," he returned, "I think I have a right to know everything connected with my daughter—I will permit no mysteries in this house."

"There have been none on my part or Jessie's," I replied.

"Then be good enough to give me an explanation of what, I own, seems to me a singular proceeding in a woman of your age and discretion."

Now, I knew very well that I was an old maid, I jested about it myself, but I did not like to have it turned into an insult.

"It is easily done," I answered, still remembering Jessie, and so remaining reasonably calm. "Yesterday old Mrs. Bosworth sent for me; her grandson is very ill—he has brain fever. He begged to see you and Jessie. I came home and told your wife; she said Jessie should go to-day. We expected you to accompany us. Last night there was no opportunity to speak with you. This morning you were gone, but as I had her mother's permission I thought it no harm to start. A visit to a sick, almost a dying man, can never harm your daughter, Mr. Lee."

His face flushed at once.

"I was mistaken," he said.

"You must have been," I replied, coldly, "when you could address me as you have done."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Hyde," he returned.

I granted it with a poor grace.

"Who told you where we had gone?" I asked, bluntly.

He hesitated, and I followed up my advantage.

"No one knew of it but Mrs. Lee," I said, "you have not seen her to-day. Yesterday you reproved me for sending Cora out of the hall—sir, she was listening while I told Jessie, and repeated it to her mistress. I don't know what you may think of such conduct on the part of a guest; but to me the idea of trying to make trouble in a house where one has been hospitably treated seems very contemptible."

"Miss Hyde! Miss Hyde!" he exclaimed, "I

Digitized by Google

assure you Mrs. Dennison did it thoughtlessly—she had no idea of my ignorance."

"Excuse me," said I, still on my stilts; "my mature age, of which you reminded me a moment since, renders me capable of forming and holding my own opinions—it is a right I shall not readily relinquish."

I am sorry to say we very nearly had a serious quarrel; but I was so dissatisfied, so indignant that a man of his sense and refinement could be duped in the way he was, that I could not control my tongue.

We parted civilly enough, however; and when I went up stairs, Jessie knew all about the affair; Mrs. Dennison had been to her crying and begging for forgiveness. She had thoughtlessly repeated to her father where she had gone, and he was angry.

"I dare say she meant no harm," added Jessie, "she is so giddy."

"Pray, how did she know?" I asked.

"She fancied it, she said."

"She told a falsehood," I retorted; "Cora told her—I knew she was listening yesterday."

Jessie was as much shocked with me as her father had been. With their exaggerated ideas of the duties of hosts, they considered it little less than a crime to acknowledge that a guest could have any fault.

"Oh! aunt Matty!" she said, "I never knew you unjust before."

I had to go out of the room—my anger was over and I must cry. I chose to indulge that weakness in solitude. I passed a very uncomfortable day. Jessie and her father came to an understanding; Mrs. Dennison soon had them both under her spell again, and I knew they blamed me exceedingly.

I loved them too well to be indignant; I was broken-hearted at the idea that that woman could come between Jessie and her love for me.

There was company at dinner—I spent the evening in Mrs. Lee's room—the first comfortable hour I had passed since morning. She did not know that anything had gone wrong, pitied my head, and by her sweetness and tender kindness made me somewhat more reconciled to life.

I sat in my own room after I left her, but did not retire until very late. I heard the guests go away—heard the different members of the family pass up to their rooms; but still I sat there. At last the clock struck one. I rose, startled into common sense again, stopped star-gazing and, closing my window, prepared for bed.

Suddenly I heard a noise—very slight, but my nerves were wonderfully acute that night. I opened the door and looked into the hall; as I did so, I saw a figure clad in white glide out of Lottie's chamber, and disappear down the passage.

I fairly thought it something supernatural at first, then I ran out, but there was nothing there. I stole to Lottie's room and looked in, she was sleeping soundly, so I went back to my own apartment. That incident, added to the excitement of the day, kept me awake for hours. I tried to convince myself that it was only one of my ridiculous fancies: but it was all in vain; I knew that I had seen that white shape steal by—it was no delusion.

I determined to say nothing. I felt certain everybody would laugh at me, and I knew that it was silly, but I could not drive away the terror that chilled my heart. Everything had gone so wrong of late, that quiet house was so changed, that the least thing disturbed me more than events of importance would once have done.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

BY EDNA CORA.

Oh! he was lovely! Every day
New beauties would appear,
Till earthliness had ebb'd away
And left a seraph there.
Was it not best at early dawn,
When heart from stain was free,
To take away thy precious son,
A holy one to be?

He was so lovely, and so fair—
But more angelic now;
His golden curls of silken hair
Waved round his childish brow.

No more at eve thou'lt pause to hear
His little footsteps light,
Or see him there beside thy chair
To kiss and lisp good-night.

Drink of the cup, but look above,
From God's hand it was given;
He took thy Willie from thy love
To His bright home in Heaven.
Fond mother, weep, 'twill ease thy heart—
Thou canst not weep for him;
He dwells in Heaven, from earth apart,
Among the cherubim.

Digitized by Google

MR. DOBBIN AND HIS CLOCK.

BY M. LINDSAY.

Mr. Dobbin's room was next to mine. Indeed, in my opinion, it was a part of mine, ordained to be so from the first plan of the house, and so built according to plan and purpose. But the convenience of a later time had divided it off by the thinnest of all board partitions, which partition, as if conscious that it was an interference, had managed to crack itself from top to bottom in two or three places, so that Mr. Dobbin's room and mine, though assuredly not one and the same, were very much in common. His gaslight would spoil all my darkness; and I do believe his little room, or his part of my room, must have been entirely warmed at my expense. But if he had the benefit of my coal, I had the benefit of his clock; I could hear its every tick through the day, every tick through the night, and was almost wholly indebted to it for information as to the progress of time. Through its influence, indeed, my old and trusty watch was quite neglected, and nearly fallen into disuse. I have spoken of Mr. Dobbin's room; perhaps I ought to have said Mr. Dobbin's clock room, for the clock was really more the inhabitant of the place than Mr. Dobbin himself; it was always there, and very much at home too, making everything so comfortable, so social and lively. It had the merriest of all voices, and, if you'd listen in the right way, you could hear it say distinctly, "Courage now, cheer up; I'm always cheerful. On, on; never stop, and all will come right."

Notwithstanding I have said so much in praise of Mr. Dobbin's clock, I fear you may not have an entirely correct idea of it. I feel bound, therefore, in consistency with its own truth and exactness, to tell you that it was only a wooden clock, and a very small one too, as I saw when Mr. Dobbin's door was left ajar. But, wooden as it was, it was very pretty, a darling of a clock, a bachelor's pet, a household treasure. It was even merrier to look at than to hear; its hands so constantly going, and yet so even and true in motion, never a twitch or jerk; and then it had such a neat cottage shape, sloped off at the top like a roof with little turrets and chimney. But the best was the picture it was always showing of a happy home, the father and mother watching the gambols of two beautiful children, the grandmother by the fire, the cat asleep on a cricket, and a clock on the mantle. I don't know how Mr. Dobbin could have looked so much at this scene, as he must have done, and still remained a bachelor as he did; unless it was that the clock made him so happy and cheerful, and lent such wings to his fancy, that he actually believed himself to belong to the group before him, that the pretty wife and promising children were his, and the clock in the picture the real one whose tick was in his ears.

My story is about Mr. Dobbin as well as his clock. Mr. Dobbin was a little Englishman, five feet five inches in height perhaps, perhaps not quite so tall, with one of the happiest, merriest faces you ever saw. I could never quite settle it in my own mind whether his clock made him so merry, or he made his clock so merry, or whether they made each other so merry. Merriment was Mr. Dobbin's one and constant expression, which swallowed up everything minor, and made everything major subsidiary. I will, however, add for those who like details, that he had a small mouth, a straight nose, soft black hair, softer and blacker eyes, and an immensely disproportionate expanse of forehead, the disproportion resulting from an overgrowth and monopolizing tendency in the organ of benevolence. I don't think I ever knew what Mr. Dobbin's nominal business was; I am only certain of this, that it was the doing of good in some way, probably in that best suited to his taste and aptitudes, or he would not have been so thoroughly merry as he was. My greatest interest in him was always in connection with his clock. The clock was so much to him, and he was so much to the clock. As soon as he was within sight of his room, she ticked him a welcome, and he began to hum a response. When he entered it, she ticked louder, and he broke into full song. He would, no doubt, have been glad to dance a measure with her, would she have given him a hand; but she was such a work-a-day body she would never stop for it. All the service which she ever wanted was the winding of her strings, and this Mr. Dobbin faithfully performed before going to his slumber. It was his loving "good night" to her;

Digitized by Google

and, when it came, she would sound out the funniest chorus you ever heard. It was a real frolic for her.

There was a young servant girl in the house, for whom there was some strong attraction in Mr. Dobbin's room. I could not understand how she could find so much work to be done there, or how she could be so long in doing it. At first, I thought she must stop there to read, but there were books in other rooms, and she never noticed them. Then she was always running to find out the time by Mr. Dobbin's clock. Why didn't she consult the clock in the dining-room? Had she no confidence in it? Every one else depended on its accuracy. At last, I began to fear that Mr. Dobbin himself must be a favorite with Kitty. How foolish! She was young and pretty, and Mr. Dobbin, though his hair was still black, was certainly old enough to have been her father. Then he was no more of a beau than—why no girl could ever think of getting in love with him. It was quite out of the question. Kitty was very modest too; and if she was really in love with Mr. Dobbin, would she not show it by avoiding him, rather than by putting herself in his way? So I reasoned. But not so the housekeeper. She was sharp-eyed and had observed all that I had, perhaps more, for she could look through key-holes, an art I never learned. It was manifest for some time that Kitty was losing favor with her; all her efforts to give satisfaction failed, and I felt certain that the day of her discharge was at hand. I was right. The fall of a waiter, and the consequent breakage of some crockery, brought such a storm of accusation and upbraiding on poor Kitty's head, as none but abused servant girls and step-children can conceive of. Kitty's shameless love for Mr. Dobbin, and her disgraceful conduct toward him, her frequent and protracted visits to his room were proclaimed and condemned in such loud and emphatic tones as to reach every ear in the house. I thought the poor girl must wither with shame, must sink to the earth in her helplessness. I was, therefore, surprised to hear her quietly say, "If you'll please, ma'am, to listen to me. I am not in love with Mr. Dobbin, though he is a fine gentleman and very kind to every one. It is not for one like me to think of him, ma'am, and I did not. I only cared for his clock, ma'am."

"What nonsense! What *will* girls pretend next? So you wern't in love with Mr. Dobbin, only with his clock! That caps all."

"I could explain it to you, ma'am, if you'd hear me."

"Hear you! I've heard enough of your trash; out of my house with you, bag and baggage!"

The grocer's boy with a bill was announced, and Kitty, crying bitterly, went to her room to prepare for departure. I heard her steps on the stairs and called her to me. I had promised to direct for her a letter to her brother at sea, and I made this the pretext for getting her into my room, though my real object was to speak a last kind word and try to soothe her wounded feelings; for, though I could not understand her conduct, I pitied her, and could not believe her what she had just been represented to be. Then I wanted to know what she meant when she said, "She only cared for Mr. Dobbin's clock," whether she had become infatuated with it as Mr. Dobbin was. When I spoke of it, there was a change in her countenance. Her expression softened, and there was some relief from her discouragement and despair. It was such a privilege to her to be allowed to explain herself.

"Oh! ma'am," she said, "I am so glad you asked me about the clock. I did not want any one to think me such a person as I have just been called. Why, ma'am, I love that clock so! I can't call it Mr. Dobbin's clock, for it is to me, and always will be, my mother's, and oh! you can't tell how dear it is! No one can that hasn't looked at it in many a dark day of trouble, and always found it kind as I have. It has been a charm to me in this house. When I first saw it here, I was so surprised and pleased that I could not help crying all day. Whenever I've been homesick and felt as if I could not live, I've just gone to that clock and it has put the life into me. I know I have been in Mr. Dobbin's room too much on account of it, but it was my old friend, and all the friend I had too. Oh! ma'am, when everybody that loves you is in the grave, or across the sea, you grow so fond of what belonged to them once; anything that they ever handled, or even looked at, is dear, and all the more because they will never handle or look at it again."

"You call the clock in Mr. Dobbin's room your mother's?"

"Yes, ma'am, for it was my mother's."

"It may be like hers, but it is hardly probable that it is the same."

"Yes, ma'am, it is the same. I know it by a mark on the back—K. M.—I put it there myself."

"What does it stand for?"

"Kitty Martin; my mother's name and mine, too. I marked it very deep in the board, so

Digitized by Google

that it couldn't be rubbed out, whatever might happen. Shall I tell you all about it, ma'am?"

I signified my desire to hear her, and she went on.

"My father was dead and my mother was very sick. The money was all gone, and no one to earn any more but me, and I could not leave my mother and the children. I never saw food look so good as the coarse loaf I bought with our last bit, and yet I could not taste a morsel of it myself; it was all there was to keep the life in the others. I made it hold out as long as it would, and when it was gone, I didn't know what to do. Mother was faint and restless, Jenny was crying with hunger, and I was clear discouraged, though I said nothing, except to hush Jenny. My mother looked up.

"He feedeth the young ravens, Kitty, trust to him," she said, and I saw her eyes were swimming with tears. Then she turned herself and lay very still, but in my heart I heard her tears falling on her pillow. After a time she called me to her. "Kitty, there is but one way, now. Take the little clock to the pawnbroker's, and get some money on it. The things will have to go. You must not starve."

"The clock, mother?" I asked.

"Yes, Kitty."

"But we all love the clock so, and it's such company to you when you can't sleep."

"Never mind that, Kitty."

"Why, the clock is the happiest thing in the house; it's such a comfort," I pleaded.

"It can best be spared, though."

"Why, it was your own father's gift, mother."

"Say no more, Kitty; everything must go in turn."

"I said no more, but took the clock down from its shelf, marked it as I told you, so that if I ever saw it again I could be sure it was the same, and started on my doleful errand. The children gathered about me to take a last look of their old friend. Johnny kissed the children, and Jenny stroked pussy's fur in the picture on its face, but my mother never looked up nor spoke a word. It was best not, for I knew well enough what she was thinking. Nor did I say anything. I carried my old companion in my arms as tenderly as I would have carried a baby to its cradle, and it was something that I could show my feelings in this way. But when I came to the pawnbroker's, it was too hard to trade it off. I could as easily have sold my hands. And then I could get so little for it, and it was worth so much to my poor mother for comfort and memory. I did my best to raise money on it, and yet I blamed myself that I could do no better. I could not part with it so. I kept my hands on it till the pawnbroker laid down his ticket and the money, and taking up the clock set it back out of sight. I never saw it again, though I was often at the pawn-shop till everything we had was sold—furniture, clothes and all; I could never get a glance at it. And to my mind, it was like what people feel to see the dead come again, when I saw it in Mr. Dobbin's room, and I never thinking of such things, but trying to forget them, for it weakens and breaks me up to keep going over what has been. So that's the matter of the clock. I was foolish like about it, but not so much after all as one might think who didn't know, for when I looked at it, it took me straight into our old home, and brought my mother and the children about me so kind; and when I heard it tick, I could hear them laugh and sing. I never saw another clock like that, ma'am. I wonder if it's anything to Mr. Dobbin! But I'm staying too long, ma'am, I must be going." And Kitty rose.

"Come and see me again, Kitty," I said, "and when you have a home of your own, as you no doubt will have some day, I'll try to get that clock to keep you company there."

"Oh, thank you, ma'am; but I'll never have a home. Everything is against me, ma'am; it was always so. I thought I was in such good luck for once to get with the clock, and now it seems it was an ill-luck."

"Keep a good heart, Kitty," 'cheer up, and all will come right,' as I've often heard the clock say."

Kitty thanked me again, and took her leave. Mr. Dobbin was in his room all the time Kitty was telling her story, but he was so still (probably he was listening to it,) that I never should have suspected it, had he not opened his door just as Kitty was going through the hall. They exchanged a "good-by," and then I heard him say something in an undertone about her boarding-house. I could not hear Kitty's reply for the clock. It ticked on so gaily and merrily its "Cheer up, cheer up—on—on—cheer up," not in the least subdued by the grief of its old acquaintance, but urging its one continual lesson, that the steady, unflinching performance of duty will bring the best result at last. And Mr. Dobbin seemed just as cheerful as ever, when he next returned to the clock, and sung for it just as glad a response as if Kitty had not gone away from it a few hours before in disgrace and heart-break. There is so little sympathy in the world. I did not expect the clock to exhibit much change, but I thought Mr.

Digitized by Google

Dobbin would certainly have some feeling for the poor girl; but if he had any, I could not perceive it. He seemed to sing louder and merrier every time the clock welcomed him home, so that I began to fear his noise might prove a serious disturbance. One day he was almost boisterous, and I was considering the expediency of a complaint or an expostulation, when I heard him remove the clock from its place. I was alarmed. What could it mean? His wits must have deserted him. Was he safe? I heard him giving orders for the removal of his furniture. I opened my door. Mr. Dobbin was there, looking the same as usual, only very much merrier.

"Are you going to leave us, Mr. Dobbin?" I asked.

"I am, madam."

"You have found a more agreeable boarding-house, I presume?"

"I go to housekeeping, ma'am."

I thought there was a little more triumph in this announcement than was quite becoming, since it was addressed to an unwilling boarder, and it was what I could not have anticipated from Mr. Dobbin, of all men. But my indignation was softened down somewhat, when he most courteously and cordially invited me to visit him in his own house. I had not had time to shape my acknowledgment of his kindness, when he added, "Mrs. Dobbin will be very happy to see you."

"Mrs. Dobbin——" I was awkwardly stammering, when he again came to my relief.

"Mrs. Dobbin. My wife, ma'am."

"Ah, then, I have to congratulate you, and I should sincerely congratulate the lady of your choice, had I the good fortune to know her. May I ask her name?"

"Kitty Martin, ma'am. I think you have the good fortune you speak of."

"Ah, indeed! little Kitty Martin who loved the clock so!"

"The same."

Mr. Dobbin saw, no doubt, a little surprise in my expression, for he added, "I'll tell you just how it was. Kitty loved the clock, and so did I, and I tried to think the clock loved us. Kitty wanted the clock, and so did I; and I could not see any way to settle things which seemed quite so satisfactory to all concerned as for me to marry Kitty, and now we can both have the clock."

I laughed at this very philosophic disposition of a difficult matter, and Mr. Dobbin laughed louder, he was so entirely confident of the wisdom of his arrangement; and bidding me "good morning," took the clock in his arms and went off humming one of the gayest tunes, which I recognized to be "Come Haste to the Wedding," the clock meanwhile never varying from its old tick; joys and sorrows, weddings and funerals, the same to it, all being constituent parts of human life, and all good in place and time.

AFTER THE RAIN.

BY M. ANNE LADD.

After the rain, how pure the air!
How earth reblooms in hues more fair,
While breaks the burdened spirit from its weight of deep despair.

'Twas long ago, that Summer day
I walked beside the busy way,
When June was robed in all her beautiful array!

The fountains of the upper main,
O'erflowing with reviving rain,
Had bathed the town, then smiled the golden sun again.

Upon my ear in music, stole
The voice which ever woke my soul,
And held each trembling chord hushed with its strange control.

I could not raise my drooping eyes,
My heart grew faint with pleased surprise—
Like a timid bird that knows not why it fears or flies.

How strangely sweet my name was grown,
Linked with his deep and tender tone!
Down to my inmost heart his warm soul-glances shone!

Oh! might we two thus side by side,
Explore life's labyrinth wild and wide,
I deemed 'twould be earth's crowning bliss, my joy and pride!

I walked beside him, still and calm,
As streams that flow beneath the palm
Of Southern climes, that proudly wave in airs of balm.

I knew his heart drew nearer mine,
And mine enclasped his like a vine,
That round the stately palm its tendrils might entwine.

Alas! we never met again,
As after that sweet Summer-rain;
For chilling pride grew fast and strong between us twain.

If, 'mid the present's hopes and fears,
I sometimes shed regretful tears—
'Tis well—it keeps still fresh that dream of other years.

And, like the sunshine after rain,
Dear memory smiles o'er all again,
And wins the pleasure back, and leaves behind the pain!

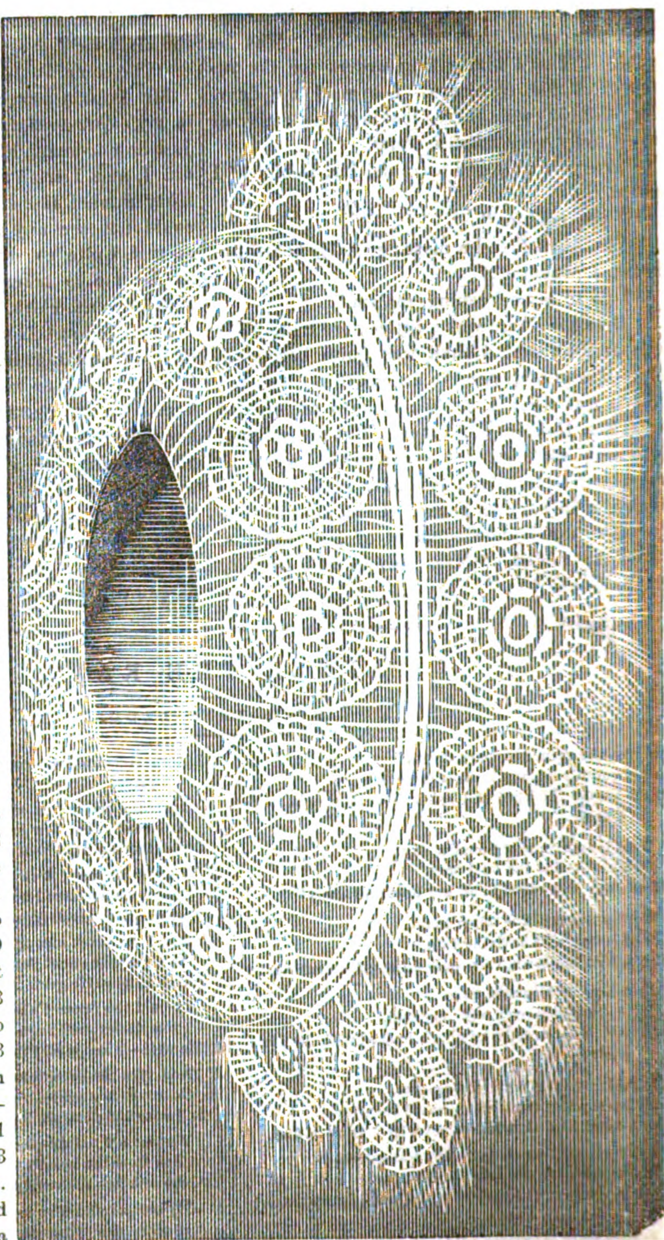
We met not vainly—though we roam,
Each from the heart's true rest and home,
Alone to brave the surging tide, where breakers foam!

My barque glides on nor heeds the blast,
If, when the storm-swept waves are passed,
We both may reach the Heavenly haven, and meet at last!

Digitized by Google

CROCHET PINCUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is formed of two rows of stars similar to the one given on the next page. There are nine in the upper row, which forms the top of the cushion, and twelve in the lower row, which lies as a frill all round.

The two rows are joined together with chains of crochet; the top edge is carried over within the circle, which is left open for either a scent-bottle or vase of flowers.

A ribbon is laced in and out between the two rows of stars, and serves to draw the crochet tight over the cushion, and finishes with a bow.

The following are the instructions for forming the stars, a pattern of one of which, of the full size, is given on the next page.

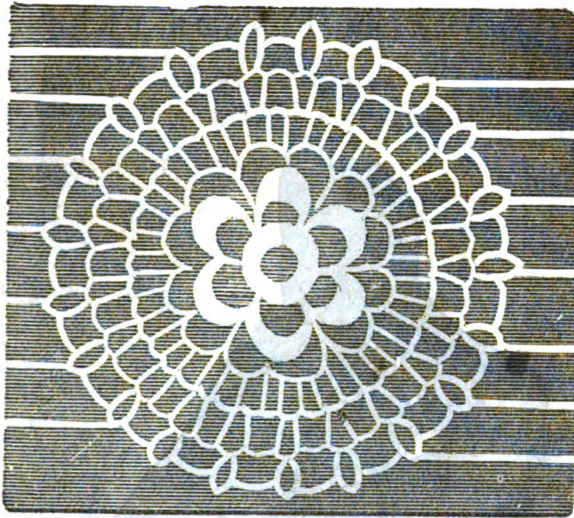
Make a ring of fifteen stitches, on this work 25 double stitches; chain 11, loop in, leaving 3 stitches between, repeat 6 times; 2 single, 9 double, 2 single on each of the 11 chain; 1 double, 8 chain, loop in to the center stitch of the 9 double of last row, repeat all round; 1 double, 3 chain on every other loop all round; 2 double, 3 chain, 2 double, 3 chain between every other double stitch of last row; 1 row over the last, with 3 double, 3 chain, 3 double.

A knotted fringe tied into every loop forms a

Digitized by Google

pretty finish to this very ornamental pin-cushion.

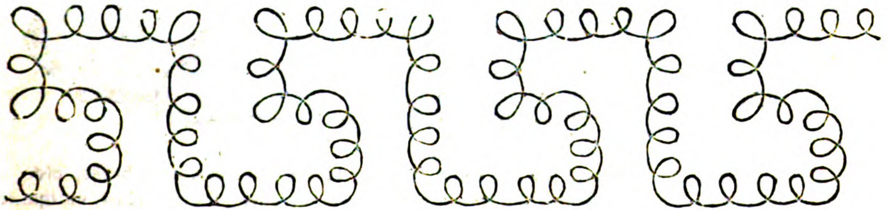
The silk lining and the ribbon should match in color. Crochet cotton, No. 16, is a suitable size. The Pincushion, when finished, makes one of the prettiest things of the season.



STAR FOR PINCUSHION.

VARIETIES.

IN SILK EMBROIDERY.



BRAIDING PATTERN.

EDGING.

Digitized by Google

POLONAISE DINNER DRESS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

This new and fashionable dress is to be made of silk. On the next page we give diagrams, which, when enlarged, will enable any lady to cut out the dress. These diagrams represent half the dress.

No. 1. Front.
No. 2. Side-Piece.
No. 3. Side-Back.
No. 4. Back.
No. 5. Gore for Skirt.
No. 6. Sleeve.
No. 7. Gore for Sleeve.

As we have already observed, there are two fronts, two side-pieces, two backs, etc. But there are six gores for the skirt, or one to go between every seam, except the seams down the back and up the front. In putting the pieces together, join the front and side-piece at D D, as far down as X X, at which part insert the gore, No. 5, putting in the fullness at the top, in a large box-plait, and then joining the gore to the front down to B B. In the same manner, insert the other gores, between the side-piece and side-back, the side-back and back, and so around. Join, under the arm, the side-piece to the side-back, at E E as far as X X, where,

Digitized by Google

DIAGRAM OF POLONAISE DINNER DRESS.

as we have just said, another gore is put in. Join the side-back to back at F F, as far as X X, where insert a gore as before.

This completes half of the skirt. The length of the skirt is to be determined, of course, by the size of the wearer. The diagram is prepared for a person of ordinary size.

To make the sleeve, insert the small gore, No. 7, at Y Y, with a box-plait, and continue the seam to H H, on one side, and I I on the other. This gore comes on the back of the arm, in the center of the sleeve.

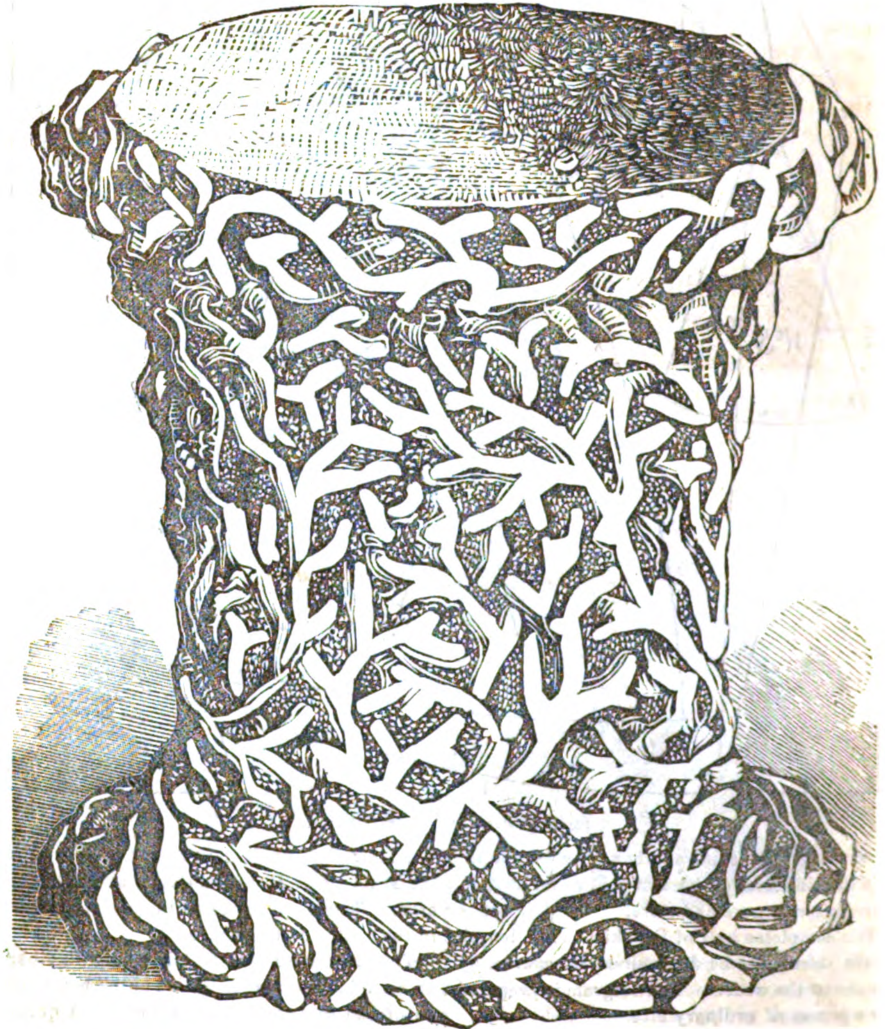
This Polonaise is to be trimmed with ribbon, as seen in the engraving. The ribbon should be of the same color as the dress. A quilling of ribbon is put on around the sleeve.

NUMERALS FOR MARKING.

Digitized by Google

CORAL CASE FOR FLOWER-POTS.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



SOME short time back we gave a pretty design for a Coral Shell Stand, executed in a similar way, and intended to form a set of the same ornaments. The shape must be formed of strong covered wire, and it is commenced by twisting the wire into a circle, from whence rows of irregular loops are formed by linking it through and giving it one tie, making the loops rather larger in each round, to allow for the spread of the flower-pot toward the top, and making the last row the largest, so as to bend back in the way of a rim. Having finished the upper part, recommence again at the wire circle at the bottom, and work a wider piece sufficiently large to spread over the flower-pot saucer, giving it a sort of arch for that purpose. When this framework has been thus far advanced, fit it on to a flower-pot, so as to give it perfect regu-

Digitized by Google

larity of shape, in the way of a mould, bending the rim back in the desired curve, and fitting the lower part over an inverted saucer of the required size. After this, short lengths of cotton cord are to be tied on to some of the more open parts, so as to give the irregular appearance of the coral branches. All this being done, some white wax is to be melted and a sufficient quantity of Chinese vermilion mixed in, so as to give it a rich color, and this must be poured on the wire framework with an iron spoon, holding it up and down and every way until the whole is perfectly covered. After having thus given the first coating, the ends of the cotton cord may be bent out in various positions and finally arranged, and a second coating of the wax be added, to give the thickness of the coral. In making these coral cases, the framework of wire must be fitted on to a flower-pot two or three sizes larger than the one which it is intended to accompany, both because the wax partially fills in the interior, and also to have space for a lining of the green moss, which is to be introduced between the earthen pot and the coral case.

TATTING.

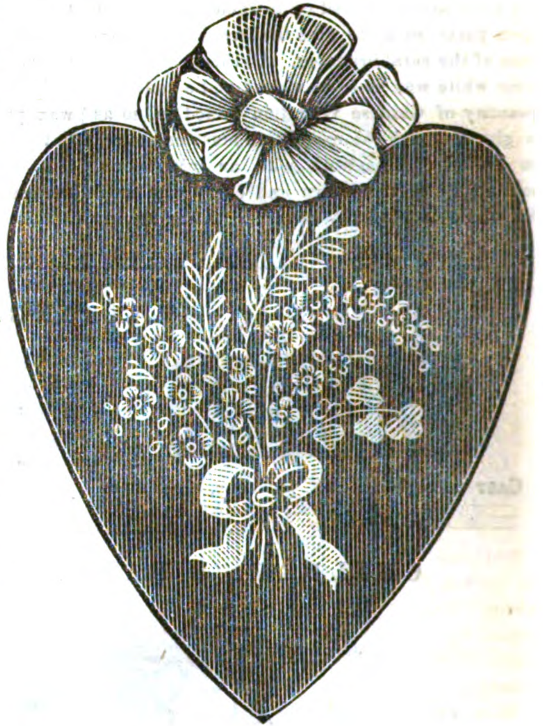
CAST on eight stitches, purl one, eight more, and purl until there are thirty-two; then draw up closely. Continue until the tatting is as long as is required, then turn back and make eight stitches, purl one, eight more, and join to the center purl, and continue so until completed.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

Digitized by Google

HEART-SHAPED SCENT-SACHET.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



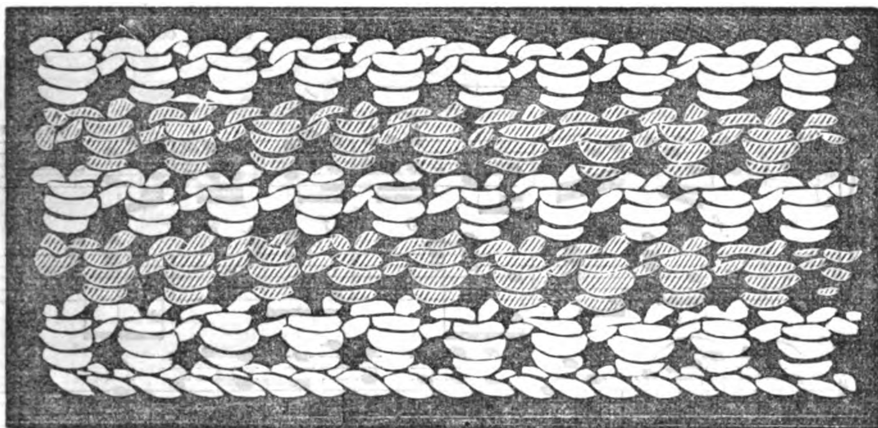
These pretty little sachets should be made by every lady, to be scattered through her drawers, so as to impart a general fragrance to the various articles of her wardrobe. The trouble is very slight, and the material no more than any trifling remnant of silk of the size shown in our illustration, and three-quarters of a yard of ribbon to form the bow. The little group of flowers which we have given is to be embroidered on the sides as lightly as possible: the two parts are to be laid face to face, and stitched together with accuracy to their shape, leaving an opening at the top; after this they are to be turned and filled with fine cotton wool, impregnated with any perfume most agreeable to taste; after which the aperture is to be closed, and the rosette of ribbon laid upon the place. Ladies who are not inclined to undertake the embroidery may take any piece of fancy silk, or even such as are quite plain, and make them up in the same way, without this decoration.

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

Digitized by Google

CROCHET FOR CUSHION.

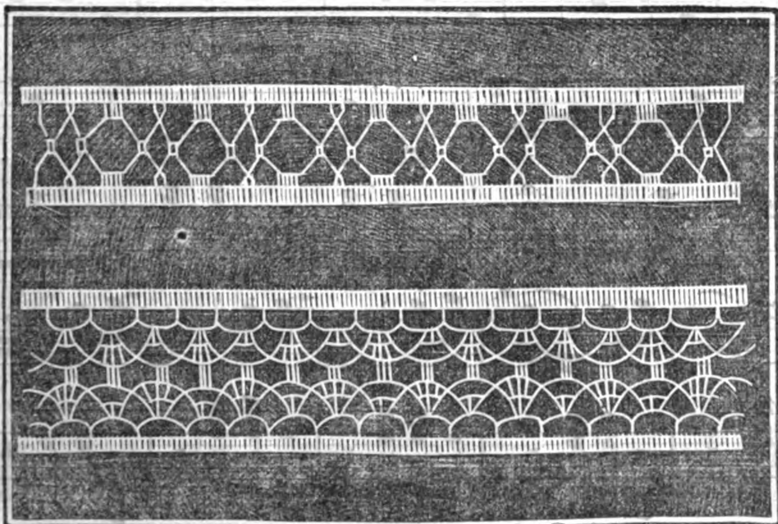
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS must be done in bands, the wool must be broken at the end of each band. If one wishes to make lamp-mats, the work must be begun by several chain-stitches joined in a circle, augmenting the ball at each row without breaking the wool.

Do a row of chain-stitches to begin the work. Turn the wool three times around the needle, take your stitch in the third stitch, it must not be tightened; keep a good hold; draw your crochet, drawing at the same time the ends of the wool above it. Make a plain stitch; begin again in the second stitch, turning the wool three times around the needle.

IN CROCHET.



Digitized by Google

THE TRIUMPHANT POLKA.

COMPOSED BY AMELIA M. ESCHER.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF SEP. WINNER, PROPRIETOR OF THE COPYRIGHT.

f *p* *f* *p*

f *p*

p *p*

p

Digitized by Google

TRIUMPHANT POLKA.

f

8 va.................

8va...loco.

cres - - cen - do. f

D.C.

D.C.

Digitized by Google

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

LADIES AND BOOTS.—We remember, some years ago, when the first pair of boots was worn, in public, by a lady, in Philadelphia. We mean long boots, such as gentlemen wear. It was before the era of gum-elastic boots. A sensible woman said to us, "I have a mind to have a pair of boots, to wear in wet weather; thick soles alone are not sufficient; for the skirts get sloppy, flap against the ankle, and so give one a cold sometimes, even when the feet keep dry." We encouraged the idea. But the first time she wore them she was almost mobbed. Even the medical students belonging to our world-famed University, (who would have been thought to be better-bred,) seeing her passing, one stormy day, cried out, audibly, at the spectacle. But she continued, like a wise woman, to wear her high boots; and now the fashion is almost universal. All this happened, as old-fashioned story-tellers say, "once upon a time"—more years ago than we care to tell.

Boots, generally, little as well as big, are now patronized to a great extent. There is the long boot we have spoken of, the Balmoral, the Congress, the ordinary gaiter, etc., etc. Boots have become, indeed, essential portions of outdoor costume, even in the very finest weather. Further than this, they have been for some time fashionable in the ball-room. "Dancing boots," as the shoemakers call them, are found more convenient and durable than the pretty little satin slippers, with their neat sandals crossing over a maze of dainty lace-work on the top of the foot, that, when we were young, glanced before our eyes as we watched the progress of the whirling waltz. We liked those little slippers. We had a regard for the sandals. We had an admiration for the cobwebby stockings that fitted so beautifully over delicate insteps, and twinkled in and out beneath swelling folds of gauzy drapery. Yes, we liked the slippers, and duly watched for their appearance. But now, as we sit in our quiet corner at a party, instead of the pretty little slippered feet, no feet at all, but only boots—dull, opaque, and white, traditionally supposed to contain feet, but this must be taken upon trust—present themselves to our inquiring gaze. So we hereby enter our protest against ball-room boots, with or without elastic sides, regarding them in the light of unreasonable innovations upon a long established right.

As to Balmorals, we rather like them, military heels and all. We think that the mania for science in a mild and diluted form, prevalent of late years, has had something to do with them; for how could young ladies sally forth through miniature forests of wet grass to gather moss and ferns, or how could they venture among sea-side pools to inquire into the domestic habits and modes of education prevalent among the marine tribes, unless they were provided with some such defence as the Balmoral boot? No, depend upon it, boots and science have some immediate connection, and certainly at the present time it is gratifying to think that women number among them so vast a phalanx of *high-soled* individuals.

One word more about ladies' boots. They should always, on all occasions, be in perfect order, fit nicely, and be exactly laced. A hanging boot-lace is an abomination. At all hours, and on all days, a woman can, if she likes, be "fit to be seen," dressed as becomes her occupation and her position. Let this word suffice to the wise; as to the incurables, the hopelessly untidy, it were indeed a *bootless* task to talk to them; in this country, at least, we believe them to be few and far between.

A NEW VOLUME WITH JULY.—A new volume of "Peterson" will begin with our next number. *This will furnish a good opportunity to subscribe.* We have several new contributors, whose stories will appear in this next volume. Altogether, "Peterson" will be far better, hereafter, than it has ever been before. The series of embellishments we have in hand for the coming six months, will surpass any series we have ever given. Our colored pattern, in the July number, will be something quite new and superb. The enormous edition we have attained, and the fact that we do a cash business entirely, enables us to publish a monthly that is unequaled anywhere for the price. *This is the Magazine for the times.* We advise everybody to secure the coming volume. Either clubs, or single subscribers, may begin with the July number, or any other number they please. Those who desire it can be supplied with back numbers from January. The fact that this is the *cheapest Magazine in the world*, ought to introduce "Peterson" into tens of thousands of homesteads where no magazine has ever been before.

GOSSIP ABOUT GLOVES.—It is generally supposed that gloves are modern inventions. They are not. The Anglo-Saxons even wore gloves. The most gloves come from France, which appears to have been celebrated as a glove-making country from a very distant era, if we may judge by the following extract from an old English ballad:—

> "He said he had his gloves from France.
> The Queen said, 'That can't be;
> If you go there for glove-making,
> It is without the G.'"

The subject of gloves brings to mind an anecdote of Shakspeare, which we remember to have met with in some record of antiquity. He was acting in one of his own plays in the presence of Queen Elizabeth, his part being that of a king, which he played to such perfection, that her majesty resolved to try whether she could make him forget the illusions of the stage, and accordingly dropped her glove at the moment that he passed her. He stopped at once and picked it up, but without departing a single inch from his royal *role*, and he handed it to her with the words, "Although bent on this high embassy, yet stoop we to pick up our cousin's glove."

Those among us who can look back some thirty years, and call to mind the aspect of a ball-room (a singular aspect, be it observed, according to our present ideas), will remember those very prolonged gloves that didn't know where to leave off, but crept up to their wearers' elbows, apparently doing their best to make up for the absence of sleeves. It is hard now to persuade ourselves that these appendages could ever have looked pretty or becoming, but no doubt they fascinated many spectators in their day, and rested daintily on the soft white arms beneath them.

All gloves are said to be made of kid. Yet it could be demonstrated that there are not goats enough in the world to furnish the material. Rat-skins are used extensively as a substitute.

OUR COLORED PATTERNS FOR THIS NUMBER.—We give, this month, four colored patterns, printed on a double-sized sheet. This is what no other cotemporary does.

JUNE ROSES.—This is one of the most beautiful engravings we have ever published. But that for July will be even more beautiful.

Digitized by Google

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.—The newspapers, everywhere, pronounce "Peterson" *the best and cheapest* of the magazines. Says the Paterson (N. J.) Guardian:—"If we were called upon to select the magazine best suited for the home circle, and for the ladies particularly, we should unhesitatingly select Peterson's Book. We think this Magazine unrivaled in the field in which it performs so useful a part. Radiant in colored fashion-plates, rich in patterns of all sorts, and entertaining and instructive in its literary department, each number seems to surpass the preceding one in value and interest." And the Monmouth (Ill.) Review says:—"Among all the magazines we receive, there are none we hail with more delight than Peterson. The steel engravings that embellish it, and the highly finished fashion-plates that are sure to attract the eye, besides the numerous other engravings, are not excelled by any other magazine published. The matter it contains is from the pens of the most gifted authors, and of a strictly moral and elevating character. The heads of families would do well to place a Magazine like Peterson's in the hands of their children, instead of allowing them to pore over the trashy novels that are purchased for ten cents."

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.—Never abandon hope. The most sorrowful life has its hours of happiness. In proportion as we have endured ill-fortune, just in that proportion is the chance of improvement. It cannot rain forever. A little trouble, occasionally, does us good. Uninterrupted success fosters selfishness, hard-heartedness, weakness, and many other vices. The sailor, nursed in the tempests of the great Atlantic, is hardy, brave, and vigilant, while he who only crawls along the sunny shores of Italy, succumbs to the first hurricane. Is fortune adverse, is the future gloomy? Look up; go boldly forward; hope for the best. Nothing is impossible to a stout arm and a resolute will. Brighter days are in store for you. Have faith. All will yet come right.

THE "QUEEN OF THE MONTHLIES."—So the Sheboygan (Wis.) Journal calls this Magazine. It says:—"The number starts out with a beautiful engraving, which is worth the price of the number. It contains a steel fashion-plate, which is far superior to any we have ever before seen. It is replete with first class literature, and is far ahead of any other magazine of the kind in the country. Indeed, we know of several ladies in this vicinity who have discontinued the three dollar magazines and commenced taking 'Peterson's'—not because the latter was the cheapest, but because it was the best."

CHARITY IS THE GREATEST.—"Faith, hope, and charity," says the apostle; "*but the greatest of these is* CHARITY." Only the All-Seeing Judge knows the hearts of men. Let us not be too hasty to condemn. Who has not felt the sting of misrepresentation? Do unto others, therefore, as you would be done unto; and have charity for all. Even in reference to the criminal, disavow and condemn the sin, but pity the offender.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life and Career of Major John Andre, Adjutant-General of the British Army in America. By Winthrop Sargent. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—The author of this work is favorably known as a historical student. Nor is this his first essay as a writer for the public. On the whole, his present volume, though not without defects, is a valuable addition to our historical literature. Its merits are that it tells us many things of Andre not generally known before, and that it gives us graphic pictures of society in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston in 1776. Its principal defect is the constant repetition of facts almost universally known, and which, moreover, have little, or no connection with the main subject. It was proper, for example, to describe the Meschianza at length; but why go over, and in such detail, the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth? Another fault is, that, in his effort to discard prejudice, Mr. Sargent seems to us to have become almost the apologist of Great Britain. He nowhere directly assails Washington, or the cause of the colonies, but the general tone of the book is more or less depreciatory of both. We do not think Mr. Sargent can be conscious of this himself. He will, probably, be surprised at such an accusation. But as his work has produced the same effect on others, in this respect, as ourself, we think it our duty, as a critic, to mention the fact at least. In narrating the events of Andre's arrest, and in discussing the propriety of Andre's execution, Mr. Sargent is quite voluminous: indeed he may be considered to have exhausted the subject. His verdict is that Andre suffered justly; that Washington could not but hang the unfortunate young man; and that, after all, fortune has made amends to the victim, by securing to him a fame he might otherwise never have enjoyed. Of Arnold Mr. Sargent writes with more charity than most of our historians have written, though he does not, in the least, extenuate the baseness of the traitor's defection. The volume is printed quite neatly and contains a portrait of Major Andre.

Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi. By A. Hayward. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—Every reader of Boswell's Johnson is familiar with the name of Mrs. Thrale, subsequently Mrs. Piozzi. At the country-seat of Mr. Thrale, an eminent London brewer, Dr. Johnson was long a welcome guest, and consequently few of his cotemporaries saw as much of him socially as Mrs. Thrale. This lady was a wit, almost a blue, and figures continually in Boswell's Johnson. After her first husband's decease, she married an Italian singer, named Piozzi, a match which drew upon her a good deal of opprobrium, which appears, however, to have been undeserved, for she was far happier now than when Mrs. Thrale. She had a handsome income, fortunately, which permitted her to consult her wishes; nor does she seem to have sunk, ultimately, in the social scale, as her friends prophesied she would. Mrs. Piozzi lived to the age of eighty, dying in 1821; and retained her vivacity and love of approbation to the last. While there is much in this volume of comparatively little value, there is a good deal also worthy of preservation. It will be found particularly interesting to readers familiar with the literary gossip of the last half of the eighteenth century.

Twelve Sermons. By Horace Mann. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—The chief features of these sermons are their clearness of thought, and their terse, logical style. It is to be regretted, we think, that they touch, here and there, on disputed points of theology; for their general tone is so liberal, their ethical teachings so just, that it is a pity their audience should be at all circumscribed. Besides, do not Christians often differ more in terms than in fact? We call things by different names, when we mean substantially the same. Or we are so constituted, by organization, that we realize certain aspects of religion more forcibly than others do. Mr. Mann himself, in one of these sermons, dwells particularly on this fact. There are some persons, who, on account of the theological proclivities of the author, will be prejudiced against the volume. But, after all, why should they? Let them separate from the wheat, what they think the chaff. Even they, however, will find but little chaff, and will be amply repaid by the sterling sense, the sound ethics, and the wide Christian brotherhood, which characterize the book.

Digitized by Google

Currents and Under-Currents in Medical Science. With other Addresses and Essays. By Oliver Wendell Holmes.—Dr. Holmes, having established his claim, by his "Autocrat," his "Professor," and his "Elsie Venner," to be the greatest of magazinists, living or dead, is naturally desirous that the world should not forget that he is also a first-class writer on science, especially medical science. Accordingly he has collected, in this volume, certain essays, already well known among *savans*, but which will now, we trust, become familiar to the public at large. Truly a wonderful man is Dr. Holmes! Wit, essayist, lecturer, poet, good-fellow, philosopher, man of science, he is, so to speak, "the admirable Crichton" of this nineteenth century. We suspect, too, that he belongs to what we may call the school of "muscular literature," and that he could hold his own in a boat-race, in the saddle, or behind a fast trotter; there are chance passages, at least, in his works, which show him to be familiar with these and other manly sports. Of the several essays in this volume, all excellent, we have been most interested in that on the "Mechanism of Vital Action." There are many readers who will not like the doctor's attack on homœopathy.

The Alchemist. From the French of Honore de Balzac. Translated by O. W. Wight and F. B. Goodrich. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.*—This is the story of an Alchemist, who, in his mad search after the Philosopher's stone, not only melts down his estate, but also sacrifices his wife's affection. The character of this wife is exquisitely drawn. But all the characters are depicted with unusual force: the daughter, the lover, the old servant, and the Alchemist himself, rise before the reader as realities. Indeed, there are few writers of fiction, who rival Balzac in the subtle dissection of human nature. This makes the third of these novels translated by Messrs. Wight and Goodrich.

Macaulay's History of England. Vol. V., 12 *mo. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.*—The late Lord Macaulay left, as is well known, a partial continuation of his history, in manuscript. This fragment his sister, Lady Trevelyan, has just issued from the press. Of several editions, which have appeared on this side of the Atlantic, that of Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. has the merit of containing a sketch, by S. Austin Allibone, of the historian's life and writings. A complete index to the entire work is also a feature of this volume. The history, with all its faults, is fascinating reading, and even this fragment, therefore, will be eagerly perused.

Chambers' Encyclopædia. Vols. I and II., 8 *vo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This work, the republication of which was begun by D. Appleton & Co., of New York, has passed into the hands of J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, who will continue to issue it in numbers, simultaneously with the issue abroad, until it is completed. Twenty-six numbers have already appeared. The work is one of very great merit, and it is reprinted in excellent style. We wish, indeed, that the New American Encyclopædia, which is now being published, had type and paper as unexceptionable.

Thessalonica; or, The Model Church. By H. L. Hastings. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.*—This is a sketch of primitive Christianity. Mr. Hastings is favorably known as the author of "The Great Controversy between God and Man," "Pauline Theology," etc., etc. The work is well written.

RECEIPTS FOR PRESERVING.

Cherry Jam.—Stone four pounds of cherries, and put them in a preserving-pan with two pounds of fine white sugar and a pint of red currant juice. Boil the whole together rather fast, until it stiffens, and then put it into pots for use.

Gooseberry Jam.—Stalk and crop six pounds of the small, red, rough gooseberry, put them into a preserving-pan, and, as they warm, stir and bruise them to bring out the juice. Let them boil for ten minutes, then add four pounds of sugar, and place it on the fire again; let it boil, and continue boiling for two hours longer, stirring it all the time to prevent its burning. When it thickens, and will jelly upon a plate, it is done enough. Put it into pots, and allow it to remain a day before it is covered.

Blackberry Jam.—In families where there are many children there is no preparation of fruit so wholesome, so cheap, and so much admired, as this homely conserve. The fruit should be clean picked in dry weather, and to every pound of berries put half-pound of coarse brown sugar; boil the whole together for three-quarters of an hour or one hour, stirring it well the whole time. Put it in pots like any other preserve, and it will be found most useful in families, as it may be given to children instead of medicine; makes excellent puddings.

To Preserve Barberries in Bunches.—Take the stoneless barberries, reserve the largest bunches; then pick the rest from the stalks, put them into as much water as will make a syrup for the bunches, boil them until quite soft; then strain them through a sieve, and to every pint of juice put one and a half-pound of loaf-sugar; boil and skim it well. To every pint of this syrup put half-pound of barberries in bunches, boil them until they look quite clear, and put them into pots or glasses. Tie paper over them. They are only used as a garnish for other sweet dishes.

Composition Sweetmeat.—Take two pottles of ripe red gooseberries, two of red raspberries, two of strawberries (the pines are best), and three pints of ripe red currants; bruise and mix them together in a deep dish, and to every pint of the fruit put three-quarters pound of sugar, pounded pretty fine; then boil it for half an hour, stirring it all the time it is on the fire. Cherries may also be added, first taking out the stones; measure them with the other fruit for the weight of sugar.

Currant Jelly.—Take of red and white currants equal quantities, or all red, tie them down close in a jar, put them into a kettle of water over a slow fire to boil for two hours, or into a slow oven; strain the liquor through a fine sieve, but do not squeeze the currants hard; then to every pint of juice put three-quarters pound of loaf-sugar; set it over a very slow fire until the sugar is dissolved. Let the scum rise thick enough to be taken off at once; then let it boil up quickly for twenty minutes, or until it jellies.

ART RECREATIONS.

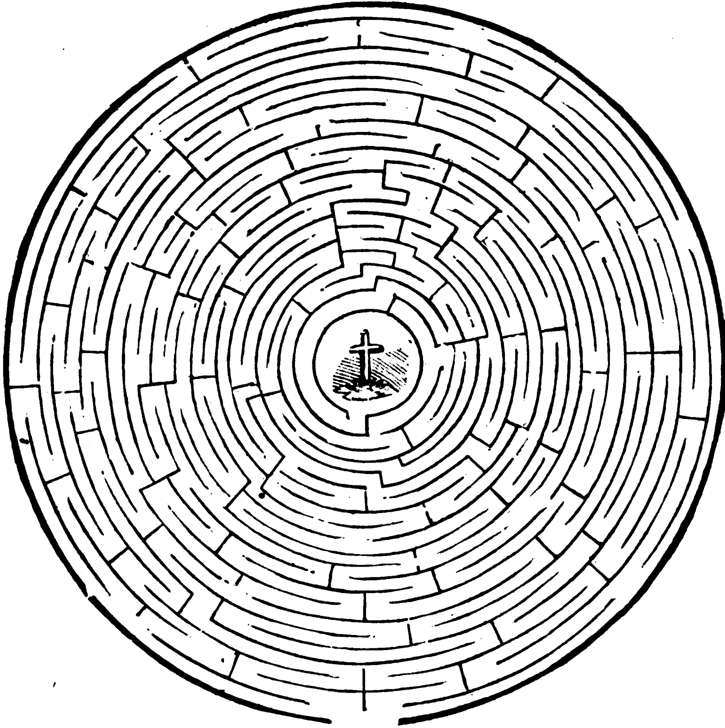
MR. PETERSON—*Dear Sir*—Will you please inform your readers that we have *not* sold out our business of publishing Pictures, and importing and selling Artists' Goods? That our Mr. J. E. Tilton disposed only of his local retail trade in Salem, at the time of removal to Boston, some three years since, our facilities are greatly improved of late for the supplying of *all* Artists' Materials, including all materials used in any of the styles taught in "Art Recreations." We shall be happy to hear from our friends who want but little for a beginning, and from those who want large quantities to sell again.

We have ready a NEW PRICE LIST of all materials used in our "Art Recreations," etc., including that for Painting of all kinds, Drawing of all kinds, Wax Flowers and Fruit, Paper Flowers: in fact, all fashionable arts. It will be sent free to those interested who will write us for it.

Very truly yours, J. E. TILTON & Co.,
161 Washington Street, Boston.

Digitized by Google

PUZZLE MAZE.



Key to the Maze.—The "Maze" must be entered at the opening at foot. The Traveler will pass between the lines, taking care not to pass over a black line; passing to the inner circles only where there is an opening. He is not to attempt to pass from the center to the circumference, except when he has arrived there in the legitimate manner.

RECEIPTS FOR DESSERTS.

An excellent Apricot Pudding.—Have twelve large apricots, give them a scald till they are soft; meantime pour on the grated crumbs of a penny loaf, one pint of boiling cream; when half-cold, add four ounces of sugar, the yolks of four beaten eggs, and one glass of white wine. Break the apricot-stones, take some or all of the kernels, pound them in a mortar, and mix them with the fruit and other ingredients; put a paste round a dish, and bake the pudding half an hour.

Baked Apple Pudding.—Pare and quarter four large apples; boil them tender, with the rind of a lemon, in so little water that, when done, none may remain: beat them quite firm in a mortar; add the crumbs of a small roll; four ounces of butter melted, the yolks of five and whites of three eggs, juice of half a lemon, and sugar to taste; beat all together, and lay it in a dish with paste to turn out.

Or—Put the pulp of the apples in the center of a baking dish, surround it with custard, and bake it until brown.

Or—Take three-quarters of a pound of the pulp of the sharpest apples you can get; add six ounces of pounded loaf-sugar, the same of butter (melted), the grated rind of one lemon and the juice, a glass of white wine, a little nutmeg, the yolks of eight eggs and the whites of four, well beaten. Mix these well together, and bake in a dish lined with paste.

Fruit sliced into Batter makes an excellent and economical pudding, and is considered much more digestible than when put into paste. A little of the batter should be put into the dish, and, if apples are used, they should be pared and carefully cored, then cut into slices, and a little sugar and grated lemon-peel strewed between them, the dish filled three parts full with the remainder of the batter.

To make Batter for Fruit Puddings.—Put half a pound of flour and a saltspoonful of salt into a pan, add very gently half a pint of milk; if mixed carelessly, the flour will remain in lumps; beat up the whites of four eggs, strain them to the batter, and beat it well with a wooden spoon. The whites should be beaten, separately, to a solid froth, and not added till just before the batter is used. For fruit, the batter should be rather thicker than when plain, to prevent the fruit sinking to the bottom of the dish or basin, as it is equally good baked or boiled. It must be brought to a proper consistency by adding milk.

Baked Gooseberry Pudding.—Stew gooseberries in a jar over a hot hearth, or in a saucepan of water, till they will pulp. Take a pint of the juice pressed through a coarse sieve, and beat it with three yolks and whites of eggs beaten and strained, with one ounce and a-half of butter; sweeten it well, and put a crust round the dish. A few crumbs of roll, or four ounces of Naples biscuit, should be mixed with the above to give a little consistency. Raspberries and currants may be used instead of gooseberries, and are equally good.

Digitized by Google

Damsons.—Take a few spoonfuls from a quart of milk, and mix into it, by degrees, four spoonfuls of flour, two spoonfuls of sifted ginger, a little salt; then add the remainder of the milk and one pound of damsons. Tie it up in a cloth, wetted and well floured, or put it into a basin that will exactly hold it. Boil it an hour and a-half, and pour over it melted butter and sugar.

Carrot Pudding.—Boil a large carrot till tender, bruise and mix it with a spoonful of bread-crumbs, four yolks and two whites of eggs, a pint of cream, a ratafia, a large spoonful of orange-flower water, half a nutmeg, two ounces of loaf-sugar. Bake in a shallow dish lined with paste, and when it is turned out strew sugar over it.

Or—Four ounces of bread-crumbs, four ounces of suet, four ounces of grated raw carrot, one tablespoonful of brandy, beaten up with an egg, and flavored with cinnamon and nutmeg. Boil three hours.

An excellent plain Potato Pudding.—Take eight ounces of boiled potatoes, two ounces of butter, the yolks and whites of two eggs, a quarter pint of cream, one spoonful of white wine, a morsel of salt, the juice and rind of a lemon; beat all to froth; sugar to taste. A crust or not, as you like. Bake it. If wanted richer, put three ounces more butter, sweetmeats and almonds, and another egg; or if plainer, omit the wine.

An Economical Pudding may be made of half a pound of flour, half a pound of currants, half a pound of suet well chopped, and four ounces of treacle, with milk sufficient to mix it well together into a stiff paste or batter, the stiffness of boiled rice. Butter a basin, and let it boil five hours. When cold it may be sliced and browned.

Hasty Pudding.—Boil one pint of milk, stir two ounces of flour into it till it be thick and stiff; put it into a basin and add half an ounce of butter, with a little nutmeg, and sugar enough to sweeten it. When cold, mix in three well-beaten eggs; line a dish with thin paste, and in the bottom of it put a layer of marmalade, or any other preserve, and bake the pudding in a moderate oven for half an hour. It is good without paste, and may be baked in a Dutch oven.

Or—Boil one pint of milk, stir into it as much flour as will thicken it, letting it boil all the time; pour it into plates, and eat it hot, with cold butter and sugar, or, if butter is objected to, a little cold milk and a little nutmeg.

Wiltshire Pudding.—Three well-beaten eggs, one pint of milk, sufficient flour to make a thick batter, a little salt; beat it some minutes, stir in gently a large teacupful of picked currants and half that quantity of red raspberries; boil in a cloth for two hours, turn it out on the dish and cut in thin slices, but do not separate them; put between each butter and brown sugar.

Bath Pudding.—Half a pint of cream, a quarter of a pound of butter, boiled together, the crumbs of a two penny loaf, lump sugar and brandy to your taste, four eggs. Bake them in small cups three-quarters of an hour.

Chichester Pudding.—To the grated crumbs of a French roll, mixed with the grated rind of half a lemon, add four ounces of sifted sugar, the same of butter, the juice of half a lemon, the yolks of four eggs, the whites of two, both being previously well beaten; stir it over the fire till it is the thickness of cream; then pour it into an open tart-paste and bake it in a moderate oven.

Yorkshire Pudding.—Put one pint of boiling milk to the crumbs of a penny loaf, four eggs, a little salt and flour; put it in a tin and bake it under roast beef or mutton.

A Welsh Pudding.—Let half a pound of fine butter melt gently, beat with it the yolks of eight and whites of four eggs, mix in six ounces of loaf-sugar, and the rind of a lemon grated. Put a paste into a dish for turning out, and pour the above in and nicely bake it.

Gloucester Puddings.—Weigh three eggs in the shell; take their weight in flour and butter; take twelve bitter almonds and five ounces of pounded sugar; beat all together for half an hour, and put the mixture in pudding-cups, filling the cups only half full. Bake them half an hour.

Oxford Dumplings.—Of grated bread two ounces, currants and shred suet four ounces each, two large spoonfuls of flour, a great deal of grated lemon-peel, a bit of sugar, and a little pimento in fine powder. Mix with two eggs and a little milk into five dumplings, and fry of a fine yellow brown. Made with flour instead of bread, but half the quantity, they are excellent. Serve with sweet-sauce.

Apple Dumplings should be made of one large apple quartered and cored, then put together, covered with a thin paste, and boiled till the fruit shall be done enough.

Or—The apple is best not cut, but the core scooped out and the center filled up with a piece of butter and sugar, according to the tartness of the apple. The paste should not be rolled out, but a lump of the proper quantity taken, the apple placed upon it, and the paste carefully pressed round it, bringing it to a point which is easily closed, so as to keep in the juice and butter. They have a pretty effect if boiled in nets instead of cloths.

RECEIPTS FOR SALADS.

The Mixture or Dressing.—For four persons bruise only the yolk of one hard-boiled egg (leaving out altogether the white), with some salt, and make it into a paste with two large teaspoonfuls of French mustard; or, if obliged to use common mustard, add to it a drop or two of assafœtida, which will impart to it a slight flavor of garlic. Then add oil and vinegar in the following proportions, without using so much as to make the sauce thin, and taking care to have the finest oil and the very strongest species of real French vinegar: namely, to every one spoonful of vinegar add two of oil; one spoonful of the vinegar being impregnated with chilis, which will add warmth to the salad, much more agreeably than cayenne. A little of tarragon may be an improvement, and a spoonful of Quihi or walnut ketchup is not objectionable; but mushroom ketchup will destroy the pungency of flavor, and both may be left out without inconvenience. When this is done, mix the sauce well, but lightly, with the salad, to which a few slices of boiled beet-root, and the white of the egg sliced, will be a pretty addition.

Some people, particularly the French, eat lettuces without any other sauce than oil and vinegar, and, when eaten in that simple way, a little sugar is certainly an improvement.

The excellence of a salad consists in the vegetables being young and fresh, and they should be prepared only a short time before they are wanted; the salad mixture being either poured into the bottom of the bowl, or sent up in a sauce-tureen, and not stirred up with the vegetables until they are served.

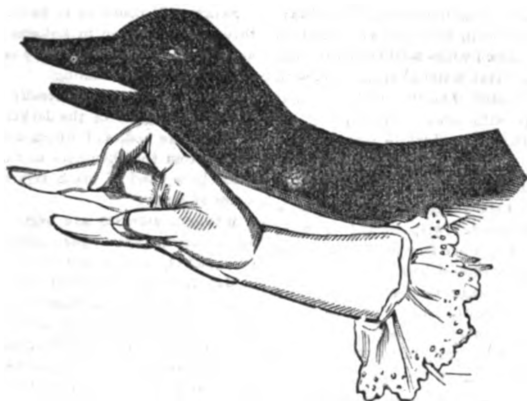
In *summer salads* the mixture must not be poured upon the lettuce or vegetables used in the salad, but be left at the bottom, to be stirred up when wanted, as thus preserving the crispness of the lettuce.

In *winter salads*, however, the reverse of this proceeding must be adopted, as thus: the salad of endive, celery, beet, and other roots being cut ready for dressing, then pour the mixture upon the ingredients and stir them well up, so that every portion may receive its benefit. In doing this, it should likewise be recollected that the spoon and fork should always be of wood, and of sufficient size to stir up the vegetables in large quantities.

Chicken Salad.—Pull the meat off the bones of a cold fowl or chicken, put it into a small pan, with a shalot cut

Digitized by Google

FIRESIDE AMUSEMENTS.



To Make Shadows on the Wall.—Arrange your fingers as seen in the engraving, between a candle and the wall, and the result will be the shadow of a goose's head and neck.

in thin slices, a few sprigs of parsley, and a tablespoonful each of oil and tarragon vinegar; season the chicken well with pepper and salt; let it soak for about three hours. Boil three eggs hard, cut them in four pieces, lengthways; chop two anchovies, six olives, and a dessertspoonful of capers; take three lettuces, reserve the small hearts to garnish with, cutting them in four, shred fine the other leaves that are white, and cut roughly some small salad; put a layer of salad on the dish, then the chicken, sprinkle the chopped anchovy, etc., then more salad and chicken, until you have used up the whole of your materials; then mask it with a thick mayonnaise sauce; garnish it round the bottom with the lettuce-hearts and eggs alternately. This salad is much improved if the dish can be placed on pounded ice whilst it is being prepared. The remains of *veal* and *white poultry*, when minced and left cold, instead of being fricasseed, will thus be found an excellent addition to the dinner of a summer's day, with added slices of cucumber.

Lobster Salad.—Break out the meat from a lobster; slice the tail half an inch thick. Marinade it in oil and vinegar for two hours; have some lettuce and small salad shred; make a layer at the bottom of the dish; put over that a layer of the lobster, seasoned with pepper and salt, repeating it until the dish is piled up. Make a border of hard-boiled eggs, cut in quarters, round the dish, interspersed with sliced beet-root and cucumber, and a few fillets of anchovy. Pour over the top, when sending to table, some mayonnaise sauce.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

Fig. i.—Dress of pink and white striped Organdie.—The skirt is trimmed with two flounces, put on in festoons some distance from each other, and finished by a row of narrow white edging. The body is high, with pieces crossing over the front and shoulders, giving the effect of a square body. Sleeves trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Bonnet of white straw, trimmed with pink roses.

Fig. ii.—A Dinner Dress.—The skirt is of apple green silk, made quite plain. The body is of white muslin puffed, the puffings separated by bands of black velvet. The sleeves have a jockey of black velvet, below which are two small puffs. The lower part of the sleeve corresponds with the body. Waistband and bow of black velvet.

Fig. iii.—Black Silk Mantilla, from Benson, 310 Canal street, New York, composed of grogram silk, fitted loosely to the figure. Box-plaits of black satin ribbon three inches wide, commenced at the bottom of the side seam, sweep up the front and extending over the shoulder, form a round cape at the back, which has a collar edged with plaitings of narrow satin ribbon. Pockets ornamented with lappets of silk, edged with narrow ribbon, and fastened at each end with a small button. Large sleeves, with quilling of narrow ribbon down the back, extending round the lappet in front of the sleeve. The lappet is fastened with three large buttons of jet and silk. An ornament of black crochet and jet finishes the top of the sleeve. This is one of the most elegant and fashionable mantillas of the season.

Fig. iv.—Plaited Circular Shawl Mantilla, from Benson, 310 Canal street, New York, fitted to the neck by three large plaits, and looped up on the arm by two similar ones, which are fastened by buttons of jet and lace. Cape of guipure lace, square in front and back.

Fig. v.—A Bonnet of very fine Leghorn, from Beekman's, 85 Chambers street, New York, is edged with gimp of the same material. A band of lilac ribbon is drawn plainly over the top, the end of which is also embroidered with Leghorn gimp. The trimming inside is of white flowers and purple grapes, with tulle ruche; lilac strings, embroidered with gimp like that on the bonnet.

Fig. vi.—A Chip Bonnet, from Mrs. Cripps, 312 Canal street, New York, with serpentine crown composed of bands of chip; lace cape edged with three bands of chip, one wide and two narrow; rich fall of blonde over the cape extending up the left side, and terminating with a cluster of half open blush roses mixed with grass and mignonette. The face is lined with a puffing of white crape, edged with black lace, and finished inside with white blonde lace, which extends in a band across the head, and is ornamented with a bow of grass, white moss rose-buds and mignonette.

Fig. vii.—Infant Boy's Hat of Leghorn, from Genin, 513 Broadway, New York, with rolled brim, edged with white velvet and straw cord. A band of white velvet round the crown; loops of white velvet and straw cord on the left side, with a long ostrich feather half encircling the brim. The cap is of blonde, intermingled with knots of narrow white

Digitized by Google

ribbon. An exceedingly tasteful and becoming hat for a child.

Fig. viii.—Girl's Hat, also from Genin's, 513 Broadway, is of black and white straw, with white crown and black brim. The right side has a rich white feather; on the left is a heavy torsade of black velvet, fastened at each end with a large jet button. A plain band of black velvet surrounds the crown. White strings, with bows of black velvet, decorated on either side with pink and white rose-buds and green leaves.

Fig. ix.—New Style Skirt for Morning, from Douglass' & Sherwood's, 51 and 53 White street, New York. The center has ten Bayadere puffs alternated with tucked bands of cambric; on each side of which are four puffings running lengthwise, also separated by tucked bands. A full ruffle two inches in width extends round the bottom headed by a tuck, and completes the beautiful effect of this skirt, which is one of the greatest marvels of sewing-machine work. Skirts of this design are rapidly taking the place of the embroidered ones which had grown so common.

Figs. x. and xi.—Italian Body.—Back and front views of a silk body. The sleeve is trimmed from the shoulder down with a row of rather wide black lace, and narrow puffings of black lace ornament the side-bodies, shoulders, and the front of the body.

Fig. xii.—Russian Body.—This body is made square in the neck, and is composed of puffings of white muslin and rows of Valenciennes insertions. The sleeves correspond with the body, and have shoulder knots and ribbon of the color of the waistband.

Fig. xiii.—Under Body for a Zouave Jacket.—This body is composed of white muslin, and fits quite closely to the figure. It is trimmed with a puffing of muslin, edged on each side with a narrow ruffle. The pockets and wristbands are formed in the same way.

Fig. xiv.—Shawl Mantilla of thin white Muslin, trimmed with rows of white muslin ruffles, simply hemmed.

Fig. xv. Sacque Mantle of thin white Muslin, trimmed with a quilling of white muslin.

General Remarks.—The variety of material for traveling and walking dresses is wonderful, still the color is always some shade of gray, or black and white. There are stripes, chenes, small black and white plaids, etc., etc., of all qualities, from eighteen and three-quarter cents to one dollar and twenty-five cents a yard. The black and white plaid is by no means confined to persons in mourning; in fact, some of the most fashionable and stylish dresses of the season are made of it. Silks of this description are very much in demand; and one of the most beautiful organdie dresses made is of a black and white stripe, with narrow ruffles, bound with currant-color ribbon. India silks, which for several years have been unattainable on account of the Eastern difficulties, are again to be bought. These light, soft silks make the pleasantest articles to wear imaginable, and they have the advantage of being as *washable* as white muslin.

Organdies, Lawns, and Grenadines, etc., are usually made low in the neck with capes, and long sleeves that can be added to the short sleeves at pleasure. In place of the capes like the dress, pretty black or white capes or *fichus* may be added, giving a more tasteful air to the toilet. And in place of the long sleeve like the dress a white sleeve may be worn.

White Bodies are becoming very fashionable, the latest novelty being the Russian body like that in our wood engraving; though some prefer the high neck to the square one.

The form for Dresses is as nearly as possible the same as it has been for some time past. The skirts are invariably full, and the custom recently introduced of cutting gores from the top of the breadths, to render the skirt less ample at the waist than at the lower part, is now very generally followed for silk dresses.

Skirts still continue to be trimmed around the bottom, three ruffles put on in festoons being rather newer than any other style; though every one follows their own fancy in the matter of trimming.

Black Lace is very generally used in trimming, and is even put on some of the darker colored organdies. Some of the white bodies of which we spoke above, have sleeves puffed from the shoulders to the wrist, the puffings separated by a band of black velvet, edged on each side with a row of straw.

Wedding Dresses are beginning to be trimmed with swan's-down. This is particularly beautiful on white satin, or in fact on satin of any color.

Mantillas are in great variety, the white ones being usually in the style of those in our wood engravings; whilst the black silk, which are worn by many all summer, are generally loose sacques, called the "Chesterfield," and trimmed to suit the taste of the wearer: though as a general thing they are only corded either in black, purple, or white. There are also some large round, circulars with round, full hoods, and a few made with two deep box-plaits at the back, which make the mantle hang like a clergyman's gown, or somewhat like the "Queen Caroline" dress in our April number.

Bonnets are larger than they have been, and are usually trimmed on the top near the front.

Head-Dresses are still worn, the latest style being the coronet form. One of the prettiest which we have seen was made of ruched white tulle, with black velvet heartsease, embroidered in gold, mingled with the ruching. Two lappets were fastened by a very large heartsease also embroidered in gold, which formed a cache-peigne behind. A plain black velvet coronet, pointed in the front, and with a single stud or ornament in the middle, is a very stylish coiffure, and very becoming to some faces. Black velvet coronets, with gold wheat-ears, make pretty head-dresses, and may be worn in slight mourning.

Fans.—The fashionable fans consist of lace. White and black lace is manufactured expressly for these fans, and is placed over colored silk. Fans of white lace are mostly lined with pink, lilac, or orange silk. White silk is generally used for fans of black lace; but for these colored silk is also often employed. The handles of these fans are formed of mother-of-pearl, and many of them are very richly set with jewels. A fan of black lace over white silk, and mounted on a handle of mother-of-pearl, unadorned with any ornament of gold, is in the best taste. Several very pretty fans, though less *recherche* than those just mentioned, are composed chiefly of white, pink, or black crape, spangled with gold or steel, and fringed with marabout.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. i.—A little Girl's Dress of pink Barege.—The skirt is trimmed with four rows of black velvet. The body is square in the neck, with a belt and braces of black velvet. The front of the body has a diamond pattern of black velvet. Sleeves puffed lengthwise with bands of velvet between the puffs. Straw hat, with the crown white and the brim turned-up with black; it is trimmed with black velvet ribbon and long white cock's plumes.

Fig. ii.—A little Girl's Dress of buff Pique or Marseilles.—The skirt is trimmed with six rows of black braid. Above the rows of braid are small figures also braided in black. A white plaited body is worn under the Zouave jacket, made of the same material as the dress, and braided in the same way. White sleeves puffed on a band. Black and white straw hat, trimmed with a fall of lace, and a bow of black velvet.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google