THE PIC-NIC.

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NINETEENTH VOLUME.

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THE NEW YEAR

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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"PRAY GOD BLESS DEAR PAPA AND MAMMA."

BY THE REV. JAMES STEVENS.

"WHEN I could first remember," says John Randolph of Roanoke, in a letter to a friend, "I slept in the same bed with my widowed mother, and each night, before putting me to sleep, I repeated on my knees before her the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles Creed; each morning, kneeling in the bed, I put up my little hands in prayer in the same form. Years have since passed away; I have been a skeptic, a professed scoffer, glorying in my infidelity, and vain of the ingenuity with which I could defend it. Prayer never crossed my mind, but in scorn. I am now conscious, however," he emphatically adds, "that the lessons above-mentioned, taught me by my dear and revered mother, are of more value to me than all I have learned from my preceptors and compeers.",

Such was the experience of John Randolph, and such has been that of every man who had a prayerful mother, from the days of the pious Hannah, the mother of Samuel, down to our own times. Teach a child to kneel in reverence, morning and evening, before his Maker; clasp the little hands in prayer, and dictate the sacred words to the lisping lips, and whatever may be that child's lot in after life, however far it may stray from the paths of truth, the good seed will have been sown, and will some day ripen gloriously. I remember when I knelt as in the picture, at the foot of my little bed, and opposite my mother, and prayed after her, that God would make me a dutiful child, and bless my dear papa and mamma. Years have passed since then, and that sainted mother is with the dead, but the memory of those acts of worship clings to me, and ever will. The germs of holy truth, of divine faith, and of love for my fellow men, then implanted in my bosom, will widen and deepen, I trust, through all eternity.

What can be more sacred than the office of a mother? The duties of the ministry sometimes seem overpowering to those invested with them, but can they be greater than those of a mother? Our influence never equals hers. As the infant derives its first nourishment from the maternal bosom, so the earliest moral impressions of the child come from the same source. The boy who has never been taught religious truth when still his mother's companion, who has never heard of God, or learned to lisp a prayer at a mother's side, rarely becomes a good citizen or virtuous man, much less a Christian. The confessions of great malefactors, almost without an exception, prove that they never had proper moral training at a mother's hand.

"God bless dear papa and mamma!" What simple eloquence in the words! They tell of gratitude for earthly comforts and sublunary love, and consequently of grateful feelings for the mercies vouchsafed by the Great Dispenser of all good. The child that learns to reverence its parents, that is taught to ask God's blessing upon them, will venerate its Maker, and solicit His gracious kindness also. Unbelief, which is ingratitude under another name, can never find entrance into such a heart. Love to his fellow men, the keystone of all true religion, will be characteristic of him who respects his parents and adores his Creator. It matters little in the eye of the Omniscient what may be the sect to which the mother belongs, so that she is sincerely anxious for the welfare of her child, and teaches him to kneel statedly before his God. The "Lord's Prayer" is the epitome of all Christian petitions, and if he but lisps that he is heard in the courts of heaven.

Mothers, will you, can you, forget this duty? What! leave a child's well-being to the sport of circumstances, when you can secure almost certainly the moral health of your offspring. Go

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not into the world, I beseech you, to more public duties till you have faithfully discharged this. The present is an age of progress. Your sex, as well as ours, is seeking new avenues for doing good, is putting on fresh armor to fight Apollyon. I do not say that this is wrong. I believe, on the contrary, that we stand on the threshold, as it were, of a new world of philanthropy, and that those of us who shall be living fifty years hence; (alas! how few,) will find themselves in an age that will be a millenium compared to this, in an age when all, without distinction of sex or caste, will address themselves to the "work their hands find to do." But I also believe, and as firmly as I believe in a Creator, that no sphere of influence will ever be reached, by man or woman, equal to that which a mother now fills; and I doubt if, in the blessed regions of celestial happiness, angels or archangels themselves exercise a more potent or holier power.

I never hear of a profligate but I say to myself, "that man's mother did not teach him to pray." I never read of a homicide but I think, "the murderer was not learned to pray by his mother." I once knew a man of brilliant intellect who was an infidel, but so miserably unhappy, with so little trust in the future, that at last he went mad from depression of spirits, and when I inquired of his early life, I ascertained that his mother had never taught him to pray. Oh! were every mother to bring her offspring up to daily prayer, and thus instill sentiments of religion into their little hearts, what a different world we should have. Crime would be unknown. Vice would almost disappear. Poverty itself would perish, because the selfish covetousness of man, and the want of correct principle, which are the causes of nearly all poverty, would be no more. Mother, if you will but teach your child to repeat fervently the "Lord's Prayer," or even to lisp "God bless dear papa and mamma," you will reform a world.

THE UNREBUKED.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

The glory and the power is mine that wins the smile of beauty,
And fame has crowned my brow with its wealth of fadeless bays;
Yet I'd yield the cold applause that a heartless world may render,
For a smile of pure affection that was mine in happier days.

I wander through the gorgeous halls, where riches strew around me
The fairest scenes of loveliness that mimic art can feign;
The painter's skill, the sculptures mind have matched not in their dreaming
A visioned form of perfect grace I ne'er can see again.

And like a pallid spectre that haunts some hidden treasure,
Tho' the buried wealth that gives unrest can yield no joy to him,
I muse upon the splendor that fate's cold hand has brought me,
Till my heart grows sad and lonely, and mine eyes with tears are dim,

For I see thee, love, before me like a dimmed and blighted lily,
In snowy shroud of stainless white, pale roses on thy brow;
Thy placid lip retains no trace of all thy bitter anguish,
Thy maddened heart has ceased to beat beneath love's broken vow.

Life's path was wide before me, I fled from thy reproaches,
Tho' conscience rung its pealing knell forever in my breast;
The world smiled sweetly on me, tho' guilt and shame oppressed me,
And I saw thee not, oh! injured one! till laid in thy last rest.

God—thou hast ways to lead the heart through paths of deep repentance,
And not in earthly pain or woe its deepest pang may dwell,
For the fearfulness of bright success that meets no check or shading,
Can fill the sinner's trembling heart with fears no words may tell.

If sickness, death, or poverty should darken o'er my dwelling,
I still might hope to claim on high a Father and a friend;
But no reproving voice precedes the path that I have chosen,
And the unstayed curse of passion's sway must haunt me to life's end.

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THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

"What an angel!"

"Say rather a lily of the valley!"

The speakers were two young sportsmen in the highlands of Scotland, who, wearied by a long day's shooting, were approaching a hill-side spring, famous in that wild district for the coldness and pureness of its waters. They had just reached the brow of the elevation overlooking the rural fountain, when the sight of a young girl, in the first blush of womanly beauty, sitting by the spring, drew these ejaculations from them in succession. As they spoke they stopped, by a common impulse, to gaze on the fair vision a moment before it should be dissipated, which they knew it would, on their appearance.

The young girl was sitting on a low rock that rose by the side of the fountain, her dimpled elbow resting on the cliff, and her head leaning on her hand. The attitude was one of nature's own choosing, and graceful in the extreme, as all such careless postures are. The figure of the maiden was slight and sylph-like, yet exquisitely proportioned; nor could Canova have modeled a bust of more undulating outline or a rounder and fairer arm. But it was the face that, after all, fixed the young men's attention. A shade of pensiveness hung over it for the time, as if a gentle melancholy took part in the reverie of the young girl; but it was plain to see, from the mirthful blue eye and the dimples of the chin, that the usual expression was one of happiness and glee. Her hair was golden in color, and flowed in natural ringlets down on her shoulders. The small, delicately closed mouth; the nose that rivaled in straightness that of a Grecian Venus; and the clear, brilliant complexion formed together a breathing picture of female loveliness such as no ideal painting could have rivaled.

"See, was I not right?" said the last of the two speakers, in a whisper to his companion. "She has been gathering lilies; there are some still in her hand, and a bunch nestles in her bosom, but only to be outvied by the purity around it."

"Yes, Duncan, she is more than an angel—she is a peerless Scottish lass—a lily of the valley indeed. What a pity so much beauty was not noble-born!"

"Tush!" replied his companion, impatiently; "Burns says—

'The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that,'

and, to my thinking, a lovely woman is a born countess, at least if she has graces of mind equal to those of person. But let us descend."

He had been leaning carelessly on his gun as he spoke, and now, preparatory to proceeding, threw it to his shoulder. Unfortunately the trigger had caught in a bramble, and the piece went off, the load lodging in his side. He staggered and fell.

"Good heavens!" cried his companion, springing to his side and lifting the wounded man up. "Are you killed? Do you hear me, Donald? Merciful Father," he exclaimed, as he saw no sign of life in his friend, "what shall we do? He is dead, or dying, and no aid to be had for miles."

The young girl we have described had been buried in a profound reverie, but at the report of the gun she started like a frightened bird, looking wildly around to see whence it proceeded. In a moment she caught sight of the wounded man lying on the heather above her, while his friend, kneeling on one knee, supported the head of the sufferer. Immediately that the sportsman saw the girl was watching him, he shouted and waived his arm for help.

When was woman's ear ever deaf to the call of suffering? The timid Scottish maiden, who but a moment before was on the point of flying, now turned and began to ascend the hill-side, fleet and graceful as a young doe.

"My poor friend," said the sportsman, politely doffing his hat as she approached, "has met with an unfortunate accident, and I do not know what to do, or where to bear him."

A deep blush dyed the girl's cheek as she encountered the gaze of a stranger, but it passed off immediately, and, with a presence of mind worthy of one older, she stooped down to see if the wounded man was dead.

The face she beheld was as handsome a manly countenance as the sun ever shone upon; and, perhaps, she thought so, for the blush again came to her cheek. The features were cast in a lofty, almost heroic mould, and were indicative of a character at once firm and elevated, a something above the mere fine gentleman, which was evidently his social rank.

"He breathes still," she said, as she broke off

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a delicate leaf from one of her lilies and held it to his nostril: and, looking at his companion, she continued, "do you think you could carry him to the spring?"

The sportsman answered by carefully lifting his friend up in his arms and bearing him down the hill-side, the young girl following.

"Place him here," she said, pointing to the slightly elevated bank, "and lean his head against the rock. Everything depends now on your getting a surgeon soon," she continued. "If you will follow that path to your right, around the turn of the hill, you will find our cabin. There is a pony there, which you can take, and ride to the little town of Abernethy, some five miles off, where, fortunately, a physician may be had. At the cabin you will find a shepherd or two—tell them to bring some bed-clothes and a settee, on which to carry your friend to the house. It is a humble place, but better than the hill-side. By the time you get back with the surgeon we shall have your friend safe in a comfortable bed, and, I hope, doing better."

She spoke with such a quick perception of what was best to be done, and did it so composedly, that the sportsman, who had expected to see her frightened and embarrassed, was lost in admiration, and submitting himself entirely to her guidance, hastened to execute her commission.

When he had vanished around the hill, the young girl took some water in her hands and began to bathe the face of the wounded man. But he still lay insensible. After having persisted in her task for some time, without any signs of life being perceptible, the tears began to fall thick and fast from her lovely eyes.

"Alas," she said, "he is dead! What if he has a mother, or one dearer still. And yet but half an hour ago he was in the full strength of health and manhood. It cannot be—I have heard," she continued, eagerly, as if a sudden thought had struck her, and she began to tear open his vest to get at the wound, "that my grandsire died at Culloden from the blood coagulating in the wound, when, if a surgeon had been by, he might have been saved. What if this should be the case here?"

She had by this time bared sufficient of his person to get at the orifice of the wound. The dark gore had almost stiffened about it. She gazed at it an instant, the tears falling fast in womanly sympathy, and then a sudden idea seemed to strike her. She stooped down, and tenderly approaching the wound with her lips, began to suck the blood away. She had not been long engaged in her task of mercy when the wounded man stirred, and opening his eyes, fixed them earnestly upon her.

She started from her kneeling posture, covered with beautiful confusion. For awhile the sense of maidenly shame even destroyed her joy at his recovery, and she could not meet his gaze.

"Where am I?" for his memory was yet vague. "What spirit from heaven are you? Ah! I remember—my gun went off. But where is Harry?"

The young girl had now, in a measure, recovered from her embarrassment.

"If you mean your friend," she said, half timidly, and in a voice that sounded to the ears of the sufferer inexpressibly sweet, "he has gone for a physician. I have consented to watch by you till some shepherds come to carry you to our cabin. And here they come, heaven be blessed," she exclaimed, clasping her hands, equally glad to conclude this embarrassing *tete-a-tete*, and to see the wounded man placed in a situation of more comfort.

"Heaven bless *you*," said the sufferer, with emphasis, giving her a look which brought the blushes again to her countenance. "You have saved my life."

In a few moments the wounded man was placed on a settee brought by the shepherds, and the little cavalcade wended its way toward the cabin. The maiden walked last, and by her side stalked sadly the two dogs of the sufferer; and the dumb animals, with a sense almost human, as if appreciating her kindness to their master, looked up affectionately into her face every few steps.

The cabin was like those existing everywhere in the Highlands, a rude but cheerful habitation, but was both larger than usual, and adorned with more taste inside. The wounded man, as he was borne into an inner chamber, of which the house had apparently at least two, noticed, with some surprise, over the fire-place, an old fashioned target and broad claymore.

In about two hours the friend of the sufferer returned, bringing with him the physician. The surgeon was closeted with his patient for more than an hour, and when he came forth the young girl was still awake, sitting anxiously by the fire, in company with a middle-aged woman, the wife of one of the shepherds.

"Oh! Miss Helen," said the old physician, answering the inquiry of her eyes, "you have saved the life of as braw a lad as ever shot a muir-cock or stalked a red-deer. I know all about it, ye see, lassie;" then seeing that Helen was ready to cry with sheer vexation, he continued: "But its in the bluid, its in the bluid; ye came of a generous and gallant race," and he patted her head as a father would that of a favorite daughter, adding, as if to himself, "its a pity the Southron has the broad acres that were once her ancestor's; and that she, coming of a chieftain's line, should have nothing but a

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cabin and a few bits of hill-side for a flock or two of sheep."

Helen did not hear these last remarks, for the old man spoke in a whisper, and she had risen, now that she knew the result, to retire, for she feared the other young sportsman would come out.

"Good-bye, doctor," she said, giving her hand with the dignity of a countess, softened by the kindliness of an affectionate girl. "What you tell me will make me sleep better. I share good Mrs. Colin's bed to-night, having given up my own room to the sick man; but, if you will rest here to-night, we will yield it to you and sit by the fire."

"Nae, nae," said the old man, kindly pushing her toward the door of the other sleeping room; "I stay here indeed, for I maun be wanted: but I'm an old campaigner, and hae slept mony a night under my cloak, with the bonny stars above me; and, to such as me, a settle and a chimney corner is nae great cross now and then."

The next day the wounded man was pronounced better, but still in a very critical situation; and his removal was expressly forbidden by the old surgeon.

"Ye maun keep him here, awhile yet, lassie," he said, addressing Helen, "and, I'm a'most persuaded, ye'el hae to be his nurse. He has nae sisters, or mother to send for, it seems; and men are very rough nurses, ye ken. Mrs. Colin's here will, nae doubt, help; but ye maun be his nurse, maist of the time, yeerself. Aweel, aweel, don't look frightened; it's what can't be helped."

And so Helen, timid and embarrassed, was compelled, from the urgent necessity of the case, to attend on the wounded man. His friend, indeed, remained to assist in nursing him, but the invalid, with the whim of a sick man, soon came to refuse his medicines, unless administered by the hand of Helen and sweetened by her smile. Moreover, until the danger was over, his friend watched every night at his bedside, and requiring a portion of the day, in consequence, for rest, Helen was necessarily left alone, for hours, with the wounded man. The surgeon, for the first two weeks, came every day to see his patient, but, after this, visited him less frequently.

"He is getting along weel enough now," he said, one day, when Helen followed him out of the room, to ask his opinion. "All he needs is carefu' nursing, such as ye ken weel how to gie him. Ah, lassie," he continued, smiling archly, and shaking his grey head, "I would, mysel', be a'most willing to be on a sick-bed for a fortnight, if I could hae two such eens watching me."

It was not long after this, for he now mended rapidly, that the invalid began to sit up and very soon he could totter to the window, and look out. In a day or two more he found his way to the cottage door, where, sitting in a chair, he inhaled the delicious mountain air, for an hour or so at noonday. His friend, when the invalid was thus far convalescent, took to his gun again, and went out for game: and so Helen and her guest were frequently left alone together.

It is not to be supposed that this intimacy, between two congenial spirits, could go on without love, on one side at least.

"How shall I ever thank you sufficiently, Helen?" said Donald, one day, looking at her fondly. "I have never dared to allude to it since, though I have thought of it fifty times daily; but your presence of mind when I was dying by the spring, saved my life."

The blushing Helen looked down, and began to pick to pieces a lily of the valley, her favorite flower; but she answered softly,

"Don't talk that way, Mr. Alleyne," she said. "You would not, I know, if you were aware how much it pained me."

"Call me Donald," said the convalescent, "surely we have known each other long enough for you to drop that formal name. Or, if you will not call me Donald, then I shall address you as Miss Graeme."

"Donald, then," said Helen, archly, looking up, and shaking the curls back from her face.

"Bless you for the word, Helen," he said, taking her hand. "Do you know it sounds sweeter now than I ever thought it would. Nay, dear one, do not withdraw your hand—do not look away—for I love you, Helen, as I love my own life, and, if you will not be mine, I shall ever be miserable. It is this, too, that I have been long wishing to say to you, but never dared."

And did not Helen return the love thus warmly expressed? Had she been with him so much not to know how immeasurably superior he was to other men? Why did she, in fact, shake her head and persist in withdrawing her hand.

"Mr. Alleyne," she said, though with averted face, for the tears were falling fast from her eyes —she no longer said Donald—"if you would not have me keep out of your sight forever—if, in short, you have any respect for a friendless girl—do not speak in that strain again." And she rose as if to depart.

"Helen, for heaven's sake hear me," said her lover, detaining her, "hear me only for one word more. Since the hour that you saved my life I have loved you, and every day I have spent in your society has increased that love; but, if you will say that you love another, I swear never to speak on that subject again."

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She endeavored to detach her hand, which he had caught a second time, but he held it too firmly. She still looked away, weeping, but did not answer.

"You are rich, I am poor," she said, at last, brokenly, "you would some day repent of this thing. Even your friends would laugh at your folly."

"Then you love me," eagerly said he. "Is it not so?"

But, this time, Helen faced him, and with a dignity that quite awed his rapture.

"Mr. Alleyne, you will let me go. I am an unprotected girl, and you presume on my situation."

"No, by heaven's, no," he exclaimed. But he let go her hand, "there, leave me, cruel one. You misjudge me, indeed, Miss Graeme, for your blood is as good as mine; and even if it were not, Donald Alleyne is not the man to love for rank or wealth."

Helen, whose pride rather than heart had spoken, was moved by these words, and she lingered irresolutely. Her lover saw the change in her demeanor, and hastened to take advantage of it. Nor did Helen long continue to resist his pleadings. She loved him, indeed, only too well, as she had, all along, confessed to her own heart. Still, even when brought to half acknowledge that he had a place in her heart, she would not promise to be his, without a condition. He argued long and earnestly, but her answer was always the same.

"We must part for a year. You think now, with the memory of your illness fresh upon you, that you love me; but I am come of too haughty a blood, though poor now, to marry even where I might love, on such a sudden, and questionable—excuse me, for I must speak plainly—such a sudden and questionable attachment. You are rich, fashionable, and with influence; I am the last of a line proscribed ever since Culloden. Your place is the gay world, where you will be surrounded by troops of friends; mine is in the humble cabin, where a few poor dependants have been my only companions, ever since my father died. If you really love me, you will return at the end of the year; and if you forget me," her lips quivered, but she went on, "if you forget me, I shall live here, with the heather and muircock as I have lived before."

Her lover was, therefore, compelled to submit. But, think you, he honored, or adored her less for her resolution? No, he worshipped her the more for it. There was a proud independence in her banishment of him which became, he said to himself, the daughter of chieftains who had fought at Bannockburn and Flodden Field, and sacrificed their all at Culloden.

Two weeks from that time Donald and his friend left the Highland cabin, and Helen was alone. Never before had she known what it was to be really alone. She missed the presence of that manly form, the light of that manly eye, the deep tones of that manly voice continually. She never knew how much she loved till her lover was away.

But even a year will pass, and, just a twelvemonth from Donald's departure, Helen sat, at the spring side, which she had named for the trysting-spot, if her lover proved faithful. She had been there already for many hours, watching with an eager, timid heart, half trembling at her own folly in expecting him, half angry with herself for her doubts; but now, as the gloaming came on, yet no Donald appeared, her bosom swelled nigh to bursting. She rose frequently, and looked up the bridle-path, but nobody was in sight. At last the stars began to come out; the wind grew chill; and, with an almost broken heart, she rose to return to the cabin. Her tears were falling fast.

"I might have known this," she said, sadly. "Do not all my books tell me the same? Ever the old story of trusting woman and deceiving man."

At this instant, an arm was thrown around her waist, and a well-remembered voice whispered in her ear—

"Now, Helen dear, one of our cruel sex, at least, is falsified. I thought to steal on you unawares and surprise you; and so went round by the cottage to leave my horse there. Had you looked behind, instead of before, you would have frustrated my little scheme, by seeing me coming up the gloaming."

What could she say? She said nothing, but burying her face on his shoulder, wept glad tears.

"I have waited, a whole year, impatiently for this day," said he, "thank God I find you mine at last."

A month from that time Sir Donald Alleyne introduced his bride to his ample domains in England; and never had a fairer wife entered the splendid halls of his ancestors.

In the great gallery of the castle is a picture of a young Scottish girl, with a half pensive face, sitting by a mountain spring; and the old housekeeper, as she goes the rounds with visitors, pauses before the portrait to say—

"That is the likeness of the last Lady Alleyne, and lovely she was, and as good as lovely. She was always called by her husband, the late baronet, the lily of the valley. Why, I have never heard."

But you have, reader; and, if you should ever visit Alleyne Castle, you will have no need to be told the tale again.

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THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

The principal house in Glenwood was a handsome, showy-looking edifice, standing back a short distance from the road, and looking extremely proud and aristocratic as it peeped forth in white glimpses from the dark evergreens which surrounded it. There was a large building in the centre, with a corresponding wing on each side; each furnished with a wide balcony, around whose pillars twined the jessamine and passion-vine in graceful luxuriance. At the end of each balcony a door opened into the principal building, and long, wide windows descended to the ground. There were no flower-beds in front, arranged in set-looking squares and triangles, nothing but the smooth, close-shaven lawn; but back of the house a beautifully laid out garden of large extent was just visible through the thickly-planted trees.

This mansion was the parsonage, and as different as possible from the usual low-browed dwelling, half buried in trumpet creepers and climbing roses; it was a place that naturally called up visions of glittering plate and sleek-looking, well-fed carriage horses, for Mr. Canfield was not one of those who consider themselves "passing rich with forty pounds a-year." He would not, perhaps, have been much better off had he been obliged solely to depend on the stipend received from his not over-generous congregation; but possessing a handsome private property of his own, he merely smiled at all efforts of disinterested friends to rouse some signs of anger in him at this niggardliness, and bestowed the whole sum in charity.

It was a bright, glowing summer's evening, when the sun sinks almost imperceptibly to rest amid clouds of gold and purple, and a gentle wind had begun to stir the evergreens that swayed to and fro like dark shadows of unrest. Two persons were seated in a large parlor of the parsonage, quite taken up with their respective occupations. The thin white curtains that drooped over the windows were waving in the breeze—the gentleman's pen travelled over his paper—the lady's slender fingers stitched away with unabated diligence at the cunning-looking little apron, that, beneath her skilful hands, was rapidly acquiring a shape and an air—and neither seemed to recollect that people can talk and do other things at the same time. There were several fine pictures upon the walls, there were one or two bronze images holding candles, several small pieces of sculpture, that came forth from the rough marble beneath a brighter sky and a warmer sun, and on the table elegantly bound books—an examination of whose contents proved that beauty was not with them confined to the bindings.

The minister sat at a small writing-desk, inlaid with mother-o'-pearl: his beautiful forehead, from which the dark hair had been hastily pushed aside, was now traced with the lines of thought. Mr. Canfield was an elegant, intellectual-looking man, who would have been distinguished any where; but among the every-day people of Glenwood he shone as something brightly superior. "Aunt Emily," as she sits there quietly plying the everlasting needle, has something extremely lady-like and attractive in her appearance; she is quite pretty still, and much younger-looking than she really is, which, being aunt, and almost sole guardian to such a wild, little, motherless flock as the young Canfields is something of a marvel. Mrs. Canfield died more than two years ago, and during that time Aunt Emily has certainly had her hands full; the persuasive entreaties of the children, and the "do stay with us, dear Emily," of her widowed brother-in-law having due effect, she was to her motherless nieces and nephews a mother in everything except the name. Her work unconsciously slipped from her hands as she fixed her eyes upon the carpet in deep meditation; and so they remained until her brother-in-law, having finished his sermon, observed her wrapt contemplation, and began to wonder what she was thinking about.

"Emily," said he, at length, "are you not yet familiar with the pattern of that carpet? What can you be thinking of?"

"I have been thinking," said she, suddenly, as if speaking her thoughts to herself, "I have been thinking how strange it is that people will not let us alone, but take so much pains to trouble us with silly, unfounded reports. It is surprising that they will not leave us in quiet."

"It would be still more so if they did," was his reply, while a quiet smile lurked about the corners of his mouth. "But Emily," continued her brother-in-law, "you have not yet told me the nature of these reports. I always like to know what people say of me, but not being a Yankee, I might guess all night in vain. Who is it they abuse? you, or me, or both of us together?"

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"It is not exactly abuse," replied Emily, with a smile, "but they accuse me of intending to assume a much nearer relation to you and the children than the one I now occupy. Such reports," she continued, calmly, "are annoying from their very unfoundedness, and, of course, Edward, you will put a stop to them whenever you have an opportunity."

"Very annoying indeed, as you have justly observed, Emily," said Mr. Canfield, gravely, "and I know but one way of silencing them; by doing at once what they suspect us of intending to do, we shall soon put a stop to idle reports."

Poor Emily! she thought that she had dismissed the idea forever, when, years ago, on seeing her more fortunate sister win the heart she had scarcely aspired to in her venerating love, she concealed the secret in her own bosom, and no one even suspected it; and she had grown so calm, and learned to view him in a more brotherly light; but at these unexpected words the color flew into her face, and she looked as confused as the veriest school girl.

"Yes, dear Emily," continued the pleading voice, as Mr. Canfield seated himself close beside her, and took the hand which lay passively in her lap, "you must now listen to a little story. Years ago a youth, thoughtless, vain, and self-reliant, went to a house where he saw two fair sisters, who appeared to him the embodiment of all that was bright and beautiful. There was a great personal resemblance between the two, but their natures were essentially different. The elder was gay, sprightly, brilliant, with a flattering manner peculiarly calculated to win the heart of a vain, thoughtless youth; while you, Emily, were ever shy and distrustful of self; always retreating to the background, it required long and intimate acquaintance to discover the talents and virtues which you sought to hide. We were married, and you came to live with us; each day unfolded to me some new, unperused leaf in your character, and I loved Catharine best when her manner was most like you. I say this now, Emily, and to you—yet I dwell on the memory of the lost Catharine with love and respect, for she was a kind, faithful, devoted wife, and it is to her motherless children that I now ask you to become guardian—to fill the void in my widowed heart. You will not refuse me, Emily?"

"Aunt Emily" at two and thirty, saw offered for her acceptance the love which had been as the bright, far-off dream of her youth; and as old associations came crowding upon her mind, she wept silently. Edward Canfield too thought of his youth, and pressing still closer the small hand which lay in his, he pleaded his wants, his loneliness, but above all his deep, unchanging love.

And Emily?—she looked up at length with tearful eyes, as she said: "I willingly consent, Edward, to take upon myself the duties of a wife—*your* wife; but the children? Will they be pleased to see their Aunt Emily elevated to their own mother's vacant place?"

"*The children!*" he replied, "do they not already love you as their mother?" and he led her toward the large glass doors opening on the garden. It was a beautiful scene; the winding walks were bordered with clustering shrubs, through which the bright heads of flowering plants were just visible; the air came loaded with their perfume, and played with the bright locks of the group who were revelling in the very spirit of fun and enjoyment on the lawn beneath the windows. A large, sober-looking Newfoundland dog paraded up and down, to the great amusement and edification of the little party, for on his back was mounted a pretty young hoyden of fourteen, whose countenance expressed the most mischievous satisfaction. A little, curly-headed thing of five years old stood sending forth the merriest peals of laughter at her sister's elevation; while two boys were busily employed with a couple of pet rabbits.

Kate Canfield's was a face of great beauty, with a nose sufficiently *retrousse* to give a most arch expression, which varied with every passing thought; but energy and determination were visible even at this early age. "Aunt Em!" she called out with a merry laugh, "do you not admire my pony? I had considerable trouble to catch him, I can assure you, but I was *determined* to get on his back, and here I am."

The energetic tone in which these words were pronounced called forth a smile from both father and aunt; and the little, curly-headed Eve, running toward them, exclaimed: "Aunt Emily! stoop down your head, I want to whisper in your ear—you have given me but one kiss to-day."

"Aunt Em!" called out the boys, "look at these rabbits—did you ever see such beauties?"

Mr. Canfield smiled archly as he whispered: "the children, I am sure, will all vote for you." And Aunt Emily smiled too with a warm, bright glow of happiness which she had not felt in years.

"Catharine," said Mr. Canfield to his daughter, as the two stood in his study that evening, "I am going shortly to give you a mother; one whom I am sure you will love and respect—your Aunt Emily. Are you not glad, my daughter?"

"Very glad indeed, papa," was the reply, as Catharine opened her bright eyes still wider.

"I have a few words to say, Kate," continued her father, "to which I hope you will pay particular attention. I not only love your Aunt Emily, but have the highest respect for her character and principles, as well as admiration for a

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sweetness of temper which I have never seen ruffled. You are thoughtless, Kate, and often inadvertently wound where you do not mean to give offence, but remember that the least disrespect or want of affection shown toward Aunt Emily—your *mother*—will be regarded by me in the same light as though it were meant for myself. But I trust that nothing of this kind will ever occur. And now good night, my daughter," said he, in a tone of thrilling tenderness, as he stooped and pressed his lips on her brow, "may God forever bless and keep you from all shadow of harm."

The substance of Kate Canfield's thoughts that night was as follows: "I had as lief have Aunt Emily for a step-mother as any one else. She is very kind now, to be sure, but I wonder if she will always be so, and let *me* ride on Carlo, and go off when and where I please. Some step-mothers are terribly cross, I know; if she is not, I shall love her dearly—if she is, of course I cannot be expected to care much about her." In ten minutes Kate was asleep.

The autumn winds had strewn the garden paths with dying leaves, and the trees around the parsonage seemed like ruins of the past, all save the dark and deathless evergreens, when Edward Canfield, the widowed minister, again breathed those vows which fifteen years since he had pledged to another. The wedding was quiet and unostentatious; Kate had almost forgotten the meaning of the ceremony, and surveyed her white dress and Aunt Emily's appearance with perfect complacency; until as the concluding words fell upon her ear, and the bride leaned fondly on the arm of her new-made husband, a quick, electric thrill darted through her heart, and she felt a keen sensation of jealousy, a feeling of anger that another had superceded her in her father's love—the *wife* was nearer than the daughter.

Emily started at the cold, chilling kiss with which her daughter saluted her, and a tear dropped unheeded as she stooped down to return the warm greeting of the little Eve, who whispered sweetly: "mother!—will you really be my own, own mother?"

"I will, indeed—so help me, heaven!" she murmured, in a tone of deep reverence.

People were more surprised than they had ever been in their whole lives before. The merest rumors had been whispered around, the faintest hints thrown out, and without allowing time for the usual gradations of a report, without waiting for the scarcely whispered surmises to assume the appearance of certainty, the wedding had suddenly taken place, and "Aunt Emily" was quietly established as Mrs. Canfield without the least bustle or parade. They disliked to see things done in such a hurry—it did not look well. And so the good people grumbled and complained, until they made the discovery that there was still something to wonder at, to speculate upon, and draw surmises forthwith. The aunt had become the step-mother; that much suspected, never satisfactory being; and with respect to the children, they were not at all sure that this change was for the better. Aunt Emily had always been kind, affectionate, and beloved; but people altered amazingly under such circumstances; and moved by the most disinterested zeal for her welfare, they watched diligently for the least appearance of "airs" in the minister's lady, took strict note of all that occurred at the parsonage, and were particularly interested for the "poor motherless children." No signs of neglect, however, were visible in the appearance of Aunt Emily's charges; their attire was quite as neat as formerly, and the dress of the minister's lady was as simple and unpretending as had been that of the maiden aunt. They sought in vain for a subdued expression in the merry eye of the hoyden Kate, for a look of woe in the bright, round face of little Eve; while every Sunday after service there was a clustering of little heads around the step-mother, and dimpled hands grasped her fingers, and bright, young faces, glowing with love and smiles, were uplifted to hers; they would not do *this* because they were *told to*—they could not remember all *this* by note. So people were in a fair way of being disappointed.

Little Eve said she was sure they were all a great deal happier since Aunt Emily became their mother; she was so kind to them, and told them such pretty stories, and now every night they said their prayers at her knee, as they used to with their own mother, and they loved her more and more every day.

And Emily too was happy; happy in her husband's love, happy in the love of her adopted children, and happy in the love which she scattered on those around her. She had some trials, as who has not? All was not quite smooth and clear before her, and at times, she felt a weight upon her heart when she thought of Kate. From the first she had not appeared to possess the full love of her eldest niece, there had been a holding-back, a sort of distrust on the part of the step-daughter; there was nothing to complain of, no disrespect or appearance of dislike—but there was not an entire confidence. As the child advanced to girlhood, there was a mystery about her which Emily could not fathom. Her character was that of a romp, and yet she acted at times most strangely out of character. She had generally a wild exuberance of spirits; seeming quite to overflow with mirth and gaiety, and yet

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at times she would wander off to some secluded spot, whose only attraction was its entire solitude. Cold in manner, even toward her father, she lavished tenderness on no one save the little Eve, who, like some bright cherub, seemed to unlock the hearts of all.

The minister too could scarcely comprehend his daughter; her mischievous propensities appeared to have given way to the love of study, and he often found her bending over the heavy volumes in his library, sometimes catching the last rays of the declining sun, while all within was buried in a misty twilight. She was an accomplished linguist and musician, and stray scraps of paper, which had fluttered in the minister's path, revealed to him a mind of no common order. Sometimes he smiled at the lines—they were just what might have been expected from a young, talented, enthusiastic girl, who did not exactly know what to do with herself; and sometimes he carried them to his study, to peruse again at his leisure, for he could not entirely comprehend them. Kate was quite ignorant of her treasures being thus at the mercy of the wind, and borne to the very last place where she would have had them sent—her father's hands. Had she known this, she would have endeavored to overcome an inconvenient habit of flying off in the midst of one occupation to attend to another; for she was conscious that her verses were sometimes what matter-of-fact people term "high-flown," and like most warm, impulsive geniuses, without much ballast, she had a mortal dread of ridicule. But her father kept his discoveries to himself; and she scribbled on, little thinking whose eye perused her glowing words.

Kate Canfield had arrived at the age of sixteen; that age when a girl has a particular dread of being considered a child, and a great desire to be called a woman. Emily's own good sense taught her that to allow Kate the privileges of a full grown woman, and bring her forward into society several years too old for her, would be committing a very foolish and inexcusable act, and her husband quite agreed with her. Kate, too proud to associate with "the children," and having but few companions of her own age, wandered off more than ever, and her poems became more and more of the sentimental order. Although no one ever supposed it, her nature was capable of the deepest, most absorbing love; this had been all bestowed on her father, whom she regarded with a venerating affection; capable of appreciating his fine mind, he appeared to her a sort of idol to whom she paid homage with a proud, jealous feeling of love and admiration. Forgetting her own altered manner, she now accused him of coldness, and her jealous observation convinced her that the second wife had entirely obliterated all interest in the children of the first. Her freedom was unrestrained as ever; she went out and in when she pleased, she spent her time entirely as she chose, with only a gentle hint now and then from her step mother on the wisdom of improving as it flies what can never be re-called, and yet she was dissatisfied. She felt in her own mind that she was a woman, she concluded that she had put away all childish things; she had quite given up riding on dogs, she endeavored to descend the stairs with a grave, elderly pace, and she no longer countenanced romps of any description; yet for all this, her step-mother considered her but as a child—her father ditto—and there was no keeping up her dignity. Emily had gently remonstrated when she saw these pretty, shining curls brushed out quite straight, and braided around a comb, but Kate was determined not to wear her hair any longer curled like a baby; and, concluding that in such a trifle it was wisest not to bring in the aid of authority, the step-mother yielded the point.

It was a warm summer's evening, and the glass doors opening upon the garden, had been thrown wide open to admit the air. Mr. Canfield and Emily were seated on a couch that had been wheeled forward to catch the breeze; one arm was thrown caressingly around the wife, upon whose lap lay a sleeping infant, and the other hand rested on the child, whose little fingers had tightly closed upon it. The moonbeams were streaming in—reflecting the grape leaves distinctly upon the balcony in a tracery of silver net-work, and throwing out in strong relief the figures of the two who sat there in the moonlight. No lamp had been lighted in either apartment; the moonbeams rested here and there in bright masses, making darker still those objects on which they fell not, and at one of the windows of the inner room, Kate's slender figure leaned back against the moulding, while she cast from time to time an earnest glance on the group before her. It was an apt illustration she thought of their two different paths: they sat there with the light falling on and about them; the light of the moonbeams without, and the sunshine of love in their own hearts within; while she, alone, unnoticed, crouched there in the gloom and shade.

She arose and went toward them. Her light footsteps on the summer matting made no sound, and gliding to the far end of the balcony, which the clustering vines made almost dark, she wound her arms about one of the pillars, and resting wearily against it, silently contemplated the trio.

"Emily," said Mr. Canfield, "do you not remember that in those beautiful pictures of Frederica Bremer's, there is a striving after peace and quiet, a calm and holy feeling of con-

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tent, which, after a struggle with worldliness, and wild heart impulses, falls at length upon the weary soul like a mantle descended from heaven? I too have felt those struggles, Emily—but now I am at rest; I have begun a new existence. My restless spirit has folded its wings upon your bosom, content to remain ever thus."

Emily gazed earnestly upon the sleeping face of her child—her own, and then, laying her hand on his, murmured fondly: "And whither thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Kate could see the look of love that each bent upon the other, and with a full heart she whispered to herself, as she glided away unnoticed as before: "His love is all lavished on *them*—he has now all that he desires with him—what should he care for his first-born, motherless children?"

The next day, in searching a book of travels, Mr. Canfield found a piece of paper containing lines which had evidently been written by Kate the night before. Hastening to her room with a lonely, uncared-for feeling, she had tried to interest herself in the book before her, but other thoughts would come rushing into her mind; and writing them hastily down, she left the paper in the book where she had found it, and the next day it was carried back to the library without a thought of what she had written in it. With a pained, and self-reproaching heart, Mr. Canfield read as follows:

"I am sitting alone in my silent room, into which the moonbeams glance brightly as if mocking the darkness within my heart. Alone, and yet not alone—for there are with me thoughts which rise up with their gloomy faces, like storm-spirits in a restless sea, and I would put them aside, and be alone if I could, but I cannot. I heard *him* to-night when he knew not that I drank in each uttered word, and he spoke of peace, beautiful peace, that falls upon the soul after weary conflicts. Father! I too have pondered over the works of Frederica Bremer, but not mine the selection of those serene, cooling passages—I looked for something to answer the storm in my own breast, and I read of conflicting passions that tore and rent the heart of the victim like the work of some malignant fiend. I draw aside the curtain and gaze upon the clear, evening sky, but it looks too placid—its serenity falls chillingly upon my restless soul. I can remember snatches of poems and legends, learned and treasured when a child, of angel-faces, with their deep, earnest eyes, gazing out from the parted clouds on the objects of their love and care who lingered still on earth. Mother!—angel, spirit mother!—do you ever gaze thus upon your child? There is an empty void in my aching heart which yearns for love—I am alone upon the earth, for other claims have wound themselves about my father's heart, and I am a wanderer—an outcast. I have loved thee, worshipped thee, my father! ah! do I not still? but I am kept aloof, banished from thy heart. The good-night kiss falls coldly on my brow, not warmly as it used to, and I can only weep in secret. The little Eve lies buried in unconscious slumber, and as I gaze upon the dimpled face I feel that I have something still to love—but ah! it is not the love I crave—a something to which I can look up with a sort of worshipping affection. I wonder if the spirits of the dead ever re-visit their former haunts? I wish I could believe in their existence—I wish that at night, as in the stories I have read, the form of my lost mother would come to my bedside and whisper kind words of peace and comfort. I should not fear—oh, no! for it would be a friendly spirit, and I have no mother—I cannot call *her* mother, for has she not robbed me of my father's love?"

The father almost wept as he read this outpouring of a lonely heart; he reproached himself with coldness and unkindness to his beautiful, talented Kate, and thought that it might be even as she had complained, that in his new affections and enjoyments he had overlooked the claims of his motherless children. The paper he locked carefully up in his escritoire; and seeking his daughter, he led her into the shaded garden walks, and they walked through the secluded paths, and he talked to her kindly and affectionately as he had been wont to do, till the tears stood in Kate's beautiful eyes, and she gazed upon him, with the sunrays resting on his noble features, as upon some bright being from another sphere.

That night the little Eve went to sleep with her curly head resting on her father's shoulder, Kate was beside him with one hand tightly grasped in hers, the two boys had placed themselves at his feet, and on the other side sat the step-mother, gazing upon the group with looks of the most perfect love and kindness. Surely the daughter might have been satisfied with the absence of all jealousy on the part of the wife, but she had learned to look upon her with distrust, and that, once admitted, is not easily banished. Kate could not complain of coldness as her father kissed her after evening prayers; he laid his hand upon her head with a blessing, as he had often done, and she slept the sweet sleep of contentment and happiness.

Her father's heart had now returned to her; she no longer felt jealousy of her mother and half-sister; and whole delightful days were spent in the minister's study, in which he diverted her mind to a more healthful channel than the morbid sentimentalism which had seemed to

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possess it. Her father was at times quite startled by the depth and earnestness which lay beneath her character; she appeared suddenly to have emerged into the strong-minded woman, and he often deferred to her opinion in a manner that pleased her with the idea that she was no longer a child. She seemed to move in a new existence; buoyed up with the idea that she was now the first object with her father, she presumed upon it in a manner that often gave pain to Emily, although manifested in trifles that escaped the notice of Mr. Canfield.

Kate Canfield had yet a sore lesson before her. She had never yet placed herself in actual opposition to her step-mother—there had as yet been no encounter between them for the mastery, Emily's gentle spirit always urging her to yield on the least appearance of a controversy. But Emily, although mild and yielding, had also a proper self-respect; and her dignity as a wife and mother forbade her submitting to the improper whims of a mere girl. On the evening in question, Kate had persisted in dragging the little Eve out into the night air, against the judgment and wishes of her step-mother.

"I think that *I* am the best guardian of my own sister!" exclaimed Kate, with haughty emphasis, "no danger of *my* taking her in any improper place. Come, Eve, will you go with me, dear?"

"Come *here*, Eve," said Emily, in a calm tone, though her voice slightly trembled, "listen to me, dear child; you would not go out in the damp when mamma does not think it best? She is afraid her little Eve will take cold."

"I will stay with mamma, sister," said the child, as she nestled close to Emily, "but you stay with us too, and we can walk to-morrow."

"Your father, my dear Kate," continued Emily, in a gentle tone, "requested me to become a mother to his children, and I should not be fulfilling my duty were I to allow them to expose themselves to danger or sickness."

"I will speak to my father myself!" exclaimed Kate, with flashing eyes, "and ask him if I am always to be treated like a child! I will tell him"——

"Your father stands here, Kate," said Mr. Canfield in a stern tone, "not to hear unjust complaints, but to command you to ask your mother's pardon for such shameful and unjustifiable conduct."

"I cannot express a sorrow which I do not feel," replied Kate, decisively.

"Follow me to my study then," said her father, in a tone of command, "and give at least some explanation of this conduct."

Kate silently obeyed; and as soon as they were alone, burst forth with a relation of her injuries ever since his marriage with her aunt; she did not now conceal her feelings of jealousy and loneliness, hoping that her father would take up her cause.

But Mr. Canfield heard her to the end without interruption, and then replied in a tone of grave displeasure: "Three years ago, Kate, in this very room, I told you that any disrespect or want of affection toward your aunt, I should regard as though meant for myself. In this light I consider your conduct of to-night, and until you have made a suitable apology to your mother, I shall regard you as a froward and rebellious child. The fault is entirely your own; your father's wife is the proper mistress of the house and guardian of the children—and you had no right to interfere, especially when it showed such a want of prudence as in the present instance."

Kate turned as pale as ashes during this address. He had then actually decided against her, pleaded her step-mother's cause instead of her own, and now commanded her to make an apology. "Never!—she would leave the house first!" and gliding to her own room, she threw herself upon the bed in an agony of grief and anger. The warm kiss of her little sister first aroused her, and having put the child to bed, she seated herself by the window, and began to ponder over her situation.

The lighter shades of evening deepened into midnight, and still Kate sat there. A crisis had occurred which till then never entered into her thoughts, and she found herself banished from her father's presence as a headstrong, erring child. She would not submit to this treatment! She would prove to them that she was not a child. Her father's roof no longer offered a desirable shelter, and gliding softly about not to disturb the sleeping Eve, she proceeded to execute a plan which had hitherto floated vaguely through her brain. Her father no longer cared for her, her step-mother had embittered her home, and she would carve out her own way—trust to her own exertions, and show them that she too could be independent. A letter was hastily written to her father, some necessary articles of clothing gathered together, and in the early morning she seated herself by the sleeping child, weeping bitterly as she covered cheek and brow with her passionate kisses.

The little Eve suddenly opened her eyes, and Kate whispered sadly, "farewell, Eve, darling! will you remember me when I am gone? Do not let them make you forget Sister Kate."

"Do not go, sister," replied the child, sleepily, "stay here—for I want you with me."

"Kiss me, Eve," said her sister. The child pressed her red lips fondly on the flushed face bending over her; and dropping her head on

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Kate's shoulder, in five minutes was fast asleep. She could not comprehend her loss, and fancied that her sister would return in the morning.

A few more tears and kisses showered on the unconscious child—a last lingering look around the familiar room—and in the dull, grey light of early dawn, Kate Canfield left her father's house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BY-GONE YEAR.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

Another year has passed away—another wave
Of Time's wild sea has beat upon the shore,
Voicing its deep tones in each nook and cave
Of troubled mem'ry—strange the dreams it bore;
But stranger still, the cadence and the song,
That cluster round the mind—a dream-like throng.

Time's wing still flaps—but now the tide of thought
Turns backward in the race, and o'er the soul
The floods of memory rise; the Sybil caught
Such from old lore—whilst the dim mystic scroll
Is open'd wide, and all may read that page;
The glance of beauty and the eye of age.

Within the year a mother prest her child;
Her first born to her heart—the year had flown,
And it was gone—briefly as Spring flowers smiled
That angel face upon her—now 'tis gone
From out that mother's heart—her joy has fled;
Her dreams inurned within her cherub's bed.

The bridal torch has burn'd, the wife's the bride;
Music and mirth, and joyfulness were there;
And He who fill'd the measure of Love's tide
Spoke out the holy words. They left, but where
Are Love's glad visions? He beneath the sea
Sleeps sound, and she beneath the church-yard tree.

How has proud Avarice toil'd; chained to the wheel
Of golden hopes that bow the soaring wings
Of man's best wishes down—worse than the steel
Of suff'ring bondsman, that around him flings
A gilded dream more potent than the spell
That binds the victim of the haunted dell.

How many shrines have youth upraised to cheat
Them with felicity!—like fairy beams
Have glanced along their path, as those who greet
The poet's eye when in his wildest dreams
Of perfect beauty, such as those that crowd
Around his sleeping pillow wild and proud.

My mother! in the eager race for fame
I have not all forgot thee. In my heart,
Though light and erring, is still shrined thy name;
A gem of which the cold world claims no part.
God guide thee, mother, through thy closing years,
And light the bow of promise 'mid the tears.

THE ENGRAVING.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

The wintry dawn was glinting
The tops of many a spire,
When came a gentle questioning
Beside the kitchen fire.

While busied by the fitful glare,
I heard the low, clear words,
Oft saddened, in their earnestness,
Then like a Summer bird's.

They thrilled my heart, because the voice
Was of a child I loved,
And though they were but simple words,
My soul was strongly moved:

To hear the little eager girl
Tell o'er the pictured story
Of Christiana, and her sons,
Amid death's midnight foray.

Here, in her shadowy cabin home,
She conned the bright ideal
At evening—dreamed of it in sleep,
And wondered if 'twere real!

I see it still, her fair young face
Before the kitchen fire,
Uplifted, filled with thoughtful grace,
And speaking keen desire

To fathom all the mysteries
Of Bunyan's startling story,
Of Christian, and his heroine wife,
And Mercy's radiant glory.

Those clear blue eyes, I see them yet
Beneath their cloud-like lashes,
Their showery flow of April tears,
Soon chased by sunlight flashes.

I see her bounding o'er the hills,
Like any forest ranger—
A little, agile, slender child
Without a thought of danger—

To gather wild-flowers from the steep,
Piled round with leaves and mosses,
That bend to bloom above the wave
Just ere the foam uptosses.

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MEETA CLIFTON'S FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

BY CLARA MORETON MOORE.

Meeta Clifton was sitting alone in her luxuriously furnished boudoir, one hand veiling her eyes from the subdued light of the apartment, the other carelessly resting on the closed and splendidly bound volume lying in her lap. Her small lips were tightly compressed, and now and then there stole from the veiled eyes large tears, which glanced along her cheeks like drops of dew on the petals of a blushing rose.

From the opened windows of the conservatory there came a mingled perfume of many blossoms, and at her feet lay the half finished wreath of delicate buds, which but a few moments before she had been busily twining. A door opened, and Meeta's reverie was broken. She raised her large, thoughtful eyes, and met the anxious and inquiring gaze of her devotedly fond mother.

"Tears! tears again, my darling—tell me, Meeta, why is this? Have you not every luxury which you could desire?—every wish granted as soon as expressed?—and still you persevere in weeping away your mornings, and sighing away your evenings as though your heart was breaking. There is some cause for this, Meeta, and you must tell it to me, my child." Mrs. Clifton had commenced in an almost playful tone of voice, but as she proceeded her tones, if not her words, assumed a tinge of bitterness, and when she ceased a look of vexation had entirely displaced the one of motherly anxiety, which had before so plainly predominated. Meeta stooped, raised the wreath, and selecting a sprig of jessamine from the flowers before her, diligently bent over her work, as she carelessly answered—

"It is not strange that one should have sad thoughts at times, mamma, and I have been reading a sad tale this morning."

Mrs. Clifton lifted the volume. It was a book of German legends.

"I wish you would stop reading these German stories, Meeta—you know you were always visionary enough. Come, child, put up this nonsensical romance and dress yourself; I will order the carriage, and we will go down to Levy's and see what they have new and pretty." A look of weariness, almost of disgust, passed over Meeta's strikingly beautiful features as she arose from the lounge, and carefully laid her wreath in a porphyry urn half filled with water. With a languid step she followed her mother from the room—up the staircase, and then gliding into her own dressing-room, she closed the door, and turned the key in the lock. She threw a careless glance around the chamber, and met the reflection of her own graceful form in the Psyche glass. The marble forehead so thoughtfully serene—the dark eyes so intensely brilliant—the faultlessly chiseled mouth—she noted all, and then with an almost sorrowful smile, she said—

"For these must I listen to the flatteries I despise, while not one soul in the wide world understands me as I long to be understood." Throwing herself upon the couch, she again pillowed her head in the palm of her beautiful hand, and the moments stole onward unheeded, although they bore upon their wings many a soft sigh; escaping from the spirit which was ever developing itself in earnest aspirations.

"Meeta, are you ready?"

"In one moment, mamma;" and tying on her bonnet, and folding her cashmere about her, she joined her mother in the hall.

After making their purchases at Levy's, Mrs. Clifton ordered the coachman to drive to the United States Hotel, where Meeta and herself immediately proceeded to call upon some friends from St. Louis.

They found Mrs. Nugent and her daughter in the parlor—Miss Nugent singing a popular song, accompanied by a gentleman beside her, whose deep, rich voice swept the fine chords of Meeta's heart, as a summer breeze would sweep over the trembling strings of a wind-harp. But the melody it awoke died not as soon away. How many times in the watches of the sleepless night that succeeded that eventful meeting, did Meeta Clifton listen to the echoing vibrations which so powerfully moved her—how many times did she repeat to herself his musical name—"Clarence Grenville." It seemed to her the golden key which was to unlock for her the treasure-house of the future.

The next day Mrs. Nugent and her daughter passed with the Cliftons. Mr. Grenville dined with them, and when he bade them good evening, he bore away the jessamine which Meeta had twined in her wreath—the wreath she had wept over, little dreaming one of its flowers would be pressed to the lips of her "first love."

Days, weeks, months glided onward, and Meeta and Clarence were betrothed. In Grenville had Meeta found the ideal she had pictured; and fully

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understood and appreciated by him was her noble and sensitive nature. Never wearied of her wild imaginings, he listened hour after hour to the tide of brilliant thought which gushed carelessly from the deep wells of her intellect, or flowed calmly from the boundless seas of her affections. He had passed the first flush of manhood, and disgusted with the heartlessness of the throngs, in whose midst he had moved a polished man of the world, he looked upon Meeta's rare and beautiful attractions with surprise and glowing admiration; for even at their first meeting had his discerning eye penetrated the almost haughty coldness of her manners. An intimate acquaintance soon ripened into love upon his part, and the avowal of it was met with no affectation of indifference by Meeta. Upon the very fautieul where but a few months before she had wept because she so longed for a sympathizing spirit, did she sit by the side of Clarence, hand clasped in hand, and the pure blood mantling her cheeks with crimson, as she listened to the eloquent words which told her how fondly—how devotedly was she beloved. After their engagement most of their mornings were spent together; either in riding, or walking, or in their favorite apartment, the boudoir. There, one morning, Clarence surprised her, so deeply engrossed in the German tale she was reading, that he raised her hand from the table before she was aware of his presence.

"I am jealous of that book, Meeta, and I challenge you to give it me."

"Ah, Clarence, my German books are all the world to me in your absence—there I live over all the happiness I experience in your presence, and sometimes I so identify myself with the feelings of some favorite character, that I forget the matter-of-fact world of now-a-days."

"Then is the present 'matter-of-fact' so disagreeable to you, Meeta?"

"Oh, no, Clarence; I am far happier than any of my heroines since we have met; so happy that I sometimes tremble lest the bright dreams which gilded my pathway so suddenly and beautifully vanish. Shall I tell you my last night's dream, Clarence?"

"Certainly, dearest, but I am sure with your strong mind you are not in the least superstitious; although I easily divine that the dream was not a pleasant one by the Madonna-like look which you wear. There; your eyes a trifle lower; that will do. Now your expression is exactly that of Ellen Gray, my first love. I must tell you all about that, Meeta."

Meeta's eyes were turned full upon Clarence Grenville's before his last sentence was finished. Slowly from her cheeks the rose-hue faded, and strangely hoarse was her voice as he said,

"Clarence, you have surely never loved before!"

"Most assuredly I have, my loveliest, and my best," he replied, at the same time vainly endeavoring to imprison the hand she had withdrawn.

"Oh, Clarence, this is terrible! this is cruel! *You* have loved before, and yet *you dare* to bring to me a heart whose altars are soiled with the ashes of the sacrifices which you offered up in other days. Clarence Grenville! is this the return for the unbounded love which I have poured upon you?—no, not upon you, but the ideal with whom I fancied I had exchanged a heart as fresh, and pure, and fervent as my own." Clarence looked upon Meeta with surprise.

"Surely, dear one, this is but a jest. You cannot imagine that my love for you is less strong or less abiding, because my fancies have been enthralled before. You will not let such a trifling cause interfere with our happiness, Meeta. My love for you is too deep for such bubbles upon the surface of the past to effect for a moment."

Slowly from her cushioned seat Meeta arose—there were no tears in her eyes, but the pupils were painfully dilated, and her colorless cheeks and lips bore unmistakeable signs of the struggles of her proud heart. For one moment she paused in front of her betrothed—with a low whisper she bowed her head.

"Take back this ring, Clarence—our marriage can never be, and henceforth I am to you only *as a bubble upon the waters of the past.* God in mercy grant that it may disturb the serenity of my life no more than it will yours." Another moment, and she had gone. How bewildered was the look which Clarence cast upon the closing door—with what wild energy did he spring forward—it was too late.

He seized the pencil which lay upon Meeta's escritoire, and wrote hurriedly upon a blank sheet of note-paper.

"For God's sake, Meeta, come back to me—for my sake, come—for thy own sweet sake, beloved. Too closely woven are the inmost fibres of our hearts for this rude blow to separate. Come to me, darling, I will tell you all. I have not one thought which I would hide from you—come, and let these moments of unnecessary torture cease, Forever thine, and thine only,

CLARENCE."

He rang the bell, and sent the note to Meeta's room. It seemed ages before the answer was brought to him. Eagerly he broke the seal and read—

"No time can change me—no persuasions can induce me to become yours. It was but this morning that I read a story of the sufferings—the intense heart-sufferings of one who wedded

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a man that had loved before—turn to the index of the volume I was reading—you will find 'Das Hertz-gebrochene,' read it, and ask your own heart if you wonder at my decision. My last night's dream was but a prophecy of the future to me. I was wandering in a beautiful path; overhead there were arching vines; their green and glossy leaves bent over me; their snowy blossoms filled the air with perfume, and at every step I crushed the dewy violets, and the fragrant wild flowers that were woven so thickly in the velvet turf. Everything about me was gloriously beautified—my path was onward. From the deep shade of the wreathing vines I suddenly emerged into an open space. The day-god was resting his head upon the blue and cloud-capped hills of the far west—slowly I saw him sink into the fleecy, snow-white pile; and then I watched the golden stars gleam one by one from the enameled heavens. Cold and stately the moon looked forth from the windows of the east, and the jeweled stars trembled and grew dim in her queenly presence. A strange icy sensation girdled my heart—I looked down upon my path—I was on the verge of a precipice—*one step further, and I had been lost!* From the depths below—so far that my eyes could not penetrate, I heard the tumultuous noise of rushing waters; upon the opposite side another precipice loomed far up, and across this fearful gorge a single thread was spanned! my path laid over it—I could not go back. I looked up to the heavens, was there no way of escape?—no extending arm to save me? Dark clouds in giant forms were trooping upward—they spread their tents about the moon—they wrapped the whole earth in their gloomy folds: from the abyss below unearthly voices were shrieking to me—even the very thread whose strength I was to trust to, was now lost in the darkness! In my agony I struggled with my fate and awoke—awoke to thank my God it was but a dream, little imagining it would so soon prove reality. I still stand upon the verge of the abyss, but motionless, for I have ceased to struggle. The cord may yet prove of sufficient strength to bear me over to the beautiful path beyond, but if it break, and I am dashed upon the rocks below, may he who spread the cord feel but one tithe of the anguish which is now eating to my heart's core.

"Farewell *forever;* from this moment, meet where we may, we are strangers: 'from this hour I commence the task of rooting out every memory of the past which is associated with you. It will be in vain to write me, your letters will return unopened, and unanswered. The path I have chosen, dreary as you may think it, has far more of solace than that of 'Das Hertz-gebrochene,' whose history I wish you to read. Again, farewell *forever,* MEETA CLIFTON."

As Clarence finished reading, tears stole from his eyes—"tears even though he was a man." He arose, dashed them away, and paced the room hurriedly.

"She mistakes her own strength—she knows not what she is doing. My God, Meeta, you will break both our hearts."

Again he sat down upon the lounge—he raised the book, but his mind was too much agitated to read. Although the story was written with a masterly hand, he found it utterly incapable of enchaining his attention, and with an impetuous movement he threw the book on the table. An hour passed on. Vainly had he hoped that Meeta might come to her room, that he might see her once again, and now with a few of her favorite flowers, which he had gathered from the conservatory, he passed from the room where he had spent so many happy hours with his young betrothed. Once more he looked back—there was the harp over which he had so often hung entranced in the earlier days of their acquaintance—should he never hear its tones again? The thought was agony, with a quick step he turned from the room, and was soon rapidly wending his way to his hotel. After passing a sleepless night, he wrote in his journal thus—

"I have passed a night of mental anguish; such an one as I can never pass again, for with the morning light has come a stoical indifference which I expected years alone could bring me. I have loved Meeta Clifton almost idolatrously. I love her still, despite the visionary philosophy with which her mind is so deeply imbued. She is young—not seventeen—a few years from this time she will look upon these things in a different light. I will go to Europe, and when I return, if she has loved me as fervently as I do her, she will remain true to my memory, and perhaps better prize the matured love she has so scornfully rejected."

The next day he was on his way to New York, and in one week from the day of their parting, Meeta read his name amongst the passengers who had sailed in the packet ship Oxford. She crushed the paper with both hands, then pressing them to her face, she sobbed like a child. They were the first tears which she had shed for Clarence Grenville, but not the last!

It was a balmy June morning that against one of the vine-wreathed pillars of the conservatory Meeta leaned. Her dark eyes were as thoughtful as ever, and far more red, and there were traces of tears upon their silken fringes. Already had she found that the second love of Clarence Grenville was far dearer to her than aught on earth beside. Should she pour out her whole soul to him on paper, and thus summon him back? No, pride forbade the thought. She

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would suffer in silence—she would so school her heart that none should know how troubled were its waters. He would find some new love in the beautiful lands he had gone to, and she would learn to hear his name linked with another—calmly and coldly would she hear it, not a flush should mantle her brow, not a tear dim her eyes. She would drink the cup she had prepared, and no one save herself should dream how darker than midnight were the dregs.

A hand was laid lightly upon Meeta's—the one which rested amidst the vines. The chain of thought was broken, and she looked up into her father's face. In expression it was but the reflection of her own, so sad, so thoughtful.

"Meeta, I have sorrowful news, my child—come into the library with me;" and he drew her hand within his arm. She followed without speaking, but her heart beat faster at every step. They sat down together upon the broad divan.

"It is now nearly two months since poor Clarence left us—although you refused him, Meeta, I cannot but think that you have some sentiments of affection for one every way so worthy of them, and I almost tremble to tell you the fearful——" Mr. Clifton paused, for the expression of deep suffering upon Meeta's face was too plain for her father to doubt for a moment longer the love in her heart.

"Tell me, father, that he is alive—that he is not dead; I can bear anything but that."

Mr. Clifton shook his head mournfully—it was enough, for with a scream of anguish Meeta threw herself upon the floor.

"Meeta! my child! my darling! listen to me—do not moan so piteously. Here, rest your head upon this cushion—there, love, be calm, I will go for your mother."

Mr. Clifton hastened up to his wife's dressing-room. She was reading a paper, and her eyes were discolored with weeping.

"Margaret, we have deceived ourselves, Meeta loves Clarence. I tried to break the news to her gently, but she surmised before I commenced, and is now giving way to the most passionate grief."

Mrs. Clifton immediately went down with her husband. They met Meeta at the door, and both started back in surprise. She was perfectly calm—there was not a trace of suffering upon her face.

"Clarence is dead, mother," she said, as she passed them quickly, and hastened on to her room.

"Follow her," whispered Mr. Clifton, to his wife, "she is too calm."

"Meeta, let us talk calmly about this distressing event," said Mrs. Clifton, as she drew a chair close to the couch where Meeta had thrown herself, and now lay with her eyes widely distended and fixed full upon the ceiling—she made no reply.

Mrs. Clifton knew that the wildest grief was not so dangerous as this freezing apathy, and she strove to awaken some emotion.

"Did your father tell you the particulars, my dear?" There was no answer.

"The Oxford was wrecked off the Cornwall coast, and not one soul saved—very terrible, but you must not blame yourself in the least. It was very foolish in Clarence to go off so suddenly, but it was fated to be so, and no regrets can alter his fate, my child."

"*Fated!*" moaned Meeta, through her closed teeth. There was a quivering of the eyelids, a quick muscular motion about the nerves of the lips, followed by a piercing scream which rang through the house.

Mrs. Clifton started to her feet, and her husband, who was waiting at the door of the apartment, immediately joined her.

"A single cord! a thread to cross upon! I cannot," screamed Meeta. "Clarence, save me—help me to cross. Where are you, Clarence? It is dark—it is fearfully dark, but give me your hand, and I will come to you—it is but a step between, oh, for the love of heaven, do not leave me! I was wrong, I was cruel, but do not upbraid me now, for the flames are about me, they scorch! they burn! oh, help me! save me, Clarence!"

Thus during all that fearful night did Meeta rave. With the morning light came calm unconsciousness—for weeks she lay in this state—then came months of convalescence, in which the spirit seemed wavering between love for the beautiful things of earth, and longings for its promised rest in the home of heaven.

Two years had passed since Meeta's illness—two years of constant anxiety to her devoted parents. They had left no means untried to divert her mind from the one absorbing subject. Through all the most interesting portions of the United States had they travelled, but they could not restore the cheerful smiles of other days.

As a last resort, Mr. Clifton proposed an European tour. To this his wife at first objected, fearing that it might re-call to Meeta's mind more vividly the painful past; but upon adverting to the subject in her presence, they found her not only willing, but eager to undertake the proposed journey. In a few weeks they embarked for London. From there they proceeded almost immediately to France, and after travelling through portions of that country and Spain, and Portugal, they reached Naples in time to spend Meeta's twentieth birth-day. Here they expected to pass the winter, and Mr. Clifton was

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so fortunate as to procure a palazzo in one of the most delightful situations. The grounds were enchantingly laid out, and the interior of the palazzo was luxuriously furnished. The excitement which had buoyed up Meeta's drooping spirits during their hurried travelling, now seemed to die away. Day by day her beautiful face grew far purer and paler, and the disappointed mother wept bitter tears over her blighted hopes. The physician they had called in pronounced her in no immediate danger, but this was but little encouragement to the distressed parents.

Suddenly the aspect of things changed. Meeta's favorite room was upon the first floor, and overlooked the bay. Here she had gathered all her souvenirs of home—vases of fragrant flowers were scattered about upon antique tables—fine landscape paintings adorned the walls, and against a marble statue rested a harp, which Meeta had but seldom used.

By one of the open casements of this room, Meeta had reclined for nearly an hour, looking out upon the vineyards and the blue sky beyond. Suddenly she turned to her harp, and after a short impromptu prelude, she commenced singing—

Come to my bosom, merry thoughts and glad,
 Come with the timbrel, and the joyous song,
Come 'ere the light of my young youth has fled—
 It is not well that ye should linger long!

Come pleasure, with thy clarion breathing voice,
 Come, whisper music at my heart's lone shrine;
Thou wert my first desired, my only choice,
 When a young child I played beneath the vine.

Come with thy dancing feet o'er sadness flying,
 Come, chase my grieving spirits gloom away,
And with thy Syren voice dispel the sighing
 Which echoes through my heart from day to day.

What though my bosom holds but ruined shrines?
 What though the cypress spreads around its gloom?
Music and mirth can dance among the vines
 That arching grow above Love's early tomb.

As she finished, her hand fell motionless by her side. Her fine head was thrown back, and the chiseled features looked as pure and cold as the marble beside her. Her braided hair, black and glossy as the raven's wing, was confined in a simple Grecian braid, and knotted around with pearls. Her large, thoughtful eyes were fixed so intently upon the amber sky, that the two, who stood motionless by the marble balustrade, hesitated whether they should disturb the enchanting tableau, or remain and enjoy its beauty.

The eldest of the two, was the physician, Dr. Villiers; the other an Italian, Signor Manfredi, a friend of the doctor's, who had accompanied him once or twice before in his visits to his fair patient, and who seemed exceedingly enamored with her surpassing loveliness.

Not for one instant had he ceased to gaze upon her during the song, and when her voice, so mournfully sweet and sad, died away, he dashed something, very like tears, from his soul-speaking eyes.

The lower part of his face was so concealed by his immense moustache and beard, that the features were not visible, but the forehead was broad and massy, and the dark chesnut hair which fell in such profuse waves upon his shoulders, only added to its beauty. Dr. Villiers at length stepped forward.

"I have broken the spell, Miss Clifton, for I did not dare to let you look any longer upon that magnificent sky, lest your soul should escape through your eyes, as my friend Manfredi's seemed to be escaping."

Meeta smiled, as she welcomed the doctor and his friend, but the smile rested only on the lips—the eyes were as sad as ever.

Dr. Villiers went on in the same playful strain he had commenced, until he left the saloon to search for Mr. Clifton.

"Will you sing me that song again, Miss Clifton, or am I asking too much?" said the signor.

"I would gladly oblige you, but it is impossible," replied Meeta, "I composed it as I sang."

"Is it possible! do you know as I looked at you, I imagined you a second Corinne, and I wished from my heart that I——"

Their eyes met—the Italian's drooped suddenly, as if he had presumed too much upon the short acquaintance. A crimson flush spread over Meeta's face, and died away as suddenly. The rest of their conversation seemed restrained, and it was evidently a relief to both when Dr. Villiers returned with Mr. and Mrs. Clifton.

The conversation then became general; Signor Manfredi entering with spirit into some descriptions of the scenery about Naples. He was exceedingly eloquent, and Meeta more than once found herself gazing upon him, with more interest than she had felt for any one for years. Her parent, noticed the change with pleasure, and the good doctor fairly chuckled, and rubbed his hands in glee, as he said in an aside to Mr. Clifton, "ah, we'll have her a convert to second love yet." Meeta little dreamed of the conspiracy going on between her parents, and her excellent physician. *Their plot was well laid.*

As days passed on, neither of them seemed to mistrust that there were any designs in their frequent meetings; yet Meeta had learned to consider the hours long, in which he was not lingering by her side, and Manfredi spent the time which was not devoted to her, within sight of her palazzo. In less than a month from their first acquaintance, Signor Manfredi, with all the

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ardor of his southern temperament, bowed himcelf at Meeta's feet, and passionately avowed his love.

"Not yet, not yet," sighed Meeta, "let us be friends, but no more."

"No," replied Manfredi, "I cannot live longer in your presence, and not be more to you than I am. You must love me, Miss Clifton, or if you give me no hope, I leave you this night forever—do not turn from me, I beg of you. Look upon me—read my love in my eyes—the love no words can tell, and say but one word. 'go' or 'stay'—it is all I will ask to-night."

Meeta raised her drooping lids, and met his eyes—oh, that one thrilling glance! it re-called the days that were past; and yet strong as was their memory, she bowed her head and rested it upon his shoulder, acknowledging to herself that her second love was stronger—more thrillingly intense.

In the blissful present, Meeta seemed to have buried all memories of the painful past. She was herself again, warbling like a wild-bird, as clinging to his arm she wandered through the beautiful saloons of the palazzo. She sang for him the same song which years before she sang for Clarence, and he kissed the tears from her humid eyes—tears which seemed to well from excess of joy.

When they rambled through the grounds, he wreathed her hair with his favorite flower—the white and starry jessamine—then paused to gaze upon her increased beauty.

The third evening after their engagement, found them seated in the colonnade which overlooked the bay. Manfredi was gazing with peculiar tenderness upon his affianced bride. She seemed enwrapt with the beauty of the moonlight scene before her.

"This is very beautiful, dear Meeta, but were you ever in Germany?"

"Never—papa wished to travel there before we settled ourselves here, but I was a little obstinate, and he yielded to me."

"We must take our bridal tour in that direction, dearest. Germany is a most interesting country to travel in. Scarce a spot, but has its own peculiar tale, or legend—some of them extremely thrilling. It was from reading one of those legends, that years ago, I resolved never to marry one who had loved before."

A shade passed over Meeta's face, she drew her hand from the one clasping it so tenderly, and pressed it tightly over her eyes.

"I have loved before, Lorenzo—loved wellnigh as ardently and devotedly as I do you now."

"Loved another! impossible!" commenced Manfredi.

"No, not impossible—it was the resemblance in the tones of your voice to him—in the glance of your eye, that first awoke the love I bear you now, and oh, Lorenzo, it was the same foolish belief which caused our separation—a separation which for more than three years, made me lose all love for life."

"Meeta, if you were to meet him again, would you not forget me?"

"That is impossible—he was wrecked scarce a month from our parting." She shuddered as she spoke; Manfredi noted it, and said, "Meeta, you love him yet!"

"I have so blended my love for him, with my love for you, Lorenzo, that I have felt that—indeed I cannot tell you how, you will think me strange, but your manners, your tones, your eyes were so like his, it seemed to me that"—she was so agitated, she could not say more.

"So I am to understand that while I supposed you was loving me for myself, you was only loving me, because of my resemblance to an earlier love. Is that it, Meeta?"

There was nothing harsh or chiding in the tones of his voice. Meeta raised her eyes and met the same all-powerful glance. A moment more, and she felt his arm encircling her waist—her head nestling in his bosom.

"Lie thus, dearest, until I tell you a story of the past—do not tremble so, my bird, or I shall fear to tell you."

At this moment Dr. Villiers called from the saloon,

"Come here, Miss Clifton, we want you to sing for us."

Manfredi arose, and led Meeta to a seat within the saloon.

"Doctor, I was just commencing a story, you must not interrupt me, when I have done, she will sing for you if you wish it."

"Certainly, certainly," replied the doctor, and wheeling his chair up to the lounge where they were sitting, he took one of Meeta's hands, and carelessly placed his fingers upon the wrist. Mr. and Mrs. Clifton retained the seats they had occupied when Meeta and Manfredi had entered from the colonnade.

"Meeta, darling," said Mrs. Clifton, her eyes moistened with the unbidden tears she was vainly striving to crush, "you must not let Signor Manfredi's story excite you."

Meeta looked around wonderingly—her mother's tearful eyes—her father's expression of intense anxiety—the doctor's evident watchfulness—what could it all mean? Inquiringly she directed her glance to her lover. Mr. Clifton arose and came toward her.

"Meeta, prepare your mind for a very great, a sudden shock; do you think you can bear it?"

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"What can it be father? I can bear anything but the suspense. I see you all here; what have I to fear?"

"Nothing to fear, but much to rejoice over, my child; we have deceived you—Manfredi is not the name of your betrothed—can you not guess who he is?"

It was almost a vacant look, which for a moment Meeta cast around; then she met the same thrilling glance, and a gleam of triumphant joy lit up her features as exclaiming,

"Clarence! my Clarence! oh, my heart told me this long ago!" she sprung into his extended arms.

"She is safe, thank God," said Dr. Villiers, as he turned from the tearful but happy group. "She got through it wonderfully well. I must say I felt a good deal of anxiety, but these women are always ahead of you. I never surprised one yet, they are always thinking so, or feeling a presentiment, or dreaming so, or something or other of the sort."

He took the opportunity, while his back was turned of brushing the tears from his eyes, for Dr. Villiers had lived many years in the world, and he did not care to be seen weeping. Then looking back, he said,

"Oh, ho! we are so happy now, that we don't care about hearing the story—how do you know who it is, Miss? we have not told you yet. It may be the wandering Jew, or Belzebub himself, for all you know to the contrary."

The next day, Meeta heard the story, which Signor Manfredi, alias Clarence Grenville, had commenced. The packet ship Oxford, on whose books he had registered his name, sailed without him, as he had concluded, at the urgent persuasion of a southern friend, to go with him to New Orleans, where he remained several months. The next two years he passed travelling in Europe—he heard the fate of the Oxford and knew that his American friends would believe him lost. He was very willing that it should be so, as some such plan as the one he finally pursued, had occurred to him. For this purpose he suffered his hair to grow long, and cultivated his moustache and beard to perfection.

Upon his return to the United States, his most intimate friends failed to recognize him. He found that the Clifton family were travelling; he searched in vain at several of the most fashionable watering-places, during the succeeding summer, and eventually followed them to Naples. He immediately made himself known to Mr. Clifton, and told him the particulars of his refusal, and his desire to win Meeta's second love. Dr. Villiers was consulted—his consent given, the doctor introduced him as his friend, with the result which is already known.

At their palazzo in Naples was the marriage of Clarence Grenville and Meeta Clifton celebrated, and although Meeta denies it, her husband still persists in saying that he was her *second love.*

THE MARTYR.

BY J. B. CONE.

He gazed on her face
With a dreaming eye,
Nor marked the moments fleeting by,
And his nights were lit with brighter beams
Than o'er our daily pathway gleams;
A spirit glance, and an angel brow,
With voice of music
Breathing low.

His memory teemed
With visions fair
That sprang from the mesh of her silken hair,
But she turned from his love with freezing scorn,
For her race was old and nobly born,
And she could not wed a simple name
Whose light was dimmed
With a peasant's shame

His life was gnawed
By a viper worm,
For his soul could not its hope unlearn,
And he wept and he cursed with frenzied air,
And his eye-balls gleamed a vengeful glare,
But groans, nor tears, nor fire-lit sighs
Could quench the flame
Lit by her eyes.

With cankered heart
And a pallid brow
He roamed where streams and brooklets flow,
And a wild flower wreath he daily twined
For her whom he heard in the moaning wind;
By the river's side with earnest gaze
He'd watch the waters'
Varying ways.

He sleeps at last
With uncarved stone
To mark the spot where he rests alone.
And his mad, hot heart may no longer yearn,
Nor his soul o'erflow with thoughts that burn;
He's freed from his woe—he no longer grieves,
His grave is strewn
With the Autumn leaves.

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EMMA HOWARD.

A TALE OF MARRIED LIFE.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

GREAT was the sensation produced in the town of C——, when it was known that the beautiful Emma Weston, the belle of the village, and the daughter of one of its prominent inhabitants, was about to be married to a wealthy physician of Philadelphia, in which city she had spent great part of the winter. Curiosity was on tip-toe to know what sort of a wedding they would have, when it was to be, and what kind of a person the groom elect was, with other particulars too tedious to mention. At last a tall and handsome stranger who arrived at the hotel, was seen to wend his way toward Mr. Weston's, and next day the whole community were electrified by the intelligence that Emma had been married that morning in church, and had gone off while most of the *upper-ten* of C—— were dozing on their pillows.

How it came to be managed so quietly was the wonder, until Mrs. Weston, Emma's step-mother, let out that the intention was to have had a handsome wedding a week later, but that when Dr. Howard arrived he told them he found it impossible to be so long from home, and insisted so strongly upon being married immediately, that they could not resist his will. The good lady did not appear to have been much charmed with her new son-in-law.

"He was very high and grand," she said—"he talked very little, and when he did he seemed to be thinking of something else—she did not see what Emma had fancied him for, unless it was his handsome face." Mrs. Weston forgot what had been a powerful attraction with herself when she was eighteen.

Meanwhile the newly married pair pursued their journey, and on the evening of the third day arrived at the home Dr. Howard had prepared for his wife. It was a handsome house in one of the principal streets, but Emma, whose head was filled with fashion and nonsense, and whose fancy had pictured the rooms glitttering with or-molu and bijouterie like Mrs. Somebody's, and lined with mirrors and flaming with satin, like Mrs. Somebodyelse's, was a little disappointed at the plain, substantial, matter-of-fact appearance the whole establishment presented. True, everything was handsome and well adapted for comfort, but there was nothing for mere show, and the bare walls and dark furniture had a cold and desolate look that chilled her feelings. They were not warmed either when her husband, after taking his tea in haste, went off to visit some patients, leaving her to her own reflections. Emma felt this to be unkind and began to cry, and her eyes were still red when Dr. Howard returned; but he never seemed to observe them, and began to talk first of his patients and then of their household arrangements, as if he was conversing with an old nurse or housekeeper, and not with a beautiful young creature who had been but three days his wife.

"I do wonder why he fancied me!" thought Emma, next day, when her hair exquisitely dressed by Le Page, a delicate veil shading her blooming cheeks and giving softness to her rich dress, she surveyed herself in her dressing-glass before descending to receive her bridal visits—"I am sure it was not for my money, or my grandeur, or anything but myself, and I have not grown any uglier since he courted me. Even then I thought him cold and different from other men, but I was only too glad to get him and to leave that hateful, stupid C——. But I think he must admire me to-day," she thought, as gathering up her gloves and fan she hastened down stairs, hoping to see him before her friends came.

But Dr. Howard had been suddenly called out, and did not return until the room was half filled with company, and Emma, in her pleasure at seeing herself so much an object of admiration with others, had forgotten it was for him alone she sighed when her tasteful toilet was made.

"Have we not had a charming day!" she exclaimed, when their guests had departed, and Dr. Howard was standing in a brown study with his back to the fire.

"To me it was very tiresome," said the doctor, yawning—"but you are very fond of society, Emma, and I am not."

"Oh, I like it better than anything in the world!—that is," she added, taking his hand, and smiling sweetly in his face, "if you are with me."

"Thank you, love," he said, "but I hope you can enjoy it without me too. I am kept so busy that I shall seldom be able to go out with you,

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except of course to our wedding parties. I do not wish, however," he added, observing Emma's countenance fell, "to prevent your enjoying what to me is a sad bore. The Ramseys will always be ready to go with you, and I will drop in whenever I can. Heaven forbid that I should want to shut you up with such a grave old fellow as I am." And when he saw Emma's bright eyes fill with tears, Dr. Howard wondered what the mischief was the matter, not dreaming she would have been more grateful for the wish to secure a little of her society for himself, than for the intention of sending her alone into that of others.

But Emma soon found that her husband's happiness (if he enjoyed any, which she sometimes doubted) was by no means dependent upon her. His lectures, his patients, his scientific researches occupied his time so exclusively that he almost appeared to forget her existence.

At first he seemed to wish to excite her interest in literary studies, and finding her perfectly uninformed bought her books, and tried to stimulate her curiosity as to their contents. But Emma, though her abilities were good and her disposition amiable, could not even feign an interest in what was so distasteful to her. She had been a spoiled and a neglected child. Her mother had died when she was an infant, and on her father's second marriage, some years afterward, his wife found his beautiful little daughter so ruined by the indulgence of a foolish grandmother that it would be a hard and an ungrateful task to attempt to bring her under control. So Emma was allowed to do as she pleased until sent to a fashionable boarding-school, where frivolity and vanity were engrafted upon a few showy accomplishments, and the mischief so well begun at home was completed.

Had Emma, however, married a man of more tact and warmer affections, whom she could have entirely loved, much might still have been made of her, but as her fate led her to one who, though in the main kind and generous, appeared to have no affections at all, there was little to be hoped for. For a while she tried to discover whether a strict devotion to his wishes would not awaken warmer feelings toward her. But with regard to her he seemed to have no wishes. She was always free to do exactly as she pleased. She might make sacrifices but they were unregarded, he still continued the same cold, impassive, though just and upright man, whom she must respect but gradually ceased to love. So she turned at last from the hopeless task, and strove to heal her wounded heart with the pleasing balm of public admiration.

There is always a certain *prestige* attending the career of a married belle. Her efforts to gain the admiration of the other sex are considered wholly disinterested ones, and men are proportionably flattered by the compliment, consequently the beautiful Mrs. Howard, who as Miss Weston had thought herself fortunate in securing one admirer, soon saw herself surrounded by a dozen. Vanity ever grows by what it feeds on, and what Emma at first sought as a refuge she soon pursued for its own sake, and as she had no children, and her home duties occupied but little of her time, she gradually became so devoted to dress, fashion, and a desire for admiration, that her position each day became more dangerous.

Emma had been married about three years, when one evening, at a party, her attention was attracted by the entrance of a lady and gentleman, whose appearance excited a considerable sensation. The lady was very beautiful, and the splendor of her dress, and the grace and dignity with which both responded to the greetings of all around them, indicated that they were persons of wealth and consequence. On inquiry she found they were just from Europe, where Mr. Ellesmere had been residing some years in a high diplomatic station, and whence he had now returned to remain permanently in Philadelphia, his wife's native place. Just before supper Dr. Howard came into the room and bowed to the hostess, who was one of his patients. He was passing through the room with his usually abstracted air, when his eye rested on Mrs. Ellesmere, and he stopped suddenly.

"Agatha!" he exclaimed—"can it be possible?" and a glow of feeling irradiated his countenance.

"Very possible, my dear doctor," said Mrs. Ellesmere, extending her hand with frank cordiality—"had you not heard of our arrival? If not, I am flattered by your recognizing me so quickly. Six years work a change in most of us."

"Even if you had altered I should have *felt* that it was you," said Dr. Howard, warmly, "for I have not changed at all, at least in feeling."

"In condition we have both changed," replied the lady. "And though old time may have laid his hand gently on us both, I at least cannot forget when I look at my boys at home how long I have been a wife and mother."

This re-called Dr. Howard to himself, and a few inquiries about Mr. Ellesmere and the children brought the conversation to an ordinary channel. Though many others of Mrs. Ellesmere's old friends were pressing toward her, Dr. Howard kept his place by her side. He seemed spell-bound by her presence, and although he found opportunity to say but little, he riveted his gaze upon the lady's face in a manner that became quite painful to her.

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"I have been waiting, Dr. Howard, for you to propose introducing your wife to me," she said, at last. "I was admiring her when you entered, and think her very lovely."

Dr. Howard started as if from a dream. "My wife—oh, certainly—I had forgotten—her existence," he added, as he turned to seek her. "Wretch that I am—married to one and devoted heart and soul to another! I have lived more in the last hour than in all the years since last we met!"

As this thought passed through Dr. Howard's brain, his wife flew by him in polka, in which her whole soul seemed engaged, while her waist was encircled by the arm of a whiskered dandy, whose face nearly touched her own.

"Disgusting!" muttered the fastidious husband—"but as I can give her nothing else I must even give her her own foolish way—Emma!" he said, as she paused a moment for breath beside him, "come with me for a few moments, I want to introduce you to Mrs. Ellesmere, a valued friend of mine."

"I can't come now, indeed—this polka is so delightful"—and off she went again, and though her husband twice repeated his request, Mrs. Ellesmere left the room before the introduction took place.

Emma had scarcely leaned her wearied frame in the corner of the carriage that conveyed them home, when her husband rebuked her for her inattention to his wishes. Dr. Howard, though a neglectful, was by no means a cross or an exacting husband, and the unusual severity with which he spoke roused his wife's spirit. The spirit of a vain and frivolous woman is generally a spiteful one, and Emma's reply vexed her husband's already chafed feelings. He became really agitated, and when at last his wife demanded in a peevish tone what Mrs. Ellesmere was to him, that she was to be worried into an acquaintance with her against her will, he replied with passion—

"If you *will* have it—listen! She is the person on earth I most admire and honor. She was my first love"—and he added in a voice scarcely audible—"and my last too, God help me."

Low as the whisper was, it reached the ear of his wife. An expression of agony chased the anger from her face, and she clasped her hands in mute distress. The next moment she drew more closely to her husband's side, and asked—"did she love you in return?"

"No, never! she rejected me, and the anguish of that hour made me the cold and passionless being I have since become."

"Don't ask me to like her then—she has been my greatest enemy," exclaimed Emma.

"I only asked you to make her acquaintance," said her husband, coldly. "Your liking or disliking her is not of any consequence," and thus the young wife's better feelings were thrown back upon herself, as they had been a thousand times before, and the gay and admired ball-room belle laid her head upon her pillow with a sad and aching heart.

It was even as Dr. Howard had said. Agatha Desmond's refusal of his hand had been a turning point in his destiny. For years he had loved her passionately, but she was rich and he was poor, and pride, the besetting sin of his nature, had prevented his addressing her. Fortune at last smiled upon him. He rose in his profession, inherited a valuable property, and soon after offered her his hand. Agatha listened to him with undisguised pain. She had always valued him as a friend, but the moment she suspected a warmer feeling she questioned her heart closely, and found no answering affection there. Intellectually she could sympathize with him, and her fine taste and high culture had refined and elevated him; but in heart and soul she felt they were far asunder, and when he asked her hand she frankly told him, he had her friendship but could not win her love. Howard was in despair, but too proud to let the world see his feelings, he put a bold face on the matter, saw her soon after wedded to another with a smiling face but breaking heart, and from that time became the cold, impassive being we have described him.

Agatha had been married about three years, when the lovely face and coquettish manner of Emma Weston for a time had fascinated him. In a professional point of view it was desirable he should marry, so he offered himself at once, and was accepted. Even before his marriage he began to suspect he had committed an error, and soon after he was convinced of it; but it was not until Emma's defects became very painfully visible to him that he discovered how firmly his affection for Agatha held its place in his heart. It had left no room there to be occupied by the gay, young giddy creature whom he had vowed to love and cherish above all others, and whom conscience now told him he had deeply wronged.

Emma had long known she was an unloved wife, but she believed her husband incapable of strong feeling—a being of pure intellect, to whom heaven had denied a heart. On the night we have described she first discovered her mistake. She found that he could love devotedly through years of absence and indifference, and strange as it may seem, her own love for him revived with all its early force, and with it came a pang of jealousy that almost distracted her.

The gay season was then at its height, the Ellesmere's were feted by everybody. To avoid making their acquaintance was impossible unless

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Emma remained at home, and this in her present state of restless unhappiness she could not do. Pre-determined as she was to dislike her, Emma found it hard to resist the charm of Mrs. Ellesmere's manner; while apparently engrossed by others she would watch her every movement, especially when conversing with Dr. Howard, and it only made her the more miserable to be able to detect nothing in her quiet, graceful dignity with which she could find a fault.

The effect of her harrassed feelings upon Emma's temper was most unhappy. At home she would scarcely speak to her husband, while abroad she was in such extravagant spirits, and flirted so violently with any one who would flirt with her, that people began to shrug their shoulders and to wonder how Dr. Howard could allow his wife to behave as she did.

Now Dr. Howard had expostulated and in vain, particularly in regard to a certain Count de V——, with whom Emma danced and waltzed continually, and who had singled her out as the recipient of his particular attentions.

As the count was the last European importation, Emma was highly gratified by the preference of one whose rank and fashion made him an object of distinction, she did not, therefore, give the slightest heed to her husband's remonstrance, and soon drew upon herself the punishment of her imprudence.

It was one of the last entertainments of the season—wealth, fashion and taste had all united to render it one of the most brilliant parties that had been given. None of the beauties present eclipsed our heroine in the brilliancy of her appearance, or the exuberance of her spirits on this memorable occasion.

Count de V—— was as usual assiduously attentive, and while all the world was at supper had invited his fair partner to stroll with him in the partly lighted garden, which opened through a conservatory from the ball-room.

Dr. Howard, who happened to notice this movement, soon after followed them and took a seat in a dark alcove near the house. The supper rooms were in an upper story, and the garden was entirely deserted save by the graceful pair who slowly paced its flowery bordered walks. Suddenly Dr. Howard started from his seat—he heard a hurried exclamation, and saw a white figure rush like a frightened fawn up the walk in which he sat—the next instant his wife was sobbing on his bosom.

"Take me away!" she said—"take me away—oh, that dreadful man!" Dr. Howard had scarcely time to place her on the seat he had just left, when the count appeared, and on meeting the last person he wished to see at that moment, he stammered out some broken English, to which Howard was too infuriated to listen. "Wretch!" he said, and with a single blow the count lay prostrate at his feet. He then turned to his nearly fainting wife, and almost carrying her through a side entrance, they were driven rapidly home.

The usual unhappy and sinful consequences followed. The count and Howard met and both were severely wounded. The latter received a ball in the side, and it was feared he would not survive its extraction. The anguish of Emma's self-reproach rendered her perfectly helpless. But one idea possessed her mind—"my folly has murdered him"—and she could only bend in agony over his bed, and with a wild, despairing gaze watch every movement of the sufferer.

The ball was at last extracted, and a state of prostration ensued, that seemed to indicate a speedy dissolution. But the patient's eye, though dimmed with weakness, appeared to seek some object it could not find, and as Emma knelt beside him she heard him murmur the name of Agatha. The sound pierced her heart, but she whispered in his ear—"shall I send for her?" and the sad smile that followed showed she had divined his wishes.

When Mrs. Ellesmere was announced, Howard begged his medical attendants to retire. Emma would have followed them, but he motioned her to remain. Agatha could hardly control her feelings as she approached the dying bed of him she had so lately seen in all the pride of health and manly beauty. She knelt beside the wretched Emma that she might hear the weak whispers that scarcely reached her ear. A smile of ineffable satisfaction beamed upon Howard's face.

"Thanks—thanks—may heaven bless you!" he murmured, as he essayed to press the hand that grasped his own. Then placing Emma's hand in her's, he said—"my last thoughts should be for her—I leave her friendless, unprotected, a mark for calumny—she is innocent of all but foolish vanity—you have influence—use it for her and be her friend, as you have been mine."

Agatha took the weeping Emma to her bosom and said, "I will—the Almighty helping me—but He may yet spare you to us both!"—and she breathed forth a prayer for help—for healing—for forgiveness—that must have reached the throne of mercy, for it brought down strength and consolation to those that heard her.

From that day Agatha was a daily visitor at Dr. Howard's, and it seemed that a blessing followed her presence there, for the patient gradually revived. His recovery was a tedious one, and in the course of it Emma found Mrs. Ellesmere's newly formed friendship of inestimable value as a consoler, an instructress, an assistant

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in her duties. She led the misguided wife and suffering husband to the only true source of strength, of light, and truth, and under her gentle teachings and the near approach of death and judgment the scales seemed to fall from the eyes of both. Both had sinned and each had much to forgive the other. Religion purified and re-united them, and from that bed of suffering they rose to a happier, higher, holier life.

The scandal mongers were bitterly disappointed in the probable separation and possible divorce they had anticipated, the appetite for such things having grown greatly with the rich food that had been afforded it of late. When Mrs. Howard re-appeared in society, after a short trip to Europe for the benefit of her husband's health, she was more beautiful than ever, for intelligence sparkled in her eye, and happiness bloomed upon her cheek. But though more beautiful, she is not half so much a belle as before, the only admiration she now cares for being that of a handsome, happy-looking man whose eye rested on her with confiding affection.

He is standing beside Mrs. Ellesmere with whom he is conversing earnestly, but Emma is no longer jealous, for she declares she now is more in love with Agatha than her husband is—and we believe her.

CHRIST-KINDLEIN.

BY EMMA LUDERS.

CHRIST-KINDEL comes ever with playthings and toys,
And good things for good little girls and good boys,
He stuffs them in stockings all tidy and white,
And hangs them around in the chamber bedight
With tapers. The light shining down on the scene
Reveal a fair landscape and green leafy screen
Of hemlocks, and cedars, and laurels, and pines,
That rise o'er the hills where the waterfall shines.
The city gleams forth on its mountain afar,
And over the stable the Christ-kindel's star.
He lit up its glory, that "Wonderful One,"
He filled with their shining the moon and the sun.
He held in His fist all the tempests that blow,
And painted each herb in the valleys below;
Then came He, in sorrow, the princely and mild,
Down, down to our darkness, the holy Christchild.
And, heeding the letter, fulfilling the law,
He slept in a manger, was cradled in straw!
Then—therefore they come with the garlands and flowers,
And spread the bright gifts in these thrice-hallowed hours:
"The Christ-kindel brought them"—for where were the joy
If He had not dealt them—to girl or to boy!
Good Krist-kindle, Christ-kindle! once in the year
We'll hallow the day when the Christchild was here.
Nor did they err greatly, our fathers and mothers,
Who piled up the good things for us and our brothers,
To say the good Christchild brought these down from Heaven,
And Himself still the dearest that ever was given!
Then twine the green garlands! build up on the plain,
The mountains and woods with their cities again.
Forth, forth with the river, the stable, and straw,
We'll draw the fair likeness from distance afar.
Fear nothing, the water is stilled in its flow,
('Tis crystal above, and seems foaming below.)
Then pile up the granite, the mosses and trees,
Wreathe round the clear writing a wreath if you please.
The little ones thus, in the rising of morn,
Spelled out 'mong the roses how Jesus was born!
They danced in their gladness—each treasure to see
And clasped their small fingers, they shouted in glee.
They lighted the tapers, each nook to explore,
And gazed at the picture behind and before.
One sister, the youngest, best loved of us all,
Was wild in her joy o'er the wreath-covered wall.
Christ-kindel! Christ-kindel! her dolls and green bowers
Were sent by Christ-kindel who painted the flowers!
The butter-cups shining, the sheep on the hills,
The kine in the hollow, the fish in the rills,
Christ-kindel had made them! the shells in the sand,
Had planted tall trees, formed her own little hand,
Had spread the blue firmament, moulded the stars,
Had fathomed the deep with His coraline bars,
And sent His good Spirit in form like a dove,
To tell little children how great is His love!
Oh, glad with Christ-kindel she'd go far away,
She "wanted to see Him—with angels to play."
She wanted to see Heaven's clear gushing spring,
To see the gold harps, and the white folded wings,
The full blowing rivers, the gateways of God—
For of these, all unconscious, my sister I told,
Till her poor little heart in its fetters below
Seemed bursting its Christ-kindel's glories to know.
December wore off with its clouds and dark hours;
The chamber was cleared of its garlands and flowers,
But still, with her footstool our darling would come
To hear of Christ-kindel, his angels, his home,
She "wanted to live with him up in the sky!"
A strange gleam was left in her blue glancing eye.
And long ere the meadows with butter-cups shone,
This dear baby sister to silence had gone!
The dark wave of anguish rose up like a billow,
For death-dews were damp on her dust-covered pillow.
Oh, what where man's glory but blighting and blot
If man in his sorrow the "Christchild" were not?

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DORA ATHERTON;

OR, THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM."

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S. in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

It was Sunday morning, a clear, bright day in spring, and the church bell was already ringing for service.

The scene was a village, on a spur of the Alleghanies: a place far away from great cities. The roar and turmoil of the world never reached that quiet retreat, or only faintly like echoes from another sphere.

It was a picturesque place, nestled in a green valley, with the eternal hills piercing the clouds around it. In summer, for the air was peculiarly salubrious, it was often resorted to by travellers, in search of health, or by sportsmen who were fond of angling, for the trout streams in the vicinity were celebrated. It boasted, therefore, a well-kept inn; and on this Sunday morning a stranger stood in the porch of the little hotel, looking up and down the street, as if uncertain which way to go.

The villagers were passing, in their Sunday attire, every one looking happy and gay. The poorest were neatly clad, and had an air of comfort about them that forcibly arrested the attention of the stranger, who was fresh from the metropolis, and could not help contrasting their appearance with that of the squalid women and unshaven men, who lounged about the door-steps of the meaner quarters of a great city, on Sunday mornings.

As each group passed, every member of it in succession, from the parent down to the toddling child, looked back at the stranger. The arrival of a new guest, at the inn, was an event in fact; and gossip was always busy, within an hour, to decide his name, business and character.

The stranger smiled as he saw these exhibitions of curiosity; and his smile was strangely sweet. It is time we described him. He was apparently about twenty-three or four years old, of a graceful, manly form, and rather taller than men ordinarily. His face exhibited very contradictory characteristics. The finely cut mouth, the full nostril, the majestic sweep of the eyebrow told of a strong will in the possessor; while the heavy lid, the long lashes, and the half dreamy expression of the eye itself, in repose, bespoke as plainly a poetical temperament and a sensitive nature. The perfect union of these opposite qualities, in the present instance, led to a finely developed and harmonious character. When moved by a great occasion no man was more resolute; but it required a worthy object to rouse him. He was not one to waste his energies after the gew-gaws of mere political, or even intellectual ambition. He required a sufficient motive to act before he began to work; and, as yet, he had not found this, and so passed for a dreamer. A great destiny, however, was before him. But more of this as we proceed.

He was still standing thus, when the landlord came out on the porch. The stranger immediately turned.

"What churches have you here?" he said.

"Three, sir. A Methodist, Baptist and Episcopalian."

"Is the latter a new one?"

"No, sir, strange to say. But this place is an old settlement, and had a church in the colony times. The Episcopalians were here before either of the other sects, but they don't keep up as well as the rest—however, you'll hear some fine singing if you go there."

The stranger smiled again, but this time there was something of incredulity, and, it might be, a little of scorn in that smile. He was, in fact, no mean musician himself. Nature had gifted him with a keen sense of harmony, and this had been cultivated to the highest pitch. He had heard, both here and in Europe, the most famous singers of the day, and could detect in the most difficult piece the slightest error of execution. The idea that he was to hear fine singing, in an obscure country church, made him smile incredulously, notwithstanding a naturally kind heart. But he was too well-bred to say anything; and the smile itself was but momentary, flitting across his face, like a sun-cloud over a field of corn, an instant seen, then vanishing.

"I will go there," he said. "I suppose the bell belongs to the Episcopal Church, and that will guide me."

"Yes," replied the landlord, "follow the street

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down till you come to that row of willows. There you'll find the mill-dam, and just beyond it, on the other side of the pond, is the old church."

The stranger bowed and set out. It had been dusk when he reached the village, the night before, and he now became sensible, for the first time, of the beauty of the place. Nearly every house had its little green lawn in front, and its bit of orchard ground in the rear; and as it was now the time of blossoming, the whole air was full of fragrance. At the end of the village street stood an ancient mill, its wheel green with moss, and its wooden walls and roof almost black with age. The dam was prettily edged with willows, now green with their first leaf. The pond being high with the late rains, the gates had been raised, and the water now came wildly tumbling and foaming through. The stranger paused a moment and looked below at the rapid fluid, shooting like snowy sheets of silver down the trough, and then whirling away in dark eddies under the black loom of the banks. There was always something soothing to his heart in such a scene; and he could have gazed on it longer, but that the quickened tolling of the bell announced that the church service was about to begin. So he turned and walked on.

Crossing the rude bridge, he saw before him an open space, where three roads met, and just beyond this, in a grove of ancient trees, stood the time-worn little church. An atmosphere of holy quiet seemed to reign around the place. The grey walls of the ancient building; the venerable oaks which overshadowed it; and the grave-yard close by, where, for a century, the righteous dead had lain awaiting a glorious resurrection:—these gave an indescribable, but magical look of repose to the whole scene. A few carriages, belonging to farmers in the neighborhood, were fastened at a respectful distance from the church; and each horse stood quiet at his post, eyeing the arriving worshippers askance, as if even the brutes themselves reverenced that antique house of God.

Just as the traveller crossed the bridge, and while he was yet some two hundred yards from the building, the bell rang out a final peal, the last lingering comer entered the edifice, and the notes of an organ swelled out on the still morning air and died again melodiously away. When the stranger reached the church the congregation was already at prayer.

The traveller paused till the petition should be over, and looked back over the route he had come. In front was the picturesque village street; on his left the ancient grave-yard; and on the right the mill-pond stretched away for a mile and more, lying quiet and calm under the azure sky, its surface polished like blue Damascus steel. Here and there clumps of woodland ran out into the lake, till the eye was almost deceived into thinking them islands: and far away, in the mellow distance, the placid sheet of water suddenly disappeared, land-locked seemingly on all sides. The quiet of the whole scene was inexpressibly soothing. Not a wave stirred on the gravelly beach close at hand. Not a dead leaf moved on the whole glassy expanse. The trees that overhung the still water were re-produced in the mirror beneath, as sharply and accurately as if another forest grew downward from their roots. Suddenly an idle boy, from the opposite side of the pond, gave a hallo. The sound broke strangely on the deep silence, and was followed immediately by an echo that seemed more magical still.

But, at this instant, the organ began again; and the stranger entered the church.

It was a low, ancient building, rude to the last degree, and only half filled with worshippers. The pews were high and straight-backed. The organ-loft was over the entrance, and that instrument, which was one of very fine tone for its size, was the only luxury about the place. The stranger had no sooner found a seat, than he turned inadvertently to the choir, so much was he struck with this instrument.

A piece of green moreen, hung from brass rods, effectually concealed the performers from his gaze; but he could not help admiring the masterly manner in which the organ was played. When the anthem came to be sung, he almost started to his feet, for, clear and high, over the deep bass of the instrument and the choral accompaniment, rose a female voice, so sweet, so full, so exquisitely handled, that, what with the surprise, and what with the serene religious train of mind his walk had induced, he thought he had never heard anything from Grisi or Malibran to rival it.

"The landlord is right," he reflected, "she is, indeed, a prodigy. Who would have thought to find such vocalization, united to such expression here."

But his surprise was still greater when, the minister having retired to change his robes, instead of the hymn usually sung, the same voice began that sublime air of Handel's, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The stranger sat transfixed. Of a deeply reverential mind himself, he was an enthusiastic admirer of Handel. And yet, though he had heard that air sung a hundred times, it had never been with the feeling and pathos with which it was performed now. The opening words came pouring out, like molten gold, so soft and mellow, with every tone full of a subdued exultation, that it almost brought tears to the eyes. As the strain proceeded, the sentiment changed, and profound sorrow agitated the

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listener's heart; for the theme was of death, burial and the grave. But when the singer passed, with a rapid, triumphant bound, to the passage, "I know that in my flesh I shall see God," the expression of victory, of joy, of rapture which swelled out in her voice, making the ancient building ring, thrilled her hearer with an almost divine ecstasy. The serene joy, the deep peace, the sublime faith in Christianity to which the singer gave utterance, were answered back from the heart of the listener as if her soul had entered into his and explored its most secret recesses. He gazed, spell-bound, on the curtain, from behind which issued that voice.

When the air ceased, and the last tones of the organ had died away, he still remained looking up to the loft, unconscious of all around him, till the entrance of the minister, and the re-commencement of the services awakened him from this trance.

When the sermon was over, and the congregation dispersing, he lingered behind, in hopes to catch a sight of this unknown singer. He thought he should easily be able to detect her, as every eye must be upon her when she came forth. But in this he was disappointed. The last one of the crowd had passed out, and still no person, such as he knew she must be, had appeared. At last the old sexton came to close the doors, and the stranger was forced unwillingly to depart—unwillingly, we say, for as long as he remained within the edifice, it seemed, to his excited fancy to be ringing with that angelic voice.

During his walk back to the inn, his thoughts were entirely occupied with the unknown singer. His nature had been stirred, to its lowest depths, by the event of the day; and he passed along, unheeding that, soon after he left the church, a young girl, for whom the sexton had waited, had descended the organ-loft; and that, after the old man had carefully locked the door, she placed his arm within hers, and the two together walked away in a direction opposite to that taken by the traveller.

"Well, what do you think of our singing?" asked the landlord, who was standing at his door, waiting for his guest.

The stranger was so abstracted that he would have passed the inn, without noticing it, but for this address. He looked up, and found himself already a step or two in advance of the door, so he smiled at his forgetfulness, and retracing his steps, answered,

"It is miraculous. Who is she?"

His eye kindled with animation as he spoke: his whole face glowed. The landlord laughed.

"I thought you looked incredulous, when I told you we had a fine singer here," he said, "and I am glad you have come round—most people do, when they hear our Dora—but you asked me who she was. The daughter of the old schoolmaster, sir—he is sexton also. They once saw better days, but they pick up only a poor sort of living here, I'm afraid. However, sir, walk in—for dinner is waiting—and I'm doubtful it will be cold, and do me no credit, if you delay."

It was late in the afternoon before the traveller left his hotel again. He had learned from the landlord that the old church was opened only for morning service, the minister having to preach in the evening at another parish several miles distant. But when he went out, toward sunset, for a walk, the voice of the schoolmaster's daughter still exercised such a control over him that he bent his steps, almost unconsciously, in the direction of the morning.

Arrived at the church, he turned down an old road through the woods, invited by the beauty of the walk. Tall and noble trees, that might have been growing there for centuries, interlaced their branches overhead, till the canopy thus formed reminded him of the groined vault of some mighty minster. Beneath his feet the path was covered with vegetable mould, with only faint marks of wagon tracks discernible; for the road was evidently but little used. Woodland scenery, however, was the traveller's delight, and he walked leisurely on, admiring now the majestic trunks that rose around him, and now the arched vista ahead, until at last his further progress was cut short by a rude, zig-zag fence, with a cleared field beyond.

He might have gone half a mile, since he left the church, or might have walked further; he had not thought of time; and he was startled to find, from the comparative obscurity, how late it was. While in the wood he had attributed the gloom to the trees, but he now found it was really caused by the advancing evening. Yet not entirely thus caused, for, as he looked up, he saw that the sky was overcast; and at the same moment a big drop, falling from the fringe of a cloud, pattered on his face.

A hasty glance around showed him a small house across the field, situated on a more public road. As the rain-drops now began to fall faster, he did not hesitate for an instant, but placing one hand on the top rail of the fence, vaulted lightly into the field.

The shower, like all April ones, was violent as it had been sudden, and he had scarcely reached the house, when the rain descended in a torrent. Without looking to see if the porch in front of the cottage was occupied, he sprang over the low paling, and darted under shelter, taking off his hat as he reached it, and dashing a shower of rain-drops to the ground.

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Then, for the first time, he became aware that he stood in the presence of two persons, occupying the doorway of the cottage, and therefore just in front of him.

They were evidently father and daughter; and a second glance assured him that the old man was the sexton, and that the other must be his child.

The parent was sitting in an old-fashioned arm-chair, and had evidently been reading, for his Bible lay open on his lap, with the spectacles across the page. The shower had directed his attention, perhaps, for at the moment the stranger startled him by this sudden intrusion, he had been watching, and apparently with a keen sense of the beautiful, the millions of rain-drops falling across the pond, which lay in sight from where he sat.

His daughter, too, had been gazing at the same brilliant panorama; and it was her expression of delight, as she thus looked, which now arrested the stranger, and fixed itself forever in his memory. Let us endeavor to describe her as she appeared at that moment.

She was about seventeen years old, of the medium height, and with every contour just rounding into the full outlines of womanhood. Unlike most American women, she had an expansive chest and full bust, the result, perhaps, of daily exercise in the bracing mountain air. She sat on a low stool, at her father's side, her elbow resting on his knee, and her hand supported on her hand, the head bent forward a little, while she gazed, as we have said, on the picturesque effects of light and shade produced by the passing shower. The stranger thought he had never seen so beautiful a countenance. The small, full red lips were slightly parted in wonder and delight, partially exposing a set of teeth as white and regular as pearls; the delicate nostril was a little expanded, under the same emotions; and the eyes which, even in that rapid glance, the traveller saw were of a dark hazel, were opened to their full extent, and glowing with all the enthusiasm of a young and pure soul, entranced in the presence of nature. The lower part of that remarkable countenance recalled to the young man the face of the Venus de Medici, so accurate was every proportion, so rounded every line; but the broad, yet high forehead, from which the dark brown hair was pressed back by her hand, elevated her at once above that master-piece of the Pagan world; for the old Greeks, with all their keen perception of the beautiful, had too sensuous an idea of female loveliness to rise to the understanding of Christian womanhood, and would never, therefore, have carved such a brow as that of the schoolmaster's daughter, anywhere but on a Phidian Jove.

The step of the stranger on the porch, and the dash of the rain-drops from his hat startled her from her reverie, as well as her father: and she sprang at once to her feet, with the lightness of a young doe.

Almost any other person than the traveller would have been embarrassed in these circumstances; but he was a man who had already seen much of life, and who was by education as well as character self-possessed. He bowed low, therefore, avoiding, with great tact, the blushing girl, and addressing her parent.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said, in a clear, deep voice, "for my intrusion; but this April shower must be my excuse."

The schoolmaster rose immediately from his chair.

"You are welcome, sir," he said, with a dignity the stranger had not expected to find in one so humble. "I hope you are not much wet. Will you take a chair? Dora," and he addressed his child, "a chair for the gentleman."

The young girl turned to hand a seat to the stranger, but the latter, anticipating her purpose, sprang forward and took the chair from the still embarrassed Dora.

"Pray—let me," he said: and again speaking to the father, he continued, "no, I am not much wet: I have been much worse so, when trout-fishing, and thought nothing of it."

"You love the 'gentle sport' then, as old Izaak says," replied the schoolmaster. "When I was younger I was fond of it myself, but my old limbs cannot support the fatigue any longer. We have fine streams, however, in this vicinity."

The tone in which the old man spoke, not less than his choice of words and his evident familiarity with books, impressed the stranger with still more respect for his new acquaintance.

"I have come to the village," he said, "because of the reputation the streams enjoy in the neighborhood. In fact, I have been a little out of health, and the physicians have ordered me to recruit."

The easy, but deferential air of the stranger, and the agility, yet grace with which he had sprung to relieve her of the chair, had already attracted Dora's attention, accustomed, as she was, only to young men who were either awkwardy bashful, or impertinently forward; and every word that he said, as the conversation progressed, increased this favorable impression. She did not join in the talk of her father and the stranger, but sat at her parent's knee, listening, with half averted face.

"You could not find a district better suited for your purpose," replied the schoolmaster. "The air is salubrious, and the beauty of the scenery continually invites to out of door exercise. Did you ever see anything finer, of its

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kind, than the view from here across the mill-pond? With this shower dancing over the dark water, what could be more picturesque!"

"And the glistening of the rain-drops, as the sunset rays strike them!" responded the stranger. "Every drop seems a diamond. Mark how they are seen for an instant, and then disappear, fleeting downward in a steady stream, one following the other in quick succession, ever-ceasing and yet never-ending—one might think it a scene in a fairy tale. But," he added, smiling, "perhaps, like the rest of the modern world, you abjure fairy tales."

The old man smiled in turn.

"No," he said, "I believe the intellect, as well as the heart is often reached through the fancy. God," he added, reverently, "would never have given us imagination if he had not intended it to be employed for high purposes. I could not enjoy my Bible, or glorious John Milton, if it were not for that faculty; and when I remember that fairy tales first, and afterward the Pilgrim's Progress were the delight of my childhood, I dare not join in the modern cry."

The stranger was more and more astonished to hear an obscure schoolmaster thus converse.

"We are of one mind," he said, "on that point, at least; and on many others, I fancy," he added, while that kindly smile, which made his face so handsome, again glittered over his fine countenance, "I have a suspicion that I heard you play on the organ, this morning."

"I love music," quietly answered the old man, "and used to perform a good deal—but that was when I had a ——" He stopped here suddenly, and seemed embarrassed.

The stranger noticed it, and, with ready tact, came to his aid.

"And this was the 'sweet singer of Israel,' that I heard. Was it not?"

He turned to Dora as he spoke, who, on finding his eyes directed to her for the first time since his entrance, coupled with words of such high eulogy, blushed and looked down again.

"I am passionately fond of music," he said, seeing that the daughter still felt embarrassed in his presence, and again addressing the parent. "I must really express my pleasure at the gratification I received this morning. Had your daughter no instruction?"

"I taught her to the best of my poor ability," he said. "Her mother used to be considered a superior vocalist. But it sometimes seems to me," he continued, affectionately considering her, "that she even excels her parent. There are few here, however," he added, with a sigh, turning again to his guest, "that appreciate good music."

Their talk continued in a similar strain, and before long, by the exercise of a little tact, the stranger had overcome the timidity of Dora, when she began to take her share in the conversation. She did not speak much or often, indeed, but what she said was full of good sense, and clothed in pure language. Once or twice she even warmed into enthusiasm, and expressed herself accordingly; but, the instant after, she blushed at her own eagerness.

This exquisite sensibility was, in the eyes of the stranger, a great charm. He had seen so much of mere women of the world, whose cheeks never crimsoned except artificially, that he was fascinated by a trait that betokened at once purity of soul, and a fresh and virgin mind.

The feeling which the whole three had for music was a magnetic passport to acquaintance, and even intimacy; and before half an hour, even Dora, who had lived almost entirely secluded from society, and was of a retiring and shrinking habit besides, felt that she could speak to their guest as she would to a brother.

"I shall remain in the village for many weeks," said the stranger, at last rising to go, for the shower had ceased and the sun was already touching the horizon, "may I, occasionally, have the liberty of spending an hour or two with you?"

The old schoolmaster, who rarely found a person of tastes similar to his own, was only too much flattered by this proposal. He rose from his chair, and extending his hand, replied,

"My humble roof, sir, is always ready with a welcome for you."

The stranger extended his hand also to the daughter, who half coyly took it, her little heart, inexplicably to her, all in a flutter.

"And will the same welcome come from you, Miss Dora?" he said.

She raised her eyes to his; it was a sufficient answer.

"We will go with you to the head of the pond. We always take a stroll at this hour on Sunday evenings," said the old man.

So they set out, Dora walking between the two men, listening; for their talk was now of high import, and such as might have passed between sages of old. Science, classical learning, poetry, religion all were laid under contribution, as the passing scene, or the thoughts that flowed from the different remarks, required. In front of the old church they stopped.

"I have forgotten to introduce myself," said the stranger, laughingly, as he shook hands again with the schoolmaster, "but, lest you should think you have made the acquaintance of some idle ne'er-do-well, let me say that I answer to the name of Paul Sidney."

"And mine," said the old man, returning the

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smile—a smile that, in both, had a sort of latent scorn for the uselessness of the conventionalism, in the present case—"is Mr. Atherton. My daughter we call Dora, after a saint," he added, touchingly, "after a saint in heaven."

"Good night, Miss Dora!" said Paul, retaining her little hand a moment in his own.

"Good night, sir," she answered, in her sweet, melting tones.

And so they parted. But the old man and his daughter lingered, and often gazed back; and when Paul stopped on the bridge, and with a sigh looked to where he had parted from his new acquaintance, he saw them regarding him. He took off his hat, and waved it in the air; and then remained watching them till they were lost to sight.

We will not describe the numerous interviews that followed. Paul Sidney had little to call him away, and so he lingered in the village. Every evening, after the school was closed, he visited the cottage, and, while he and the old man conversed of books, Dora listened. Or, sometimes, Paul told of his travels, and answered her eager questions about Italy, Greece, Egypt, but, most of all, Palestine. The evening was always ended by a song or two: and then Paul went home musing by moonlight. What this was all to lead to he never stopped to inquire. Paul Sidney had been born to an ample fortune, and had always been indulged, so that he never considered, where his enjoyment was concerned, what might be the consequences. He had not the remotest thought as yet of falling in love with the schoolmaster's daughter, nor did the idea that she might possibly fall in love with him enter his mind. He liked to talk with her father, to hear her sing, and to study her opening intellect. There was something fresh in all this to one palled by the conventionalism of the world: and in the enjoyment it afforded him he did not, at first, look beyond.

Neither did the old schoolmaster gaze into the future. Mr Atherton, indeed, had never been worldly-wise, or, if he had, he might have remained in the comfortable circumstances in which he was born. He had once been a merchant of some standing, but a love of books and of music, and a generous faith in his fellow man, had combined to strip him, in the end, of all his means, and render him glad, in old age, to accept the humble post of schoolmaster to a mountain village, to which he added those of organist and sexton to eke out his support. His wife had died soon after his retreat to this place, leaving a daughter only seven years old. Together father and child had lived, in their secluded retreat, seeing little, and caring less for the world, each being all in all to the other. To the simple mind of the old man the idea that Dora might love this fascinating stranger never occurred: he did not, in fact, think of her loving any one but him, but, in a sort of vague way, supposed that they would live and die together.

What little money the old schoolmaster could spare had been spent in adding to his slender stock of books: and this library had formed a mutual solace to him and Dora during the long winter evenings. In consequence of reading but few works, and those all good ones, she was much more thoroughly educated than young ladies generally at her age. Paul Sidney, in most respects a remarkable man himself, was frequently startled by the acuteness of her remarks; and came at last to call her jocularly his "little Minerva."

But it was neither for her intellectual qualities, nor for her great musical genius, that Paul, after a month's intimacy, would have praised her, if he had been describing her to a mother, or sister whom he desired to love her: it was her purity of heart, her firm principles, her sincere piety on which he would have dwelt. These qualities she had learned at her father's feet: in this respect, indeed, daughter and sire were one.

The summer had come, and was half gone, yet still Paul lingered in the village, putting off his departure from week to week.

"Do you know, Dora," he said, one evening, for he had long since learned to call her by her first name, "that your voice would make your fortune on the stage?"

"I would not sing, in public, in that way, for millions," answered Dora, with a heightened color.

"Why, is there anything wrong in it?"

"No, I don't think there is. But I should shrink from it nevertheless. I should abhor the display, the false characters, and the thousand eyes bent on me. Oh! it would kill me."

"But you sing in church, and people look at you there."

"That is different. Besides sacred music seems to me true and earnest, while that of the opera appears false and artificial. And, in our little church, I know everybody, which is very different from the theatre."

"Dora has an instinct of what is purest and best," interposed her father, "though she does not know exactly how to explain it to you. The stage is not bad, *per se*, but only in consequence of its accessories: yet it is bad nevertheless, so much so that no pure-minded woman, if she can help it, will continue on the stage."

"Mrs. Siddons!" said Paul.

"Mrs. Siddons never associated, as a rule, with members of her profession, but avoided them.

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The Bible says, 'enter not into temptation,' and yet, to send a virtuous female on the stage," said the old schoolmaster, warming with this theme, "is to open the gates of hell."

"You have silenced me," replied Paul. "In fact I was only questioning you, Socratically, to see what you would say."

"I am sorry the stage is what it is," added the old man, after a pause, "for, if anything should happen to me, Dora's musical gifts would, but for that, be an easy road for her to competence. But God's will be done!"

He put his hand on his child's head, as he spoke, for she occupied her accustomed seat at his knee; and his words faltered a little as he pronounced the last sentence.

"Do not speak of her having to toil for her living," said Paul, hastily. "As society is at present constituted, such a fate, to a refined female, is terrible."

"And yet it is one," said the old schoolmaster, looking up into his guest's face, "that will probably be Dora's. In the order of nature I must go first—and, when I am gone, what is to become of her? This little cottage, and the bit of land adjoining, I rent. All my worldly possessions, if sold, would not pay a gentleman's hotel bill at a summer watering-place. Dora and I often talk of these things, for it is a maxim of mine that there is nothing which may probably happen in life, which we ought not to prepare ourselves to meet."

The idea of Dora having to labor for her support was so inexpressibly painful to Paul that it revealed to him the state of his own heart, and, for a moment, he trembled at the precipice on which he so unexpectedly found himself.

In love with Dora! And would she return the affection? Or did she look on him only as her father's acquaintance, a sort of gentlemanly bookworm, fond of talking with her parent on certain abstruse questions of law and morals?

What would his family say to such a marriage?—for they had not only a right to be consulted, but the power to prevent the union, or, at least to render it difficult.

But the old schoolmaster gave him no time for reflection, for he continued,

"We have sometimes thought Dora might get a livelihood by teaching music; but she sings altogether by ear, and could not impart even the rudiments. She might teach school, but not here."

"And why not here?" said Paul, for this appeared to him less painful than any other employment.

"Because the school is a sort of foundation, and the terms of the original legacy require that the teacher should be a man. The testator lived when all the old prejudices against the sex were yet unshaken, and when it was considered sufficient for a woman to know how to knit, bake and spin."

"The times are wiser now," said Paul, vaguely.

"Yes," replied the old man, "but, in justice to our fathers we must remember that the family relation was held more sacred then than now, and that consequently it was not necessary, in a utilitarian sense, that women should be educated as intellectually as at present. Then poor females were supported by contributions from cousins or other relatives, or were taken into the house——"

"And now," interposed Paul, bitterly, "brothers even let their sisters starve before they will support them."

"But Dora hasn't even a brother—no! not a near relation in the world," said the father, with a sigh.

"We are not speaking of her," said Paul, irritably, "but of the social system as it affects women generally."

There was a moment's silence, and then the old man spoke.

"There's a poor chance, I hear, for a lone female, in a great city," he said, fondly stroking his child's head, "and yet there is even a poorer one in a country village, unless she goes out to service, and some are too frail for that." And he tenderly regarded his daughter, evidently still thinking of her.

"Thousands can barely subsist in our great towns," broke in Paul, rising and walking up and down the narrow room with agitated strides. "Thousands die annually," he continued, as if speaking to himself, "worn down by over-toil, and thousands more perish, in soul as well as body."

He said these words wildly. He was thinking of some of the miserable objects he had seen in cities, once, perhaps, as happy, though not as pure as Dora.

The conversation continued for some time longer, on the part of the old schoolmaster; but Paul did not participate in it, except by broken ejaculations. He was, in fact, thinking of Dora and himself. He continued to walk up and down the room, until at last, finding he could not control himself, he seized his hat and abruptly left the house.

That night he slept but little. Paul Sidney was entirely dependent on his father, who being a man of immense wealth, had discountenanced the idea of the son studying a profession. "There will be no necessity of your working," the parent said, "for I have quite enough to spoil you." So Paul, after graduating with high honors, had been sent to Europe. Fond of intellectual pursuits, and, as we have said, of a poetical

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organization, he had lived a life of thought rather than of action.

But with the vision of Dora as his wife, came also the idea of earning his own livelihood. No two men could be more unlike than Paul Sidney and his father. The sire was a cold, hard, conventional man, who thought nothing worth living for but the acquisition of wealth, and who, though he might, perhaps, have pardoned his son's union with a portionless woman of fashion, would never forgive his marriage with one both poor and without position. Had Paul's mother lived, she might have been an intercessor between the son and father; and indeed it was from her that Paul derived all the higher qualities of his nature. But now that she was dead, there was no one to stand between the anger of the millionaire and the offending son.

All this Paul foresaw, and it made him hesitate. Not that he thought, for one moment, of giving up Dora, if he should find that she loved him; but the difficulties of his position caused him to reflect seriously, before acting, what it was his duty to do. The conclusion to which he arrived was in accordance with his clear judgment, his upright principles and his firmness of character.

"I will first learn Dora's feelings," he said, "and if she loves me, I will offer her my hand. I will then visit my father and solicit his approval. If he refuses it, I will tell him that I regret I cannot obey him in this, for that I am a man, capable of knowing in what my happiness consists, and not base enough to trifle with the felicity of another or of myself. I will then seek to earn my livelihood, and, when I have succeeded—be it ever so humble—I will marry Dora. Or, if her father dies before that, I will marry her without delay, and trust to God and to a willing heart."

Dora herself lay awake, that night, till the early birds began to sing, in the thicket close by her window. The sudden departure of Paul and his evident discomposure had agitated her unspeakably; she feared she had offended him, and yet she did not know how. She re-called every word that had been spoken during the evening, in hope to discover what had angered him; but in vain. She had never felt so unhappy. And, at last, she burst into tears.

She had so often contemplated the idea of supporting herself, that it had ceased to be painful to her; and it never occurred to her, therefore, that this was what agitated Paul. It was the death of her father, not the penury that would follow, which always made Dora sad in thinking of her future.

Her anxiety to know the cause of Paul's conduct should have revealed to her that she was in love; and, in fact, long before morning it did; for Dora was not entirely a mere girl, but in some respects a woman already. The pain she felt at Paul's rudeness betrayed to her the state of her heart. She blushed, even in that darkened chamber, and hid her face in the pillow, as the consciousness of her weakness flashed across her mind.

And yet was it weakness, she said, to herself. Could any one have a nobler heart than Paul? His anger kindled at the slightest act of oppression or injustice to the weak; and he was ever ready to assist the poor with kind words as well as with his purse. Would she ever forget the fervor with which he had sung that air of Handel's, "But who shall abide his coming;" an air whose lofty enthusiasm and divine fervor she had never thoroughly appreciated before. And then his various acquirements, his eloquence in conversation, and the commanding nature of his manly character—how could these but win the admiration, love and reverence of a poor simple girl like herself.

The next evening Paul came early to the cottage. He had stopped, on his way at the schoolhouse, timing his arrival so as to reach it just as Dora's parent, the school being dismissed for the day, was collecting the scattered books and preparing to lock up. Paul entered and surprised him at the task.

"Why, my young friend," said the old man, with some surprise, "this is an unexpected call. You find me, like Cincinnatus, at the plough; for this narrow room is to me what his acres were to him. I fear you were not well last night, you left us in such a hurry."

"I have a few serious words to say to you, Mr. Atherton," said Paul, taking a seat at one of the desks, placing his elbow on the rough and whittled board, and resting his head on his hand while he looked the old schoolmaster earnestly in the face.

So unusual a seriousness was there in Paul's attitude and voice, that the old man, who had a pile of books in his arms, started, and down came the dog-eared arithmetics, with a crash, to the floor.

"What can it be? Is your father ill? Are you going to leave us?" He said this with evident anxiety, and his aged hands shook as he stooped to pick up the books.

But Paul sprang forward and collected the volumes instead. Then, as he placed them on the old schoolmaster's desk, he said, with more lightness of manner, for this little accident had brought a smile to his face, "Mr. Atherton, I want to marry your daughter."

Had the emperor of China come down from the clouds, in all the glory of stiff, yellow bro-

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cade, and laid his fortune at the feet of Dora, the astonishment of the simple-hearted old man could not have been greater.

"Marry my daughter!" he said, stepping back, and looking at Paul from head to foot, as if he doubted whether his young friend was crazy, or whether he was so himself.

In spite of his earnestness Paul could not help smiling again.

"Yes," he replied, "marry Dora."

The old schoolmaster pulled his spectacles down on his nose, scrutinized Paul again, and then pushed the glasses upon his forehead once more, all the time regarding his visitor earnestly. And now the tears began to gather in his dim old eyes.

"You can't be jesting—you are too generous for that," he said, at last, his voice quivering with emotion.

"God forbid!" said Paul, fervently.

"Then heaven bless you," cried the old schoolmaster, tottering forward and grasping the hand of Paul. "My Dora will have a protector when I am gone, and one whose equal, if I had searched the world over," he continued, with a voice shaking with sobs, "I could not have found."

"I love your daughter," said Paul, with feeling, "but would not speak to her of it until I had first asked your permission."

"Ask my permission?—you were sure of it, my dear boy," said the old schoolmaster, laughing through his tears. "But I never thought of such a thing—nobody could have made me believe it," he continued, looking at Paul, and crying and laughing by turns. "God bless you, my son."

The interview between Paul and Dora shall be sacred. But when Paul entered, Dora met him with a conscious blush, the result of that knowledge of herself which she had attained since their last interview; and when Paul left, hours after, it was not a blush only that attended him.

Within a week Paul departed, for his father's house; for he was a man who, having once resolved what to do, lost no time in acting. Even in that short interval he saw a marked improvement in the womanliness of Dora. Love had transformed her as if by magic. She was quieter and more subdued, yet without being less light-hearted. Is this paradoxical? Then, reader, you know nothing of love. There was a deep meaning in her eyes which Paul had never seen there before; a divine faith and affection whenever their looks met that thrilled him to his inmost soul. And yet her step, if possible, was lighter than even before, and she went about the house singing unconsciously. She was like a happy bird let loose from its cage. She lived, for that week, as it were, in a delirium of poetry.

Paul had explained to both Dora and her father his entire dependence, for the means of a livelihood, on the elder Sidney. He had also hinted at the possibility that his parent might object to the match.

The old schoolmaster at first shook his head. He had always been a proud man, and poverty had not made him more humble.

"My child," he said, "shall enter no unwilling family. If your father refuses his sanction, neither Dora nor I wish to see you again: for her marriage with you would, in that event, be impossible, and consequently your presence would only increase her sufferings as well as yours."

But the eloquence of Paul finally prevailed, and he did not depart till he had convinced the old schoolmaster that, to separate Dora and himself, for a mere point of etiquette, would, under the circumstances, be cruel and wrong.

"I am," said Paul, "legally, as well as morally my own master. I consult my parent, because that much is his due, and because, if he consents, it will smooth many difficulties. But God forbid I should throw away a life's happiness for the whim even of a parent. If my father should object, it will be with a will as obstinate as mine—for in that one thing we resemble each other—and the consequence will be a breach between us, and my being disinherited. But even that—and the breach I shall I regret more than the disinheritance—may be a blessing in the end. I feel daily more and more that it is wrong to rust away life, as I have been doing; and some great disaster, which will rally all my energies, and spur me on to action, will do me good. Dora may not have all the luxuries, in that event, which she deserves; but the comforts I may earn for her will be the sweeter, perhaps. Will they not, Dora?"

The last words that Paul spoke, before the final farewell, were to repeat his promise to write the moment he arrived in town. "You will see me in a fortnight," he said, "whatever may happen; but you will be anxious, I hope, to hear from me at once."

The tears stood in Dora's eyes, though she tried hard to smile: but when Paul was out of sight she hurried up to her chamber and wept uncontrollably.

The first four or five days of his absence passed in comparative cheerfulness at the cottage. Both Dora and her father missed Paul more than they had thought they would; for his cheerful ways had become by this time, almost necessary to their existence. Dora looked up from her needle-work, a dozen times, as the twilight drew on, to see if Paul was in sight coming down the road; and when she remembered that he was far away, sighed, and even sometimes dropped a tear. The old schoolmaster could not

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sit at his books as before Paul had come to their cottage; but would rise up, take a few steps, return to his chair, and then again rise and walk nervously about. He was now in the garden, now out in the porch, now a few paces down the road and looking toward the village; but never quiet and composed as of old. There had been a time when Dora had been sufficient for his happiness, but it was so no longer. He could not be entirely happy now without Paul, that he might converse, as they often had till the midnight moon rose over the trees, of "freewill, fixed fate, foreknowledge absolute."

Saturday night came at last, and when dinner was over, the old schoolmaster took his staff and set forth toward the village; for on that afternoon Paul's letter might be expected.

Dora knew that it would be late in the afternoon before the mail arrived, and she did not begin to be nervous, therefore, until the sun had sunk to the tree-tops behind the house. But from that time till she saw her father approach,—and she sat in the porch all the while looking down the road—her heart was in a flutter of suspense.

At last the old schoolmaster appeared, coming around the turn; and Dora, with a cry of joy, dropped her work and sprang forward to meet him.

But, as she drew near to her parent, she discerned a shade of disappointment on his face, and divining the truth she stopped tremblingly, not daring to ask him.

A melancholy shake of the head confirmed her fears. He had no letter. She burst into weeping.

"Never mind, dear," said the old man, soothingly, drawing her face to his bosom, "it will come on Monday. There has been some unavoidable delay."

So, after awhile, Dora was cheered. But it was a long while to wait until Monday—two whole days; and if it should not come then!

I am afraid our sweet Dora's thoughts often wandered, during service, on the following morning; but, on the whole, she bore the suspense heroically.

On Monday, as soon as the school was dismissed, the old man took his staff and set forth to the village again. This time, Dora's anxiety would not allow her to remain at the cottage, but she met her father in front of the old church. He was smiling as he came up, and Dora felt sure he had the letter. Alas! had her agitation permitted her to look more narrowly she would have seen that his smile was assumed to conceal from her, till the last moment, her disappointment.

"The letter," she said, eagerly, bounding forward, holding out her hand.

The truth could be no longer concealed. With a faltering voice the old schoolmaster said,

"There is no letter!"

"No letter!"

She stood like one turned to stone, yet whiter than any marble. Then she began to tremble all over.

"No letter!"

The tears came into the old man's eyes. He could not bear to see that wild look, to hear the utter agony of those tones.

"No, my child," he said, striving to comfort her, by suggesting excuses he did not believe in himself, "Paul may have found his father a little harsh, yet not angry, and may think that, by waiting a day or two, he will be able to send us final and happy news."

But Dora shook her head. And now slowly, one by one, and like the first drops of a thunder-shower, the tears began to gather in her eyes and roll heavily down her cheeks.

Yet for some minutes she could not speak. She had leaned against a tree for support, when that weakness came over her; but, at last, she recovered voice and strength. She drew her father's arm within her's and said,

"Let us go home."

And home they went, without another word being exchanged. But the thoughts of each were busy. The old man, with his better knowledge of the world—though alas! he knew but little of it after all—began to have strange suspicions; and although he dismissed them as unworthy of his generous young friend, as being temptations of Satan, they recurred again and again. But Dora had as yet only one kind of alarm. She was convinced Paul was sick. He might in fact, be dying. He must be very ill, indeed, she thought, or else he would have written.

It was a melancholy day at the cottage. The old schoolmaster tried to comfort his child, but he did it with a faint heart, for her belief in Paul's sickness was so much more consoling than his surmise, that, in charity, he resolved not to disturb her opinion. Both, however, amid their forebodings, hoped that the next evening would bring a letter.

But the next, and the next, and the next day passed, until Saturday came round again, and yet no letter arrived. Every afternoon the old schoolmaster took his staff and went into the village; and every afternoon Dora met him half-way on his return, in front of the old church. At last the villagers began to remark on the daily increasing eagerness with which the old man inquired if there was a letter for him, and on the deepening disappointment with which he turned sighing away when told that there was

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none. On the last day his anxiety was so great that he was observed to tremble, and his voice shook as he repeated the question; and, on the usual answer being given, the post-master said afterward he took his hand hastily and brushed what was apparently a tear from his eye.

It was Saturday when this happened. On this day the old man had hoped that Paul would arrive in person, according to his promise; and so he had told Dora, over and over again, until she had come almost to believe it. He had started off for the village very early, and had lingered around the inn till the stage came in; and when he found that Paul was not a passenger, he had felt certain that at least there was a letter in the mail. No wonder he was almost overcome by the disappointment. No wonder that prying eyes read his sorrowing heart.

Dora, as usual, was on the look-out, near the old church, in a spot where, without being seen from the village, she could yet have her eye on her father almost from the time he left the post-office.

Her spirits fell when she beheld him emerge into sight unaccompanied; and when she noticed, as he drew nearer, his tottering gait and dejected air, she knew the worst he had to tell.

She met him, this time, on the bridge. His evident suffering made her forget, in part, her own great grief. With a woman's instinct she sought to soothe his sorrow, by hastening to join him; and the look which she gave him, as she presented him her arm, really for the moment, comforted the stricken old man.

For sorely stricken he was. All through the week, in spite of the words of hope he had uttered, the conviction had been growing stronger and stronger within him, that Paul, finding his father inexorable, had re-considered his romantic promise, and had abandoned Dora sooner than be disinherited. The ingratitude the old schoolmaster had met with in former days, from those he had thought friends, came in aid of this opinion. And the destruction of his last hope, in the disappointment of that day, had fully convinced him of Paul's baseness.

There was little said during the walk homeward. More than once, a wrench of heart-breaking anguish brought the tears unbidden to Dora's eyes, but she hastily turned her head away in these moments of weakness, so that her father should not see her face. In other ways, too, she strove to spare him. Never had she supported his steps so tenderly, and he needed this kind of aid now, for he had broken in that single week, almost as much as in all the years Dora remembered him.

When they reached the cottage, the old schoolmaster tottered to the first chair at hand, and sat down shaking like one who has had the palsy. With every effort that she could make, the tears came into Dora's eyes at this sight.

"Don't fret, dear," said the old man, striving to speak firmly. "He may come yet, and if not," and here, breaking completely down, he burst into a sob, "God will temper the wind to the shorn lamb."

Dora flung herself on her knees before him.

"Don't think of me, dear father," she said. "I can bear it well enough. He is no doubt dead, or he would have got some one to write."

And, notwithstanding her heroic words just before, she, too, gave utterly away, at this, and wept aloud.

When her violence had partially abated, the old schoolmaster spoke. He had never hinted his suspicions to Dora before, but now he thought she would be comforted a little, if she knew that her lover was false, and not dead; for he judged her proud nature by his own.

"No, he is not dead," he said, "but he has forgotten us. It is the way with the world, my child," he continued, piteously stroking her hair. "The rich soon forget the poor, the proud the humble, and the happy those who are miserable. But miserable we were not till he came among us. I was never deceived as now, though deceived often before. So generous, so noble, so superior to vulgar prejudices—and I thought too with so much firmness and such love for you. But never mind—never mind, dear child, we will be happy again, as we used to be. I will serve you as he would have done—you shan't want for that, Dora—won't we be a happy couple, your old father and you?"

Something in the tones with which he pronounced these last few words had startled Dora, even amid her misery, and she now looked hurriedly up. It was to see a strange smile on her father's face, to hear him break out immediately into immoderate laughter.

Alas! the suspense of that week, and the final disappointment of that day had unsettled his reason.

It was weeks before he recovered. He was not violent, he did not cease to know his daughter; but he laughed almost continually. He had a fancy that he was a sort of bridegroom, and that he must constantly attend on Dora; and yet, with this strange hallucination, he never forgot that she was his daughter. It was a feeling like that which we experience sometimes in a dream, when, while retaining the sense of our personal identity, we yet fancy, in a delirious way, that we are another individual.

During all this time Dora watched him incessantly. The care of her parent broke, in part, the blow of Paul's baseness; for baseness she

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had come at last to consider it;—and, in this sense, the illness of the old schoolmaster was, perhaps, a blessing. For a fortnight, with some lingering remains of hope, she sent every day to the post-office, by a lad, the son of a farmer close by; but she gave up sending, satisfied she should never hear of Paul again.

It was now that her character developed itself. Thoughts deep as existence, and feelings profound as eternity were written on that countenance, which, but a few months before, was as open and as cheerful as an April sky.

One day, it was Sunday, her father woke from a long sleep, and looked around with all the old intelligence in his eye.

"Dora," he said, with a smile, raising himself, on his elbow, and looking toward where she sat gazing vaguely out of the open window.

In an instant she was at his side, delight sparkling in her eyes, for she knew by his tones, that he was sane once more.

He stared at her a full minute, in astonishment. She had changed, as we have said, and he scarcely knew her. At last he spoke, smiling,

"How much like your mother you look," he said. "I never saw you appear so much like her before. But," and here he paused, as if recollecting himself, "how long I have slept. Surely it was later in the evening, and now I recollect I was sitting in that chair. I must have slept all night and this is Sunday."

He looked at her inquiringly.

"This is Sunday," she said, almost choking. She saw that, to him, four weeks of agony had been but a day; and she blessed God for it.

"Well, be of good heart," he continued, "to-morrow will be Monday, and that will bring a letter. I know it will. My long sleep has refreshed me, and made me sanguine again. We despaired because we were worn out physically and mentally with anxiety. To-morrow—to-morrow"—and he repeated the words.

Just then, faint across the water, which, as we have said, was in full sight from the cottage, came the sound of the afternoon hymn, sung in the Methodist meeting-house near the bridge. If my readers have ever heard a hymn, sung thus in a still afternoon, they know how inexpressibly sweet it is. The old schoolmaster caught the sounds, and his whole face brightened up. He looked at Dora, and then both listened silently. It was a hymn that spoke of the redeemed, walking by green pastures and beside pleasant waters; and the soft summer day, the bright vegetation, and the calm lake added indescribably to the effect. As it proceeded, the old schoolmaster raised his eyes to heaven, and when it ceased he murmured, vaguely,

"There the redeemed shall walk. There neither moth nor rust shall corrupt. There the saints shall receive us all. There we shall meet—wife, daughter, husband, father—and never again part. God be praised!"

He had gradually wrought himself up to a pitch of almost inspired enthusiasm, and, with his last words, he clasped both hands together and half raised himself in bed. Then, suddenly, he sank back.

Dora sprang to his side. She saw the whole terrible truth at a glance. His sudden restoration to sanity, his rapture, his fall—and, in wild words, chafing his hands the while, she besought him to speak.

"Only a word—just a blessing before you die, dear father—oh! merciful Lord, grant this petition at least."

She raised her agonized face to heaven, kneeling at the bedside, tears raining from her eyes.

All at once those dear orbs unclosed again, and the father recognized, though perhaps he did not see, his child. He felt his way feebly, with his hand to her forehead, and, while his face was irradiated as if with divine light, murmured,

"Bless you, my child—God will be a better father than I was"—and then turning his now sightless eyes above, he murmured, "come Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Again the mellow strain floated over the water, for the congregation had begun another verse; but the old schoolmaster heard it no more on earth: he was a saint in heaven.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A WINTER SCENE.

THE snow lies heavy on the ground,
  The frost is in the air,
The cold and biting northern wind
  Finds entrance everywhere.
Leafless the ancient forest stands
  Groaning like one in pain;—
Ah! when will Winter stern be o'er,
  And Summer come again?

The cattle in the farm-yard stand,
  Close huddled side by side;
Or look with rueful face aloft
  Across the landscape wide.
The steed, to seek the frozen pump,
  Awhile deserts his grain;—
Ah! when will Winter stern be o'er,
  And Summer come again?

C. A.

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THE VISION OF DEATH.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

I HAVE had a delicious dream, in which I have lived over a few hours of pleasure. With it was combined much of the poetry of sickness—much to make the heart thankful. There was pain, too, but it did not seem as such, for the sufferings of childhood may pass for the pleasures of riper age. The atmosphere was no longer moist with the morning dew, and the old oak cast its shadow along the front of our house, darkening the thick rose-bushes, and forming a cool nook for my sister's play-house, while the sun fell brightly through its outer branches and quivered over the short grass in the foreground, like threads of flexible silver weaving themselves into a groundwork of emerald green. A soft breeze was stirring, such as might draw color to the lips of an invalid without chilling his frame, while the river, as it washed its banks, and the green trees, as they swayed gently to the whispering wind, gave out a soft, sleepy sound, calculated to soothe even pain to quietness.

My father took me in his arms, and bore me carefully out into the shadow of the oak. I was in the blessed sunlight, for the first time, after six long, long weeks of illness. Oh, how deliciously the bland air came up from the river, and swept over my languid temples! What a blissful tremor ran through my form, as I was placed in the easy-chair which my mother had carefully arranged for me! A sensation of new life thrilled every nerve. I was as one lifted up from the grave into the beautiful light of heaven, the first breath of pure air came to my cheek with so sweet a touch. It seemed as if a cloud of invisible spirits were fanning me with their wings. The sluggish blood started in my veins, and thrilled me with a sensation of exquisite pleasure. The atmosphere seemed imbued with a new and more subtle property. My brain quickened—my senses drank in the perfume of the flowers that flushed the river's bank, and responded to the hum of the summer insects which haunted the rose-thickets and the honeysuckle vines, with a capacity for enjoyment which I had never experienced before. My mother carefully folded me in a cloak, and kissing me, exclaimed—"see, how the color is coming to her poor, thin cheeks."

My father met her glance of congratulation, and smiling a happy, grateful smile, looked affectionately upon me, and well he might, if he loved his child; for while yet scarcely entering into my girlhood, I had been stricken down with a violent and dangerous illness, which had desolated many a neighboring hearthstone. For weeks, I had trembled on the brink of the grave, a long feverish dream, full of delirium and pain, had been before me, and I was but just recovering from it. With gladsome faces and half uttered blessings, my parents left me to the enjoyment of the scene. I looked eagerly abroad upon the valley. The green, heavy foliage of the pine grove across the way, shivered and thrilled to the morning air, and a whispering melody stole out, low and sad, as if the dying flowers were breathing a requiem underneath the trees. Above was the blue sky, but to my feeble vision, it seemed an ocean of silvery billows floating in dazzling masses far overhead. The brightness pained me, and I turned my eyes to the earth again. How refreshingly green it was!—and the noise of the waterfall near—how cool and melodious was its splashing music! Strange that its monotony should so have pained me during my fever.

My sisters brought out their playthings, and heaped them on the grass before me, all the while laughing and chatting so happily as they assorted them, congratulating themselves over and over that I was well enough to come out with them once more! Now and then they would look up from their playthings, dwell anxiously on my face, and ask if I were tired, or if they should play something else; then one would insist on raising the pillow a little, and would smooth my hair *so* kindly, while the other ran out among the rose-bushes, and tearing off the great blossoms with merciless prodigality, brought them for me to look upon. Dear sister, she little knew how faint and strengthless I was; the very roses were oppressive as they lay breathing out odor and unfolding their damask hearts in my lap.

On the opposite side of the river, a little up the rugged bank, was rooted a slender ash, and on one of the topmost boughs, was just distinguishable, among the delicate leaves, a dark object which I knew to be one of the purse-like, hanging-nests, built by the English robbin. The owner birds were fluttering about the tree with their brilliant plumage flashing in the sunlight

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like a pair of tiger lilies adrift on the wind. They are scarce and beautiful birds, the very gems of the air—these English robbins. I am not ornithologist enough to know if they have any other name. Their plumage is of a vivid scarlet, changing now and then, in a strong sunlight, to a flower-like tint, as if the feathers were tipped with powdered gold.

There was a spot, just beneath the tree, on which my eyes dwelt with longing intensity. It was one of those cool little hollows which we often see on a broken hill-side; the grass, to a little distance around was delightfully green, and I could just distinguish the sparkle of waters as they leaped from a little rocky basin, and trickled down the bank, giving freshness and life to the herbage in their pathway. It was for that bright water which I thirsted with an absorbing desire. There it was, leaping and flashing, as if in mockery before my eyes; I could almost hear it murmuring under the grass with that soft liquid flow which seems almost to quench thirst with its very melody, and yet it was forbidden to me. Our doctor was a man of much knowledge—a successful practitioner, but, possessed of inveterate prejudices, he strictly prohibited water in all cases of fever. He was as stubborn a water-hater as Mr. Willis' Tomaso; one would have thought that like him, he suspected, that "since the world was drowned in it, it has tasted of sinners," and that his patients might be tainted with it. Be this as it may, he would as soon have administered a dose of prussic acid, as a spoonful of the pure element to one suffering under the disease that was ravaging our neighborhood. Through six long weeks of parching fever, I had tasted water only once. That once—it almost makes me smile to think of it—the girl, in her haste to obey a summons from my sick room, had placed a brimming ewer on the carpet. All day I had been praying for water. One drop—one little drop was all I asked, but it was denied to me. I was alone, burning with thirst, restless with feverish pain, and there, a few yards from me, stood the forgotten ewer, with the coveted moisture dripping drop by drop over its sides. In the phrenzy of desire I crept from my bed and dragged myself along the floor, till the delicious beverage was gained. I lifted my reeling head, seized the vessel, and drank—oh, with what intoxicating delight! Could I have coined each drop into a diamond at the moment, I would not have thus enriched myself. I remember it all as a dream, but it was a moment of delicious pleasure. I would almost suffer the same privation to taste such happiness again. When the servant returned, she found me lying satiated and asleep—asleep by the half empty ewer, with my night-clothes lying wet about me, and the carpet under my head saturated with the water, spilt in my eagerness to drink. The poor girl was dreadfully frightened; a sound rating from "the doctor," and perhaps a trial for manslaughter, were the most gentle consequences her imagination taught her to expect from her negligence. After sobbing and wringing her hands most tragically for a season, she changed my clothes, placed me in bed again, and like a wise girl, resolved to keep her own council in the affair. That night she was a faithful watcher, and I had a long, refreshing sleep. The next morning found me much better, which the good doctor pronounced as the result of some half-dozen powders which *were* to have been taken in roasted apple during the night.

From the day of my stolen indulgence, to the time when they carried me into the open air for the first time, water had been carefully excluded from my room. Is it to be wondered at, then, that the "Rock Spring," with its bright grass and pure waters, should be the first object to fix my attention? My second sister followed the direction of my eyes, and understood their longing expression.

"You may have some—you shall. I will run and ask mother," she exclaimed, pushing a heap of muslin and silk pieces—an elder-wood pin-case, and a half-dressed doll out of her lap, and jumping up, ran into the house. Directly she appeared with her pink sun-bonnet on, and a pitcher in her hand.

"You may have some drink—mother says you may. I am going after it. I'll dip it out of the very coldest part of the basin, and bring a lot of pepper-mint and sweet flag-root with it!"—her cheerful voice was lost on the air as she darted through the gate and over the old wooden bridge toward the "Rock Spring."

A few moments, and she came running back with her bonnet hanging to her neck by the strings, her generous, bright face all in a glow, and the water dashing over her hands at each bounding step.

"Here, drink, drink!" she said, eagerly, holding the pitcher to my mouth—"drink quick—quick! for the doctor is coming!"

A few drops from the offered vessel were enough to satisfy my cravings. The fever had left me, and it was rather from a wish for the taste of water, than from any unnatural thirst, that I had so desired a draught from the spring.

The tramp of a horse, steady and sedate in his movements, was heard on the bridge.

"There he comes! there he comes!" cried my kind sister, half-frightened out of her wits and snatching the pitcher from my lips, she darted into the house. I, too, started forward in my chair, and would have followed her, but

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the effort overcome my feeble strength. I fell back faint and panting for breath. Tramp—tramp—tramp, came the sound of hoofs over the bridge, then the noise was broken by the gravel at the end, and just underneath the boughs of the old chestnut, which stood there like a veteran sentinel, guarding the pass, appeared "our doctor."

Our doctor was a character odd and droll as a character ought to be. He and his horse had grown old with the village. For ten miles around, he reigned a perfect medical despot. There was not a child in the neighborhood who would not run away and hide itself like a frightened partridge at the very sight of his saddle-bags. One might well have judged of his character as he, emerging from under the chestnut, mounted on a piece of living antiquity in the shape of a venerable horse, whose gaunt frame looked as if it had been fed on its master's refuse medicines. The poor beast had been a patriarch of the plough, and like many wiser animals, never could forget his old vocation. His propensities were always earthward; everything about him drooped, from the grisly hair hanging over his hoofs, to the long foretop, which streamed like an Indian's scalp over his meagre face and blear eye. I must except his mane, for that could not be said to have any propensity. It was so matted together with burs, that it was difficult to guess of what material it was formed. Nothing could have harmonized better than the horse and his accoutrements. The bridle had been stiffened with rain and sunshine till it rattled against the poor beast's neck at every footfall; the saddle was old—worn and discolored; while the leather saddle-bags, which contained half the contents of an apothecary's-shop, seemed a part and parcel of the beast, so admirably did they correspond with his sides, which had lost most of their hairy coating in the agricultural service before mentioned. But the doctor—I cannot say that he looked exactly like his horse, though, in some things, there certainly was a resemblance. The doctor was about forty, very lean, and crippled in both his legs. His horse, if we may judge from appearances, was nearly the same age, blind of one eye, with a form guiltless of more flesh than was absolutely necessary to hold his rickety joints together. The doctor always affirmed that his beast, though rather rough in the exterior, knew more than most men; while everybody said that his master was as odd as odd could be, and as ugly in face and person as a man might reasonably wish to be, had his ambition in that line been ever so great, but that there was not a physician in the county could compete with him in medical skill. It would be unjust to draw a parallel between the doctor and his horse, farther than the corporeal portion of man and beast was concerned, for notwithstanding his antipathy to cold water, the doctor was uncommonly skilful in his profession, had received an unexceptionable diploma from the medical board in New Haven, and was, moreover, a man of vast general knowledge; but I never could learn that the horse had ever been honored with a diploma, or was, in any way, remarkable for scientific remark. Let this be as it may, it cannot be denied that master and beast could not be more completely created for each other, than were the doctor as we have described him, in his ill-made clothes and huge bear-skin cap, which gave his head much the appearance of a black wasp's nests, and the ugly animal on which he usually appeared, with his crutches crossed on his saddle-bow, and his withered legs dangling over the store of medicines packed in his saddle-bags.

I know that it is very uncivil to leave the learned physician so long under the chestnut, but it would be an aggravation of the offence had the character of so important a functionary been left to conjecture. Well, he rode majestically toward the house, and after dismounting with some difficulty, placed his saddle-bags over one arm, and his crutches under both, and advanced into the yard. When he saw me sitting in the easy-chair, with my sister's playthings scattered about me, he stopped short, and planting his crutches deep in the grass, called out—

"Halloo, you young chatterbox—how came you here; does that obstinate woman want to kill you?"

I stammered out something about my parents having brought me there.

"More fools they. You'll catch cold, and if you do you'll die, I can tell them that, but it'll serve them right—for what business had they to let you come out till they had asked me, I should like to know? But you'll die, and I shan't pity them—a pack of fools!"

A cold chill crept over me at his repetition of the words "you will die." The tears started to my eyes in spite of a strong effort to prevent them, and shuddering with fear, I closed my eyes on the beautiful green earth with a feeling of painful and sudden dread—the dread of *death;* oh, what a host of terrible and tender feelings are intermingled in that fear! The doctor raised his crutches and hobbled a step nearer than he was, doubtless, softened by the sudden palor that settled on my face.

"Don't cry, little chatterbox," he said, patting my head with his little bony hand, "don't cry, we shall raise you yet, I rather guess, but I wouldn't have given fourpence for you, three weeks ago. There, there, you little fool, don't

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sob so; you'll make yourself sick again. I did not mean to frighten you, but here shall be no neglect; I——"

He broke off suddenly, drew back the hand with which he had been patting my head, and passing it over his eyes, muttering—

"My poor Therese. If I had given half as much care to her, as I have to you, she would have been alive now."

I looked up; the doctor's face was eloquent with grief, and a tear stood on his lean cheek. Poor man! though odd and eccentric, he had a heart. Therese was his eldest child—a sweet, gentle and most loving creature. A few weeks previous to my illness, she had complained of headache and dullness for several days in succession. Her father, who was more than commonly engaged in his profession, considered her indisposition as light, and neglected the first symptoms of fever till they gained a strength that baffled even his great skill. His first born died—died by her father's negligence. The poor man felt it to his heart's core. No wonder that the tears started to his eyes when he contrasted my convalescence with her death.

The doctor was, by far, too odd a man to indulge in genuine feeling for more than a moment. Wiping his eyes, he resumed his usual half comic expression, and called for my mother in a voice that brought all the inmates of the house rushing to the door, for they supposed that I must have fainted, or died, perhaps, in my chair.

"Take that young one into the house!" vociferated he, pointing to the door with his crutch, "take her up and put her in bed; ten chances to one she has caught her death by your folly, and if she escapes, there'll be no thanks to you for it, I can tell you."

My mother strove in vain to convince him that she acted by his orders in conveying me into the air, which, indeed, was true. Nothing would pacify him, but he insisted that I must be carried to bed; so I was taken, terrified and weak from apprehensions excited by the physician, and carried to my sick room again. The doctor left me some quieting-drops, and departed. I felt a sensation of relief when the solemn tramp of his old horse again struck on my ear as he stalked over the bridge; and when the noon passed without bringing any of the unfavorable symptoms which would have been the effect of a sudden cold, the apprehensions which had chilled my heart died away, and I slept.

When I awoke, the purple glow of sunset filled my room, the windows of which opened toward Tall's Hill. The curtains were drawn back, and the hill with its taper steeple and white houses, imbedded and half-concealed by numerous trees, lay before me, mellowing in the crimson haze of a warm sunset. A soft misty gloom lay along the ground, and in the bosom of the trees, while the church-window seemed burnished into sheet gold, so strongly did they reflect the dying light. A few still, melancholy moments, and the purple gloom had darkened the whole picture, save where the flashing sunbeams played brightly around the glittering church-vane and slowly disappeared. Then night came on. One lone, bright star stole out, and trembled over my mother's grave. I knew that it was her resting-place on which the light slept, for I could distinguish the marble slabs, imbedded as they were in the gathering gloom. Oh, how solemn and melancholy were my feelings, as I lay with my eyes fixed on that bright star, shedding its purple tranquil light over the place of the dead—it was so pure, so heavenly! The tears rolled over my cheeks as I gazed, and sweet, mysterious thoughts came thronging in my brain, one after another, till my heart grew faint with the excess of its own sensations. Another and another star came out, till the whole firmament glowed as with a shower of brilliants. Slowly they seemed melting one into another—that lone, beautiful star and all—and I was asleep again.

My next waking was deep in the night. The room was dark, and I felt a sensation of fatigue and pain, which instantly convinced me that I had taken cold. The doctor's words came to my mind; my heart died within me, and I cowered beneath the bed-clothes in a painful fit of coughing. The darkness was appalling; my cough became more and more violent, and I felt as if the hand of death was already upon me. My thoughts became strangely solemn, and I murmured to myself as one in a dream, "and must I die so young, when life is so very sweet? Must I close my eyes forever on the bright and beautiful earth, when but just returned to it from the portals of the tomb? Will that pale star rise year after year and tremble over my grave also, when I shall be laid beside my mother in the cold, damp charnel-house of nature—that mother who died in my early infancy, and left me to the generous care of one who had cherished me even as if I had been her own child." These were sad bitter thoughts, but I could not escape them; the doctor's words rung in my ears like the denunciations of a prophet. "If you catch cold." I felt that I had caught cold, and that I must die. Slow and solemn thoughts of dissolution passed by me like spectres treading to the music of a dirge. My funeral seemed to pass in mournful review. The little coffin with its velvet pall, and myself lying pale and cold in the snow-white shroud, as I had seen poor Therese, with all the habiliments of mourning, marshaled themselves in my excited brain. The darkness

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around seemed an immense curtain of black, enveloping me in its folds, and shutting me out from the earth forever. Death! death! Oh, what a chill came over me as I whispered the dread word again and again in the agony of my fear. Then came more tender thoughts—thoughts of my sisters and of their grief when they should see me cold and dead. I could almost hear them weeping and mourning over me; then appeared the pale faces of my father and of my dear step-mother; they were full of settled grief. The dark picture was too distinct for my excited imagination. I thought my heart was breaking, and sobbed and wept in my bed, till I lay strengthless and utterly exhausted, with my face buried in the damp pillow, and my trembling limbs bathed in the dew of mingled weakness and agony.

I know not whether I fainted or slept; but there was a time of oblivion, and then a strain of sweet, wild music came floating through the room, and I felt the light of a new day steal over my closed eyelids. I lay thus, a moment, between wakefulness and slumber, then a shadow broke the imperfect light, and a soft kiss was pressed on my forehead. It was my mother; she had stolen to my bed-side at the first dawn of day, to inquire how I had rested. Her cheerful face brought new hope to my heart, and I was ashamed to inform her how much I had suffered during the night. She drew back the curtains and raised me that I might look out on the dewy earth. The rosy light was kissing every green thing into new beauty, and the old oak waved its boughs, and rustled cheerfully in the morning breeze.

"There, do you hear that?" said my mother, as the bird, whose music had disturbed me, sent forth a succession of wild, sweet notes from the bosom of the tree. "You shall go out again to-day, when the grass is dry."

I looked anxiously in her face, and ventured to say, "but, mother, are you sure that I have not taken cold? I coughed very badly in the night."

"Cold, no, dear. You will be all the better for a little fresh air. You were tired, that was all."

My heart leaped; I felt as if snatched from the coffin, and flinging my arms about my mother's neck, I wept, and told her all. She pitied and soothed me in her own kind way, bade me try to sleep again, and promised that I should go out to play with my sisters, notwithstanding the doctor's predictions, and so I did, that day and the next—and the next again. Our doctor growled and scolded, and flourished his crutch most magnificently when he came to visit me, but my mother took it all very quietly; she was a woman —and women will have their way—when they can.

MEMORIES.

BY D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

They seem but as yesterday, so fresh
Hath memory kept them all;
And they come with quick and silent tread,
At her low and gentle call:
The blooming flowers, the cloudless skies,
The friends of other days—
And the light of soft and loving eyes
Amid the darkness plays.

They seem to have ne'er been hushed in death—
The mellow notes that creep
Like a Summer floweret's balmy breath,
Or dreams in childhood's sleep—
Like a gleam of trembling, golden light
Upon a blue lake's breast,
Or stars on the ebon brow of night—
Islands of blissful rest.

They seem to have ne'er lain calm and still
Beneath the white shroud's fold,
With the snowy forehead gleaming up,
So hard and icy cold:—
The glad, gay band that have passed away
From earth's fair blooming bowers,
With the glistening dew-drops still at play
Amid its drooping flowers.

But as yesterday they seem, so fresh
Does memory bring them now—
The days when in my path looked forth
Full many a glad young brow.
When o'er my heart-strings softly swept
The sweetest music tone,
And through my soul a rapture crept,
That now, alas! is gone.

But as yesterday, and yet long years
Have passed on silent wing,
Since we laid them down to sleep among
The meek-eyed flowers of Spring.
Since we trained the white rose o'er their bed,
And sadly learned to know
That the fairest slumbered with the dead,
Silent, and cold, and low.

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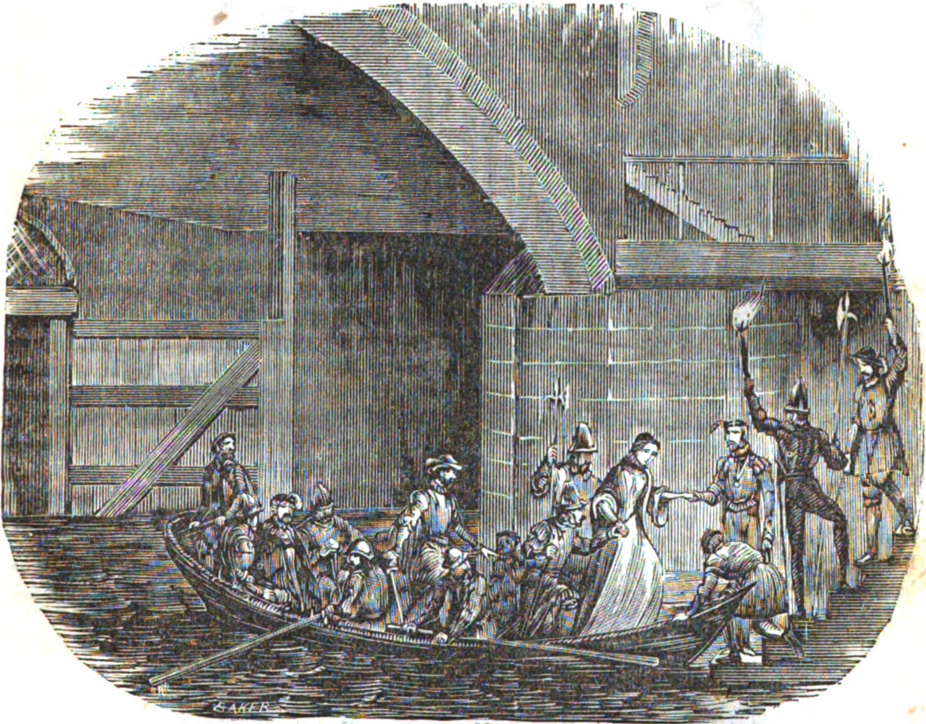
THE LADY JANE GRAY IN THE TOWER.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.



LADY JANE GRAY ENTERING THE TOWER A PRISONER.

The extreme youth of the Lady Jane Gray, the number of her accomplishments, and the sincerity of her piety have combined to render her melancholy fate a favorite and popular theme. Grave historians and profound statesmen have united with poets and novelists to deplore her untimely end. The story has been so often told that we presume it is universally known, and we shall content ourselves, therefore, with briefly recalling it, in order to explain better the accompanying illustrations, which exhibit the localities in the Tower of London connected with her closing days.

The Lady Jane Gray was descended from the sister of Henry the Eighth, who, having married Louis the Twelfth, King of France, united herself, after his death, to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. When Edward the Sixth lay on his death-bed, the ambitious Northumberland, desiring at once to supplant the two princesses, Mary and Elizabeth, and to found a dynasty himself, induced the boy-monarch to bequeath the crown to the Lady Jane, to whom the duke had already mated his son, Lord Guilford Dudley. Had the two princesses been dead, and Mary, Queen of Scots, out of the way, the Lady Jane would, indeed, have been the real heir; but as three persons, with better titles than herself, were living, the assumption of the throne was a usurpation; for the English law has never recognized the right of a king to bequeath the crown out of the order of succession.

The Lady Jane received the announcement of the honor intended for her, with many misgivings, accompanied by an unfeigned reluctance, nor would she consent to accept the crown until her father besought her to it with tears. She was accompanied to the Tower, where it was then the custom for English monarchs to hold state for the first few days of her reign, with

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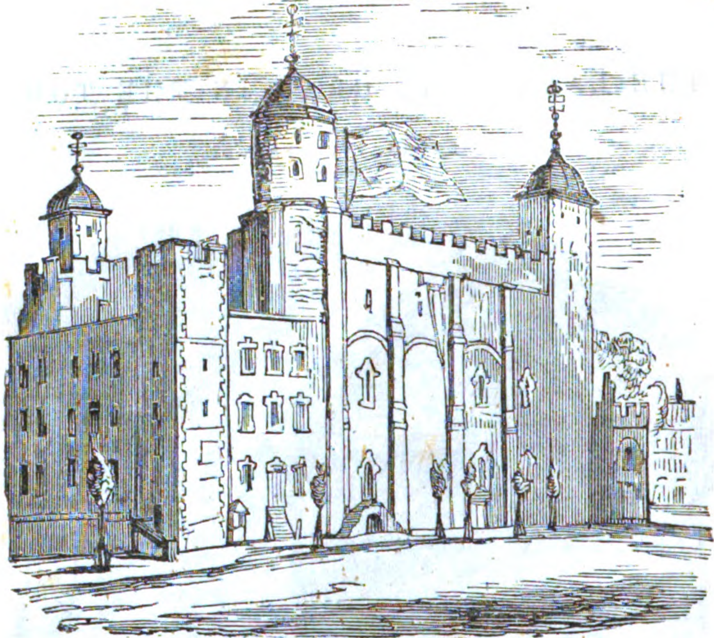

THE CITADEL, OR WHITE TOWER.

great pomp; and was proclaimed Queen in London and the vicinity. But the people generally received the intelligence with coldness. The Princess Mary was looked upon as the rightful heir, and very soon an army collected around her. Northumberland found the nobility deserting him, and was fain to succumb. He was soon after arrested, and speedily executed.

After a reign of a few days, the Lady Jane voluntarily resigned the crown: but this did not

ST. PETER'S CHAPEL.

save her, or her husband from being committed to the Tower on the charge of high treason. Here they remained for nearly two years, till it began to be hoped that Queen Mary intended to spare their lives. But a rebellion headed by one Wiat, which, however, the prisoners appear

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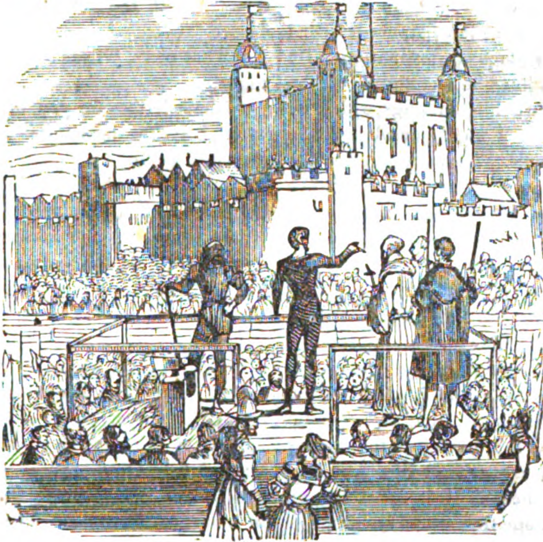
scarcely to have known, exasperated the queen to such a degree that both Lady Jane and her husband were ordered to death. Fearing a rising of the populace in behalf of so much youth and virtue, the queen ordered the wife to be executed within the Tower; but the husband suffered on the green outside. Lord Guilford Dudley perished first, and afterward Lady Jane. While imprisoned in that venerable building, she wrote, on the walls of her apartment, some pathetic lines, in Latin, on her own melancholy fate: the lines are still preserved.

The first of our illustrations represents the entrance of Lady Jane into the Tower, after her arrest, coming by night in a barge through the ominous traitor's gate, which opens on the water. The second is the Citadel, or White Tower, which rises high over the rest of the fortress, and has in fact given name to the promiscuous assemblage of palaces, prisons and offices within the extensive area of the outer walls. The third is the famous St. Peter's chapel, made sacred by the crowd of illustrious dead reposing under its pavement; for there rest Anne Boleyn, Catharine Howard, the Countess of Salisbury, Norfolk, the hapless lover of Marie Stuart, Essex, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth, and Lady Jane's father-in-law, Northumberland. The fourth engraving represents Lord Guilford Dudley, addressing the people from the scaffold on the green, the White Tower, with its surrounding buildings being full in view.



LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY'S EXECUTION.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

BY J. K. HOLMES.

Oh, memory in thy mellow light
  A moment would I stray,
And call the silent back to-night
  Who long have pass'd away!
The good that meekly stole to rest
  From friends they lov'd below,
The many, many deemed the best
  A long time ago!

The wave of time is moving on—
  The rain is dropping now—
The summer of my life is gone,
  Oh! Autumn's on my brow—
Oh! Autumn's on the woodland scene,
  The leaves lie dead and low;
It is not as it was, I ween,
  A long time ago!

Then hope was in my youthful eye,
  The earth was fair to view;
I long'd to hear the night winds sigh
  They brought me visions too—
But now I'm chang'd, and so is all
  I see around, below—
Oh! melancholy shadows fall
  O'er long time ago!

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THE MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

A STORY OF THE SOUTH.

BY ANGELE DE V. HULL.

It was on a lovely evening, in the year 1781, that a lonely horseman wound his way through the beautiful valley in which stood the dwelling of Major Lindsay, one of the best and bravest that struggled for our country's freedom, in that fearful contest of right against wrong.

The traveller came slowly on, and the expression of his countenance, one of doubt and misgiving, seemed to deepen as the distance lessened between him and his place of destination. He was the bearer of tidings to the owner of the wide plantations before him—tidings which he knew would tear from a nearly desolate home its sole remaining hope. No wonder then that he drew up his reins, and paused to cast his eye over the fair prospect before him, as if to gather courage in the contemplation of its rare beauty.

The tops of the trees were covered with the golden sunshine, bringing to light their various shades of green from the darkest to the most delicate, while through the wide spreading branches of some the bright rays peered and glittered like spots of fire on the thickly shaded surface. High in the deep woods clambered light and graceful vines, now clinging as if in terror to the mighty oak, now trailing to the ground like weeping, deserted things, and now as if in sport thrown across the road from one tree top to another like an arch of hope over the heads below. Flowers grow on either side in rich profusion like troops of gaily dressed fairies, nodding their graceful heads to the wind, but there were no light and busy feet to press them as of yore, no little hands to cull them for mimic crowns in all their childish games. But one was left of the merry band that gamboled over those now lonely woods, and called forth the echoes to their shouts of mirth—but one was left, the last of five brave youths that went forth to die upon the battle-field.

Cultivation lent its beauty to the scene. Far and near, over one side, reached the rich and varied regiments of corn, their green banners waving with the breeze; on they stretched over hill and valley to the level ground, and far into the forest shade: on the other stood the old grey rocks like staunch sentinels from the mountains that rose above all. A clear stream wound lovingly around the fields and woods, now sending its band of crystal to the lowlands, and now leaping down some high hill like the foamy brook of Undine.

Beyond lay the picturesque dwelling of Major Lindsay, and thither the horseman bent his way, as the lengthening shadows warned him of the hour. In the avenue leading to the house he was met by a silver-haired old man, who came forward with the activity of youth to his rencontre.

"What news, Wilson?—what news?" cried he, eagerly.

"I have letters for you, major," was the reply, as the traveller dismounted and grasped the outstretched hand.

They reached the house in silence, and passing the main building entered an apartment in one of the wings. A few antiquated chairs ranged formally around the walls, and one with a high back and spectre like arms placed before a table covered with papers, completed the furniture. Over the mantel-piece hung an officer's belt and a broken sword, while below lay the scabbard beaten almost into shapelessness. Near it stood a handless cup of costly china, a treasure to the mother of the dead boy whose lips had pressed it; and a hunting-horn of rare carving with a small silver flask curiously fashioned, lay together in mournful disuse as relics of those that were gone.

Wilson had scarcely time to seat himself before the impatient old soldier claimed his despatches. Hurriedly he broke the seals, and with many and frequent exclamations rapidly devoured their contents.

"Great God of heaven! Hayne put to death! without a trial! The villains! the blood-thirsty villains! Oh, Wilson!" said the agitated man, laying his hand upon his arm, "was nothing done to save him?"

"Everything, my dear sir, everything. A deputation of the loyalists, with the governor at their head, petitioned Lord Rawdon and the commandant in vain. They resisted alike the petitions of the most distinguished women in Charleston, and the piercing cries of Hayne's wife and children. He died as he had lived bravely and honorably, a victim to the fury of a conquered enemy. His death will be long remembered and well avenged."

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"Poor fellow! poor fellow!" said the major, sighing deeply, and taking up another letter that remained unread. Slowly he scanned its contents, for his heart was heavy with grief.

But he soon looked up, and turning to his companion grasped his hand. "Greene is on the heights of the Santee, strengthening his army and disciplining a new corps. The time is come, Wilson, my gallant boy is needed, and he must leave us. Would to God that I had others to aid their suffering country!"

"Your sacrifices have surely been great enough, my dearest sir," said Wilson, in a low voice, remembering the agony that had wrung the souls of the bereaved parents as they learned the death of the young soldiers, one after the other.

"Ay! four brave boys have fallen, struggling for their country's freedom. They left their quiet home never to return. But they died nobly, and God's will be done. They were not mine, but the nation's. My duty is not yet fulfilled. With the health and strength that Providence has given us, we should be the first to meet the cannon's roar. Arthur must go, and he is ready."

But the voice of the high-souled father faltered as he raised his eyes to the broken sword above him, and he paused in his agitation to wipe his brow. His countenance had passed successively through the various degrees of that smothered emotion which becomes only more violent with the effort to control it. At first he had been intensely pale, and his eyes were moist; now he stood with clasped hands before his companion, who watched him with a mixture of tenderness and anxiety clearly visible upon his countenance as he, too, glanced upon the gathered remembrances of those whose places were never to be re-filled.

A low knock was heard, and a servant entered to announce supper. Leaning upon Wilson's arm, the major proceeded slowly to the dining-room. No one was there but the domestic in attendance.

"My mistress is in the avenue with Master Arthur, sir," said he, respectfully.

"Then call them again, Mathew; it is late for your mistress to be out. And Wilson," continued his host, turning to him, "after supper you will tell them the news you brought to me. Alas! I fear its effect upon my poor Margaret."

Wilson turned away, and gazed around the room. It was neither cheerful-looking nor ornamental, but its aspect desolate and gloomy, as though it mourned the absence of the gay voices that had once enlivened its walls. The small table before him had been substituted for the one at which four youthful forms were once seated. Their chairs stood in mournful array at one end of the room, and the bright, heavy silver service, whose grotesque reflections had so often excited the mirth of the happy children to whose manhood the strife of nations had been so fatal, now gave back but one young face, whose habitual seriousness, borrowed from the wrinkled brows forever before him, was almost painful to behold.

The door opened, and Mrs. Lindsay entered, leaning on the arm of her noble-looking son. She appeared to be but little more than forty years of age, tall, pale and delicate. She had once been beautiful, the traces of former loveliness remained, and it was easy to see that sorrow had dimmed it all. She advanced slowly, and, making an effort to smile, welcomed her husband's faithful agent in a voice remarkable for its sweetness. She was in deep mourning, and a slight negligence in the careful arrangement of her dress was a touching proof of a mind forever occupied with the intensity of its grief.

Arthur Lindsay was just eighteen, full of enthusiastic devotion to his country, and a desire to distinguish himself in the glorious cause. He conducted his mother to her place, and turned to shake Wilson by the hand.

The meal passed almost in silence; each one was busied with his own thoughts, and forgot to speak to the other. At a sign from Major Lindsay Wilson proceeded to comply with his request, and watched its effect upon the mother and the son as he unfolded the result of his late journey.

Arthur started up, his cheek glowing with patriotic fire, and uttered incoherent exclamations, in which indignation and joy were mingled. He felt that the time had come when he, too, must sally forth upon the battle-field, or find a resting place with his young brothers. His handsome face grew radiant with enthusiasm as his father drew forth the letter of General Greene and read it aloud, and the tears rolled over those blooming cheeks as he heard the wish for fresh troops therein expressed.

His father gazed tenderly and proudly upon his son, and turned to his wife.

"What think you of all this, Margaret?"

"That it will bring despair to many a mother's heart," replied Mrs. Lindsay, looking with heart-rending emotion upon her excited boy. "I can see it in no other light, my friends."

"It is to obtain peace, Margaret, that every struggle is made; and even if it were otherwise, we should rejoice that our countrymen will not dishonor their arms."

"What is all this to me now?" cried Mrs. Lindsay, letting her tearful eyes rest upon the four empty chairs at the end of the apartment.

"Alas! these dreadful wars would have ended long ago, had we been enabled to do so honorably," said Wilson, compassionately. "But who

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would have us purchase peace on any other terms?"

"How I long to join my heroic countrymen!" cried Arthur, eagerly.

"It is a happiness you will soon enjoy, my son," replied his father, with no less enthusiasm. "We shall soon set out to join Greene—a few days more, and——"

"A few days more!" exclaimed the mother, wildly, and rising from her seat. "What are you going to do with my son? Tell me!—tell me! I insist upon it!"

Her husband sought to calm her, but she repulsed him. "I will follow you until I drop dead with weariness. Then, perhaps, you will pause in your journey."

"But, madam," said Wilson, trying to soothe her, "a young man should see something of the world."

"The world!" murmured she, sinking back into her chair. "My other sons, too, saw the world." She covered her face with her hands.

"They belonged to the army, Margaret," said her husband, gently; "would you have had them desert their post?"

"Mother, have you no regard for my honor?" said Arthur, whose interest in this struggle was fearfully painful.

Mrs. Lindsay looked at her son with a face of agony he could never forget, but said nothing.

"Listen to me, my dear Margaret," said Major Lindsay, motioning Arthur to silence. "It may not be necessary for our son to be exposed to a battle. What if the struggle be ended ere we reach the banks of the Santee? I do not wish Arthus to seem less brave than his brothers, and if he is indeed obliged to become a soldier like them, I will accompany him and watch over our boy."

"And is that the consolation you have to give me?" said Mrs. Lindsay, in mournful despair. "You will make me hate my country, Frederick, you will make me regret that I was born here where my sacrifices have been so dreadful. Go, then, go! since you think my mother heart has not been sufficiently torn; since you do not think me lonely enough in losing four sons out of the five that God had given me; go, and if you find me a corpse on your return you will still be happier than I, who have no tomb over which *I* can weep!"

And rising once more, Mrs. Lindsay left the room, giving utterance to shrieks that smote the hearts of those who remained behind.

A long and painful silence followed; then, meeting his father's tearful gaze, Arthur threw himself into his arms.

"I have kept my promise, my son, you see what it costs me. Your mother will die of grief."

"We will soon return to console her, father. She will not die, for she will think of us."

"I hope so, Arthur. God grant that we return not too late, she has been already so cruelly bereaved. And now, my son, remember that I excuse no rashness on your part, no tempting of Providence. Be firm, be brave, but not foolhardy. The loss of your four elder brothers authorizes me to demand this of you. For your mother's sake expose not your precious life in any vain attempts to acquire glory."

"My father would not have me like a timid, shrinking girl," said Arthur, whose cheeks had flushed painfully while his father spoke.

"I would have you do your duty, my son, and sustain the honor of your name. Now go and join your mother, and do your best to tranquilize her. I will come to you in a few moments, and we will unite in our efforts to console her."

"My dear sir, my honored friend," said Wilson, as the youth left the room, "I did not wish to sustain Mrs. Lindsay in her resistance to your wishes, but now that we are alone nothing can prevent my telling you that you are doing more than your duty to your country by giving up this last and only child. Four sons have fallen on the field of battle. Four sons in four years! Surely, surely, there is no other family in which such an example occurs; wherein the debt to our fatherland has been so generously paid!"

"You deceive yourself, Wilson," was the reply. "There are many who have suffered like ourselves. I cannot believe that I have given an example."

"But Arthur is the last of his race—if he should fall?"

"God's will be done, Wilson. If my race becomes extinct it will have fulfilled its mission to the last; and I would rather that it disappear with a gleam of light than that it should be preserved through an act of cowardice."

"But it could not be deemed cowardice, when, after losing four brave sons, you should wish to save the fifth—the last."

"I endeavored to persuade myself of that, my friend, but as often as I did so I felt such a contempt for my own weakness that it served only to convince me that the last drop of our blood belonged to us no more than the first."

There was nothing further to oppose, and Wilson demanded an account of his administration of affairs during Major Lindsay's absence.

"Let everything go on as usual, Wilson. Receive my income, but force none to pay where they are involved. Give to those who are in need, and employ the idle. Give plentifully, and seek out those that have suffered in the wars. Comfort my wife, and raise her drooping spirits with what encouragement you can. Alas! when

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our eldest boy left his home she blessed him and bade him go forth to his country's aid. Proudly and firmly she saw him depart, but from the fatal hour in which the news of his death reached us, she never raised her head. Poor Margaret! Poor desolate mother! But our country, Wilson, our country! Is not hers a parent's cause? Had not I been forced to remain inactive from my severe wounds, still painful as age creeps on, one more stout hand would have struck a blow at the chains that have galled us. But I am keeping you from your rest. Good night, and God bless you!"

It was some time after the events above related, that Major Lindsay and his son arrived, tired and exhausted, at the encampment of General Greene. It was a scene of the liveliest interest to both, as they beheld before them the moving mass that was stretched over the field, and Arthur held out his hand to his father and grasped his in silent thankfulness at the prospect that was before him of winning renown and glory with his maiden sword. But as Major Lindsay beheld the hard weather-beaten faces and muscular forms of the men now going through the manœuvres with which Greene incessantly occupied them, endeavoring to discipline his new corps and perfect the old one, he turned to his slender, graceful-looking boy with a deep sigh, and a prayer for his future safety.

But they were soon recognized, and their little band, a few recruits from the neighborhood of Valley Farm, received with demonstrations of joy that recompensed them for the fatigues they had undergone.

They were conducted to General Greene, who welcomed his old companion in arms with some emotion. He gazed upon the youth at his side with a look of kindness and sadness blended, and held his hand for some time before speaking.

"Ah, Lindsay!" he exclaimed, at length, "it were better to perpetuate a race like yours, and marry this last scion of a brave and noble stock to one of our true-hearted countrywomen."

"I am married, sir—to my country," interrupted Arthur, with glowing cheeks. "And show me a better bride for an American soldier!"

"Full of the good old blood!" cried Greene, smiling approvingly. "You are already prepared for action, my gallant boy, and the time is near at hand. The weather is becoming less scorching, and I am about to march forward to expel the red coats from the towns they still hold, and shall not use much ceremony in requesting them to leave Charleston."

The eyes of young Lindsay sparkled at this information, and he eagerly demanded his place among the ranks wherein he was to strike his first blow for liberty and the country.

"You shall be near me, my good Arthur; an army of brave youths like you would soon terminate the war; and I need not tell you, my young friend, that to be brave it is not necessary to be rash. Remember this for your father's sake."

Arthur bowed in silence, and turning to his father grasped his hand affectionately. There needed no promise from the lips to make this tacit one more sacred, and Major Lindsay returned the pressure of his son's hand with equal tenderness.

"General," said he, after a pause, "remember, too, that my place is near my boy wherever he may be."

"Your place, Lindsay! Great God! have you returned to the fight with your unhealed wounds?"

"While there is a drop of blood left me it belongs to my native land," was the reply; "and I have promised his mother," pointing to Arthur, and lowering his voice, "to watch over him now as she did while he slumbered an infant in his cradle."

"Alas, poor lady!" said Greene, compassionately. "How fared she, Lindsay, when you left her?"

"Badly enough, my friend," said the major, falteringly. "But in spite of her breaking heart and her heavy grief, when she learned that her son must leave her, she arose with the dawn to see him go, blessed him, and bade him preserve the honor of his name. With all her woman's tears she, too, would fight for the nation, did chance require it."

"I believe it, indeed!" cried Greene, with enthusiasm. "A high-souled American woman, or she would not have sent so fearless a band into the country. God grant her happiness in the end!"

Arthur walked away and joined a group of soldiers that had gathered near, and by his frank and winning ways soon made friends among them. The two elders continued for some time in earnest conversation, and then proceeded to the general's tent, where the weary traveller sought rest after the fatigues of travelling. Nature proved stronger than her subject's will, and while he sank back into a deep and refreshing sleep his companion left him to prepare his army for a march toward the Congaree.

Arthur Lindsay contemplated the busy scene with feelings of rapture. He was at length "in his own place." His fellow soldiers passed to and fro before him full of light words and gay jests for the new-comer. The white tents disappeared, the ranks were again formed, and silence succeeded to the hum of many voices. The word of command was heard over the plain, uttered in a clear, loud tone; the roll of the drums sounded, and when the brave old soldier awoke,

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strengthened by his slumber, it was to mount his horse and follow the circuitous route that led them to their place of destination, near the confluence of the two rivers, Santee and Congaree.

They passed the upper Congaree, and rapidly descended the right bank with the intention of attacking the enemy, who were stationed at Macord's Ferry, under the command of Colonel Stewart.

The royalists seeing the approach of an army so superior in force, and especially in cavalry, reflected that they were too remote from Charleston, whence they drew their subsistence. They hastened, therefore, to quit Macord's Ferry, and fell back upon Eutaw Springs, where they labored to entrench themselves. Greene pursued them thither and prepared for battle.

The vanguard was composed of the militia of the two Carolinas, and the centre of the regular troops of those provinces, of Virginia and Maryland. Colonel Lee with his legion covered the right flank, and Colonel Henderson the left. The rearguard consisted of the dragoons of Colonel Washington and the militia of Delaware. It was a corps of reserve destined to support the first lines. The artillery advanced upon their front.

The British commander formed his troops in two lines: the first was defended on the right by the little river Eutaw, and on the left by a thick wood. The second, forming a reserve, crowned the heights which command the Charleston road. After some skirmishing between the marshmen of the one and the other army, they fell back behind the ranks, and the engagement became general. It was supported for a considerable time with balanced success, but at length the militia from Charleston were broken and retired in disorder. The British division which formed the left of the first line quitted its position to pursue them. In this movement it lost its distances, and could no longer combat in company with the other part of the line.

This was an advantage to the American army, and Greene lost no time in benefiting by it. Followed by young Arthur Lindsay, who had been fighting like a lion, he pushed forward his second line.

"Charge, my men, charge!" shouted he, waving his sword, and leading on; "now is our time; do your duty bravely! Ha, Lindsay, that was well done, my boy!" continued he, as he watched his young companion rush forward and renew the attack so vigorously that the English began to retreat in confusion. The charge was so furious and so sudden that the royalists were completely terror-stricken.

"Ho, Lindsay!" cried Greene, as Arthur stood over a British officer, commanding him to surrender, "speed through the lines as swiftly as you can and tell Lee to turn his cavalry to the left and fall upon the rear of the enemy. Tell him to lose no time, as with a good manœuvre he may finish routing them."

The captured royalist gave a groan as he heard this order, and Arthur flew to obey it. Regardless of the fire to which he was exposed, he sped on, and delivering his message returned to take his place near Greene.

In a short time the flight of all that wing of the British army took place. The right held bravely on, but Greene ordered it to be attacked in front by the Maryland and Virginia troops, the cavalry of Colonel Washington charging it in the flank. The confusion then became general, and the royalist army fell one over the other in their endeavors to recover their intrenchments.

But although victory appeared to be in the hands of the Americans, the English troops, accustomed to a rigid discipline, were able to rally in their disorder, and threw themselves into a strong house, determined to make a desperate defence. Here the action re-commenced more obstinately than at first. The Americans strove with the utmost valor to force the enemy from their posts. Their efforts were vain, and the English repulsed them with severe loss. Colonel Washington was wounded and taken, and around the house the slaughter was terrible.

Colonel Stewart, rallying his right wing, pushed forward against the left flank of the American army. Greene then felt persuaded that to continue the conflict would be to waste torrents of blood, and he retreated to his first encampment, carrying off five hundred prisoners and nearly all his wounded.

By his side rode Arthur Lindsay, his left arm badly wounded, and the brave old major, who took part in the conflict, following his son through the thickest of the fight, and cheering the weary men when it became more fierce.

The meeting between the father and son when all was over proved one of the most affecting nature, and when at length the old soldier fell asleep, after the excitement of the day, it was with his arms clasped around his noble boy.

The encomiums of his general were not the only reward the young soldier received. Public thanks were voted to those who had been actors in the battle of Eutaw Springs, and Greene himself was presented with a conquered standard and a medal of gold. He took occasion at that time to mention the services of those who had distinguished themselves by gallant conduct, and among the most conspicuous stood the son of his old and tried friend. They were not forgotten, as we shall see.

Reinforcements were received a short time after, and the republicans once more turned their

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arms against the English in South Carolina. Their appearance caused them to leave the open country, and intrench themselves in Charleston, sending out scouts and foraging parties that were forever repulsed by Greene and his brave band. In this manner the American general put an end to the war at the south, and in the meantime young Arthur received the welcome news of his promotion. A prouder father than his could scarce be found, and the heart of the eager youth beat impatiently for another opportunity of acquiring glory.

Virginia was not so fortunate as Carolina. As if to render his name more odious to the Americans, Arnold carried fire and sword wherever he went. The British generals were endeavoring by this to divert our attention from the south, hoping to divide the American forces there.

An engagement took place between Arbuthnot and the French fleet, in which, although the losses were equal, the latter returned to Rhode Island, relinquishing their design, which was to cut off the retreat of Arnold from the Chesapeake. Lafayette failed in reaching Petersburg before the English general, who there took command of all the British forces. Virginia became the seat of war.

We will pass over a part of our history, with which every American is familiar, and beg our readers to follow our young hero, who had returned to his native state, hoping that he might be enabled once more to embrace his now proud mother, and lay his laurels at her feet. But events were thickening, and after many opportunities of winning more renown, he succeeded in joining Washington, who, refusing to notice the brutal conduct of the British in Connecticut, drew all his forces into Virginia, knowing that whoever should triumph at Yorktown would decide the whole campaign.

The English had surrounded it with fortifications of various kinds, but there was but small space within, and little safety afforded the garrison. Even the earthen works around the opposite village of Gloucester, and the artillery placed there, were of no importance.

The Americans, through the violent fire of the besieged, erected their batteries and covered them with a hundred pieces of heavy ordnance. The guns of the enemy were soon silenced, and many of their defences ruined. Cornwallis was strongly urged to retreat, but persisted in remaining behind walls that were indefensible. An attack was made, and while the Americans, under Lafayette, advanced upon the right redoubt, the French had charge of the other. Both were gained, and Washington presented to two of the French regiments the cannon they had taken.

After many and various repulses, in which even the elements assisted, Cornwallis sent a flag to Washington, requesting a cessation of arms for twenty-four hours, and an appointment of commissioners for arranging the terms of capitulation. But two hours only were granted, and, after objections on both sides, the British general and the future president of his country agreed to terms.

The news of so glorious and important a victory resounded exultingly throughout America. The names of Washington, Lafayette, Rochambeau and De Grasse echoed far and near, never to be forgotten. Thanks were addressed to generals, officers and soldiers, and young Lindsay, covered with honors, prepared to return home, where he had entreated his father to remain during the rest of the struggles. With the praises of Washington still in his ears, the grasp of his hand still felt within his own, he mounted his horse a brave and well-tried soldier, worthy the gratitude of his now free country and of the sword he wore.

It was a bleak and chilly day in autumn that he reached the valley in which he was born. Wilson and the devoted but now nearly helpless father had advanced to meet him, one not less eager than the other for the first glance of the eagle-eyed young hero.

At length he came, and scarce a word passed ere they reached the house, so full were the three hearts that beat rapidly and gratefully at the wanderer's return. But when, with a cry of joy, Arthur beheld his mother, and sprung forward to meet her, the soldier was forgotten in the son. Tears rolled down his manly face, and from that mother's heart passed every pain as she clung in speechless delight to her only, her last child.

"And now, Margaret," said her husband, as she sat holding her son's hand, and listening to every word that fell from his lips, "would you have had him remain at home in idleness and lose the honors he has won in this his early youth?"

The tears sprung in her eyes, and throwing herself on Arthur's breast she pressed him closer to her heart.

"I had forgotten my sufferings, my boy," cried she, "in the delight of seeing you once more at my side. But I am proud, too, of your noble conduct, and as thankful for the freedom of our country as many who parted from their sons with tearless eyes. I will not be called the less patriotic because I let you go with a breaking heart."

"Add to that, dear madam," interrupted Wilson, laying his hand upon Major Lindsay's arm, and gazing at him with respect and admiration, "add to that the right you had to those bitter tears, when, after your heavy and successive

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afflictions, you still had the courage to give up this last and only child, whom God in his goodness has saved, that he may live to tell the story of his parent's patriotism and their self-devotion. The struggle is over, the victory is won; our native land is free, and her oppressors gone. Thousands are still to see the light, whose hearts will beat as bravely as Arthur's now does; but as long as our republic lasts, as long as her freedom lives, so will the names of her deliverers be remembered and venerated for the deeds of superhuman valor which shook and rent the chains we never, never will feel upon ourselves again. I have made a tiresome speech, Arthur, for I see you smile at the old man's enthusiasm, but as surely as I say it now, the deliverers of the land will live forever—the name of Washington will never die!"

TO OUR LIDA,

ON THE OCCASION OF HER MARRIAGE.

There's sadness on my heart, Lida,
I cannot laugh to-night,
Though peals of mirth go gaily round,
And youth trips free and light.

It seems so like to death, Lida,
To lose thy presence here,
To feel thou art another's now,
His home and heart to cheer.

It looks so like a shroud, Lida,
That bridal robe of thine,
In which thou seem'st an offering made
Upon some holy shrine.

Thy thrilling, gushing voice, Lida,
It was so glad and free,
It made our sorrows light to hear
Thy ever living glee.

Those eyes of light and love, Lida,
Whose beam is on me thrown,
May still their truthful glances fling,
But not to meet mine own.

Thy sweet and soothing words, Lida,
Beguiled our hearts of care;
The smiles that played upon thy lips,
Oh! loved we those to share.

But they must go with thee, Lida,
They will not stay behind;
But tears instead, or deep regret,
Which can no solace find.

Ah! why didst turn thine ear, Lida,
To catch the wooer's voice?
Did we not love thee more than he?
Is he indeed thy choice?

But see! what cloud is that, Lida,
Which steals athwart thy brow?
Do shadows dim of by-gone days
Come floating by thee now?

'Tis passed; 'twas but a shade, Lida,
A fleeting, passing shade;
A brief sad dream that often comes
When life's illusions fade.

Oh! blithe and gay as now, Lida,
Be life with all its toys;
Strewed be thy path with sweetest flowers,
Unblighted be thy joys.

But ask me not to smile, Lida,
I cannot laugh to-night,
Though peals of mirth go gaily round,
And youth trips free and light.

W. S.

TO LILY IN HEAVEN.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

Lily of Heaven! adorned in robes of light,
Such as Messiah wore in glory bright,
When he arose up from the grave's dark night,
And took to Heaven above his final flight—
Thou art with newly-washed unsandaled feet
Walking along the sapphire-paven street,
The jasper-walled great city of pure gold
Of the living God—God-built in Heaven of old.

With the soft music of the Heavenly dove,
Whose outstretched wings now shadow thee above,
His God-like kindness unto thee to prove—
From thy pure lips celestial songs of love,
In concert with the angels, thou dost pour
Around the feet of Him thou dost adore—
Spreading like some great river without shore—
For thy dear blessed Lord forevermore.

As they embalmed the body of thine Lord,
Was thy pure soul by his most holy word,
When thou wert made that swift, high-flying bird—
Soaring to Heaven to reap thy great reward.
A saintly spiritual Lily thou art now,
Of amaranthine freshness white as snow—
No more such death in this dark world to know,
But in perennial freshness there to grow.

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TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

BY MRS. R. P. SEVERN.

Perhaps there is no intellectual amusement in fashionable life the nature of which is so little understood as the *Tableaux Vivant;* it being generally considered as only a vehicle for display, whereas its real purpose is to arrange scientifically a combination of natural objects, so as to make a good picture according to the rules of art.

A *Tableau Vivant* is literally what its name imports—a living picture composed of living persons; and, when skilfully arranged and seen at a proper distance, it produces all the effect of a real picture. It is said, that the first living picture was contrived by a profligate young German nobleman, who having, during the absence of his father, sold one of the celebrated pictures belonging to the old castle, which was an heir-loom, to conceal the deficiency, placed some of his companions behind the frame, so as to imitate the missing picture, and to deceive his father, who passed through the room without being conscious of his loss.

A *Tableau Vivant* may be formed in two ways; it may consist of a group of persons, who take some well-known subject in history or fiction to illustrate, and who form a group to tell the story according to their own taste, or, it may be a copy, as exact as circumstances will permit, of some celebrated picture. The first plan, it may be easily imagined, is very rarely effective; since, as we find that even the best masters are often months, or even years, before they can arrange a group satisfactorily on canvass, it is not probable that persons who are not artists should succeed in making good impromptu pictures. Indeed, it has been observed, that artists themselves, when they have to arrange a *Tableau Vivant,* always prefer copying a picture to composing one.

Copying a real picture, by placing living persons in the positions of the figures indicated in the picture, appears, at first sight, an easy task enough; and the effect ought to be easily attained, as there can be no bad drawing, and no confused light and shade, to destroy the effect of the grouping. There are, however, many difficulties to conquer, which it requires some knowledge of art to be aware of. Painting being on a flat surface, every means are taken to give roundness and relief to the figures, which qualities of course are found naturally in a *Tableau Vivant.* In a picture the light is made effective by a dark shadow placed near it; diminished lights or demi-tints are introduced to prevent the principal light appearing a spot; and these are linked together by artful shades, which show the outline in some places, and hide it in others. The colors must also be carefully arranged, so as to blend or harmonize with each other. A want of attention to these minute points will be sufficient to destroy the effect of the finest picture, even to those who are so unacquainted with art as to be incapable of explaining why they are dissatisfied, except by an involuntary liking or disliking of what they see.

The best place for puttiug up a *Tableau Vivant* is in a door-way, with an equal space on each side; or, at least, some space on both sides is necessary; and if there is a room or a passage between the door selected for the picture and the room the company is to see it from, so much the better, as there should be a distance of at least four yards between the first row of the spectators and the picture.

It must be remembered, moreover, that, while the tableau is being shown, nearly all the lights must be put out in the room where the company is assembled; and, perhaps, only one single candle, properly placed, in the intervening space between the company and the tableau, must be left slightly to illuminate the frame. In the above-mentioned door-way a frame, somewhat smaller than the original picture, must be suspended, three, four, or even five feet from the floor, as may suit the height of the door; or, if the door is not very high, the frame may be put one or two feet behind, to gain space; but care must be taken to fill up the opening that would, in that case, show between the door-way and the frame; also a piece of dark cloth ought to be put from the bottom of the frame to the ground, to give the appearance of the picture hanging on the wall.

The most important thing, however, is, that chairs or tables ought to be placed behind the frame, so that the persons who are to represent the tableau may sit or stand as nearly in the position, with regard to the frame, as the figures appear to do in the real picture they are trying to imitate, and at about two feet from the frame,

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so that the light which is attached to the back of the frame may fall properly on the figures. In order to accomplish this, great study and contrivance are required, so that the shades may fall in precisely the same places as in the original picture; and sometimes the light is put on one side, sometimes on the other, and often on the top; and sometimes shades of tin or paper are put between the lights and the tableau, to assist in throwing a shadow over any particular part. The background is one of the most impartant parts, and should be made to resemble that of the picture as nearly as possible; if it is dark, coarse cloth absorbs the light best; but whether it is to be black, blue, or brown, must depend on the tint in the picture; should the background be a light one, colored calico, turned on the wrong side is generally used. If trees or flowers form the background, of course real branches or plants must be introduced to imitate those in the picture. Even rocks have been imitated; and spun glass has often successfully represented water. A thin black gauze, black muslin, or tarlatan veil should be fastened to the top of the frame, on the *outside* of it, through which the tableau is to be seen.

Care ought to be taken to conceal the peculiarities of the different materials used in the draperies, and it is even sometimes necessary to cover the stuffs used for the purpose with a gauze of a different color, so as to imitate the broken and transparent colors found in most good pictures. This, carefully attended to, will give a quietness and simplicity to the whole, which will greatly add to the illusion.

DEFENCE OF MARCUS MANLIUS.

BY JOHN F. WEISHAMPEL, JR.

BENEATH the shadow of a lofty dome,
That reared to justice its colossal face,
Assembled all the men of ancient Rome—
The senators and rulers of her race.
And Manlius, the bravest hero there,
Stood on the stairs against a sculptured post,
In attitude and dignity most rare,
The victim of a factious, envious host,
His honor and his prowess to declare.

"My countrymen," cried he, in noble tone,
"Before your honored judges now I speak,
To vindicate a character mine own
From stains that blush a truly Roman cheek.
Camillus and his partisans may say
That Manlius disloyal is to ye:
It is all false; your ears awhile I pray,
And I will tell, though praise it seem to be,
My proudest deeds, which are forgot to-day.

"There first behold—if I must boast it now—
Four hundred of your citizens all free,
Go ask—and each will shout with grateful voice,
Their chains of servitude were broke by me.
And by my side, in glittering tinsel read
Full forty times a tribute to my fame—
I had not thought that I should even need
These sacred gifts to bolster up my name,
And prove my right to an heroic deed!

"But I had fondly hoped my comrades would
Have not forgotten—ah! I hear their shout!
They still remember!—how I boldly stood,
And saved their legion from disastrous rout!
Come here, my soldiers!—we have fought and bled
Together side by side upon the field,
With stalwart arms, until the foemen fled,
Or, scorning that our eagle e'er should yield,
We one by one dropped down among the dead!

"Now gaze upon my breast—the marks of Gaul,
The scars of Brennus here are rudely made;
Behold my wounds!—yet never did I fall,
Or once dishonor Rome whom I obeyed.
This is not all—my hundreds have I slain,
Who sought to desecrate our ancient land
Here in the armor, gathered on yon plain,
Of thirty chiefs prostrated by my hand,
Who never raised their barbarous heads again!

"But must I struggle thus—oh, Rome! for life?
Sure I thought not thou would'st ungrateful be;
When thou art freed from cabalistic strife,
Thou wilt repent what thou hast done to me.
Thou wilt not hear me!—then my arm I bare,
And turn my face to yonder field of Mars,
Appealing to the gods! Hear ye my prayer!
Ye gods who sit enthroned among the stars—
I saved your temples—gaze in pity there!"

The chieftain ceased—the council was amazed—
He stood the target of ten thousand eyes—
The crowd at him, then at their temples gaz'd,
And filled all Rome with their appalling cries.
But ah! his brilliant triumph soon grew dim,
For Rome had well-nigh lost her noble stock;—
The muse of history swells the sadd'ning hymn:
Flung from the vast and famous Tarpeian rock,
Rome slew her saviour when she martyred him!

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THE THREE SISTERS.

BY EMILY BEAUMONT.

"Jane," said my mother, one night, as I lit my candle, before retiring, "to-morrow you must go to spend the afternoon with your Aunt Hannah."

"Dear mother," I replied, dolefully, "what crime have I committed, that I must do penance the whole evening?"

"Why your sister and I are too much engaged to visit the old lady this week, so I have sent her word that you are coming instead."

Aunt Hannah was a distant relation of my mother's, who was called aunt by the juvenile members of our family from the respect due to her advanced age; she had been very kind to me when a child, but as I grew older the weekly visit became more a dull task than a pleasure; until the duty devolved almost entirely upon my mother and my elder sister.

It had been some months since I had seen her, and the good old lady welcomed me very cordially; but after the first words of greeting and the usual inquiries about health, a solemn silence stole over us. I looked at Aunt Hannah, as she sat knitting, in her accustomed corner, in her snow-white cap and spectacles, with her snuff-box lying on a stand at her side; at two large tabby cats, that were dozing on the hearth-rug in front of the fire; at the geraniums and roses in the window, and at the various articles of furniture which the room contained; but all was in vain, and I felt very uncomfortably restless, and a wearisome inclination to yawn. At last, raising my eyes in despair, I noticed a large painting in a richly gilt frame, which I had often seen before, but never examined particularly.

"Aunt Hannah," I said, "that is a very pretty picture, what does it represent?"

My aunt glanced up at it very sorrowfully, and said, "yes, but there is a melancholy history connected with it; it is a family piece; the portrait of one of my early friends, with her children."

I approached the picture, and examined it attentively. It represented a lady with a sweet and engaging countenance, expressive of mildness and innocence, yet with a slight trace of melancholy mingled with its calm beauty. A lovely child was reposing peacefully in her arms, and two others were playing at her feet, one with large, laughing, black eyes and dark hair, and the other with bright golden ringlets shading her blooming cheeks and dark blue eyes.

"These are beautiful children, aunt," I said, "I can hardly imagine that they were destined for any sorrow, and the mother looks too fair and fragile for the trials of this world."

"She was indeed too gentle and too good for this earth," was the answer of my aunt, "and if you would like to hear it, I will relate their story to you."

"Eliza Metford," said my aunt, "was a schoolmate of mine, and her sweet and innocent face was a true type of the purity and goodness of her disposition. After we both left school, our intimacy continued, and I was often with her in the gay and fashionable circles in which her family associated. Yet amidst all she preserved her calm dignity of manner, and was reserved and timid. When still very young, her hand was sought and given to one, who was much her superior in years, but in whom talent and learning were united to a fine person and polished manners.

"For a time she lived happily. But at last she discovered that the place which in her heart was filled by his image, was in his usurped by the worldly honor which he was so eagerly seeking. She had little ambition, while it was his master passion. Her love now concentrated itself on her children, who were more idolized than loved. They were three lovely little girls, and the eldest had her mother's regular and delicate features; the second, the dark flashing eyes and noble features of her father. But all three were singularly beautiful, and warmly attached to their parents, and to each other.

"It would have been difficult to imagine a fairer and happier family than theirs, when these portraits were painted; yet even then the worm was gnawing at the heart of the rose. The bright flush upon the mother's cheek came and went too changefully for perfect health; the light within her mildly beaming eyes became brighter, but it was the feverish glow of consumption. Death had already marked her for his victim. In a few short months, she became the prey of the relentless spoiler.

"Darkness and desolation dwelt by the once happy fireside. The ringing laughter of childhood was hushed, for the shadow of the grave

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brooded over their young spirits, and the solitary husband turned from the once loved tranquillity of his home, to a more reckless pursuit of his idol, fame.

"Meantime his fair young daughters, Ellen, Virginia, and Eliza, lived in the solitude of their home and passed from children into lovely girls. The years that wrote their traces in deep furrows upon the lofty brow of their father, and in grey hairs among his once dark locks, only added new beauty and bloom to the graceful girls, that grew like fresh flowers in loneliness and seclusion. But at last the scene was changed, for the father led another bride to his stately mansion, less fair and gentle than their own kind mother, but still beautiful and young. Again the apartments rang with the sound of revelry and rejoicing, and the doors were opened for the reception of visitors.

"But his daughters found no kindred heart to rest upon, no gentle counsellor in the lady who seemed devoted to pleasure, and whose happiness consisted only in the bustle and amusements of this world. In a short time they yielded to the irresistible impulse, and were drawn into the whirlpool of vanity, becoming as gay and careless, as the rest of the giddy throng. But this was only in outward appearance; the remembrances of childhood, the prayers offered at the mother's knee, the hymn with which she lulled them to ther nightly rest, the kind words of maternal admiration were not so easily forgotten, and these memories often pressed upon the heart when the laugh and song was upon the lip.

"Many admirers thronged around the fair sisters; the wealthy and the proud sued for their notice, and genius and learning laid their laurels at their feet; but the elder sister loved one whose only wealth was an irreproachable name and a brave and fearless heart. He was a young officer in the navy, of respectable connections, but not in affluent circumstances, and her father refused to give his consent to their union. With the hope that time would overcome all obstacles, they were privately married, and the lover set off on another voyage, while the lady remained at home. Some time passed, when it was announced that the ship in which he sailed was wrecked, and he, with the greater part of the crew buried in a watery grave. His bride was seated with the rest of her family when this intelligence reached her. It was a cold, stormy winter evening, and from the comfort and luxury of her own fireside, her thoughts turned anxiously to him whom she feared was exposed to the rage of the billows. The rest of the family were engaged with their usual occupation, when their father, who had been perusing the evening paper, casually mentioned the loss of the ship; the sound fell like the knell of death upon the heart of the unhappy daughter; she arose and stood before him, her face pale, but fearfully calm. 'Is it indeed true?' she asked. 'I fear it is,' was his reply. She turned away and attempted to pass out of the apartment, but fell senseless upon the floor.

"Assistance was immediately procured, and she was conveyed to her chamber. She awoke only too soon to the consciousness of her misery. She raved wildly, at first of his death and of her love and despair, but after a few days she became composed, and appeared to be partially recovered. For a short while she moved about the house with the noiseless tread and bloodless cheek of a spectre. No smile was ever seen upon her pallid lips. She gradually wasted away, and in a short time was consigned to the tomb To the miser-death is a welcome rest.

"Again was the mansion lonely and deserted. The premature death of her sister was deeply felt by Virginia. They had scarcely ever been separated, they had always loved one another dearly, and it seemed as if she could not be comforted. Each familiar scene was full of memories of the loved and lost. The books they had read; the embroidery they had worked; the songs they had sung; the walks where they had rambled; the places where they had sat together, conversing gaily on a thousand happy themes, or building bright castles in the fairy realms of thought, all these re-called her image to the mind of her sorrowing sister, till time, who is the most potent physician for such griefs, softened her regret, and mingled a melancholy pleasure with the tenderness with which she still continued to regard her.

"It was a long time, however, before she consented again to mingle in company, and when she at last suffered herself to appear in public, her dejected countenance and dark mourning dress attracted universal sympathy. Some time after this she became acquainted with a young gentleman who sought her hand, and she finally consented to become his wife. Their marriage was celebrated with great pomp and ceremony. Her husband was handsome, wealthy, and a general favorite with the gay and distinguished circles in which he mingled; and a long vista of happiness seemed opening before the young couple. But the one who is all gallantry and devotion in the ball-room may be a very unfit companion for the fireside; and Virginia, who possessed all her father's warmth of passion, mingled with his high and haughty temper, was not long in discovering that her husband was more fond of the gaming-table than of the pleasures of her society. In a short time his affections seemed entirely alienated from her, and

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anger and unkindness were succeeded by coldness and indifference. He became more and more dissipated, and in less than two years from her marriage she returned to her father's house, while he left the city and was not heard of for some time. At length a letter was received, stating that he was very ill, and that it was feared he would not recover; but he wished to see his wife and entreat her pardon before he died. She instantly complied with his request, but when she arrived at the end of her journey she found that she had come too late: he had died and was buried.

"The grief of his unhappy wife may be more easily imagined than described. She had loved him sincerely in spite of his unkind conduct; and his untimely death fell with a shock of intense anguish upon her already agonized heart. She returned in deep affliction, and her violent sorrow became a settled melancholy, from which it seemed impossible to arouse her. In a short time her friends perceived symptoms of mental aberration, which continued to increase till her fine mind appeared totally destroyed. By degrees she became calmer, as her derangement assumed a milder form: her wandering intellect seemed to remember and to live over scenes that were long ago past. It was sad to look upon her, as she would appear to receive visitors and entertain them very often, conversing with persons that had been dead many years, sometimes singing or playing on the piano for their amusement.

"It is sad to think of the wreck of worlds, to look upon the ruined temples and palaces of ancient days, but it is terrible to view the wreck of a noble mind, to see the eyes that once were bright with intelligence and animation gleam with the wild fires of insanity. It was well for the unfortunate Virginia when death released her from every pang. She died calmly, after a slight illness of a few days."

"But what became of the youngest sister?" I inquired.

"Poor thing," was the rejoinder, "she went into a lingering consumption, and died when very young. Her spirits and health were both affected by the misfortunes of her family. After her father's death his effects were sold, and this picture was purchased and presented to me by a friend who knew how highly I would estimate such a relic of happier days: but when I gaze on the fair angelic countenances of the mother and her sweet children, and think of the mournful fate that was reserved for them, I could weep if I did not know that they had long since seen the benefit of these mysterious dispensations of Divine Providence; for they are where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow and sighing have fled away."

LONGING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

WHAT undefined yearning
  So stirs my troubled breast?
Why this unsmothered burning
  For something unpossessed?
My heart, my heart is swelling
  And straining to break free;
The bounds of human dwelling
  Are all too strait for me.
See! there the clouds are veiling
  The rocks with dusky shroud;
Would I were with them sailing,
  Would I might be a cloud!

The ravens now are winging
  In air their social flight,
And up on pinions springing
  I with their train unite.
Round mount and wall decaying
  We wheel in giddy maze;
Below, a maiden straying,
  She only wins my gaze.

She cometh there to wander;
  And I, on pinions fleet,
A bird of song, to yonder
  Dim, bushy dell retreat.
Lingering she listeneth meetly,
  And saith, with smiling glee,
He singeth, oh, how sweetly,
  And singeth all for me!

The parting sun, suffusing
  The heights with golden red,
Breaks not the maiden's musing,
  She heeds not he has sped.
She roams across the meadows
  Beside the racing stream,
While denser grow the shadows,
  That round her pathway teem.

At once to Heaven up-glancing,
  I shine, a twinkling star—
"What light is o'er me dancing,
  So near, and yet so far?"
And hast thou, then, my shining
  Admiringly confessed?—
Lo! at thy feet reclining,
  I thus indeed am blessed!

D. H. B.

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EDITORS' TABLE.

CHIT-CHAT WITH READERS.

Horticulture!—Bulbs in Pots.—Hyacinths suffer less when grown in pots than they do in water, and, therefore, a supply should be put in at once to succeed those which are forced into early bloom in the greenhouse or sitting-room. The pots called large sixties we find most convenient for bulbs, as they take up little room, are more easily handled, and, at the same time, contain sufficient soil to preserve the health and promote the growth of the plant. A few larger pots may be filled with crocusses, as they have a fine effect in large masses; also three or four hyacinths or early tulips look well in combination, and if your stock is extensive, you may exercise your taste and inclination in this way. But, generally, one good hyacinth is best in a pot by itself, and the same may be said of the superior kinds of tulips. Of course, china pots are to be preferred; but if their expense is considered too great, common ones of a good color and shape should be selected. Flower-pots vary much in their personal appearance, some being absolutely ugly. It is hoped that among the inventions and improvements which the great Exhibition of 1851 is expected to develope, this neglected adjunct of Floriculture will receive a grace of form and polish of material.

The soil for bulbs in pots should be a mixture of leaf-mould and coarse sand, so as to be always light and moist, yet not retentive of water. A crock being placed over the hole, a layer of about one inch thick of coarse material should be put in to secure a drainage; crockery broken small, perhaps, answers the purpose best. The bulbs should be planted so that a portion of the upper part appears above the surface. When the potting is finished, the stock should be put into a cold frame, upon a thick layer of ashes to prevent the ingress of worms, and the whole covered for some inches with leaf-mould, old tan, or any light material, to exclude light and frost. In doing this, care must be taken that slugs are not introduced, or they will devour or disfigure the young petals as they appear. The glass need not be put on, except in very severe weather, and even then a mat thrown over will do as well. In a few weeks roots will be produced, and when they begin to appear at the hole of the pot, the plants may be removed to a greenhouse or sitting-room to be hastened into bloom as they are wanted. Others may be left in the frame to come forward naturally, and in this way the blooming season will be prolonged as much as nature will permit. A week or two may even be gained in this respect, by keeping a few pots in a cold shady place, away from the heat of the sun. It must be remembered that in labeling the pots, well-painted wood should be employed, or the damp will soon efface the writing.

Our Present Number.—In our present number we more than fulfil our promises, besides giving an earnest of what we further intend to do for 1851. Our leading embellishment, "Pray God Bless Papa and Mamma," is one of those truthful home-scenes which go at once to the heart; and the artist, engraving it, has exerted his utmost skill. The title-page is something entirely original in design, and as graceful as it is novel: it is colored wholly with the brush. The "Lily of the Valley," a picture quite different in style from the mezzotint, is an embellishment of rare beauty; and we think we may safely say that no other engraving, in any January Magazine, will excel it. The other embellishments, which are numerous, we shall not particularize here; but they will all be found worthy, we think, of admiration.

The literary contents of the number are exceedingly varied, and of superior merit. In this respect, indeed, we have never published a number of which we were more proud. In the February number, or at some early date, Mrs. Stephens will begin another continued novel. Meantime we shall publish, each month, one or more articles from her pen, complete in themselves. The tale of "Dora Atherton," begun in this issue, is the history of an orphan female, struggling, in a great city, for her livelihood; and the author boldly exposes, in chapters yet to come, the inadequency of female wages and the oppression under which woman labors as an operative toiling for her daily bread. This story alone will render the "Ladies' National," we think, a welcome guest with the sex. We begin our *local* stories by the publication of "The Mother's Sacrifice," a tale of the South.

In a word, we intend to make this Magazine for 1851 peculiarly worthy of patronage, both in the pictorial and literary line. We are resolved that it shall stand or fall on its intrinsic merits, without any resort to vain-glorious promises or other unworthy arts. It shall be our effort to make the "Ladies' National" for 1851 *indispensable to every family circle of intelligence, taste and refinement.*

Our Premiums.—We have never given premiums to subscribers *as such*, but have always given a premium to whomsoever forwarded us a club. In a word, we never have *bribed* people to take the "Ladies' National," by an indifferent engraving; but have always compensated our friends for their trouble in getting up a club, sometimes in one way, sometimes in another. For 1851, we have two premiums, both very elegant. One is a full length portrait of Washington, in mezzotint, after Stuart's celebrated picture in the State House at Hartford. The size of this great premium, is eighteen inches by twenty-four. Our other, is a picture, of similar dimensions, entitled "Children Bathing," a sweet, rural scene as ever was

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imagined, and exquisitely depicted. Either of these pictures, when framed, would form a beautiful parlor ornament. In addition to these pictorial premiums, we will send, to those who prefer books to pictures, any five of T. B. Peterson's twenty-five cent novels, to be selected by the person entitled to the premium.

Our Great Cheapness.—We wish our friends not to lose sight of the extraordinary cheapness of the "Ladies' National." The cost of our Magazine, to single subscribers, is but two dollars; and yet it contains as great a variety as the three dollar ones, and is generally ahead in all that relates to fashion, and other subjects of interest to the sex. Clubs of eight obtain the Magazine at one dollar and twenty-five cents; while the lowest club price of the others is two dollars. Between the original subscription and the postage, the "Ladies' National" can be had for about a dollar and a half less than either of the three dollar periodicals.

The Tower of London.—Mr. T. B. Peterson has just undertaken, at great cost, an illustrated edition of Ainsworth's "Tower of London." The work contains more than one hundred engravings, depicting every spot of interest connected with the Tower: and will be of universal interest. We acknowledge our obligations to him for the privilege of anticipating, in the engravings of "The Lady Jane Gray in the Tower," a portion of his rare and curious illustrations.

A Dead Beat.—Our friend "Godey" published, in his December number, a purse-pattern, and an article on hair-work, the first of which had been in our October number and the last in our November one. We repeat that all novelties in fashion, embroidery, netting, and other accomplishments pursued by the sex are to be had first in the "Ladies' National."

New Publications.—We have our table nearly full of new works, whose notices have been crowded out of the present number. Next month we shall discharge all arrearages of this description.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

Fig. i.—A Ball Dress.—Skirt of dove colored satin, with a wide black lace flounce at the bottom. Plain corsage of garnet colered velvet, low in the neck, and heart shaped in front, with a fine lace chemisette underneath. The sleeves are trimmed with two rows of black lace in the Oriental style, very large and flowing. The corsage is also trimmed with a flounce composed of two rows of black lace. The hair is dressed in the style to which we have often alluded, the front hair being rolled back from the forehead, and the back hair plaited in a Grecian braid, and tied up with bows of ribbon. Many wear the hair in the usual knot behind, and have the front hair rolled no further than the ear. A white satin skirt would be very beautiful with this dress.

Fig. ii.—An Evening Dress of Pink Satin.—Skirt trimmed with two flounces of white Brussels lace—each flounce headed by a ruche of pink tulle, a similar ruche is also placed near the bottom of the satin skirt. Corsage plain and very long in front, with a pink satin berthe, finished by a ruche corresponding with that on the flounces, with a lace berthe over it. A very short satin sleeve trimmed with five rows of white lace in the pagoda style. Head-dress of dark green velvet, trimmed with pink feathers.

Fig. iii.—This beautiful head-dress is termed *coiffure Italienne*, and is formed on the picturesque national costume from which it takes its name. The ground is of white blonde, on which rests intermingled green leaves and loops of rose colored ribbon, the whole being perfectly flat. From each side depends feathery flowers, partly composed of marabout down, but corresponding with the color of the ribbon; and at the back there hangs a pair of streamers of at least a yard long. This coiffure is one of the most elegant novelties of the year; it is picturesque without being theatrical, and distinguished without being outre.

Fig. iv.—A very elegant Mantelette of Mazarine blue Velvet.—It is cut rather short behind, but trimmed with broad black lace, three quarters of a yard in depth. The ends in front are square, and trimmed with a heavy blue gimp, which extends around the back of the mantelette, and forms a heading for the lace. Sleeves large at the hands.

The autumn and winter silks are of great variety and beauty of patterns. Rich plaids and stripes, and glace silk with large spots, seem equally the mode, but the greatest novelties are the silks woven *en tablier*, that is to say, the pattern occupying the whole breadth. In one of these designs the ground is of the beautiful *vert d'Isley*, and the brocaded pattern white; this production is quite a triumph of the silk loom. Instead of the ribbon flounces so much worn last season, flounces woven in the piece to correspond with the dress are likely to be approved. One pattern represents bouquets, forming large spots for the skirt, the flounces consisting of a flowery pattern exactly to correspond. Merinos are almost always embroidered, the embroidery in some instances imitating a sort of *applique* work, as if, for instance, black were laid over a bright color in arabesque forms, and the pattern completed by braiding the edges of the design. All dresses except those for evening wear are made with tight backs and points behind. The front of the corsage is either made in the cadet style, buttoned at the throat, then an open space showing a chemisette, or in the vest style, which is not at all confined at the front, and is usually open more than half way down the corsage. The end of this boddice is also in the vest style, that is with two points, something like the nib of a pen.

Flowers for trimming the evening dresses of the ensuing season have already made their appearance. Wreaths for skirts consist of roses of various hues.

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For this style of trimming, convolvulus or any other creeping plant is well adapted, and five rows or cordons of these flowers are usually employed for the front of the skirt. They meet in a point in front of the waist, and diverge in the fan form toward the edge of the skirt. The same flowers ornament the front of the corsage, the stems diverging from the point at the waist upward, and spreading in a direction contrary to those on the skirt. At the point in front of the waist they form a bouquet. Pink convolvulus on a dress of white tulle, or white convolvulus on a dress of pink tulle, disposed in wreaths in the manner above described, have a very pretty effect.

Bonnets are trimmed rather plainer than usual this winter. For young ladies, casing bonnets are most popular; these are perfectly plain, with not even a bow on them, though sometimes a beautiful ruche of tulle is placed on the front. Another novelty is a bonnet of dark blue velvet. The trimming consists of a piece of velvet cut in the half-handkerchief form, edged with black lace, and laid over the crown so that the point lies upon the brim of the bonnet, and at the back the bias side is fastened to the top of the bavolet, or cape.

Some of the Paris made bonnets consist of the new velours frappe; that is to say, velvet manufactured in an open-work pattern. This velvet is, in making up, laid over satin of the same color, or of a strongly contrasted color, as green open-worked velvet, wi[th] gold colored satin underneath.

Cloaks have altered but little in shape. Som[e] are perfectly plain, others are trimmed with lace, [or] fur.

Among the newest fancy wreaths for the hair w[e] have observed some composed of foliage of light bl[ue] satin, mingled with silver berries; others consist [of] foliage of white satin with gold berries. In the clas[s] of fancy wreaths may be included several with flower[s] of velvet of dark tints intermingled with foliage i[n] gold.

Caps are trimmed with flowers or ribbon. Amon[g] the favorite styles of blonde head-dresses are barbe[s] or lappets of blonde gracefully intermingled with flowers. Some of the ribbon head-dresses are composed of scarlet and green ribbon embroidered with gold and silver. A double torsade formed of the same ribbon is turned round the hair at the back of the head, the ends edged with silk twist the color of the ribbon, intermingled with gold and silver. This fringe droops on each side of the head.

A very elegant and becoming head-dress has been made of garnet colored velvet. It is in the form of a small toque or hat, having some resemblance to the petit-bord. The velvet is embroidered with gold, and with silk of its own color, but of a deeper tint than that of the velvet. A small white feather is placed on the left side.

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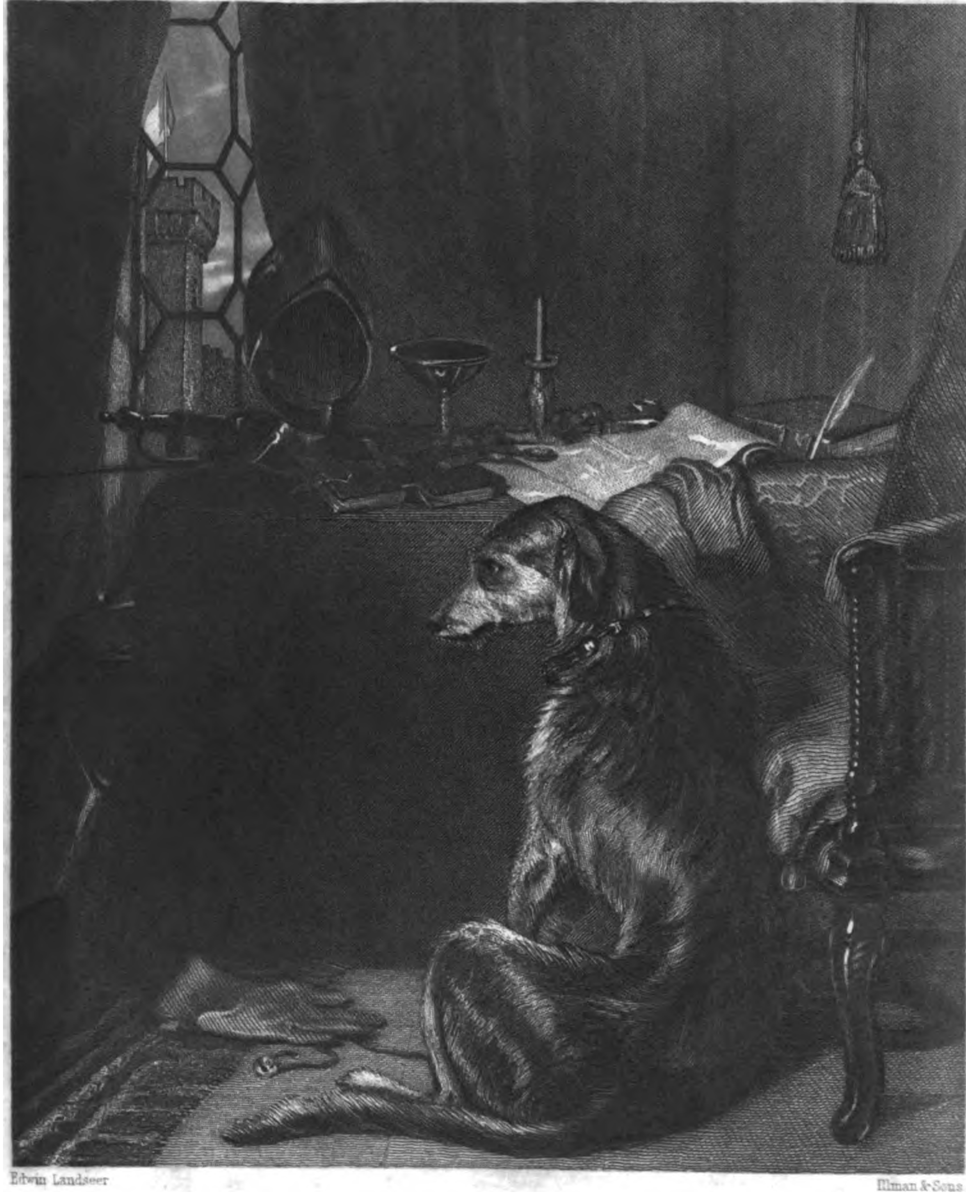

Edwin Landseer — Illman & Sons

HIGH LIFE

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LOW LIFE.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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SUNSET.

BY MRS. S. J. MEGARGEE.

How beautiful is a brilliant sunset, yet how varied are the feelings it produces on the human breast.

A fair and lovely girl is gazing on the glistening clouds that form the sun's bright night robes, she smiles upon their beauty, for her heart is glad with joyous anticipations; ere another sunset casts its golden light around her youthful form, she will be the happy bride of one whom she loves with all a woman's tenderness, one in every way worthy of possessing her pure and trusting heart. How natural then for her to smile as she beholds that gorgeous sunset, for she hails it as a harbinger of bright and happy days to come.

But see! another bride elect is gazing too upon the western sky, though lovely as the bright beam that illumines her lofty brow. The wondrous beauty of that face is clouded by an expression of sadness and anxiety, for the morrow bringeth not to her the realization of love's extatic dreams, but it will sorrowfully witness the entrusting of her happiness to one whom she finds it impossible to love. He is the possessor of unbounded wealth, and ambition leads her on to future misery; though powerless to resist, she is fearfully awake to all she sacrifices in giving up the holy feelings of unselfish love, that cause the humblest hearth-stone to shine with the beaming light of happiness, for the glittering baubles that lendeth not their beauty to the heart, but only make its desolation more apparent. Sadly she gazes on the departing sun, and tears sparkle in her eyes as she thinks when next she beholds it thus, she will be fettered by chains which though glittering, will fester her heart with their galling pressure.

Come hither and gaze through the shining windows into that comfortable parlor, it is adorned with elegance and simplicity. There are no gewgaws that make little children tremble for fear they should injure them, but every article of furniture is suggestive of pleasure and convenience. The grandmother one of those beautiful pictures of old age, that fling around an atmosphere of gladness, is seated in a comfortable arm-chair smiling upon the little ones sporting around her; their mother is engaged in some light needle-work, while her oldest daughter is dressing a doll for little Molly, the youngest pet, a bright-eyed little elf, upon whose curly head but three summers have yet shone; she has decorated her kitten with a piece of red calico, and is playing "mamma" with inimitable grace; Sallie and Kate are waltzing around grandmama's chair, and George and Roland are completing a mimic vessel. All that happy family seem bound together by the bright and enduring chain of household love. Softly the shadows deepen upon that group as the last sunbeam steals from the room. Just then the door opens, and a noble-looking man in the prime of life is among them; he greets his wife with the same fondness as in the early days of their wedded life, and smiling joyously on each member of that united band, he takes little Molly on his knee, and kisses her with all a father's fondness for "the baby." Though the sun has set, and the shades of night have fallen around, the room is bright with the sunshine of happiness and love.

Alas! alas! that every bright picture of happiness should have its sad reverse. Within an upper room in a dilapidated dwelling in the outskirts of the city, a pale and fragile-looking woman is weeping over her only child, a beautiful boy six years of age, who is gazing into her face with eyes whose startling brightness denote the fever revelling in his veins. Slowly the vision of her early days comes up before her; an orphan in her youth, her life was checkered; then came the bright era of her wedded life; then the joyous hours of maternal love; then the scene darkened

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to the gloom of blackest night; the angel of death had rent from her heart the dearest tie that bound it. Days, months, and years of sorrow followed, yet the glad music of her child's voice would oft-times bring a smile to her wan face, but now the bitterest hour has come, the last link in the chain of love is about to be snapt, and tears of agony are wrung from that woman's heart as she thinks of her desolation. Slowly the boy's brow pales, his eyes become dull and glassy, yet he faintly smiles as he murmurs words of comfort to his mother. The last beams of the setting sun are resting on that youthful face, making it bright as what we dream of angels. Now it has passed away, and with it the last sigh of that cherub child! Darkness has stolen around, darkness deep and dense, yet one gleam is left to strengthen the widow's heart, a gleam that has gladdened many a darkened heart when all other light had passed away, that gleam is "trust in God." And when the sun of her earthly joys had departed, the moonbeams of God's love illumined her heart.

A gallant vessel is returning from a long and dangerous voyage; swiftly she nears the destined haven; the decks are crowded with passengers from almost every clime. There the grey-haired man is trembling with the joyful anticipation of seeing once again the children from whom he has been so long parted; there wives are looking forward to glad re-union with their husbands, and little children smile to see their mother's brows so bright; all, all are eager to tread again the fragrant earth! Though some feel the sad loneliness of strangers in a strange land, with none to welcome them, yet that sweet consoler hope, brings bright visions of the future to their thoughts, and every heart is filled with momentary joy, as amid the shouts of the sailors, and with the beams of the setting sun glittering upon its sails, the vessel touches the wished-for land! And as the sun smiles a welcome ere it sinks to rest, the evening air is rent with a soul-stirring shout of gladness that dwelleth long in the hearts of the listeners: though a mantle of darkness is cast upon the earth, the dreams of the wanderers are bright with welcome smiles and loving tones.

A sturdy group of workmen are returning from their daily labors, the cheerful smile of honest industry dwelleth on each sun-burnt face, and their thoughts are pleasant as they near their humble, but peaceful homes. Little children will cluster around them as they enter, and baby will spring from its mother's arms, and place its velvet cheek against the rougher one of its father; his tidy wife is engaged in preparing the evening meal, stopping to tell some little news, or relating the "funny sayings" of the little ones. When scenes like this greet him, how bright must be the setting sun to the weary laborer, for it bringeth him rest, and comfort, loving smiles, and joyous tones.

In a gloomy cell, within the walls of a prison, a man in the prime of life is sighing over the mis-spent years of a life of crime. Reared in the lap of luxury, fortune cast over his youthful years her brightest and most beautiful tints, but reverse came, and the demon of discontent wrought his ruin. The purity of his childhood passed away like a dream in the night, and step by step he sunk to the lowest depths of crime. The stern appeal of his father commanded him to stop in his downward course, yet he heeded it not; the more touching and tender music of his mother's voice fell upon his marble heart like drops of water, drying up and leaving there no trace. All, all the tears he has wrung from the hearts of those who loved him he now beholds like a flood of liquid fire before him; the past is rife with bitterness, the future to his despairing soul holds forth no light. To-morrow he will stand upon the scaffold to expiate his crimes, and as the last ray of the setting sun passes from his cell, he groans in agony at the thought that it never will set again upon his doomed life.

Many are the scenes on which the sun gazes ere it sinks to rest, but none are so thrilling as man's farewell to this world of trials—sometimes it is peaceful as the breathings of an infant—sometimes agonizing and despairing—sometimes bright as the beam that lights it. Oh! let our footsteps press the path to heaven with such unflinching firmness, that our last sunset may be glorious as the glittering crown on an angel's brow!

A SISTER'S WISH.

I ask not that a nation's tears
Fall on my brother's grave;
I wish not that the sleeper dear
Should heartless tears receive.
But let affection come around
And vent the rising sigh;
And let her tears bedew the ground
Where his remains now lie.

I ask not that his statue stand
In any marble hall,
That gazers with uplifted hand,
Attention there may call.
But those who bore the name of friend
I trust will e'er prove true,
And o'er his mem'ry oft extend
The love that is his due.

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THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 21.

The bright sunshine came streaming in the pleasant room, the birds sang joyfully their morning hymns, and little Eve Canfield lifted her bright young head, and put up her pretty lips to meet her sister's morning kiss. But no Kate met her laughing eye; she glanced around, but the room was empty; and getting out of bed, the little one proceeded to her father's apartment. Mr. Canfield beheld a little, white-draped figure at his door that said in pleading tones, "please, papa, take Eve in—for Sister Kate has left me all alone." He smiled as he took the little one in his arms; saying at the same time, "some freak of Kate's, I suppose—perhaps she has been seized with a mania for early rising."

But breakfast was on the table, and no Kate made her appearance. Mr. Canfield remembered her conduct of the preceding evening, and feeling quite angry at her self-willed proceedings, he directed them to search the grounds; and even went in quest of the truant himself. But she was not to be found; and when the father at length entered with the open letter in his hand, and the announcement that she had left them, the pale, trembling step-mother burst into tears.

"Do not weep, Emily, for this head-strong girl," said Mr. Canfield, "the step is entirely of her own seeking, and may be of benefit to her—it will at least teach her that warmer or kinder hearts are not to be found in the world than those abandoned at home. Your own conscience must be entirely free from all shadow of reproach; so dry your tears, and listen to what she says."

Mr. Canfield's surprise and displeasure at the step which his daughter had taken almost obliterated all feelings of love or grief; and in a firm tone he read as follows:—"After what passed last night, father, I can no longer remain at a home where I am regarded but as a rebellious child. My pride will not stoop to make the apology you require, and although it is with feelings of grief, I have concluded to engage in new scenes and employments—I will no longer be a burden to you. I cannot let you know where I am going, but I intend to become a teacher in an institution of perfect respectability—a situation for which I am well qualified, and one which will render me at least independent. This is no idle scheme, invented and acted upon in a moment of passion; I have long seen a gradual withdrawing of your love—you are now engrossed by new ties and claims—there *was* one bright beaming of a better state, but that is now past, and I have done wisely to withdraw from a home where my presence yields no pleasure. Cherish little Eve, dear father, and may she never feel the loneliness, the want of love which has driven her sister to this step."

Emily's tears had fallen unceasingly as Mr. Canfield read this epistle; and when it was ended she murmured sadly, "you will learn to hate me, Edward, for I am the cause of this estrangement between father and daughter."

"Say rather that her own head-strong will is the cause," replied her husband, sternly, "and do not be so ready to accuse yourself without reason, Emily. I also am to blame," he continued, "I was vainly and foolishly proud of her energy and talents, and neglected to root up the weeds of pride and self-will that have choked up every better quality of the heart. That Kate will acquit herself well in her new situation, I have not the least doubt; she is peculiarly qualified for the office of teacher, and as we both deserve punishment, I shall not interfere with her movements—trusting that when she does come back to us, which I think she one day will, it will be in a far different spirit."

People were most busily employed in forming conjectures respecting the absence of the minister's daughter from her father's house. Some said that her step-mother had turned her out of doors—others, that she had left it of her own accord in a fit of anger—and some, more charitably inclined, cried shame on mischief-making rumors, and stoutly maintained the opinion that Kate Canfield had gone to pay a visit to a distant relative. But alas! for the reputation of Glenwood, these last were but few, and were almost put down by the majority. Nothing, however, could be ascertained with certainty; for little Eve and the boys always said that their sister had gone away to school, and was coming back to them soon; and no one dared to question either the minister or his wife upon the subject; but their interest and excitement was before long directed to another channel.

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Mr. Canfield, upright as he had always walked in the path of duty, noble as he had always been in his dealings with his fellow-men, satisfactorily as he had discharged the callings of his sacred office, had enemies who only waited their time to bring discord into his Eden, and drag him down from the eminence to which he had been elevated by the love and respect of all who knew him. One in particular, a wealthy, uneducated man of little principle, or good sense, animated by a restless want of occupation, and a wish to distinguish himself as a leader in putting down annoyances, was particularly active in stirring up the congregation with false rumors and distorted representations. Three important charges were brought forward against Mr. Canfield: in the first place he lived too extravagantly—ministers had no right to feed on the fat of the land—it set a bad example, and raised envious feelings in those whose means would not allow the same style; in short, it was the height of impropriety for clergymen to spend their money as they chose—even their own private property. Secondly, Mr. Holland was loud in his disapproval of the minister's second choice, he regarded his marriage with his wife's sister in the light of a crime; and in the third place, he inveighed against the honors of papacy; the bishop had made a short stay at the house of Mr. Canfield, had preached for him one Sunday, and was regarded by him with feelings of the warmest personal friendship; this intimacy did not suit him, the bishop was much disliked by the people of Glenwood, and he feared that it was calculated to make the minister arbitrary in his notions, and should be given up for the good of his parishioners.

Therefore Mr. Holland proposed that they should proceed as follows: they would require Mr. Canfield to lay aside various appearances of luxury, allowable in all but a minister, and also to give up all intimacy with the bishop, never invite him again to the pulpit, and even refrain from all mention of him in his sermons, or at other times. His improper marriage, though a subject of regret, could scarcely now be helped; therefore they must content themselves with expressing to him their disapprobation. On his refusal to comply with these terms, nothing remained for them but to signify their intention of procuring another minister. "But will that be so easy?" asked some of the prudent, "no other clergyman either would or could officiate for so small a salary as Mr. Canfield receives, and we may find that this revolt costs us more in the end than we are willing to give."

Their leader replied energetically that whether it did or not he did not care in the least; they *ought* to give more—the church was rich enough to pay for it, and for his part, he was quite ready to give his contribution. Shame on them if they were to reward Mr. Canfield's talents and assiduity with the pittance he received; and greater shame when he complained not of this parsimony, to seek in his conduct and movements causes of offence. Shame, shame on thee, Glenwood! for even now he would but have replied,

"Father! forgive them, for they know not what they do."

A meeting was called; various wise and select conferences took place; and at last they concluded, under the generalship of Mr. Holland, to wait upon the minister and request his decision as to the acceptation of their terms. It was not that the people of Glenwood were animated by any bitter feelings toward Mr. Canfield—they merely needed excitement of some kind or other; and the eloquence of Mr. Holland succeeded in convincing them that they had hitherto yielded to imposition, and tamely suffered nuisances that had better be expelled.

Bracing themselves up, therefore, with a consciousness of their injuries, a select deputation presented themselves before the astonished minister, and proceeded to unfold their causes of complaint. The usually mild temper of Mr. Canfield was roused almost to anger by this unjust and irritating tyranny, and in a calm tone he told them that he would submit to no such restrictions; that this prying into his conduct was unworthy both of them to do, and of him to submit to, and that if they had grown weary or displeased with his services they must seek another minister. Somewhat confounded by the manner in which their disclosures had been met, and a little brought down by his first mentioning the probability of his departure, the worthies departed without proceeding to any further measures.

The minister spent that evening in his study, and when he joined them at the tea-table, Emily noticed that his cheek was pale, and his eye looked dim as with tears; but she remarked it not, except perchance that her voice took a yet softer tone in speaking to him. They did not exactly tell him to go, but Mr. Canfield observed among his congregation marks of dissatisfaction that pained him exceedingly; there were now often vacant seats in the church, and constrained greetings from those who had always approached him with expressions of the warmest love. He could not avoid dwelling on his kindness and forbearance toward those who were thus bitter against him, and their proceedings appeared to him in the light of a persecution; it preyed upon his spirits—and the wife at length hung hopelessly, almost despairingly over the couch on which he lay in all the insensibility of fever and delirium.

Kate Canfield found herself on that bright,

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sunshiny morning, an alien from her father's house, travelling on desolate and alone, to the female academy, whose advertisement for an assistant teacher she had thus determined to answer in person. The rapid motion of the cars, the sunshine and joy without, and a certain sensation of independence, imparted a feeling of energy, and even curiosity respecting her adventures. She wondered what fate had in store for her; whether the tangled thread would ever be unraveled; and after a fatiguing journey of several hours she found herself at the place of her destination. Her heart failed her a little as she beheld the imposing front of the edifice; but boldly mounting the flight of steps, she rang the bell with a firm hand, and requested an interview with the principal.

A very pompous lady, considerably troubled what to do with all the dignity consequent upon the imposing aspect, and flourishing condition of the institution, the unheard of and astounding advancement of the pupils, and above al lher own importance as principal, now made her appearance, and regarded Kate with the penetrating look of examination assumed by those who are quite bursting with the consciousness of their own elevated position. Kate, by no means abashed into utter insignificance as the good lady evidently expected, lifted her saucy eyes and returned the stare with perfect composure, as she proceeded to explain the purpose of her visit. Mrs. Crawford was very much surprised, rather pleased with the appearance of the candidate, and after a hasty examination, went to hold a short consultation with her husband, whose advice by the way, she never considered worth taking.

"Your references, miss?" inquired the lady, with a business-like air, as she re-entered the apartment.

"I have no reference," said Kate, proudly, "I am the daughter of the Reverend Mr. Canfield."

"The Rev. Mr. Canfield, of Glenwood?" inquired the preceptress, in surprise. Kate bowed assent.

Mrs. Crawford was astonished. She had heard of Mr. Canfield—he was known as "the rich minister," and her looks expressed the wonder she felt that a daughter of his should answer an advertisement for a school-teacher. But Kate deigned no explanation; she merely said that it was her wish to be engaged in the institution; and after some little deliberation, Mrs. Crawford expressed herself satisfied with her qualifications, and named the salary, which to Kate seemed almost princely when associated with the idea of earning it herself. She entered upon her new duties with a degree of cheerful zeal; and though at first almost dismayed by the sea of strange faces which burst upon her as she entered the school-room, she soon grew accustomed to her situation, and acquitted herself to the entire satisfaction of her employers. The appearance of the new teacher called forth expressions of the warmest admiration; she looked so young and beautiful that all were irresistibly attracted toward her.

Kate soon found a difference, however, between one's own luxuries at home, and the comforts of a boarding-school; her little room in the attic was as different as possible from the well-remembered apartment where she had collected all that was pleasing to the eye till it almost resembled a fairy bower; and then every morning, long before daylight, she was awakened by the most dismal sounds sent forth by the suffering piano under the hands of juvenile performers, who, scarcely awake themselves, repeated over and over the monotonous pieces in the exercise-book, until Kate's ears fairly ached; and she would just succeed in falling into a dose, when the great brass bell sent forth sounds loud enough to wake the seven sleepers. All were expected to fly from their beds at this dread summons; and feeling very much like a fretful child, the young teacher would make her hasty toilet, and descend to morning prayers. The plain, boarding-school fare often remained untasted on her plate, as she thought with a sigh of the comforts of home.

Mrs. Crawford was delighted with her new assistant, and no less so with her own penetration in having engaged her. So talented and untiring in her efforts, and yet so perfectly lady-like and high-bred in manners, she was a real prize to the institution; and the polite principal took care to display her on every occasion when anxious parents came to inquire after the progress and welfare of their children. "Miss Canfield, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Canfield," made quite a show in introducing her; and the institution received several new pupils from the mere circumstance of the daughter of a wealthy minister being one of the teachers. The little ones too were always hanging about her, attracted, as children invariably are, by her pretty face and gentle manners, they rivaled each other in attachment to their "beautiful Miss Canfield." Busy little hands daily twisted those shining locks into their own natural curls, as they begged her so hard to let them hang about her neck, and not tuck them up with that hateful comb. Kate allowed them to decorate her as they pleased, but she still bore in mind who had made a similar request, and resolutely braided them back to the great grief of the little hair-dressers.

Often in the course of her instructions, as she pointed out and explained familiar passages, the tears would start to her eyes, and a choking sensation come in her throat, as she thought of the

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study where she had passed so many happy hours—of the kind parent who had watched over and assisted her—of the library window and those well-remembered sunsets when she sat poring over her beloved authors—of the little dimpled Eve, and her two young brothers—and sometimes the gentle figure of her step-mother would rise up reproachfully before her, and accuse her of harshness and injustice; but she put aside thoughts of contrition by saying, "if she had only remained Aunt Emily, I might have loved her."

This step, however, wild as it was, had its advantages. Kate was rapidly learning habits of self-denial, and care for others. Her new situation often called for the exercise of patience and self-examination; she was no longer the petted child with no occupation but that of self-amusement; and in the weary repetition of explanation to some dull child, she herself acquired lessons that were of value to her in after life. Her days glided on monotonously; summer deepened into autumn, and autumn into winter, and still Kate pursued her never-varying duties.

It was now a whole year since Kate Canfield entered the academy. During that time she had seen no one from home; but rumor had informed them of her destination, and they knew that she was well, and, as far as they could learn, happy. Her character had undergone a great change, and one decidedly for the better. Mrs. Crawford, pleased with the success of her instructions, and more and more convinced of her good fortune in obtaining such an assistant, had herself requested a renewal of their engagement, accompanied by an increase of salary. Kate did sometimes wonder if people always could live in such an unvarying scene; amid the daily handling of globes, and pointing out of places—the exercise of the eternal black-board, and unending history lessons—and the hourly condemnation of hearing the French and Spanish languages murdered in a perfectly unjustifiable manner.

Kate was seated in the school-room one afternoon after school hours, surrounded by a bevy of children, when her attention was drawn toward the pale, sad countenance of a little girl in deep mourning, who, having only entered the school that day, felt strange and shy, and kept aloof from the others. Kate whispered a few words to one of the children, who, in compliance with her request, approached the new-comer and endeavored to make her feel at home.

"Did you feel sorry to leave your mother?" said the child, after exchanging a few words with the stranger, "*I* did—very."

"I have no mother," she replied, sadly, while the tears came into her eyes.

"Nor father, either?" pursued her companion, in a tone of kindest sympathy.

"No—no one to care for me," said the poor child, as her sobs became quite audible.

"Oh, you shouldn't say that," rejoined the other, "for I will care for you, and Miss Canfield will care for you—will you not, Miss Canfield? because you would feel so bad yourself, you know, if you had no father or mother. You *have* a father and mother, have you not, Miss Canfield?"

Kate rose hastily from her seat, and rushed up stairs to prevent her feelings from venting themselves as loudly as those of the orphan child. The image of her father, pale, dying, rose up before her, and she felt as if she could have flown to him, to fall at his feet and ask forgiveness. What would be her feelings, after her treatment of him, if she were indeed an orphan?—if she had looked upon his face for the last time?—if their last parting had been in anger? She thought too of Emily; she had reflected calmly on her conduct, and conscience whispered that hers had been the fault, that she alone was to blame; and yet her pride still revolted a little at the acknowledgment—still drew back from humbling herself to ask forgiveness. But through that almost sleepless night, in the lonely, wakeful hours, the stern, rebuking spirit left her not; and she fell asleep at length with the words upon her lips,

"I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, father, I have sinned before heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy daughter."

"A letter for you, Miss Canfield!" called out one of the little girls next morning, "a letter with the Glenwood post-mark!—don't you feel very glad?"

Kate hastily seized the letter, and tore it open with a trembling hand. It was from Emily, and her heart beat wildly as she read its contents, "your father, dear Kate, lies stretched upon a bed of sickness, from which it is doubtful if he will ever rise; he is almost constantly delirious, and often speaks of you—but although he did not tell me to send for you, I knew that you would wish to see him. Come instantly, dear Kate, or he may not——"

Here the paper was so blotted with tears that the writing was no longer legible. "Dear, kind mother!" Kate involuntarily exclaimed, "how I have wronged you!"

Mrs. Crawford was overwhelmed at the prospect of losing her favorite teacher, the children were quite frantic at the idea of parting with their "dear, beautiful Miss Canfield," but Kate was firm in her intention of starting immediately for home; and with kind adieus to all, she set forth as speedily as possible. Trembling, almost afraid to proceed as she found herself once more near home, the truant went forward with faltering steps, afraid to question any, lest the words

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that her father no longer lived, might fall upon her ear.

She passed on, and stood within the chamber of the sick man. The room was shrouded in almost total darkness, the heavy curtains fell as a thick bar before the radiant sunshine, and at first she could scarcely distinguish any object. But the sight of a kneeling figure caught her eye, and gliding gently forward, she sunk down beside her, as she sobbed forth, "Aunt Emily!—mother!—will you forgive me? It is I—the poor, outcast Kate!"

Such a kiss as an angel might have given was pressed softly on her brow; and the step-mother gently whispered, "I have long forgiven you, dear girl, and most gladly do I welcome you back to your early home—your father, they say, will live."

Kate sprang impulsively forward, and just then her father opened his eyes. "Kate," said he, faintly, "where is she?"

"I am here, dear father!" she replied, in a voice scarcely audible.

"*Here?*" he repeated, "but Kate left me, went away—did she not?"

Kate sank down by the bedside, and covered his hand with kisses, "oh, father! I am really your own, *own* Kate—will you not forgive me?"

He drew her toward him, examined every feature, and then kissing her fondly, appeared quite satisfied that his daughter had returned. The physician now came forward and recommending perfect quiet, Emily led the repentant girl from the room, and the two were closeted a long time together, during which Kate appeared quite overcome with a consciousness of her misconduct, and reiterated her petitions for forgiveness. The step-mother saw with pleasure that a change had taken place, and having again assured her of her perfect willingness to forgive, she told her of all the difficulties and troubles which had preyed upon her father, and brought on the obstinate fever that endangered his life.

"Is it *my* father," exclaimed Kate, with flashing eye, "my noble, gifted father whom they dare to abuse? I will go to them instantly!" she exclaimed, "I will tell them——"

"Softly, Kate," interrupted her mother, as she took the arm of the excited girl. "Do nothing at present, my dear girl, because it will do no manner of good. Wait for things to take their own course; and in the meantime you had better walk in the grounds—you look heated."

Kate entered the garden which she had not seen for more than a year; but as she paced up and down the walks her energetic mind formed a plan which she determined to put in execution. Her indignation against her father's slanderers knew no bounds; she intended to assemble them together, and bravely confronting them, demand an explanation of their conduct and motives. It was a project quite worthy of her; and going softly to the library, she found pens and paper, and immediately despatched her notes without informing any one of her intention.

A summons soon came from her father's apartment; she hastened eagerly to meet him, and was again folded to his bosom in all the joy of perfect recognition. "You have caused me both grief and anxiety, Kate," whispered Mr. Canfield, "but with heartfelt joy the father welcomes back his long-lost child."

With sorrow and self-reproach, Kate marked the ravages which sickness and trouble had made in the noble countenance; and like the "Peri at the gate of Paradise," she felt that her ransom was not yet—she could not enter in and taste the joys of that blissful state without some gift to atone for her error. She slid gently from the kind embrace, and taking her station in the library, awaited the entrance of her expected visitors.

The leading men in the congregation at Glenwood were somewhat surprised at receiving a summons to the minister's house; they knew of his dangerous illness, and thought on their proceedings with feelings very nearly allied to remorse, as they feared that it might be a call to the death-bed of Mr. Canfield. Mr. Holland was then absent from the village, attending to the affairs of some other parish, and without his eloquence to keep up a consciousness of their injuries, they proceeded toward the parsonage, feeling somewhat like abashed culprits.

As for Kate, she did not allow herself time to consider whether the step she had taken was strange or not; she had projected it, commenced it, and was now resolved to carry it through; therefore it was with a composed manner that she rose and received the astonished conclave. Considerably at a loss what to make of the audience thus requested by the minister's beautiful daughter, they mechanically took the seats she pointed out, and sat waiting for the issue of this novel proceeding. Kate modestly, but firmly stated the slanders which had been circulated against her father, the tyranny they sought to exercise over his conduct and movements, and then described, in a touching manner the situation to which their ingratitude and persecution had reduced him.

"With respect to extravagance, gentlemen," she concluded, in a faltering voice, "not one dollar of the small salary received has ever been expended by my father on himself or his family—the whole sum has gone to relieve the wants of others; and even those who complain of his living in a manner suitable to an educated mind

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and refined habits, can bring up no one instance in which the poor and needy ever left his door unrelieved. His marriage," she continued, with a trembling voice, "is doubtless sanctioned in the sight of heaven, since those who considered it in a no less unfavorable light than yourselves have been brought to see the error of their thoughts, and even to regard it as a blessing and a grace. Of the charge of too great intimacy with the bishop I will not even speak; it is so utterly unworthy men who, like you, have known him long and well to censure the common attentions of one minister to another, that I can scarcely credit it. Before I conclude, however, allow me to undeceive you with respect to any erroneous supposition you may have formed with respect to the object of this defence. The summons you received came entirely from myself; my father does not even know of your being in the house, and I sent for you, not to entreat you still to tolerate a minister who has been thus abused, but to clear my father's character from the slanders that have been heaped upon it. As soon as he is able to rise from his sick-bed, he will endeavor to banish in another home the remembrance of those who thus reward his labors; but still, he would wish to go with an acknowledgment of their fault from those who have been instrumental in sending him from the place."

With a heightened color the young girl sank back exhausted into her seat; and her audience, astonished at the sight of so much beauty, firmness, and eloquence combined, remained for a moment spell-bound under the effect of her words. But after a short whispered consultation, one of them respectfully addressed her, "we acknowledge, Miss Canfield," said he, "that our conduct has in many respects been harsh and unjustifiable. We still regard your father with feelings of love and respect; but false rumors and representations have been hinted about, to which we are conscious of having lent too willing an ear. We are now quite ready to retract all that has been said; we have experienced some idea of the loss that would have been ours had Mr. Canfield sunk under the illness which attacked him, and only wait his perfect restoration to health to request that he will still remain with us; and forget, if possible, the painful past."

When Kate found herself alone, she relieved her overburdened feelings with a copious shower of tears; she had in some measure retrieved her own error by restoring her father to the hearts of his people, and she wept in silent thankfulness.

When Mr. Canfield did at length recover, he listened to the humble acknowledgments and entreaties of his hitherto estranged friends; but when he heard that he owed this to his daughter, his feelings were almost too deep for utterance.

Several years after, there were the signs of mirth and rejoicing about the handsome parsonage.

It was now again summer, and the soft south breeze kissed the cheek of youth and beauty, as the bright assemblage were grouped about the spacious rooms. Kate Canfield stood in bridal white, with the rose deepening to crimson on her cheek, and her beautiful eyes turning in confusion from the gaze of those around. The stepmother bent upon her a glance of pride and love, the little Eve, now a tall, lovely girl, stood beside her as bridesmaid, and the eyes of the chosen one rested fondly upon her.

"This is the second time of your running away from me, Kate," whispered her father, "but with altogether different feelings. I even suspect that you are now a little sorry."

"Yes," she softly replied, "it was then in the storm, but now in the bright, unclouded sunshine. The conflict is past—and peace, beautiful peace! has at length descended upon my heart."

THE SILENT HEART.

BY J. K. HOLMES.

There seems within thine eyes, to dwell
A light, perhaps beloved too well—
A strange, a quick, a wondrous glow
As bright as sunlight on the snow.
Thy look through silence still reveals
A throbbing heart that loves, that feels,
That sleepless sense that charm'd surveys
The pure that meets its smiling gaze,
What spirit dwells in orbs like thine,
That sways, unknown, such souls as mine
With love, if hidden, yet not less
Than friends through bolder speech expressed?
Mine tranquil lives and lurks within,
It's true, yet strives not long to win,
It's firm, not born within a day,
It lives when other loves decay.
Sport on! how flatt'ry waits on thee,
With empty thoughts and melody,
But mine within my breast must lie,
Yea, spring unseen, neglected die!

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THE MORNING CLOUD.

BY M. A. WHEELER.

There was a general smile all over the village, and a general lifting of eyebrows with surprise, when the invitations to little Lina Brown's wedding were sent out.

"Lina going to be married!" people exclaimed, "it surely must be a joke; why, she only let the tucks out of her dresses in the spring—what a queer wedding!" Some shook their heads gravely, saying, "she is but a child, her mind not matured, nor her habits formed. How can she realize the responsibility of her station, or understand the duties that belonged to it? Strange Mrs. Brown would allow it—but then the Staleys were rich."

On the day of the wedding, the clouds lowered ominously all the afternoon; and about twilight the snow began to fall, for it was late in December. Nobody cared for that, it is as natural to have snow in December as sunshine in June—so as the evening advanced, lanterns innumerable were seen moving along the street, each one revealing in its circle of light a pair of little feet, and a pair of polished boots, moving with noiseless tread toward the dwelling of Mrs. Brown.

Exposure to the cool winter air had brought color to every cheek, and the melting snow-flakes adorned all tresses with pearls:—it was said by a stranger who happened to be present, "all your ladies are belles." They were all *bells*, from the merry peals of laughter that rung out ever and anon on the still air. Suddenly all were silent—there was a tremendous stamping on the little porch, a measured tread in the hall, and the Rev. Amos Clark entered, bowing with much dignity, first on this side then on that.

Then there were other footsteps in the passage, light and heavy ones, a moment of suspense, and Marion Staley entered with his girlish bride. It was a strange, beautiful sight. There they stood in their early youth, and before God and man, solemnly pledged themselves to be true to each other "through life, its sunshine and its gloom." Marion's face wore an expression of perfect happiness. Lina's was absolutely radiant with joy; and when she placed her snowy hand in his, it was with all a woman's devotion and a woman's trust.

There were a few moments of restraint after the ceremony was over. The congratulations were formal to the last degree, until it came to the turn of Mary Linnus, one of Lina's schoolmates.

"I feel real spiteful at you, Lina Brown," she said, rising up, "for getting married," she whispered, as she bent to kiss her cheek, "and I wish you may have plenty of old stockings to darn, while we are romping in the snow this winter."

"And have in the meantime somebody to crack nuts for me," laughingly replied the bride, "instead of bruising my own fingers."

And now the company began to grow more at ease. Some plays were introduced by the younger members.

"What shall we have next?" said Ellen Miller, "here, hold fast all I give you," and she drew the tips of her eight rosy fingers through Lina's open hand.

"No, no, let's 'stir the mush,' that comes next, don't it, Lina?" said another. The sound of merry voices was like the twittering of birds. The school girls all flocked around their lost mate, while the older portion of the company was divided in groups discussing authors or politics, but generally the topic was Cupid, heart and dart.

"It is such a pity you are married, Lina," said Fanny Lee. "We had planned so much fun for the long winter nights."

"It is all the fault of that young gentleman," said Lina, pointing to Marion.

"Aye," said he, significantly, "to be sure it is: but then marriage and death are not quite the same, Fanny, though you seem to make no distinction. I'm sure we can spend the long winter evenings together just as well as we did last winter."

"I'll tell you, girls, how she will visit us," said Fanny, "imagine we are all around the fire eating apples, when a modest rap at the door startles us; some one opens it, and there stands a nice little body in the back part of a big sun-bonnet, and the corners of a clean check apron flapping in the wind. 'Good evening, Mrs. Staley—how are you?' says mother, 'right smart, thank ye, how is yourself?' Mrs. Staley takes a seat, and we get a glimpse of the ends of four bright knitting-needles, peeping out of her pocket. Then commences a conversation on spinning, flax coloring, yarn, and making mince-pies, interspersed here and there with what papa and Mr. Staley like and dislike. All this time we sit staring into the fire like so many statues."

"Thinking," interposed Lina, "one thought—

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'wish it was I'—now, girls, that is like Fanny's 'visit to the moon' last term. Soon as Marion and I go to housekeeping, I will have you, every one, to take tea with me."

"*Us*, if you please, with *me*," said a dozen voices, "what fine times we shall have!"

"Yes, delightful," said Lina, laughing, "I suppose we shall have acorn cups and saucers and turnip-shell bureaus. We have any quantity of broken wine-glasses and china tea-cups."

"Help! help!" cried Marion, rising to his feet, "will nobody come to my relief—aye, that's right, Manning—my head is spinning round like a top—these girls have nearly talked me to death." The ring of merry creatures, at these words, closed around him more compactly than before.

"How in all the world," cried Manning, "is a fellow to get to you?—why here is a perfect hedge of rose-bushes." No sooner had he said it, than half a dozen pins, as if to show its truth, pierced his hand as it rested on the back of a chair.

"It was always so," said Manning, "the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers, is always the first to be touched by the thorns."

Thus the evening wore away, amidst gaiety and mirth. Care, nor sorrow, nor shadow of evil to come, came over the spirits of that joyous company. Oh, could the veil of the future have been withdrawn, how would some of that happy group have shrunk from their "woman's lot." Little fairy Fanny Lee would have seen the snow-flakes of the next December weaving wreaths for her tomb-stone. Bright Ellen Miller would have beheld a weary, broken-hearted being, mourning over her heart-broken idols. And Mary Linnus, the most gifted of all, would have looked on a shrieking maniac, lifting her hand against her own mother.

It was a stormy evening in December, exactly two years after the marriage of Marion Staley and Lina Brown. Until now their home had been one of peace and joy; but the roseate blush of their bright morning was darkened with the shadow of death.

Stretched on a bed in the pretty chamber, lay the emaciated form of Marion Staley. His brow was damp and cold, and the breath came through his parted lips heavily. Anguish unutterable was stamped on every feature—so terrible was the sight that many turned away unable to endure it. His wife stood beside him in mute despair, moving her white lips in the vain effort to speak. At last she gave vent to the pent-up agony of her heart in a loud, piercing shriek,

"Oh, Marion, Marion, you must not die! Marion!" she cried, yet louder, raising his head with her hand, "look at me, speak to me!"

A groan was her only answer; sight and speech were both gone.

"Lina, child, you disturb him—you had better go to your room," whispered old Mrs. Staley, laying her hand on her arm. She obeyed mechanically, and there, with her head buried in her mother's bosom, she wept a few hot tears.

It was not long before the members of her husband's family came in one by one. His mother walked the floor, wringing her hands, and crying, "my son! my son!"

Lina raised her head, "oh, is he gone—gone?" she cried, and she sunk again, with a mournful wail, into her mother's close embrace. Poor Lina!

"My dear," said Mrs. Moreton, to his weeping wife, a sister of the deceased, "hadn't you better go home and try to take some rest?" She placed her hand on his arm in silence, and arose to depart. The other sister followed her example, then the brothers—last of all his mother and father left the house. All went to their stately houses, to lay their tearful cheeks on downy pillows; but Lina pillowed her stricken head on the breast of her faithful mother. She had married into an aristocratic family, that, not even in their grief, forgot her humble origin. All that long night Mrs. Brown watched by her wretched child, chafing her cold, cramped hands, and wiping away the great drops of sweat that gathered on her face.

Lina lay still and pale as the corpse of her husband, except once when her whole frame shook convulsively—it was when she heard the sharp tearing of the shroud in the room below. Near daybreak she fell into a gentle slumber, and the watcher knelt and gave thanks to God for this little respite from sorrow.

After the funeral services Lina returned to her childhood's home—the home of which she had been the light and life. Again she entered her little room, and slept in the bed which had been hers from infancy.

Days and weeks sped away, giving to the mourner so much of relief that she could keep back the tears when in her mother's presence; but every starlight night, while that mother slept, a slight form, closely wrapped in a dark cloak, knelt on the grave of Marion Staley, and tears of bittered anguish fell thick and fast on the turf that covered his bosom.

A half-formed smile was ever playing about Lina's beautiful mouth, but it gave to her face only an expression of patient suffering, which made the heart ache to behold. Thinner and thinner grew her transparent fingers, brighter shone her large blue eyes, purer and fairer became her cheek; and Mrs. Brown's love for her fading child was perfect agony, for she saw Lina was stealing away to her rest in the grave.

Spring came and set the frozen streams at liberty, but Lina never left her home, save when

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none but God, and the angels, and the stars looked down upon her. Her step was languid and slow, and often, while going up the path her own feet had worn, she pressed her pale hand tightly to her aching side. When the roses bloomed—she could go no longer; and each day her pulse beat more feebly.

It was her birth-day. Maternal love had prepared for her a delicate repast, if possible to tempt her sickly appetite. After tasting what she did not relish, she raised her eyes, beaming with gratitude, to her mother's face.

"My birth-day feast, is it not?" she said.

"Yes, my love, but you rather slight it."

"You will always remember this day, mother," said Lina, "before its light shall have quite faded away your child will be with the blessed in Paradise. Don't forget that, mother, when to-morrow you look down upon my still, pale face. My life is passing away so gently—poor Marion suffered terribly when he was dying. Oh, what a tall, glorious angel he must be! Mother, dear, lay me out by this window, and let the bright morning light fall full upon me. There is no evening in heaven, nor sorrow, nor death."

A few more words to her mother, a farewell to each of her weeping friends, and the gentle spirit fled from its wasted prison-house.

The sun arose in unclouded majesty, bathing in its blessed light the body of our darling, but now dead Lina.

A smile wreathed her lips, not of patience, but of joy unutterable, and on her brow, white as alabaster, sat purity and peace.

LEAVES FROM MY LADY'S ALBUM.

EDITED BY HENRY MORFORD.

NO. 3.—THE MOTHER OF SISERA.

Morn, with its golden glory,
Noon, with its burning blaze,
Eve, with its cooling shadows
And midnight's starry rays—
Days tedious but uncounted
Beside the window seat,
The mother lonely watches
For her son's returning feet.

She saw him in his triumph
When the warrior went away,
She heard his clashing symbols,
She saw his pennons play;
She saw his mighty chariot
And the steeds with curbing rein,
And the strong man in his armor
As he sought the battle plain.

'Tis time the Assyrian legions
Came laden home with spoil,
'Tis time the warrior rested
Victorious from his toil;
The golden vessels brightly
For his returning shine;
Untasted stands the banquet,
Unpoured the dark red wine.

Why comes he not? Fond mother
Watch on, the watch is vain,
For the Lord hath smote the spoiler,
And cold is the warrior's brain;
Unspread shall be the banquet,
Unseen the lights shall burn.
How oft, oh! earth's fond mothers,
Your watch brings no return!

THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BY J. B. CONE.

We, the groves where our young were reared
Leave in the Northern land,
Whose groves are rustling, Autumn-seared,
By all the chill winds fanned;
With one good night
We wend our flight,
A joyous, hopeful band,
To climes where Summer's newly young,
To groves where we the last year sung.

We've wandered o'er the misty main,
Have passed the deserts wide;
And soon we'll raise our song again
When we've our home descried—
The palm trees' shade
The nests we've made
Close by the abbey's side;
There through brief Summer we'll remain,
Then back to Northland turn again.

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THE KING'S FAVORITE.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

For hours the poor wife of the imprisoned tradesman had remained in the position in which the overflowing of grief had left her. As if one blow had turned her to stone, she sat bending forward with clasped fingers, and eyes distendedly fixed on the door, through which her husband had been dragged. No appearance of motion bespoke life, except a slight twitching of the nerves about the mouth, as the soft troubled tones of consolation reached her ear from the lips of her daughter; who, beautiful in youth and fortitude, knelt before her with tears rolling from her dark eyes, and streaming down the sweet face that was raised imploringly to that of her mother. In vain had she exhausted every endearing epithet and term of consolation to arouse her from the lethargy of sorrow. Nothing would do. Overcome with her own sorrow and the sight of her forlorn parent, she let her young head fall into the lap of her mother, and gave vent to a burst of anguish, terrible and touching in one so apparently helpless. For some time she rested exhausted upon her immoveable mother, when, suddenly springing up, her whole frame quivering with eagerness, she exclaimed, "up, dear mother, there is yet hope." Slowly the despairing eyes of her mother turned and rested their frozen beams on the glowing face of the enthusiastic girl; her marble lips parted, and her voice seemed to come from a far-off vault, "hope, hope! and who speaks of hope—thou, my fatherless one—hope?—no, the clutches of the tyrant are upon us; the shadow of death is over us; the wail of cracking heart-strings is in my ear, and talk ye of hope? There is no hope—none." Her features had remained fixed while she was speaking, and, but that the eye moved, the voice might have seemed to come from a statue, so death-like and cold it seemed.

It was the first time she had spoken—and Ruth, thinking reason was returning to its seat, answered eagerly, "do not despair, dear mother; I have a thought, if you could only compose yourself to listen. I——" but she broke off on seeing she spoke to ears that grief had made deaf to her voice. But the energy of the young girl sunk not, and she prepared to accomplish the project that had flashed across her mind in the depth of her gref, as the dazzling bow of heaven sometimes throws its belt of brilliancy over the earth, while the rain is yet falling. Ruth wrapped herself in a large cloak, and giving directions to a boy about six years old to watch his mother, left the house. She wound through several close streets that led to a more retired part of the city, and soon, unmolested, stood on the step of what, by its closed shutters and rusty latch, appeared to be an uninhabited tradesman's stall. Her eager knock was unanswered—a second, and a third. Impatiently she raised the latch and entered what had been the ware-room of a goldsmith's stall. Cases of rings, plate, jewelry, and all the multifarious articles that compose the stock of a wealthy goldsmith of those times, lay scattered about the room without regard to order, and covered with the accumulated dust of months. The fever of excited hope ran too wildly in the mind of Ruth, to admit of more than a passing glance at the neglected wealth scattered about her. She passed quickly forward, but stopped suddenly; and her heart quailed within her, as through an open door she saw the object of her search. For the first time she thought of the magnitude and cruelty of the request she was about to make; and doubted whether, even to save the life of a father, she was doing right in tearing open the wounded bosom of one whose feelings had been so much greater than those of death. Almost breathlessly she stood by the open door, gazing upon the inmate of the little room. He was a man of about thirty years, thin and pale almost to ghastliness, yet there was something touchingly noble in his high, broad forehead, from which the black hair was combed and fell backward over his shoulders.

At length, timidly and with sinking hopes, Ruth ventured to claim his notice by advancing into the room. He raised his head, and a faint smile flitted over his features on recognizing his niece. He motioned her to take a seat on a low stool by her side, and laid his hand caressingly on her hair before he addressed her. At length, fixing his eyes mournfully upon her face, he said, in a voice so clear and sad, that it fell soothingly on the torn heart of poor Ruth, "and what brings thee, my child, to the lone home of thy uncle? Has sorrow fallen on thy young head that thou seekest companionship with misery?"

"Alas! dear uncle," she replied, "you have guessed too right; I am in sore grief; for last

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night my poor father was dragged from our hearth-stone by a company of the king's men at arms, who accuse him of treason!"

"Treason! my brother John guilty of treason? child, thou ravest."

"Oh, would I did rave, dear uncle, if that could make my tale untrue—would I did rave. But alas! it is all too real. I saw it—felt it," she continued, wringing her hands and weeping bitterly; "I saw them tear him from the clinging arms of my poor mother, who now sits at home bemoaning him and bereft of reason; I saw them strike with brutal violence my dear little Richard, as he clung to the knees of his father and begged piteously that they would not drag him from us. I heard their coarse jests on my poor face as I knelt to them in my agony of grief. Uncle, I do not rave; would that I did"—and she leaned her forehead on his hand bathing it with tears.

"Compose thyself, my poor child; nay, do not cry so; this matter may not be so bad as thou supposest; knowest thou on what this charge of treason is founded?"

"Yes; when I knelt and begged of them to tell me my father's crime, they told me mockingly, uncle, mockingly, that it was for boasting that he would raise his son to the crown. I knew not what they meant then, but since I have bethought me, that once he said in one of his merry moods, that he would make our Richard heir to the crown, meaning the sign that hangs over our ware-room. Some person must have reported this to the king, and my poor father is condemned to death by the cruel Edward, for a few words of pleasantry."

"Impossible, child, this cannot be the cause; even Edward, base as he is, would blush to put a man to death for an offence so trifling."

"Nay," she replied, "but the king has construed those words into a contempt for his title to the English crown, and, therefore, he condemns my poor father to the block."

Shore arose and traversed the room in agitation; then stopping before Ruth, he said, "taken, tried and condemned already! saidst thou this, child—and at what time must he suffer?"

Ruth clasped her hands over her eyes, as if to shut out the sad vision this question presented, and in a choked voice replied, "on Friday morning unless he can be saved."

"Saved; is there any hope of this?"

"Only through you—only through you, uncle; and it was for this I came; for this I dared to interrupt your solitude." Shore fixed his melancholy eyes upon her in inquiry, and silently waited for her to proceed.

"Yes, uncle, it is to you I come I ask my father's life, and the life of your brother. There is but one way, and would to God I could follow it alone; but I cannot, and despair has urged me on to entreat you to join me in petitioning one for his life, who, the world says, rules this King Edward, even in his most wayward moods; I mean——"

"My wife? Ye dare not say it is my wife," almost shrieked the unfortunate man, clutching her hand, and as suddenly relinquishing it, as he fell into a chair, every limb quivering with agitation, and big drops of perspiration gathering on his pale forehead.

"Uncle, dear uncle, forgive this cruelty," cried the terrified girl, "unhappy that I am, thus to be forced to tear the heart of my kind uncle, or see my father on the scaffold." She fell upon her knees by his side while saying this, and attempted to take his hand, but he resisted her effort, saying,

"No, no, Ruth, ask me not to see her face—to hear that voice; I could not and live. What! I, the father of her child, her first, only, her lawful husband, to ask her to smile upon the man who has made my home desolate, my child worse than motherless? No, Ruth, no"—and he sprang up and struck his clenched hand upon the table—"not if it would save the life of all that ever drew blood from the same fountain."

"My dearest uncle," replied Ruth, frightened at his vehemence, "I did not ask all this; but one line, only one line from you will do more than prayers from me. I only ask you to write, uncle; surely you will do this to save your own brother and the father of your poor Ruth?"

"No more, no more; I will—but do not torture me with words."

For some time the unhappy man sat as if endeavoring to still the tumult of his frame. Then taking a vial from his pocket he drank a part of its contents, and soon became calm enough to write; but his hand seemed to shrink from the vellum; and it was long before he could bring himself to write the first line; but when this was accomplished, he proceeded rapidly, as one who fears his power to finish a task will fail. With a heavy hand he placed his signature, and handing the roll of vellum to Ruth, motioned her to depart.

Elegant and costly as the fashion of the times would permit, was the dwelling King Edward had provided for the beautiful object of his illicit love. All that wealth could purchase or power command, was lavished upon her person and decorated her habitation, but each day did she feel more sensibly the difference between the pure tenderness a husband feels for his virtuous wife, and the unholy attachment expressed by the object of her present choice. The glitter of wealth could not hide, even from the object of such a union as this, its shameless iniquity. The tie was formed by trampling on the most sacred

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duties of life and upon the best feelings of the human heart. It was a bond of sin, and misery was its reward. Full and sparkling was the golden bowl the youthful monarch had offered to the lips of his beautiful victim. She drank—but bitter was the gall and wormwood she was condemned to drain alone to the bottom. Edward's attachment for her was still in its first freshness. She had not yet been called upon to witness his hand tear away the unholy links that bound them together, to spend days and nights in listening for his footsteps, to hang on his eye for a glance of former kindness, and to listen and look in vain; but her foreboding heart told her this fate would inevitably be hers; and a trembling dread of the future poisoned the present.

Whatever were the reflections of Jane they were interrupted by advancing footsteps. She listened with her graceful head bent slightly forward, and her heart palpitating like a caught bird, under her jeweled stomacher. Nearer came the light footsteps, and brilliant was the smile that flashed like morning sunlight over each beautiful feature, dimpling the cheeks and lips into almost child-like sweetness, as she advanced to the door. It opened, and admitted, not the expected royal lover, but a female, shrouded in the ample folds of a large cloak, who advanced timidly and knelt at her feet as she stood surprised and disappointed. Jane's natural benevolence prompted her to acts of kindness, and pitying the evident distress of the kneeling stranger, she stooped to raise her, exclaiming, "nay, maiden, kneel not to me; I am not one to receive the homage of my fellows. If in aught my poor efforts can assist thee, speak boldly; there is no cause of fear."

Slowly the suppliant arose; and, extending a roll of vellum, said, in a low suppressed voice, "this, lady, will inform you of my mission."

Jane took the vellum, thinking it a petition for her good offices with the king, such as she was in the habit of receiving; but before she opened it, she courteously led the stranger to one of the tapestried benches in the saloon. "Rest here, my poor maiden, while I learn the contents of this scroll, and if I can serve thee fear not the issue."

Thus saying, she withdrew to one of the arched windows and unrolled the vellum. It was scarcely open when with a smothered shriek, and lips, cheek, and brow as pale as marble, she sprang to the shrouded female and tore back the hood from a face scarcely less white than her own.

"Ruth, my own Ruth," she exclaimed, clasping the poor girl wildly to her bosom and madly kissing her forehead, "is it thou, so good and pure, who hast come to me in my degradation? But that scroll—that scroll—with its blasting signature—whence came it, I say—speak quick or my brain will burst?" and without waiting for an answer, she darted forward to where the vellum had fallen, and again seizing it with trembling hands and compressed lips, ran over the contents. When she came to the signature, a spasm of pain seemed to dart over her, for she pressed the hand in which she grasped the vellum, heavily against her side, and stood for a few moments gasping for breath, and quivering in every joint with suppressed agony.

Ruth, almost exhausted with the contending emotions of the day, set watching with pale cheek and heavy eye, the overpowering agitation of the aunt she once thought so perfect.

Jane at length advanced to her, and laying her finger on the vellum, said, in a low, hoarse voice that, as she proceeded, rose to the pitch of agony, "this tells me there is a favor I can grant—ask it—take it, though it should be my heart-strings, and in return bear this message to *him;* tell him that if Jane Shore could again lay her head upon his bosom, as it once rested in her heart's innocence, she would endure the torture of years—tell him she is more wretched with a monarch at her feet, and the magnificence of a queen about her, than he can be in the solitude of his desolate home, for he has an approving conscience for a companion; but I—what have I but the consciousness of having scattered desolation and sorrow in the path of all I should have loved? Tell him I feel that misery, deep misery, will follow me for this; and now briefly tell me thine errand, for I would be alone with this scroll and my conscience."

Ruth, with many tearful interruptions, informed her of the imprisonment of her father, and the pitiful state of her other parent. Then she went on to describe her last distressing interview with her uncle. Jane listened, and as her thoughts were carried back to the scenes of her innocent happiness, by degrees the anguish of her feelings softened into a long and bitter fit of weeping. The certainty she felt of gaining a pardon for the brother of her injured husband, soothed down her tumultuous self-upbraidings; her beautiful features relaxed into their natural state, and she sat with her round white arm thrown carelessly around her niece, when quick, light footsteps were heard in the passage. The door opened, and Edward IV., of England, entered the room. A slight start, as his eyes fell on Ruth, was succeeded by a brilliant smile. He advanced, and with the graceful assurance of a man privileged to trample upon forms, separated the aunt and niece and seated himself between them.

"So, my lovely dame," said he, addressing Jane, "you have found a companion in my absence; and by my faith, a pretty one too. I, who

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spurred my horse from the hunt till his sides were bloody, that I might not fail in my promised visit, feel now that I should have forced him to death, had I known I should have found you with such a companion."

As he said this, his large blue eyes were fixed in careless admiration on the blushing Ruth, while his hand was familiarly turning the rings on Jane's fingers. Jane answered with a smile, "you return from the hunt in cheerful mood, my liege, and I am right glad to see it, and more especially that the maiden pleases your majesty—for she has a boon to crave of your royal clemency."

"A boon, say you—and what favor can Edward deny a face like that? No, by the mass, if our citizens always sent such messengers, their king would soon win the title of Edward, the merciful—ay, and the beautiful, too, as our queen can witness." The little hand, still in his, was drawn suddenly away as he mentioned the queen; but he again grasped it somewhat impatiently, exclaiming with a slight laugh, "nay, Jane, no foolish jealousy—but tell us what we can do to please this fair damsel—what wouldst thou ask of us, maiden?"

"Nothing less, my liege, than the life of a father, who has fallen under your majesty's displeasure," said Ruth, kneeling before the king.

"Rise, maiden, rise—thy father shall be forgiven though treason were his crime, if it were only for his relationship to a creature so beautiful as thou art. But before we grant his pardon, take thy seat again at our side, and tell us thy father's name and offence."

"His crime," said Jane, hastily interrupting Ruth, who was about to answer, "his crime, my lord, is having said when in his wine, that he would make his son heir to the crown."

"Ha, I remember me of the circumstance; a rash fool and a vain one—still, if he is thy father, damsel, we will order his release."

Ruth, who had been indulging in hope since the entrance of the king, now sprang up as if a load had been taken from her heart. In a burst of eloquent feeling, she poured forth her gratitude to the king and then to Jane, and finished by entreating permission to depart immediately, with the joyful intelligence of her father's freedom.

"Nay, nay, my pretty one—not so fast," cried the king, "we have now a favor to crave—one kiss from those bright lips in exchange for thy father's life."

Ruth shrank from the proffered salute, and Jane seeing a cloud gathering over the king's brow, said gaily, "nay, nay, my lord, you but now accused me of jealousy—my hand claims that kiss as an atonement."

"King's lips never had fairer challenge, or more willingly paid their homage," replied the gay monarch, gallantly raising her hand to his lips, "but what is this, fair dame, that thy fingers look in so lovingly," and he took from her hand the letter of her husband, which she still unconsciously held.

"Ha, what means this?" he cried, springing up and stamping violently on the floor, "speak, madam, and disprove that Edward, of England, was to have been cheated into an act of kindness to the man he hates, as much as king can hate menial—speak, woman, I command you—explain this artifice." But the object of his wrath was incapable of answering. Exhausted by her former emotions, and terrified at his vehemence, she had fallen forward upon the floor. A string of gems that had fastened her hair under the flowing head-dress worn in that age, was torn off with the drapery, and her hair, loosened and deranged, fell in abundance from its confinement.

Edward, in his passion, saw not her situation, but foaming with rage, paced the room with a heavy tread, trampling heedlessly upon the scattered jewels as they lay in his way; but on coming so near the object of his wrath, as to get his spur entangled in the bright mass of brown hair that lay scattered in its beauty over the floor, he stopped in his hurried walk, and carefully disentangling his foot, raised her in his arms and bore her to the couch. In doing so, he passed the frightened Ruth, who shrank back to avoid him, and his anger took a new direction. "Begone, minion," he cried, in a voice of thunder, forgetting in his wrath it was a female he addressed, "begone, I say, and come not hither again to sow discord and mischief. Away," he repeated, turning furiously from the couch, "and speak not of what has passed, or by my crown, thy father's head shall have company upon the scaffold."

Years had passed by since the foregoing scene, when Edward, while in the very prime of manhood, had been called before the bar of Him who judges the monarch as rigorously as the beggar. Richard, the hunchback, of murderous memory, with the assassin's dagger, had cut his way to the crown; and in order to justify, among other enormities, the death of Lord Hastings, he condemned the unhappy Jane Shore to be stripped of her possessions, and cast into the street to perish, forbidding all on pain of death rendering her succor or sustenance. Meanwhile, Ruth had passed through much of suffering. Her character had been strengthened by affliction; and as one tie after another that bound her to her fellow men was severed, she but applied herself more anxiously to perform the duties that remained. The sorrows that had clouded her life led her pure thoughts to that after state of bliss where

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she looked forward to join those that the hand of tyranny had torn from her.

Her mother had never recovered from the state of torpid sorrow which we described in the beginning of our story. Soon after the execution of her husband, she, too, died unconscious of the event. The little boy soon followed; and Ruth, except her Uncle Shore, was left alone to struggle through a world she had so much cause to fear. She took up her residence with that kind uncle, and by degrees won him to something like cheerfulness.

Ruth was one morning drawn to the door by the noise of many feet upon the pavement. Surprise and pity kept her there, on seeing a miserable female in front of their dwelling, whom the brutal crowd were urging forward, notwithstanding her state of utter exhaustion. On seeing Ruth, she feebly approached the steps, and in a voice of touching misery, entreated for one piece of bread. The generous girl turned to grant her request, notwithstanding some one from the crowd called to inform her that death would be the consequence. In passing through the wareroom to procure the bread, Ruth met her uncle. He, too, had heard that voice of entreaty, and though as yet ignorant of the barbarous cruelty of the tyrant, he had instantly recognized in its hollow sounds, notes that had fallen sweetly on his ear in happier times. Wildly he rushed to the pavement, and there in all her misery, for the first time since her disgrace, the husband and the wife met. When Ruth returned with bread for the wretched woman, she was a corpse in the arms of her husband.

THE FADED VINE.

BY JANE GAY.

Over my chamber casement,
A vine of last year swingeth,
And the long winter night-time,
Therein a spirit singeth!
Not the lay that the dancers
Love in the lighted hall,
Not the song that breaks on the ear
From the merry festival:
But a tone one sometimes heareth,
When the Autumn spirit grieves,
Listening in the solemn woods
To the fall of the death-touched leaves.

There came to me last Spring-time,
A child with golden hair,
With eyes as blue as the violet's,
And a step as free as air;
She brought in her hand a little seed,
And gave it into mine,
So I planted 'neath my window,
And there sprang up a beautiful vine:
And all the long, bright Summer,
It myriad blossoms threw,
O'er my room a flood of fragrance,
As they bathed in the twilight dew:
But one still cold night in Autumn,
The death-king of the flowers
Put on his white frosty mantle,
And strode through our garden bowers;
His breath fell sharp on the lilies,
His robe touched the jessamine,
And he laid his freezing hand upon
The flowers of my cherished vine!

And now while the winds of winter,
Are howling their bass-notes old,
Away with the beauteous angels,
Is that child with the locks of gold!
Too Summer-like her beauty,
For a world as cold as ours,
So death breathed on her lightly,
And she fell asleep with the flowers!
But all night o'er my casement
That faded vine is swinging;
And while the storm-blast sweeps along
A spirit there is singing,
A death-dirge for the beautiful,
That we have loved and cherished;
For the blossoms of the faded vine,
And the human flowers that perished!

MINE OWN.

BY HENRY MORRIS.

Freshest youth, alert and gay,
Wit, that knoweth when to stray,
Beauty, that forgets to pass,
Once an hour the looking-glass;—
Men, to distance flatterer bold;
Patience, neither slow nor cold;
Voice of music, step of grace,
Heart without a hiding-place.
Such is Mine Own!

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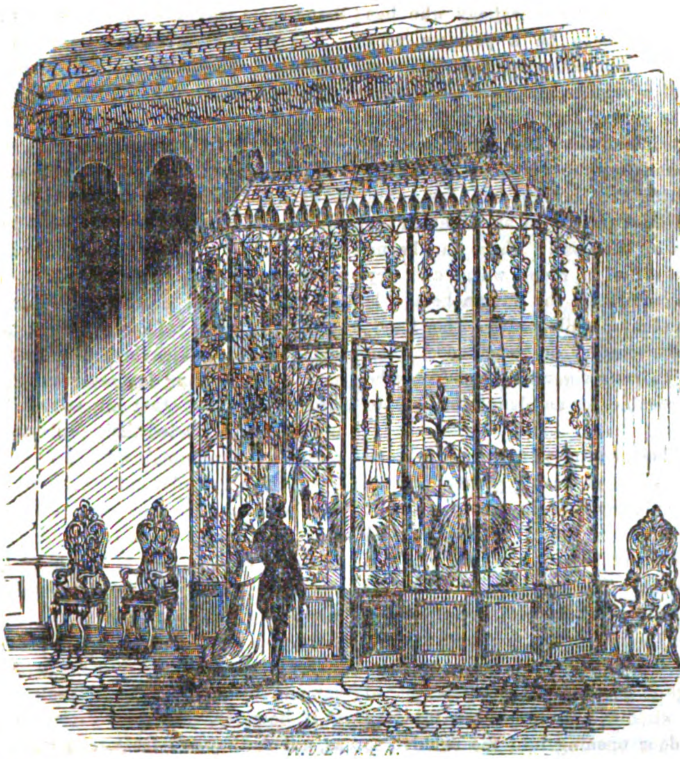
WINTER GARDENING.

BY MLLE. DEFOUR.



WINTER GARDENS.—When Solomon de Caus contrived to erect, at Heidelberg, in 1619, a wooden house for protecting exotic plants during winter, he was probably far from anticipating the splendid greenhouses and conservatories that were destined to spring, in after times, from his original invention. And even the gardeners of times much later than those of Solomon de Caus would be astonished if they could see the ill-lighted orangeries supplanted by that magnificent kind of conservatory which is so exclusively the invention of modern times, and which the French emphatically call a *Jardin d'hiver*.

Something of the kind was formed in Russia, by the Empress Catharine, in the winter gardens of the palace of the Hermitage; and there has long been a kind of winter garden at Berlin; and others at Vienna, and in some parts of Germany. None of these, however, are equal to the one lately formed in the Champs Elysees, in Paris.

A winter garden, on a small scale, is simply a conservatory, in which there are numerous exotic trees, some in large tubs or boxes, so arranged that people may walk or sit among them, and thus enjoy the beauties of good scenery when the ground beyond the glass is covered with snow. In some cases these winter gardens are complete gardens of an acre or more in extent, laid out in walks, with beds and borders planted with various kinds of exotic plants; but in others they are simply appendages to a drawing-room or library. They may be either ornamented with statues, with a statue at the extreme end, or the place of that statue may be filled with a door, lined with a large mirror, which produces a very striking effect.

The plants most suitable for a conservatory of this kind are Camelias and Orange trees, with creeping-plants such as Cobœa scandens, Tacsonia, and some of the hardier kinds of Passion-flower, which are trained up the spaces between the windows, and are then suffered to hang down from the roof. No artificial heat will be required for the plants mentioned, if the glass roof and

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warmth from the house are sufficient to keep out the frost; but if plants from warm countries are introduced, pipes for hot water may be carried along the front wall, under the glass. A conservatory of this kind may be erected without any very great expense.

Window and Balcony Gardens.—How to keep plants in perfect health in living rooms, has long been known, by everybody who has tried the experiment, to be a problem very difficult to solve. Where there are greenhouses and frames, and a regular gardener is kept, or where a florist is paid to supply plants, it is easy to keep up a brilliant show the greater part of the year, by changing the plants every week; but this is cutting the Gordian knot instead of untying it, and does not throw any light on the real difficulties of the case. There can be no doubt that the air of a room, warm and dry enough to be comfortable for human beings, is not suitable to plants; while, on the other hand, the air of a conservatory or greenhouse, when the plants are growing vigorously, would not be particularly agreeable, for any length of time, to human beings.

A mode has been contrived to permit persons to enjoy the pleasure of having plants in their living rooms, by placing them in glass cases; but the glass soon becomes green and obscure, and as the case must not be opened, the plants lose half their interest. The Emperor Ferdinand of Austria, wishing to enjoy the pleasure of seeing plants thrive in his living room, had a plant cabinet constructed, like that shown in our engraving, which was a glass case, on a large scale, placed in front of a window, and projecting into the room, with a door opening into the cabinet, so that it could be entered from the room. A person of even ordinary means, however, can now afford a similar luxury, since that glass has become so cheap. The floor of this greenhouse, or plant-cabinet, should be made of wood, a little higher than the floor of the room; so that, if it should be wished, it could be removed without injuring the house. The whole of the upper part of the case, projecting into the room, should be glazed, but to the height of about two feet it should be of wainscot. This paneling is lined within the cabinet with leaden troughs, communicating with each other, and having a slight declination toward another trough lower than the rest, and near the balcony outside the window, and so contrived, that any water, draining from the pots or boxes containing the plants, may run off into the lower trough, which should not have any flowerpots in it, unless they contain aquatic or marsh plants. In these troughs should be placed wooden or slate boxes, filled with earth, in which climbing plants are placed, alternately with camelias, orange-trees, or other flowering shrubs, so as to be seen from the room. The lower half of the window, behind the glass case, should be taken out of its frame, and the balcony covered with glass; and this glass should open in several places, so that fresh air may be admitted at pleasure; and the glass-door of the cabinet in the room should be made to fit closely, so that the dry air from the living room may be excluded when necessary.

The mode of arranging the plants in a plant-cabinet of this kind, must depend upon the taste of its possessor. A very pretty effect is produced by training the small-leaved ivy up a slight trellis placed just within the glass that projects into the room; and having plants with showy-colored flowers placed at intervals, so as to be seen from the room among the ivy; the light from the window behind, giving the plants placed close to the glass the effect of transparency.

Open Balcony Gardens.—Winter is not the season for open balcony gardens; the Petunias and Verbenas, which looked so gay in summer, have now only long leafless stems; the Canary-bird flowers and other annuals died off as soon as they had perfected their seeds, and the Pelargoniums (geraniums) were killed by the first frost. The Petunias and Verbenas, if they were cut down, may perhaps survive the winter; but they are scarcely worth the trouble of saving, as new ones are so easily and so cheaply to be procured in spring. The Pelargoniums, if they were taken into the house, and kept in a room where there is a fire, and set out and watered over the leaves in the middle of every fine day, when it is not actually freezing, may, perhaps, be preserved. It is, however, very troublesome to keep them; as, unless they are frequently watered over the leaves, they cannot endure the hot, dry air of an ordinary living room; the leaves turning yellow and dropping off, and the plants becoming drawn up, with long, naked stems. When these plants are watered they should have a good deal given to them, so as to make them quite wet. The Cacti bear the atmosphere and dust of living rooms better than any other kind of plants; and as they require little water, and none to be given over the leaves, they are are easily kept.

In balconies where a few ornamental plants are required during winter, it is best to have some evergreens in pots or boxes; such as the Chinese Juniper, Arbor Vitæ, and Box, or Variegated Holly, as a background, with Daphne odorata, Chrysanthemums, and Rhododendron Dauricum atrovirens, for the foreground. Some of the hardy kinds of Camellia may also be tried: as, for example, the single, and common double red. All plants kept during the winter in balconies, are best grown in double pots, the interstices between the pots being filled with moss;

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or in pots placed in boxes, the space between the pots and the boxes being filled with moss, dead leaves, hay, or any other similar substance. The common red pots are so porous, that if they are exposed to the cold the frost penetrates through them, and the plant dies, from the whole ball of earth containing its roots becoming a hard frozen mass. If, on the contrary, the sides of the pot are protected, the roots are not frozen, and even if the upper part of the plant should be injured by the frost, it is not killed.

TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER ALICE.

BY WILLIAM PEMBROKE MULCHINOCK.

Oh! thou winsome little Fairy,
Oh! thou balm for all my care!
With thy motions light and airy,
And thy beauty fresh and fair;
When my heart is sorrow-laden,
When my mind is thought-opprest,
Shines thy smile to make an Aidenn,
Where my spirit takes sweet rest;
With thy bursts of merry laughter,
And thy lute-like little voice
Lighting up the dim hereafter
'Till I cheer me and rejoice,
Oh! thou gentle little being,
Oh! thou pet lamb of the fold!
All entranced, the sense of seeing
Thy bright shape would ever hold.
Diamond-decked, and in a palace
I would weep in my despair
If my gentle little Alice,
My heart's treasure were not there;
Not a hope would cheer me pining,
Not a pleasure could I share,
If I missed her bright eyes shining
Through her wealth of golden hair;
And her lightsome figure gliding
Like a bird upon the wing
When its song sounds like a chiding
Of the tardy step of Spring;
Oh! my winsome little Fairy,
Sweetest balm for all my care,
With thy motions light and airy,
And thy beauty fresh and fair.

Oh! thou wilful little beauty!
Sweet dispenser of home bliss,
E'en when truant from thy duty—
At cross purposes I wis!
Words of counsel never heeding
Or the fable of a whip,
Trusting to the special pleading
Of the proffered little lip;
Out of place and out of season
What a chaos thou can'st make,
Martyr to some fancied treason,
Or some non-existent ache;
Yet we cannot blame or chide thee
For we'd rather much approve,
'Tis such joy to sit beside thee
And to win thy heart to love.
If by cruel death were riven
Of thy life, the fragile ties,
Though one angel more in Heaven
Would look on us from the skies;
To thy sire and to thy mother,
Earth would be a desert place
Never blest by such another—
Soft and beauteous little face;
But we'll watch thee, and we'll mind thee,
With a fond love day and night
Lest the cruel spoiler find thee,
Lest he take thee from our sight.
Oh! thou winsome little Fairy,
Sweetest balm for all my care,
With thy motions light and airy,
And thy beauty fresh and fair.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

BY J. F. W., JR.

When I recline upon my couch at night,
And thought partakes a sad and mournful tone,
My mind reverts to youthful poet White,
Who wept and used to think he was alone!
Beneath the rustling boughs of Clifton wood
He sat and sang his solitary song;
And as before his attic desk he stood,
His pen with tears his verses traced along.
Oh! tender White! be thou in glory blest!
Oft in my woe thy music gives me rest.
Thou wert a plant of tenderest, purest leaf,
Thou wert a spirit in a scene too rough—
The angels saw thee suffer—gave relief—
And said, among themselves, "it is enough!"

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DORA ATHERTON;

OR, THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM."

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45.

The funeral was quiet, for the old man had but few friends: the innkeeper, a neighboring farmer, and one or two others.

When the rattling clods fell on the coffin, it was as if a volley of musketry struck Dora to the heart. She thought she should die under the terrible torture, thrice repeated with the words, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." She almost shrieked outright.

But when the clergyman came to the sentence, which he pronounced with rapturous hope, "I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," a rush of joyous consolation swept over her soul, bringing sweet tears of relief to her eyes.

She slept that night at the little inn. The kind host knew well how agonizing it would be for her to return to the empty house, and so his wife insisted on taking Dora home with her. The orphan, with the morbidness of grief, would have preferred her lonely chamber; but her friends knew this would be too much for her. The good matron remained with her, till she fell asleep, not comforting her by words, but mingling her tears with those of the desolate girl—a better means of consolation!

It was a day or two before Dora fully realized the loss she had sustained. But when the excitement was over, then the terrible blow that had befallen her, became more perceptible. She felt now how utterly lonely she was. Her solitary life, with no one but her father for company, had rendered his sympathy necessary, as it were, to existence. And now she had neither Paul, nor him.

But, after a short interval of overwhelming sorrow, she rallied. It was imperative, she knew, that she should provide, in some way, for earning her own livelihood. The lease on the little cottage had expired with her father's life, and though no new occupant had been provided for it and the school, she was aware that the trustees only waited till she should vacate it. Moreover there were debts to be paid, most of them incurred by the sickness and funeral of the old schoolmaster: and these Dora had no means of discharging except by selling the furniture. Accordingly an inventory was taken, and an auction held.

On the day of the sale Dora shut herself up at the inn. She could not bear to see strangers carelessly turning over the books she and the dead had perused together; she could not endure to hear gossiping housewives chaffering over the tables and cheapening the chairs: nor could she even bring herself to listen to the noisy bell, which the constable's little son bore through the village, clamorously announcing the auction.

After the debts of the deceased were paid, the sum left in Dora's hands was pitiably small. She had not expected much, but she was disappointed to find it so very little; and, for awhile, her heart failed her. For what could she do? Where should she turn? Her friends, in the village, were comparatively humble, and could not afford to maintain her, even if her self-respect stooped to let them.

And now she saw the necessity of leaving ——, as her father and she had often foretold she would. In so small and poor a place there was no employment to be found, except a servile one. Dora was of a sanguine temperament. She knew she had accomplishments, and she felt that she possessed energy: to the city, therefore, she resolved to go. Nor did her friends dissuade her. Both the clergyman and innkeeper told her that, in a great city, she could easily find some avenue to respectable employment: a situation as teacher or governess, they felt certain, could be obtained in time, if not immediately, for both had the highest opinion of Dora's abilities.

They did not suffer her to depart unassisted. The clergyman, indeed, could give her no money, for his own salary was in arrears, and he consequently in debt; but he made her the bearer of letters of introduction to several of his influential acquaintances. The innkeeper, as he closed the stage-door behind her, and shook hands in farewell, quietly slipped a ten dollar bill into her palm. The sum was not much to give, perhaps,

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but the giving pinched the kind donor for many a day.

The tears fell fast from Dora's eyes as the coach rolled away from the village. Fortunately she was, as yet, the only passenger, and could, therefore, indulge her grief unchecked. She did not look up till the vehicle rattled over the bridge. Then she stole a sudden glance in the direction of the cottage, where she had spent so many happy hours. She thought of Paul. Often had she walked with him, down the leafy road, listening entranced to his eloquent words. Where was he now? Dead also? Treacherous? Alas! she would sooner have believed the former; but she feared she had not even that poor consolation. With a burst of indignant pride she banished the thought of her unworthy lover. It seemed, indeed, sacrilege to be thinking of him to the exclusion of one who had never pained her in her whole life. She turned to the grave-yard, which the coach was now approaching. It was easy to detect the new-made mound, under the broad spreading oak; and, at the sight, her grief broke forth into audible sobs. She thought of those grey hairs, lying damp in the coffin, which might now have been pressed to her bosom, had not her treacherous lover murdered, yes! murdered the old man, by perfidy to her. And then she almost cursed Paul.

She took lodgings, for a day or two, at a large hotel. She had been advised to do this, notwithstanding the expense, as it would give her a better appearance with those to whom she carried letters of introduction. The morning after her arrival, she sent around these letters. That day, and the next she awaited an answer in vain. On the third morning, when she was beginning to despair, a venerable clergyman called on her; and he was the only one of the four that she ever saw. The others were men of business, who had either purposely forgotten, or neglected her, "having no time," as they said, "to be bothered in that way."

The old minister, with his scrupulously black dress, white neck-cloth, and kind face made Dora feel quite re-assured. She frankly told him her plans.

"I'm afraid, my child," he said, gravely, "your friends have advised you wrong. It is a common error for people in the country to suppose that a great city is sure to afford employment, when the fact is, that the town is the worse place of the two; for though the demand for labor and skill is greater here, the competition disproportionally exceeds it. However we'll see what can be done."

The next day the clergyman came again. He had endeavored to obtain Dora a situation as teacher in one of the public schools, but there was no vacancy. After that, he had inquired among the private academies, but with a similar failure.

"There is nothing for it, I fear," he said, "but to set up a school yourself. You are too young, indeed, to teach young ladies; and it would require more capital than you have, perhaps; but an infant school might do. I think I could promise you a half dozen children, if not more, from my own congregation."

Dora felt relieved, until inquiring what sum would be necessary to purchase fixtures, she learned, to her dismay, that all the money she had would not half suffice. So she said she would think of it; for she did not like to say how poor she really was: it would seem, she thought, like an indirect appeal to his charity. No, she would endure anything, rather than do that.

"Meantime," she said, "can you refer me to a proper boarding-house? This crowded hotel is agreeable neither to my means, nor to my tastes."

The clergyman promised to inquire for her, and was as good as his word. The next day Dora was installed in a respectable boarding-house. Her bill at the hotel made quite a gulf, however, in her purse; and she shuddered when she thought of it.

She was soon after deprived of the counsel and assistance of the good minister, who was taken seriously ill, and indeed never recovered. The excellent old man had worn himself out in the service of his congregation, and now, being feeble and failing, could not preach with the vigor he once did. On this some of the members became dissatisfied. They wanted a younger and more eloquent man; one who could draw a crowd, as they said: the church was suffering terribly from the prosy sermons of one who was in his dotage. At last the discontent reached such a height, that a committee of the pew owners waited informally on the grey-haired servant of God, and bluntly told him that the church was becoming a losing concern, in consequence of what they brutally called his inefficiency. It was some time before the old man could speak for emotion. At last he said, while the tears came into his eyes, "gentlemen, I may be inefficient in the pulpit—the Lord knows I feel, and have ever felt my shortcomings there—but I am ever first at the bed of death, or when distress invades the households of my flock. A pastor's duty does not consist, I humbly venture to say, merely in brilliant preaching, but more, far more in watching over the flock which God has committed to one's care. However, I will not stand in the way. Six and thirty years I have preached for you, and I have worn myself out in your service; and now, when

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I am weak and old, you turn me off, like a broken-down hack, to die on the common." And die he did. This interview happened on the day that Dora changed her lodgings, and, within a month, the broken-hearted clergyman was in his grave. Few knew the cause of his death, for when the committee saw the effect of their heartless selfishness, they hushed the matter up; and, when at last the old man died, none wore larger weepers to their hats, or more reverently solicited permission to carry the bier than these Pharisees of Mammon.

Dora was now utterly friendless. She looked to her own resources, however, like a brave, energetic girl. She did not even wait until the death of the old clergyman, but, at once, began to seek for employment. The idea of the school she abandoned as hopeless. But she thought it not impossible to obtain a situation as governess, and to that end advertised in the newspapers. She soon found, however, that a friendless female has but a poor chance, in a large city, of obtaining employment of this kind. The numbers of what are called distressed gentlewomen, in other words those who are unfit from habits and physical weakness for severe task-work, are always so much greater than the vacancies, that it requires considerable influence to obtain posts of this character, even with their miserable pittance. Week after week glided away, and Dora either had no replies to her advertisement, or else found herself supplanted by some one with more numerous references. Her purse, meantime, was rapidly sinking. She grew heart-sick at the prospect of approaching poverty. Her cheek became thin, and her nerves shattered by the constant pressure of anxiety and the want of her mountain air.

At last she felt the necessity of seeking a cheaper boarding-house; and, with much difficulty, she found one; for everybody was suspicious of a female so young and lonely, and who had nether family nor friends to refer to. In two or three instances her application was rudely repulsed with insult.

Her next resource was to obtain a situation as saleswoman in a store. Of all modes of employment this was one of the most repugnant to her, because of its publicity; but necessity is a hard task-master. With a trembling heart, therefore, she set out, one morning, to seek a place of this character.

She first went to a large and fashionable warehouse, on one of the principal promenades. It was a palace, rather than a store. It was crowded, apparently from morning till night, with buyers; and the number of clerks and shopwomen seemed incredible. Dora fancied that, in so large an establishment, room could easily be found for one more; and she made up her mind, in order to secure the place, to take any wages that might be offered, no matter how low.

"Is Mr. Brown in?" she said, coloring, as she addressed the clerk nearest the door.

The young man glanced at her superciliously, and, suspecting her errand by her air, answered, "don't know."

She waited for some time, expecting he would speak to her again, but he took no notice of her, but continued volubly extolling his goods to three fashionably dressed ladies before him. So at last she moved further up the store. A middle-aged, pleasant-looking woman attracted her attention finally, and to her Dora now addressed herself.

"Mr. Brown is in the counting-room," said the shopwoman, kindly, "walk back and knock."

So Dora passed, with trembling steps, up the long room. One or two clerks who were idle, turned to gaze at her; and a bookkeeper, perched in a sort of little pulpit, where he was scribbling away with all his might, looked up, a moment, and winked at one of the young men. With a bosom swelling with indignation, and half resolved not to accept the place, after all, if such persons were to be her shopmates, Dora at last reached the counting-room and knocked.

"Come in," said a quick, decided voice.

Dora entered, and, as she did so, a stout, rather florid-looking man, who had been standing with his back to a grate-fire, reading a newspaper, let the sheet fall partially, and waited to be addressed.

"I called, sir," said Dora, who had not even been invited to take a seat, and she spoke with difficulty, for she trembled all over, "I called to see if you wanted a shopwoman."

The man had never taken his gaze from her since she first entered, but had continued to regard her with his keen, hawk like eye. His look was not rude, however, only penetrating. He appeared to be one used to reading character at a glance, and his impressions seemed to be favorable on the whole.

He moved to a side-door, leading into another room, still, however, carrying the paper; and, for a moment, conversed with somebody, probably a partner. When he came back there was a shade of regret on his face.

"I'm sorry to say, miss," he said, "that there are no vacancies in our sales-room, and that the first three that occur are promised in advance. There is always an effort made to get situations in a large establishment like this." He spoke these words with some complacency.

With a sinking heart Dora turned away. She had built so much on this application, she had considered success so certain, that her failure almost overcame her. How she got out of the store she never knew, for her head swam and

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her limbs tottered, till she thought she should faint away.

But, after a few minutes in the open air, her energies rallied. Employment she must have, and that at once. Her purse would not hold out for another month, and it would never do to wait till all was gone. No! she must find work immediately. So she choked down her rising pride, and entered another celebrated store. Alas! her reception here was ruder than before. The principal, when he found the object of her visit, turned his back snappishly upon her, muttering something about there being "a dozen such applications daily." The next place was no better. At the fourth she was treated civilly, but had equal ill-success. Nevertheless she kept on, resolute to persevere while there was a shadow of hope; and twilight at last surprised her still engaged in her wearisome task. She had now entered one of the third-rate streets, with the faint hope that, in some humble shop, she might find employment.

"Well, what d'ye want?"

This was the question that greeted her, as she stood at the counter of one of these stores. The speaker was a short, thick-set, sullen, coarse-looking man, who had come forward at first as blandly as he could, thinking he had a customer, but who, on detecting, from the expression of Dora's face, that a suppliant, not a buyer, was before him, thus spoke.

Dora, in faint words, for she was weak with the day's walking, and weaker still with its crushing disappointments, stated her object.

"No, I don't want anybody," said the man, hastily. "I've the devil's own time to get along myself: the big stores eat up all the trade from the little ones."

Dora, faint and hopeless, stood for a moment to rest her weary limbs, holding to the counter.

"Why don't you go?" said the man, angrily. "I tell you I'm not wanting any help. Come, walk. I believe, by —, you're a street tramper, and want to steal my goods."

He took up the yard-stick, as he spoke, and made a threatening step forward. In terror, disgust and despair Dora turned away and hurried from the shop. The man, soured by want of success, which he attributed to a competition he could not meet, but which was traceable as well to his own surly manner, was like a savage beast: at least so he seemed to Dora.

That night, for the first time, Dora really despaired. Her health had been broken down, by long weeks of anxiety; and, with health, her energetic spirits had also fled. It is ever so. The happy feel competent for any trial. And why? Because their physical energies sustain their mental ones. But let them once suffer, as the miserable suffer, and they will become as reduced in strength, and as despondent as the most hopeless.

"Oh! little did I think it would come to this," said Dora, with tears, as she sat in her room, counting over and over the contents of her purse. "Only ten dollars left, and no prospect of employment. It is no longer a question of self-denial, it is one of starvation."

And then she leaned her head on her hand, and fled, in fancy, to the old cottage, and to the happy times when, with Paul and her father, she had watched the evening star in the west, or looked for the moon rising above the tree-tops. The vision of those delicious evenings made her present desolation more terrible than ever. Big tears gathered in her eyes and rolled heavily down her cheek, falling on the table with a dead sound like the first drops of a thunder-shower.

She thought of the quiet grave-yard, and of her father sleeping there at rest. She thought of the venerable church, of the ancient oaks, of the placid pond, and, for a moment, she wished herself sleeping, in her coffin, side by side with her parent. But the impious thought was cast from her almost as soon as the tempter suggested it.

"Father Almighty," she cried, sinking to her knees, "save me, save me from these terrible thoughts. Give me strength to drink this cup of suffering. Oh! thou who art the orphan's friend, I know thou wilt interpose in thine own good time: and, till then teach me to bear all meekly, as He, the sinless one, bore railings and buffetings for me."

She arose refreshed, and with new courage. That night, too, she slept sweetly. Dreams of the old times came to her in vision. She walked with her father, down the leafly road, while Paul smiled lovingly upon her. Then the scene changed. Heaven, with its glories, its peace, its immaculate felicity, was about her; and her father, shining in white robes, came to her and bade her be comforted.

"I will give way no more," she said, when she awoke at dawn, "at least I will struggle bravely to keep up. Heavenly Father, I thank thee," she said, fervently, "for the blessed vision of the night. And oh! my own dear parent, if indeed you still watch over me, be near to cheer and comfort me in my deep distress."

That day week she removed to another and still cheaper boarding-house. It was located in a narrow, side-street, and was chiefly patronised by seamstresses and other female operatives. Its inducements to Dora were the low price and the tidiness of the dwelling.

She had now sunk to that depth of despair that any sort of employment would have been

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welcome to her. Starvation stared her so closely in the face that, in order to stave it off awhile, she pawned such of her apparel as she could spare, leaving herself only a thin shawl for the bitter winter weather that was approaching. She resolved, at last, to apply for a servant's place, every other resource having been exhausted.

Accordingly she went to an intelligence office, paid her fee, and was referred to a lady who wished a chamber-maid.

Dora, though pale and thin, had still an air so different from a servant in search of a place, that, when she knocked at the house to which she had been sent, she was ushered into the parlor.

It was a spacious room, and splendidly furnished. Damask lounges, Saxony carpets, lace curtains, statuettes, and all the other elegancies of wealth and taste were scattered, in picturesque negligence, about the apartment. On the carved centre-table stood a prayer-book, bound in purple velvet, with gold clasps: and near at hand, somewhat ostentatiously exhibited, was an embroidery frame, with a rich altar-cloth half worked.

Directly the mistress of the mansion entered the room, clad in an exquisite morning gown, and her whole air full of high-bred lassitude. She bowed courteously to Dora, but waited for the visitor to speak.

"I am told, ma'am," said Dora, "that you are in want of a chamber-maid."

The start of surprise and hauteur, with which the fine lady rose from her seat, was the most natural thing she had been guilty of for a long time. She crossed the room hurriedly, her delicate slippers scarcely making an impression on the carpet, and vigorously rang the bell. A servant hastened at the summons.

"Show this girl out into the kitchen," she said, "send for the housekeeper—the young woman is wanting the chamber-maid's place—but you may tell Mrs. Moore she won't do—she's so shocked my nerves, that I shall never be able to endure her sight." And dropping, with a fidget, into a luxurious fauteuil, she picked up a superb feather fan, and began fanning herself rapidly.

The footman understood the hint, and without further ado hustled Dora out of the house, as if she had been a being of a different order from his elegant and nervous mistress.

Many more scenes like the above Dora had to go through. Most generally she failed, because she had no reference. Some refused her for her confession that she had never before "lived out:" others thought her too young, and, therefore, presumed she was too giddy; and a few brutally told her that they believed she sought a place only to get opportunities to steal, "a pretty face, and just such a story of being without friends had taken them in once before, and they didn't think they should be caught again."

What to do now she could not tell. She was at the end of her resources, and in three weeks she would be penniless. To crown all, one evening, as she was coming home from a fruitless search after employment, she stopped to buy some thread, and, in putting her purse back into her pocket, let it fall to the ground. At least, on reaching her lodgings, she missed it, and could account for its loss in no other way. She hurried back, late as it was, to the little shop where she had made her purchase, but the woman who kept it, knew nothing, or affected to know nothing of the missing money. All the way home, Dora carefully scrutinized the pavement, going and returning many times, until at last, a rude stranger addressing her coarsely, she hurried to her lodgings in affright.

The blow almost stunned her. She was now literally penniless, a beggar in the full sense of the term. Where to turn, whither to look, she knew not. The crisis she had so long feared, had come, and she might, for all she knew, be turned into the streets to morrow.

For she now recollected that her week's board was up that very evening; and by morning, at furthest, the landlady would be demanding it. Suddenly a thought struck her: it appeared a last ray of hope; and, like one drowning, she clutched at the idea eagerly.

During the long hours she had spent, for weeks past, in her room, she had been engaged in embroidering a handkerchief, a kind of work in which she greatly excelled. It had been in buying thread for this very employment that she had lost her purse. It now struck her that, though the handkerchief was still unfinished, she might find some store-keeper liberal enough to advance a small sum on it, leaving the balance to remain until she could complete the work. Flattering herself with this hope, she retired early to rest, for she had, now for three days, denied herself a fire, in order to economize, and she felt chilled through.

With early dawn she awoke, dressed, and went out, without waiting for breakfast. She had passed a wakeful night. She could neither sleep, nor eat, indeed, until she knew the result of this last experiment.

It was a bitter morning, in the dead of winter. A storm of sleet had set in during the night, and was still raging, the rain and hail driving in wild gusts downward, and freezing as soon as it fell. The pavements were sheeted an inch deep with ice, so that the few pedestrians abroad took to the carriage-way for a safer footing. Everywhere the trees were borne down, and in some places

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broken by the weight of frozen hail. Icicles, huge and fantastic, depended from the eaves of the houses. The wind howled dismally around the corners, rattled through the loose shutters, and shrieked shrilly down the long streets. It was a day when one would not have turned a murderer from his doors; and for squares on squares not a vehicle could be seen, or a human being met.

Dora carried an old, faded umbrella, but it was soon coated with a thick covering of frozen sleet; and, with difficulty, more than once, could she prevent it being turned inside out by the wind. A thin shawl was her sole protection against the cold and wet. At every step the icy fringe of this light, summer covering rattled on her stiff and frozen frock. Frequently, as she passed along, the servant girls came to their doors, to go on hasty errands, but after a glance at the tempest turned back into the house, though not without a sympathizing look after Dora. Now a gust of wind dashing the sleet into her face, almost blinded her for a moment; and now a blast, whirling around a corner, drove her, hurrying and trembling, before it.

For more than two hours she wandered up and down, offering her handkerchief for sale; but without success. Nobody would even look at it. "They did not want unfinished work," said some. Others replied crustily that "they never bought any but French handkerchiefs."

At last Dora, hopeless and heart-broken, turned to go home. But how should she meet her landlady? She had walked briskly on, as briskly as the storm would allow, while a hope of success remained; but now she moved wearily, as if dreading to reach the end of her journey. Even that bitter tempest was welcome to her in preference to facing her angry debtor.

She reached her boarding-house at last. Hastily entering, she passed along a narrow hall, and up a crooked staircase, until she reached a back garret, looking down into a confined yard. A cot bedstead, a table, a single chair, and her trunk formed the furniture of the room, the walls of which, on this day, were damp with moisture. Dora wearily threw off her bonnet and shawl, and then, sinking on the chair, leaned her arms on the table and buried her face in her hands.

She had scarcely done this, when her composure gave way entirely. Wild sobs shook her frame: and, at last, her anguish found vent in words.

"Oh! Father in heaven," she said, lifting her face above, "is there none to help? Hast thou, too, deserted me?"

Again a tempest of sobs shook her, choking all utterance.

"No work—no money—no friends," she resumed, after awhile, "and no hope. Oh! Lord Almighty have mercy."

She groaned aloud. A knock at the door startled her, even in her great anguish.

She rose to her feet, looked wildly around, and the knock being repeated, hastily brushed the tears from her eyes, and by a mighty effort choked down her sobs.

"Come in," she said, firmly, nerving herself to meet the worst.

But her heart shook nevertheless, for she foreboded it was the landlady.

Her fears proved correct. The door opened, and the landlady entered. Dora gave a hasty glance at the intruder, and thought she had never seen a countenance in which so little sympathy was uppermost.

The landlady, indeed, was not very prepossessing. She was between fifty and sixty years old, and had never been beautiful; but now her face was furrowed by a life of toil and care, till every feature was as hard, and seemingly as cold as a rock. A pair of small grey eyes, of the kind that look right through you, fixed themselves, at once, searchingly on Dora. Their expression, it was difficult to analyze: it might be cupidity, or avarice, or both; but it was certainly not kindness. Perhaps suspicion is the word that best describes it.

Dora had promptly offered the landlady her chair. But the attention was declined gruffly.

"I want no foolish ceremony, young woman," began the landlady immediately, after a sharp glance around, at the end of which she fixed her eyes again keenly on Dora, "I suppose you guess my object. I came for the week's board, due last night, and which ought to have been paid then."

Dora colored to the temples, her whole frame trembling nervously. She felt that those sharp, twinkling eyes had penetrated her secret already. She looked down, then sideways, then glanced timidly at the landlady. She could not meet the eye of her visitor. Never before had she wanted courage, but now she almost wished the floor would open and swallow her.

"Well?"

It was the landlady that spoke; and she elevated her eyebrows.

"I—I cannot," began Dora, stammeringly, still looking down.

But her visitor sharply interrupted her.

"What, the old story? No money, is it? Then allow me to ask, young woman," she cried, "what right had you to hire my garret? I'd scarcely go wrong to give you over to the constable for a vagabond."

There was a time when Dora's haughty spirit would have resented language like this; but now,

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physically worn out and unnerved, she only burst into hysterical sobbing.

"Humph!" said the landlady, with something of a sneer.

For awhile Dora sobbed uncontrollably. But at last she essayed to speak, for the landlady stood evidently waiting on her, an incredulous curl upon her lip.

"I didn't mean," said Dora, "to defraud you —indeed, ma'am, I didn't—but last night I lost my purse. I've been out seeking work—or trying to sell a handkerchief I embroidered—but I couldn't get anything to do."

All this had been said brokenly. And now, as another rush of shame at her indebtedness swept over her, she gave away again to irresistible sobs.

For some time yet the landlady watched her, but finally spoke. It was abruptly, and apparently on a strange subject.

"How many days," she said, "since you have had fire here?"

"Three."

"You couldn't have had much in your purse, then, or you wouldn't have frozen for three days up here."

At this fresh imputation, as Dora thought it, on her honesty, the orphan roused up. The first burst of shame had passed, and indignation at this brutal treatment began to supplant every other feeling. Her eyes flashed as she answered,

"Had I intended to defraud you, ma'am, I would not have worked here till my fingers were benumbed with cold—but I should have had a fire and been comfortable, for the time, at least."

At this spirited reply the landlady stared on Dora with surprise, not unmixed with admiration. And, in truth, the orphan girl at that moment, looked positively grand. Her dilated form, her proud head, her blazing eyes, and her arms extended defyingly, reminded one of a haughty queen, repelling insult, rather than of a debtor replying to a creditor's taunt.

But the landlady had not meant what Dora had supposed, and she spoke in a milder tone.

"There's no need of getting into a passion, miss," she said, "you mistake me. But you say you have been embroidering—let me see what you've done."

Dora brought out the handkerchief, which the landlady turned over and over, carefully examining it. Not satisfied with this, she sat down, took out her spectacles, wiped them carefully, and then proceeded to scrutinize the work again. As she spread the handkerchief on the table, the Bible was in her way. She took it up, turned to the back to see what book it was, gave a quick, sharp glance at Dora, and then bent to her task. The result appeared to be satisfactory, for, when she had concluded, she looked at Dora, from head to foot, with evident interest. And now, for the first time, she noticed Dora's wet dress.

"Why didn't you come down stairs to the fire?" she said. "You haven't been sitting, all this while, in that wet frock? And without a bit of breakfast either? Why, you crazy child, you'll be sick yet."

She spoke roughly, but still not as she had spoken; and taking Dora by the arm she fairly pushed her out of the room.

"Here—come into my chamber," she said, pausing at the first landing, and opening a door. "I always keep a little fire in my own room, for I like to be alone, when I am not busy down stairs."

It was a small chamber, and plainly furnished; but exceedingly neat. A stove, now at a red-heat, stood in front of the fire-place; and close by it was a little, old-fashioned round table, on which stood a work-box, a half-knit stocking, and, strangest of all, as Dora thought, a large, well-thumbed Bible.

"Sit there," said the landlady, putting a chair close to the stove, "put these on your feet," she added, producing a pair of dry stockings and slippers. "And now dry your clothes, while I mix you a little medicine."

With that this eccentric creature bustled to a closet, took out a small bottle, and pouring something from it into a tumbler, added sugar, and then hot water, which boiled in a hissing kettle on the stove. The whole she stirred briskly with a silver tea-spoon.

"There, drink this," she said: and, as Dora hesitated, she added, authoritatively, "I know best what's good for you. Why you'll be having the quinsey, or a fever, or perhaps a consumption. Many a one, stouter than you, has died of sitting in wet stockings for half the time."

There was so much real kindness in her manner now, notwithstanding the rough way in which she spoke, that Dora drank the draught off without any reply except a grateful look.

"Now you'll feel better," said the landlady, putting down the glass, and fetching a footstool, which she knelt to place for Dora. "And so, if you please, we'll proceed to business."

Dora, who was ready to shed tears again at this unexpected kindness, now felt her heart flutter once more; but the first words of the landlady re-assured her.

"I'm a rough woman, miss, as you've seen," she said, "but it's not always a cold heart, or a hard one that is concealed under a wrinkled face." Dora felt the reproof. "Those who are honest, as I believe you to be, have nothing to fear from me. If I spoke harshly to you, up stairs, it was because I did not know you; and one who keeps a boarding-house for poor folk,

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as I do, learns to be suspicious, for between the idle and the wicked," and she shook her head sadly, "half of one's lodgers cheat whenever they can."

Big tears were now slowly welling from Dora's eyes and rolling down her cheeks. This kindness where she had looked for harshness, this friendliness when her desolation had reached its climax, affected her, in her low, weak state, more than all the sorrows she had endured since she came to the city. So she sat looking at the red stove through her dim eyes, yet feeling indescribably happy.

"When you answered me so truly that, if you had intended to cheat me," resumed the landlady, moving about the room, setting things to rights mechanically, "you would not have sat, three days, without a fire, I began to fear that I had mistaken your character; and when I found, on your table, a Bible that looked as if it had been read, I knew it for a certainty. God bless you, darling," she said, suddenly, as, for the first time, she noticed Dora's silent tears, "don't take it so to heart. I've been without a penny more than once myself, and know what it is; and I hadn't a friend either, which you have, and will have, as long as you deserve it, in me."

She spoke with some emotion, and as she ceased, she placed her hand on Dora's shoulder. As if by an uncontrollable impulse the poor girl suddenly seized it, drew it to her mouth, and kissed it. That old withered hand was fairer to her, at that moment, than the most beautiful one in the world.

The good landlady seemed ashamed of the mute homage thus paid to her. She hastily withdrew the hand, and said,

"Render thanks, my dear, to the Creator, not to the creature. I am but a poor worm of the dust, who am as often unjust as just to my fellow creatures; and I ought now to be asking your pardon for speaking so harshly to you, up stairs, instead of receiving this reverence. However," she continued, and she drew the back of her hand hastily across her eye, as if she was herself not unaffected, "this is not business. I'm disposed to be your friend, but I'm not rich myself, or I wouldn't be keeping a cheap boarding-house," and she gave an almost imperceptible sigh; then, resuming with more cheerfulness, added, "and so we must put our heads together to see what we can get for you to do. You shan't starve, or freeze, but, if I know you, you don't want to be beholden to any one."

"I will do anything," said Dora, eagerly. "I have tried everywhere, but in vain."

"This handkerchief is very pretty work," said the landlady, taking it up from the table, where she had laid it, "but to find a customer for it one must know some fine lady, and even then she would buy it for charity as much as anything else. They embroider these things so much cheaper in the old country that such work don't pay here."

Dora heard this with a sigh. She had calculated much on that handkerchief.

"But," continued the landlady, "there are other things you can do. Not anything, indeed, that will pay very well," she said, sadly, "for wages get worse every year, and what will become of poor people by-and-bye, nobody knows."

She went on, after a pause, in which she seemed to think.

"I've a young woman boarding with me, about your own age, who sews for the tailor shops, and she can get you steady work, I guess; for I heard her say, only this morning, that they were very busy now. It wouldn't take you long to learn. You can sew?"

She looked inquiringly as she spoke, at Dora's hands, but when she saw how small they were, her sanguine tone fell.

"Oh! yes, I can sew," said Dora, quickly, holding up her finger, blue with thread-marks, "see!"

The landlady smiled approvingly, shaking her head.

"Well then," she said, "we'll soon fix it. The wages are low, very low, but even slop work is better than nothing. The fact is the master tailors want all the profit. There's Mr. Thomaston, whom you'll work for," she continued, indignantly, "he rides in his carriage and drinks champagne every day, they say—while hundreds like you and Susan can scarcely support themselves on the wages he pays. But there's a time of reckoning coming for him," said this kind, eccentric old creature, her sharp grey eyes flashing under the contracted brows. "It's such as him the apostle means, when he says, 'go to ye rich men, weep and howl,' or the Lord Jesus himself, when he declared 'that a rich man should scarcely enter the kingdom of heaven.' So take heart, miss: the wicked shall not always prevail."

Dora looked up in surprise. There was an earnestness, almost an enthusiasm in the speaker's manner, that bespoke the deep-rooted nature of her convictions. Her use of Scriptural language had nothing of cant, but was apparently the natural expression of one, whose reading had been confined almost entirely to the Bible.

"Come," said the landlady, noticing Dora's strange look, and half smiling, if one so grim in face could be said to smile, "I must not talk this way, or I will frighten you. But you'd think strongly too, if you'd suffered so long. I want to hear your story, for your manners show you to be born a lady, and from your dress and poverty I suppose you are an orphan. Speak, my dear,

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and tell me all. Even if I am mistaken, and you are homeless because you have done wrong, you need not fear to speak."

And Dora, won by this strange kindness, did speak, and told all. All, at least, except what related to Paul. To that maiden delicacy forebade her even alluding.

Before she had finished, the landlady was sitting, with Dora's hand in hers, tears falling fast from those eyes which Dora, but an hour before, had thought so pitiless.

When she had concluded, the landlady, after a pause, spoke,

"Well, my dear, there is nothing, in all you have told me, pleases me so well as to discover, from the way you speak, that you fear God. I am an old woman, and have seen my share of sorrow in my time. A husband, and two dear children have been, for twenty years, in heaven, I trust; while I have been left alone, to fight with poverty, and even to suffer, at times, from sheer destitution. Nothing but my Bible could have supported me through all this. It has told me that the righteous shall never be forsaken, or their seed left to beg bread. I have still to work for my living indeed, and expect to work till I die; but I have a comfortable home, when others are starving—the Lord, and he alone, have thanks therefor! I've a little, too, to help others. But don't thank me, darling," she said, putting up her hand, as she saw Dora's grateful look, "for what I have done for you, but rather the Master, whose talent I strive not to bury."

"But now," she said, changing the theme, "I must leave you, to attend to preparing dinner. You need rest—stay here meanwhile. When I come back I will bring Susan with me." She departed as she spoke.

Left to herself, Dora's heart went out in gratitude to heaven. Gradually, however, she sank away into slumber. The hot fire, combined with her physical exhaustion, made her irresistibly drowsy, so that she did not rouse up till the landlady returned, more than an hour after.

"You've had a nice sleep, I see," said the bustling, kind old woman, "and feel quite a different being, I don't doubt. I've brought Susan with me."

She introduced the two girls, who mutually took a survey of each other. Dora had met her new acquaintance before at table, but had never exchanged more than a few words with her. Now, however, she looked at her critically.

Susan Moore was a tall, thin, graceful girl, dressed with much taste, though necessarily in the plainest materials. But she had a figure to set off even a common print, which was what she wore. Her complexion was brilliant, and her eyes of a lively blue. The contour of her head was Grecian, even to that great defect of the classic model, the low forehead. Dora concluded, at once, that her new friend was amiable, though not, perhaps, very talented.

"I hope we shall be very good friends," said Dora, kissing her. "I owe you thanks already, for Mrs. Harper has promised, in your behalf, that you will introduce me at Mr. Thomaston's."

Susan smiled delightedly.

"Oh! don't say a word," she cried, "I'm sure I'm the obliged person. I've so long wanted to know you better, Miss Atherton; there was something high and grand about you: not haughtiness, I don't mean; but something like a real lady; and it was that which kept me from speaking to you, as I would have done to any other, though I was dying to do it a dozen times. I'll go with you to Thomaston's to-morrow. But its a hard life," she said, with a sigh.

"We can't have everything as we wish, in this world," said Mrs. Harper, sententiously, "or I wouldn't be keeping a boarding-house in my old age. But I'm thankful to have that."

"Oh! to be sure," volubly continued Susan. "One's thankful, and all that, but still, when my shoulder aches, as it does sometimes, and when my eyes grow weary, I think it hard that I should not have been born rich, and had a carriage to ride in."

"And plenty of fine dresses," said Mrs. Harper, smiling significantly, and shaking her head. "Ah! Susan, I'm afraid that's your especial weakness. You're a good girl, but a little vain."

Susan did not seem to resent the characteristic bluntness of the landlady: she had probably become accustomed to it, by this time. She answered,

"I own I like elegant dresses; why shouldn't I? It's better to look nice than old-fashioned, isn't it?"

If Dora had expressed her thoughts, at that moment, she would have told Susan that her dress, though fashionable, was less nice than it might be. But Mrs. Harper was not so forbearing.

"All very well, my child," she said, "but I'd rather see a girl look old-fashioned than untidy, which you do sometimes, Susan, as you know. But that's not exactly what I meant either. It's the thought, and time, and money you consume on your dress, my dear, all of which might be given more profitably to other things. The Lord meant us to look as beautiful as we could, no doubt; but he didn't mean we should place too much store on it:—and that's what he intended when he said, 'consider the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin.' This vanity, Susan, leads many a poor girl into trouble."

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Susan colored at this plain speaking, and retorted a little sharply,

"I don't see, Mrs. Harper, what the Bible has to do with a girl's dressing as handsomely as she can. You're always quoting the Bible."

The landlady looked at the speaker, and replied more mildly than was her wont,

"It has a great deal to do with it, my dear. If you read your Bible more, Susan, you wouldn't waste your money on foolish dress; but would lay by a little store for a rainy day."

"I'd like to know how I could do that," replied Susan, "on two dollars a week, and sometimes even less? I've as good a right to dress well, with my own money, as others. And its unjust, I repeat, that I have to work so hard for that money, when so many, no better than I, have nothing to do, all day, but dress in handsome clothes, ride about shopping, or go to the theatre or opera when they please. Don't you think so, Miss Atherton?"

She turned eagerly to Dora as she spoke. Susan had often endured Mrs. Harper's scoldings, as she called them, before; but never, as now, in the presence of a third party whose good opinion she desired to propitiate. She was anxious to have Dora on her side.

Thus appealed to, Dora answered frankly,

"I'm afraid, Susan, that the rich, if we only knew it, have their troubles as well as we; and that, in the distribution of happiness, they do not have much the advantage of us."

"You don't mean it?"

Her eyes were wide open with amazement. She had evidently never imagined the possibility of such a thing.

Dora smiled, and continued,

"They don't suffer, as we do, from poverty. They don't have to work for bread, when they are worn out with fatigue. But they have other troubles—idleness, for instance——"

"Idleness. Oh! I wish I had that trouble." And Susan fairly clapped her hands.

"Yes! *ennui*, as the French call it." And then, reflecting that Susan did not know French, and might think her vain-glorious, she blushed and continued, "I mean that time hangs heavy on their hands. The want of occupation, proper exercise of mind and body, leads to a thousand undefinable ailments. Nowhere have physicians so many patients as among the women of the upper classes."

"That's just what I have often thought," said Mrs. Harper, admiringly, "but I never could have expressed it so well. And now I must go, for time is precious with me: the table has yet to be set."

"And I must go back to that velveteen," said Susan, with a rueful face, and she would have complained more, but that she was a little crestfallen. "I must sew fast to make up for this half hour."

The next morning was bright and clear. The sun came out resplendent, and every icicle glittered gloriously, while the trees in the public squares shone like a forest of diamonds.

As soon as breakfast was despatched, Susan and Dora set out for Mr. Thomaston's.

The clothing emporium, as its proprietor magniloquently called it, was a seven story granite building, with a gilded cupola on the top. Any number of coats and other garments fluttered from the windows and doors, while huge signs at every story announced the cheapness, excellence and fashionable pattern of the articles for sale.

As Dora and her companion entered the door they saw a tall, big-whiskered man, with a face eloquent of good living, standing picking his teeth just inside the entrance. Nearly a dozen clerks flitted about the spacious store, or stood behind the counters in readiness to wait on customers. The establishment, indeed, was one of the largest in the city, and conducted, as the proprietor advertised, "on the most liberal principles:" in other words he studied to sell cheaper than his neighbors, by compelling his workwomen to labor for lower wages; and, by adhering to this simple rule, he had already amassed a large fortune.

He did not deign to notice the two girls. In fact, he was too intensely absorbed in thinking of the excellent breakfast from which he had just risen.

Susan led the way toward the back of the store, where a short, untidy-looking man, in a pair of slippers down at the heel, and a shaggy head of uncombed hair, received Susan's bundle, the contents of which he examined, preparatory to paying for it.

"You don't sew as neatly as you did at first," he said, gruffly. "Better take more pains, next time, miss, or when work gets scarcer you'll find yourself on the list of those to be discharged."

Susan tossed her head and pouted, but said nothing. The man proceeded to pay her, and then made up another bundle. When he had done this, Susan introduced Dora, and explained the purport of her visit.

"Ah! very well, she can have something on trial," he said, after a short scrutiny of the new applicant. "You understand the terms?" he continued, addressing Dora, "any damage done to the cloth to be paid for; and your work cash, as soon as delivered. Them's our rules. We don't keep a long account, and then cheat the workwomen, like some of our neighbors; but give a fair price and pay up on delivery."

Dora was glad to escape from this temple of Mammon. The coarse vulgarity of the foreman,

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visible in his dress and face, as well as in his tone, was only surpassed by the innate vulgarity of the proprietor, which even his fine dress could not conceal.

"Well, how do you like your work?" said Mrs. Harper, coming into the room, just before dinner —she had insisted on Dora's sewing in her chamber, so as to have the benefit of a stove—"its a hard life, harder for you than Susan, though you make no complaint."

Dora looked cheerfully up.

"I have done so much," she said, holding up her work. "Not a very promising beginning, but I hope to succeed better, by-and-bye. I shall not earn enough to pay my board, the first week, though, since you've agreed to trust me, I've no doubt I shall do it eventually."

"I'm glad to see you so hopeful," replied Mrs. Harper. "I was afraid you would be discouraged."

"I believe I'm naturally of a sanguine temperament," said Dora, smiling. "But if I wasn't, what would be the use of regrets? Though I've been thinking, as I sat here, that if I was a rich lady, I should endeavor to do something for my poorer sisters, who are forced to sew, from one year's end to another, for the paltry pittance the tailor shops and furnishing establishments give."

"Shirt making pays even worse than this," said the landlady, with a sigh, laying down the work. "I don't know what will be the end of it; for it gets worse every year; and already many a weak-hearted girl, who has not had good parents to give her fixed principles, has taken the wages of sin as preferable to this killing labor." She spoke bitterly. But, after a pause, resumed in a more natural tone, "you sew well, my dear."

"Almost too well for such pay, you would say," replied Dora, looking pleasantly up. "Thirty cents for these pantaloons, and twenty-five cents for that vest, which I have not yet begun. But the smallness of the wages should be no excuse for slighting the work."

"You are right, my child."

Two days after Dora accompanied Susan again to the clothing emporium. It was about noon when they set out. A deep snow, the first of the season, had fallen the night before, and the great thoroughfare, through which part of their way led, was alive with sleighs. The gay equipages, darting hither and thither, with their jingling bells, spirited horses, and freight of youth and beauty, gave the usually humdrum street a most animated appearance. As they approached Mr. Thomaston's, a beautiful vehicle, shaped in front like a swan, and drawn by a bay horse of enormous stride, shot past them, whizzing over the frozen snow; and stopping in front of the store, a fashionably dressed young man sprang out and entered.

When Dora and Susan opened the door, this person was standing directly in their way, and in moving aside, he recognized Susan, to whom he familiarly nodded. This induced Dora to look at him again.

He was tall and rather graceful, but dressed with a second-rate coxcombry, that Dora could not help contrasting with the simple elegance of Paul's attire. His vest was deep, his coat cut very long in the skirt, and he wore a cravat tied in an enormous bow. A steeple hat, with a flat, and rather broad brim, surmounted a handsome, though sensual-looking face, without whiskers or beard, but displaying a carefully trimmed moustache. At this instant Mr. Thomaston himself came down the store, and addressed the young man: and now Dora knew them, from the strong family likeness, to be father and son. The younger was a fop, and the senior a glutton; and this, besides the disparity of years, seemed to be only the point of difference.

The youth looked rudely, but admiringly at Dora, and when she had passed, turned to follow her with his eyes, though his parent was eagerly asking him how he liked his new trotter. At last the elder lost patience.

"There, don't be staring at my girls," he said, with an oath. "That's a luxury even you, you dog, can't afford—a fast horse is enough, just now." And seeing that his heir had turned at last, he continued, pointing to the handsome bay, that now stood champing the bit, flinging the foam over his shining coat, and making gleeful music from his bells at every toss of his proud head. "Does he come up to the bargain? Will he go, on the road, in two forty?"

"Do it like a jiffy, sir. I passed Stellwyn's fast team just now, as if it had been a span of drowsy Conestogas." And, in another minute, the young coxcomb was deep in the mysteries of horse-flesh.

In about ten minutes Dora and Susan came down the store again. The father stood aside to let them pass, but the son opened the door bowing. He did it, however, in a way so familiar that Dora's cheeks burned indignantly.

"Don't you think him handsome?" said Susan, in a whisper, looking back over her shoulder, when they had gone a pavement or two.

"Who?" said Dora, her eyes flashing.

"Why, young Mr. Thomaston, to be sure."

"He's a puppy."

"Why, Miss Atherton, you're not serious."

"Do you know him? I saw him nod to you."

"Yes! I know him," said Susan, after a moment, with some embarrassment. "That is, he has nodded to me, whenever we have met, lately."

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"You ought not to notice him," said Dora, severely, quite severely for her indeed. "Do, dear Susan, reflect that a nod from such as him can only be an insult."

She spoke earnestly, and, as she looked at Susan, what deep entreaty beamed from her eyes. Susan's gaze fell beneath that imploring glance.

Nothing was said for several minutes, during which Dora continued walking rapidly forward, as if eager to get away from the very vicinity of the store.

Suddenly the quick jingle of bells was heard, accompanied by the stride of a powerful horse, and by the loud grating of a sleigh swiftly whirled over the snow. At the same moment a couple of boys, who stood at the corner throwing snow-balls at the different sleighs, shouted, "hi, hi." Some person was evidently approaching at a tremendous pace. The girls looked up.

It was the younger Thomaston. With both hands grasping the reins, and holding on with all his might, a superb buffalo robe streaming far behind, and the pursuing snow-balls vainly attempting to rival his velocity, he came tearing on, other vehicles making way for him, some with consternation, all with haste. He was evidently enjoying his vulgar display.

His entire object was not apparent, however, until he came opposite Dora, when he turned and looked boldly at her, smiling familiarly and nodding.

He had nearly upset his light vehicle, by thus removing his eyes, even for that instant, from the road. A slight snow bank, made by clearing the opposite pavement, was directly in front, and, while he was still looking back, the feather-like sleigh nearly tilted over.

Susan gave a slight scream. But no harm had been done. The accident, however, re-called the young blood to his duty of charioteer; he gave a sharp hallo, which the horse seemed to understand, for it started forward with a more rapid stride; and before Dora's indignant color had left her cheeks, the swift vehicle was flitting out of sight, far up the long avenue, like a wild pigeon on the wing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ALONE.

I've wandered through the city's throng,
Unnoticed by the thousand there;
While living masses poured along,
Some worn and grey, some young and fair.
And loudly rang the din of life,
As countless voices filled the air,
And all were eager in the strife
Of busy toil or pressing care:

I've lingered by the festal board,
Where youth and pleasure gaily meet,
The laugh went round, the wine was poured,
And music trilled to flying feet;
But "mirth upon my lips was dumb"—
I seemed unknowing and unknown;
And as my thoughts within would come,
My spirit sighed, alone! alone!

There is no loneliness so drear,
No sadness has so deep a shade,
As that I feel when crowds are near,
And all life's toys around me laid.
There may be gladness all the while,
There may be feelings deep and strong;
But not for me that glowing smile,
Oh! not for me that gushing song.

Bright eyes may gleam, and pulses thrill,
And yet I'm sad and all alone;
The looks I meet are ever chill—
They turn away—I am not known.

Then let me leave this noise and show,
And give me still my tranquil home,
Where laughing rills in beauty flow,
And jarring strife can never come.

Oh! let me seek some quiet vale,
O'erlaid with moss and decked with green;
Where music fills the gentle gale,
And flowers adorn each tranquil scene.
There is a joy but few can feel,
'Mid forest trees in Summer time,
A grandeur in each solemn peal,
A magic in each merry chime.

I loved sweet Nature's thousand forms,
Her ocean's roar—her mountain high;
There's wild delight in raging storms,
And glory in the arching sky.
The unhewn rocks have shells untold
To turn the wanderer's woe to calm;
And in the waters clear and cold,
My heated brow would seek its balm.

I love to roam the dewy hills
When stars are stealing from on high,
And mist is on the waking rills,
And sunlight gilds the eastern sky.
A voice is in the woodlands then,
Of wildest glee and thrilling tone;
It gushes forth from tree and glen,
And makes me feel I'm not alone.

W. S.

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RICHARD FLEMMING.

A STORY OF VIRGINIA.

FANNY VELVIN TO PAULINE,
Hazelwood, April 4th, 18—.

DEAR PAULINE—

Though the pleasure of your company is more than I can expect at our humble country home, yet I would not willingly relinquish the privilege of interchanging ideas with one who has ever been a kind friend to me; impressed as I am with the belief that I am not entirely forgotten.

Blest heretofore with the companionship of many young friends, and engaged in my studies at school assiduously, I felt not the want of youthful associates; but now with no young bosom to which I can confide my secrets, I think how much I have lost in you and Leonora, and frequently find myself weeping for the loss. 'Tis true that my beloved old friend is here and anxious to make me happy; but kindness itself may become tedious, and often do I secrete myself in my chamber, or steal away on a lonely walk to elude the benevolent intentions of my dearest guardian and benefactor. Sometimes on my return I find her absorbed in a painful reverie, when she seems unmindful of all things around. Oh! how my heart smites me for ingratitude at such moments! Why do I not go to her, inquire the cause of her grief, and offer her that consolation which it would be her greatest delight to bestow on me if I were in distress.

There is, at such times, something of mystery about her, and she utters words which are unintelligible to me. A few days since I took my bonnet, and accompanied by a large dog which she gave me, I rambled to the river bank, only a few hundred yards distant. It was in early spring, and but few wild flowers had burst their bonds; but the birds were gaily chanting overhead as if to welcome the return of spring, and ever and anon a myriad of little fish would sport to the surface of the water to enjoy a moment's sunshine, and with a gleesome flutter disappear beneath the silver waves. I was so much charmed with every object that met my eye, and every sound that fell upon my ear, that I was unconscious of the lateness of the hour, till the silence of the birds and the darker hue of the water apprised me of the approach of night. I immediately seized my bonnet from the broken bough of a birch where I had hung it, and sought the house. On approaching it I saw no glimmering light through the unclosed window as usual, and a sensation of uneasiness came over me lest my grandmother, as I call her, disturbed at my protracted stay, had gone out to seek me. With such disagreeable sensations imagine how much they must have been increased, when on arriving in the house I heard frequent groans, which I knew were uttered by my grandmother, mingled with words of accusation and complaint. So disunited, however, were her sentences that I could form no idea of the person accused. The single word "Maria" was uttered very often, and "lost—cruel—mother and murderer" succeeded without any definite meaning that I could discover. Passing noiselessly to the servant's room, I ordered a light and returned hastily. I found my dear old friend sitting calmly in her accustomed chair. After chiding me gently for staying out so late in the humid air, we retired for the night, and next morning she appeared as usual calm and dignified, but kind. Can it be possible that a single crime was ever committed by one who is so good? or that any should ever have sinned against her? If so, and the sin was committed by her, I shall henceforth doubt the possibility of there ever existing in a human breast real virtue and religion: for if they do ever abide in the hearts of mortals, where can there be found one more worthy, more benevolent, and more holy than beats, though now but feebly, in the bosom of my aged friend? Farewell,

FANNY VELVIN.

LEONORA LINDSAY TO FANNY VELVIN,
Lindsay Farm, April 15th, 18—.

DEAR FANNY—

Come to Lindsay Farm with all speed if you love Leonora. We are to have a grand festival on the twenty-first, when I shall be seventeen years old, and many young folks, of both sexes, are to be here. I have just received a letter from Pauline, our schoolmate two years ago at Mrs. G——'s, who informs me that "owing to previous engagements she cannot do herself the honor of attending my birth-day party." Oh, how was I grieved in the perusal of her letter—she has acquired the same cold, but *very* polite style of which we complained in the perusal of Julia Meredith's letters to us, from town, after she left school. You recollect her fate, poor girl! and if such a destiny awaits Pauline—but let us hope for the best.

Did I mention Robert St. Clare in my last letter? but I am sure I did not. I wish you could

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see him—he is tall and very elegantly formed, and of fine manners. Oh! Fanny, if I did not feel certain of your secrecy I would not go on, but I have never had a secret from my dear friend, and I will not have one now. He *loves* me then, (nay, start not) he has never told me so, but there is a language in the eye which we all understand, and I can read his soul in every glance. Would you ask "if his love is reciprocated?" Can a woman withhold her affections from the man, who, of all the world, she thinks most perfect? Oh! Fanny, if I had all the accomplishments, both mental and personal, that ever graced our sex from the creation of our first parents—all that ever man adored concentrated in my single self, I could not think them more worthily bestowed than on Robert St. Clare. If you ask me, do I love him, I answer that *I do*. Adieu, YOUR LEONORA.

FANNY TO PAULINE,

Lindsay Farm, May 4th, 18—.

DEAR PAULINE—

I am, as you will observe from the place whence I write, with Leonora Lindsay. She insisted on my coming to her birth-day party so emphatically that I could not refuse, and I have been here since the twentieth of April.

All was hurry, bustle and confusion when I arrived here, in preparation for the feast which was to come off next day—and *that* day was one not soon to be forgotten by me. We rose quite early, and accompanied by Mr. St. Clare, a young gentleman who is very much attached to Leonora, and a friend of his who is from the city on a hunting excursion, we strolled out to watch the rising sun. Upon reaching the bank of a small river not very far from the house, we seated ourselves on a large rock and were soon lost in conversation. Millions of bees were buzzing over our heads and at our feet gathering the sweets of "many a flower."

Thrice had the king-fisher thrown himself headlong from a pendent bough into the stream, and re-ascended uttering his continual guttural twitter before we saw

———the powerful king of day
Rejoicing in the east.

But now rising in glorious majesty he ascended the sky flaming, while every bush, and blade of grass, and flower drooped "glittering with morning dew," and exhaling balmy odors on the scented air. Who would sleep at such an hour as this "longer than nature craves," and lose the most delightful portion of the day?

At twelve the company assembled, intending to have dancing before dinner, and I am certain that if there ever was a pair of beings, since the fall of our common parents, that resembled those parents while yet sinless more than any other, that pair was Leonora and St. Clare. His friend, who is a very handsome and accomplished young man, engaged my hand for the dance on our morning's ramble, and animated by his example I exerted every power I possessed to perform my part well—I never seemed to myself to dance with such ease. At times the music would rise to a grand swell, and I almost imagined myself treading on the very air, so exhilirating is the effect of harmony on the soul.

The dance over, we were led to a splendid collation of every dainty and delicacy, over which Leonora presided with an ease and elegance that were admired by all. After dinner we repaired to the parlor, where dancing was re-commenced by all who chose it. As for me I greatly preferred sitting, being quite tired with the exercises of the morning, and my partner also seated himself by me, saying, that "to converse with one like myself who could charm at first sight, was far preferable to dancing with anybody else." You may imagine how I felt at this speech, not knowing whether he intended to flatter my vanity, of which, God knows, I have enough, or really thought himself pleased with my appearance. I answered him by observing that "compliments and flattery were unfashionable in the country, and that if a young gentleman wished to gain the esteem of a country lass, his safest course to pursue would be to say as few silly things, and much common sense as possible." I had barely finished this sentence, to which he replied by a very low bow, when I felt the blood dye my cheeks of a crimson hue, and soon after, complaining of the headache, I retired, nor made my appearance again until next morning when I believed him gone.

What do you think of my conduct? Must it not appear in a very unpromising light to a stranger as he is? one too whom I confess I should like to please, for he seems truly refined, and his remarks carry with them a degree of penetration not at all common among young gentlemen of the present age. Do not, I entreat you, however, take up the idea that I love this stranger, for I candidly assure you that I do *not*. My wish to please him is a common one, for where is there a sensible and sensitive mind that wishes not to be esteemed by the good and wise? Besides, Pauline, I am a dependant on the charity of one who is to me a stranger in blood, and he, they say, is rich, nay, *very wealthy*. Would there be wisdom in loving when there is no hope of a return?—it would be folly, it would be madness. No, I may admire his manners, I may respect his accomplishments, I may esteem his character, but I shall never, I trust, be so careless of my future happiness as to devote my heart to one

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who cannot but regard, as an inferior being, a poor orphan like your FANNY.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME,
Lindsay Farm, June 29th, 18—.

DEAR PAULINE—

I am still at Lindsay Farm, *and in his society*. I seldom pass a day without a ramble to the little river with *him* for a companion. Your advice "to catch him if I can," I regard as you intended it merely as a raillery, for I know that it would inflict a pang on Pauline to know that Fanny had stooped to deception. No, I will maintain, if I can, the character which has already gained his esteem; but I would die rather than betray him to unhappiness. But why do I speak of improbabilities? before another month he may be far away among his friends, and I shall perhaps be forgotten—or if remembered at all, only as a simple country girl unworthy of a second thought. Be that as it may, he will ever be kindly remembered by Fanny.

I have frequently noticed him sitting gloomily alone as if in solemn thought—and sometimes he betrays this inclination when with his friends. Yesterday we had strolled down to the rock on the river bank, and seeing him abstracted I inquired if he were unwell? "No," said he, "I was thinking of the fickleness and uncertainty of all earthly things. Even man, the very noblest of God's works, is subject to change, and the heart that is true to-day may before to-morrow become estranged." "And is not our sex included in your remark?" I asked him with a smile. "I intended my remark for *all* mankind," said he, "for few—yes, very few of your sex but may be led away by appearances, and he that can dazzle the eyes of beauty with the glitter of wealth, even though he be imbecile or base, will generally triumph over virtue if it be the companion of poverty." "You speak as if from experience," said I, gaily, "surely you who seem to disapprove such a course so much have never gained the heart of any poor damsel of our sex, and then left her to 'pine in thought?'" "No," said he, bitterly, "but listen, Miss Velvin, I will tell you a tale which will justify that opinion of your sex that I just advanced, and which I confess seems harsh and tending to misogyny." Then stopping suddenly, he said, "not now, Fanny, not now—but at some future period, and it cannot be distant, for I leave Clareville in a few days, you shall know all." It was the first time he had ever spoken to me by any other name than "Miss Velvin," and oh, Pauline! he did look so much distressed, and at the same time so kindly on *me*, that (shall I own it?) I almost wished myself rich and great for *his* sake. We returned shortly after to the house, where we found Leonora and Robert St. Clare awaiting us with joy sparkling in their eyes, which did not seem the less exquisite from a blush that was reveling in *her* countenance, and for which I did not have to extend my imagination very far to account. At night I sat down and wrote thus, for when I have resolved to wait till I know more before I send this. I desire yet dread to hear the story to which he alluded, for I begin *now* to think that by some mysterious power our destines are connected, and that on his weal or woe will ever depend the happiness of your Fanny.

It is time I should finish this letter, for three days have already passed since it was begun.

Leonora and Robert had gone on a pleasure excursion up the river in the little boat that ever lays moored at the shore, and *we* were alone—no, not entirely alone—for besides my dog that is always with me during a ramble, many busy and anxious thoughts were chasing each other in my mind—for a wonderful agent, whose "name and nature" I know not, intimated to my feelings that words were to be shortly spoken which would affect my future destiny—nay, I believed that my fate was to be fixed eternally by the occurrences of that day.

At last he spoke—and oh, Pauline! if you could have seen him, been near him, and heard him, you would have found it impossible not to sympathize with, pity, and *love* him. "Miss Velvin," said he, placing himself on a stone before me, that was overgrown with the moss of many summers, "Miss Velvin will pardon my taking the present opportunity of fulfilling a design of which I informed her a few days ago, when she learns my reasons for so doing, one of which is the shortness of time I have for the relation, for I quit Clareville to-morrow." I felt my heart beat violently as he paused, but saying, that "I could never blame any one for performing a promise." I sat down again, for we had both inadvertently risen, he continued, "I am a native of this county, though my extreme youth at the time of my removal to the city has left me no recollection of any object hereabouts, with many of which, however, I was doubtless once familiar. My schoolboy days passed after the ordinary fashion, and at twenty I had completed college life, and was admitted to the bar. My clients were few, and no case of moment offered itself for the display of talent, if I had possessed any. Wearied at length, and disappointed in my hopes of eminence in my profession, I was fast growing misanthropic, and had almost learned to hate all the world, except one fair girl with whom I had ever since my return from college associated. Oh! Fanny, if you could have seen her in all her loveliness, and heard the musical voice, that was ever more animated at my approach, you would

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not think it strange that I should love that sweet creature. But I have skipped a part of my story.

"I said that I had almost taught myself to despise all mankind—when I was entrusted with a case of great difficulty. I immediately set my mind to the task, and although some of the most sagacious men at the bar were my opponents. I had the good luck to gain for my employers the cause which he was certain would be lost. My fame was greatly enhanced by my success, and business was never after wanting. Having been employed on a very important case, I found it necessary to make a visit to one of the western counties, and after promising her who was to be my wife that my stay should be short, and my heart true, and receiving a promise of constancy from her, I set out. I passed over many a 'lovely hill and valley,' and at length found myself at the Natural Bridge in the county of Rockbridge. The grandeur of this wonder of nature, the picturesque scenery of the country around, and everything connected with this great curiosity induced me to spend a few days at this delightful place. And here let me remark *en passent*, I became acquainted with Robert St. Clare; and many a dark and noisome cave did we explore in the vicinity, for he as well as I was a stranger. At the bridge too we saw and secured a chip of the celebrated stump, which growing out of a cleft of the rock overhangs the 'dread abyss,' and which is celebrated for being the spot chosen by a young lady once to exhibit her moral courage, by placing her heel upon it and whirling around. Her lover, it is said, was with her. Oh! Miss Velvin, if she had fallen and been dashed to atoms, would not her blood have been on his head who had not withheld her from the experiment? Having cut our names on the rock that supports the bridge as high as we could climb, and under those of many eminent men who have visited the place, we parted, he to continue his route to this place, and I to pursue mine westward: we parted not, however, without mutual promises to visit each other on my return, which I expected would be in about three months. But owing to circumstances which I could not foresee, I found it necessary to extend my journey to the state of Mississippi, and had just fulfilled to my entire satisfaction the object of my expedition, when I was seized with the yellow fever that is often so very destructive in the south, and from which it was believed that I should never recover. Thus prevented from writing to any one by the delirium with which I continually struggled, is it any matter for wonder that she should think me unfaithful? Be that as it may, on my return I flew to her, and what was my misery on arriving in the parlor (for my impatience did not permit me to be announced) to find her in the arms of a stranger!

"All were embarrassed—but apologizing for my abrupt entrance, I left the house immediately. I employed myself from that time with the pursuits of my profession, and wealth soon became mine—and with it fame—but I was not happy. It is true I had learnt to despise the woman who had deceived me for the sake of money, (for Barton was rich.) But oh, Fanny! the heart must have an idol—it cannot beat with joy if it beat alone.

"But a heavier blow was now to fall on me, beneath the weight of which I had almost perished. My father, (my mother died when I was young) but my father, I say, on his way to a northern city was dashed against a stone by the overturning of a car, and *I* was *alone*, '*he had no child but me.*' I excluded myself from every human eye except my menials, and tried to forget that I was even in existence. How long I might have lived thus I cannot tell—but on the announcement of my solitary dinner one day, the servant handed me a card, on which was written the name of Robert St. Clare, his hotel, &c. This awakened in my mind a second existence, and I sent him an invitation to tea, which he accepted. Grief is a nourisher of affection, and the desolate heart will seize eagerly as a friend one who sympathizes with its misfortunes, and soon cherish that friend as an idol.

"Soon after I came with him here, and in the society of his lovely friend and her parents tried to forget my sorrows. I recovered my serenity of mind gradually, and at your arrival was cheerful—but hear me, Fanny, for my tale is not yet finished," and he took my hand which I could not withdraw, "although at your arrival I was *cheerful*, since that event I have been almost *happy*—and if anything could render me so indeed, it would be the privilege of devoting my future life to the promotion of the happiness of her, who of all the world I love best—the happiness of Fanny Velvin."

I suffered him to retain my hand as I gently returned the pressure of his own—and looking out on the water the little boat containing our friends had just arrived in sight, and we returned home—they happy and I!

My dear old grandmother will come in a few days, and if you would come, Pauline, your presence would add greatly to the happiness of all. The two weddings are to take place here at the same time, and though I am aware that we all run a great risk in marrying, I feel sure that I could not entrust my happiness to the keeping of any nobler heart than animates the breast of Richard Flemming. Adieu,

FANNY.

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FROM PAULINE TO FANNY,

D———h, July 9th, 18—.

DEAREST FANNY—

Your letter of June twenty-ninth came to hand, and I sit down to answer it now, hoping that after reading it you will pardon the sins of the writer in pity for her distress. How base and despicable shall I render myself in your esteem by the confessions which I am about to make! But it is due to you, Fanny, (friend I may not call you, for I cannot claim friendship from the virtuous) but if Pauline has been avaricious, she will not be deceptive. Did Richard Flemming tell you the name of her who betrayed him? No, I am sure he did not. *Fanny it was I*—and yet I adored him—why then, you will say, did I wrong him? Oh, Fanny! it has never been your lot to have parents, and in that you think yourself unblest, but *mine* have been my ruin. It was at their request that I slighted him on his return from the south, it was at their request that I returned his letters, unopened, while he was absent, for I received two, though he did not mention it, I suppose, to you, and, worst of all, it was at their solicitation that I became the most unhappy woman on earth, by becoming the wife of Joseph Barton. Start not, Fanny, I repeat it, I am his wife, though neglected and despised by him. But let me not speak of my own wretchedness any more, although the burden of grief becomes lighter by being made known to one who will sympathize with the victim, as I know that Fanny will with her unhappy friend of former times. Before I conclude let me do justice to the character of Richard Flemming, though he did not justice to mine, for my conduct to him was a thousand times more hateful than he represented it. Fanny, I have seen and conversed with many men who were ornaments to their friends, and redeemers of the characters of their sex—but never, no, never have I known one who was not excelled in goodness, and every quality that is estimable in man, by Richard Flemming.

Oh! that I were not compelled to subscribe myself PAULINE BARTON.

FANNY TO PAULINE,

Lindsay Farm, July 31st, 18—.

DEAR PAULINE—

I am as happy as I could wish to be when I know that you are miserable. But since it is impossible to re-call the past, ought we not to improve the future by submitting, calmly, to our misfortunes, and since we cannot be happy ourselves, to promote as far as we can the happiness of others? Be assured, my dear *friend*, (for still must you call me so if you love me) that I share your griefs, and let me claim from you a like participation of my joys. My grandmother came as we expected, and though she seemed fatigued, she did not appear to be sick. The kiss with which she greeted me, however, was enough to convince me that she was laboring with a violent fever, for it burns on my forehead like a spark. My fears were not without cause, and for three days after her arrival here she was unconscious —on the fourth the fever abated, *and she recovered*. Oh, how my heart bounded with delight when she came into the parlor for the first time after her illness. She came unexpectedly—we were sitting around a low work-stool engaged in some lace-work, while Robert read to us from a magazine. On her entrance we started up, and Leonora presented Robert. The introduction was scarcely over when my aged friend's pale face took a paler hue, and muttering to herself as I had seen her do often before, she was sinking to the floor when Robert and I caught her in our arms and bore her to a couch. He would have left the room, but she detained him, and looking in his face, asked eagerly, "if *he* were to become *my* husband?" You may be certain I felt a blush of crimson stain my cheeks, but simply pointed to Leonora, whose cheeks were now redder than mine, when exclaiming, "thank God," my grandmother burst into tears. This strange conduct greatly surprised us all, and but for what she said directly after, Robert might have hated always one who I now know loves him as well as her life.

"Listen," said she, "for it is now necessary that I should confess my sin to those whose parents I have injured, and oh, shade of my lost and lamented Maria, hover over these two children," pointing to myself and Robert, "and protect them from harm as I protected not thee. I was rich and mistress of my fortune, for my husband did not live three years after our marriage—we had one child, and she never saw her father, for they had laid him deep in the earth before my daughter was born. She grew in beauty as she grew in size, and at fourteen had suitors from among the wealthiest in the land. Among these was a young man of excellent morals and education, who had also a large fortune. On an alliance with him I had set my heart, but when I told Maria my wishes what was my vexation to hear that she already loved another. 'It is true, mother,' she said, 'Ferdinand is not rich—but his fortune is ample, and though I esteem Mr. St. Clare, I can never withdraw my affections from the object on which they are now placed.' And now listen, my much injured children, and hate me if you can, for I deserve it. I formed a scheme, which though it succeeded, has cost me more misery than every other act of my life together. I said nothing of my purpose to St. Clare, for I knew his character

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too well to expect his connivance. I sent for the lawyer who had ever done my bidding, and placing a hundred dollar bill on a table before him, asked him if he could counterfeit Ferdinand Flemming's handwriting? he smiled and said, 'he could *have* it done.' I took a letter which I had composed for the purpose, and giving it to him with the money, he disappeared. I shall never forget the words of that fatal note—they were precisely as follows:

"'Dear Maria—Though my love is still unchanged, yet not being rich, I cannot consent to bring poverty on one who may aspire to a higher destiny than can ever befall the wife of Ferdinand Flemming, adieu.'

"On the next day it came by a servant, who went away as soon as he had delivered it. Maria broke the seal, and a slight paleness overspread her cheek, which was succeeded by as deep a crimson—she folded the note again and laid it on a living coal, where it soon burned to cinders. How little did I think it to be an emblem of what her own heart was soon to become! 'Mother,' said she, calmly, next morning, 'I have determined to gratify your wishes, and shall this day engage my hand to Mr. St. Clare.' A single throb of conscience thrilled through my bosom, and I was myself again.

"Flemming was denied *once* after, by the being who loved him more than all the world else, (he came only once) and in a few weeks I saw my devoted child led to the altar by one who was equally deceived as she. They lived well together, for they were both good, and perhaps they might have lived long if it had never been known by what means the change was produced in Maria's sentiments—but by some mysterious fate it happened that the very original from which the lawyer had copied the letter to Maria, fell into the hands of one of her female friends, whose blind love induced her to show the note to my child, and in a few weeks they placed the unhappy daughter of a sinful mother in the cold grave, while that mother was still suffered by divine and incomprehensible will to continue her existence.

"Mr. St. Clare never discovered the secret, and placing under my charge his infant daughter, kept with himself the son of my poor Maria, and departed to a distant land. For awhile I received letters stating his success in business, for he had engaged in a mercantile establishment, to forget his loss, and he always spoke of the good health and sprightly mind of his 'orphan boy'—but at length these came not, and for years I have not heard from him. I removed hither, and intending to give Fanny my estate, I gave her likewise my family name. Fanny, behold in me your grandmother, and in Robert St. Clare you see a brother."

My brother embraced me, and oh! Pauline, if ever I were happy, it was when I first felt the warm and fervent kiss of a brother's fondest love.

But my cup of happiness was to be made yet more full, even to overflowing—for when Richard Flemming came an hour after, he informed us that he was the son of the very Ferdinand, who had been so dearly loved by my poor mother. Robert said that our father, at his death, told him he had a sister, and that among his papers he would find my address—but while he was paying the last sad duties to our parent's remains, a fire broke out in the forsaken house, and consumed everything. Mysterious fate! by what hidden means were drawn together two who were so widely disunited, and I, the daughter, am now the wife of Richard Flemming, the son. Yes, Pauline, I am his wife, and that happiness which was denied our parents seems to have been reserved for us. And my brother too is happy in the love and possession of the very woman, whom of all the world I would have chosen for his wife.

May the eye of God watch over and protect you is the prayer of her who for the first time in her life subscribes herself FANNY FLEMMING.

THE BOOK CLOSET.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

THOU, little closet, tell'st what's worth the knowing,
Thro' thee, all pleasant love is mine;
Thou givest me light, when mist is thickly growing,
And leadest me where Truth doth shine.
Thou pointest to the victor's palm,
And showest me, wherefore I am.

Swiftly in legends, quaint and olden,
I hie with thee, o'er land and sea;
View kingdoms spreading, among glories golden,
Falling, and crumbling, soon no more to be.

Thou leadest to the hidden haunts of Nature,
And showest things most wonderful;
Where seemed but dust, I see a living creature
That knows and keeps it Maker's rule.
From motes, that eye can scarce behold,
We soar to Heaven where spheres are rolled.

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THE FAREWELL SUPPER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY E. R. SMITH.

In a pleasant valley, not far from the foot of a lofty chain of mountains, stood a goodly manor, generally known as the Forest Lodge, and so called from its solitary position on the skirts of a great forest, which descending from the mountain, stretches far down into both sides of the valley.

Some time ago this Forest Lodge belonged to a worthy man whose name was Arnold. He had lived here for many years with his wife and a little troop of good and happy children. All so throve and prospered under his hands, that one might almost have fancied this little corner of the world some carefully preserved remnant of our lost paradise. Nor did Arnold form a higher wish than to retain these blessings as they were.

But heaven decreed it otherwise. War came upon the land. Times went hard with poor Arnold. His fields were wasted. His flocks were carried off. His house was plundered.

However, peace was soon proclaimed, and Arnold thought—

"What God doth will,
Can work no ill."

So he raised a considerable sum upon his lands, and set about repairing his losses as he best might. But the sunshine was of short duration. Again the war broke out, and again poor Arnold lost all; and he was now, with the exception of a small sum that he had borrowed, a completely ruined man.

His unrelenting creditor, to whom he could no longer pay his interest, prepared to drive him from his house and lands; and it was with a heavy heart that he saw the day approach on which he must say farewell forever to his beloved paradise, and turn his back upon his happy home.

Arnold, however, was a stout-hearted man, and would not allow himself to be wholly cast down by any misfortune which he felt he had not brought upon himself. And so once more saying—

"What God doth will,
Can work no ill,"

he looked steadily and with full trust in God, both for himself and those he loved, to the future now before him.

On the day but one before their departure he entered with a cheerful countenance the room in the corner of which sat his wife, silently weeping, with their youngest child upon her lap, and said to her—"Elsbeth, I have done with grieving. We will have one day's enjoyment before we leave our home. I will not fly from it in the silence and darkness of night, as if I were a criminal. Rouse thyself, dear wife, and bestir thyself to-morrow. Let us have a fitting farewell feast. We will give all we have, and leave an empty house behind us."

"How canst thou jest at such a time?" said Elsbeth, gravely, "and with thy poor children before thy eyes." And as she spoke, the wife cast a look through the window into the court, where the children were playing.

"Jest? not I, for worlds. Wife! 'tis downright earnest. To-morrow I will give a farewell feast," and walking to the window and looking at the children—"there is a time for all things," continued Arnold. "A man must not let either joy or sorrow gain the mastery over him. As for these darlings we need not fear. Have they not learned from us to pray and to work? Here, Wilibald!—Anna!"

"Coming, father," answered Wilibald, laying by the knife with which he was manufacturing a cross-bow for his younger brother; and Anna's voice said also, "coming, dearest father."

In came the pretty boy and girl, and Arnold, seating himself in his arm-chair, and drawing both the children toward him, kissed them. He then gave them his orders. They were to get ready to go to Reimershau, and there to invite his old friends, the Bailiff and the Head Forester, with their wives and children, for the following evening to a farewell feast. He would send his servant Gottwalt, the only one still left, down to the village on a like errand to his cousins.

"But wilt thou send the children through the wood to-day, and all alone?" said Elsbeth, anxiously.

"Why not? It is not the first time. They will be there in an hour. The sun is still high, and they can easily be back before it sets."

"To-morrow will be quarter-day," said Elsbeth. "At this season it is never quite lucky in the wood."

"The good people who live in the wood have always been neighborly to us," said he, smiling. "They will not harm the children."

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Wilibald and Anna, who had skipped merrily out of the room, the one to seek his stick and hunting pouch, the other her little basket, were soon at their mother's side, ready for the journey. Elsbeth furnished the pouch and basket with bread—shaking her head all the while. She also put up two handkerchiefs, to tie about them in the cool evening air. Arnold and she took the two as far as the court-yard gate, and stood looking after them as they trotted along the footpath through the meadow, until they reached the shadow of the wood. Soon after they disappeared amongst the trees.

It was cool and delightful in the wood. Wilibald and Anna enjoyed its green shades and the lofty arches overhead of the old beach trees, and the round golden spots of light which flickered through the boughs upon the mossy turf. The birds were singing—old woodpecker was sharply at work with his little axe. Ever and anon there was a rustling in the branches, which seemed almost like voices, had they understood the language. All was pleasant, but solitary—very solitary.

On they went cheerfully—loitering, but not much, and hardly perceiving how deep they were in the wood, which showed no signs of coming to an end. So far from this, the trees grew thicker and closer on the pathway, as they went on—the shades darker. Wilibald, too, remarked that the sun was already low; Anna, who had been silent for a while, suggested that they must have mistaken their way, which her brother said should have gone far to the left of the high mountain. So back they must needs turn—quite sure that the right road could not be far off. Somehow it was not to be found for the turning. With every step that they took the path became more and more rugged, and the look of the wood wilder and stranger. They had got into some part of it where neither had ever been before.

They stopped short, rather frightened at this discovery; but Wilibald, who had his wits about him, bethought him of climbing one of the high fir-trees, in the hopes of finding from the top whereabouts the right path was. It was in vain. On every side was wood and wood, and wood without end. Something like a high rock, however, was seen a little to the left; from the top of that the view might be better. So the boy let himself down from the tree, and the two went in that direction.

They were soon before the rock. But they now for the first time perceived that betwixt them and it flowed a wild mountain stream, rushing and foaming over great blocks of stone. The two children ran up and down along the bank, seeking some spot where they might get across. But in vain—the water was too rough and rapid—rushing and foaming, and the great blocks of stone too far asunder. It was in vain. They were only more and more bewildered.

They could no longer now precisely tell by which path they had come thither. This was worse and worse, and they stood in dismay by the side of the rushing and foaming brook.

"What will become of us? said Wilibald, in a tremulous voice, as he looked sorrowfully at his sister, with almost tears in his eyes. But Anna stroked his cheeks, and said, "cheer up, Wilibald. Mother says that we are at all times in God's hand. He will not let us be lost in this desert, wild and terrible as it looks. Let us try to keep along the water's edge. It must lead us somewhere amongst human beings."

She stopped short, for, while she was yet speaking, there sounded distinctly, from the opposite side of the stream, "*Pst! Pst!*" They looked here, they looked there. Not a human being was to be seen. So they went a step or two down the stream. "*Pst! Pst!*" was heard again, this time louder and more distinct. And again they stopped, and again they looked up and down and across the water. At length, on the other side, what should be seen but a little dwarf, peering through a cleft in the great rock, something like a window; who nodded, and made signs to them to come across. As this could not be managed by the children, it seemed as if he must come to them. So he came out from his nook, down to the side of the stream—cleared it with a few nimble springs, and stood before them, nodding familiarly.

Wilibald could hardly help laughing, so odd a figure was this mannikin. He was about three feet in height, one half of which was taken up by his big head. This was matched with a pair of huge fists; but head and fists seemed to have no concern with the rest of the body. One could not imagine how those two meagre bandy-legs of his contrived to bear such a weight. He had a pair of glaring round eyes and a bright red lump of a nose, studded with carbuncles, reminding the girl of the garnets in her mother's necklace. The dwarf was dressed in a mountaineer's grey frock, and carried a sharp hammer in his hand.

"Well, my children," cried he, with a shrill voice, "whence do ye come? Whither do ye go? What do you seek?"

Wilibald told him whence they had been going, and what their errand was; also, how they had got lost in the wood.

The dwarf laughed, and wagged his great head from shoulder to shoulder. "To Reimershau you cannot go to-day. It does not suit me:—and I forbid you. But your father shall not want for guests. I will myself wait upon him, to-morrow evening."

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So saying, he walked toward the underwood, making a sign to the children to follow him. In a few steps they found themselves upon a narrow footpath. He bade them keep this path, and it would lead them safely and directly to their home.

"But," added the dwarf, "as you value your own and your father's lives, say not a word to him of what you have seen; but merely say—'Father, the guests have been invited.'"

His great eyes flashed so strangely as he spoke, and his voice thundered so imperiously, that Wilibald and Anna dared not venture a word, and took at once the path he pointed out to them, not daring to look behind them. When at last they turned, the dwarf was not to be seen.

While they were still debating who and what this creature could be, and whether they should obey his orders, they heard on their right again the sound of water, but less tumultuous than before; and, emerging from the trees, they saw lying at their feet a lake. It was inclosed on three sides with high, high mountains, with trees upon their tops gilded with the last rays of the sun. The shores of the lake were already lying in twilight, and mists were rising from the hollows, but the blue heaven was still clearly reflected in the dark mirror.

Anna seized Wilibald's arm, and whispered to him, "this surely must be the mountain lake of which my father has so ofton told us." But Wilibald stopped her with a "look!" for he saw and pointed out to Anna a woman seated upon the green grass down by the shore. "Let us go down!" he said. "Perhaps she can inform us how far it is from this to Reimershau, and which is the way thither."

Down they ran, but what was their surprise, as they drew nearer, to find no peasant-girl (as they had supposed) but a beautiful, stately lady, seated on the grass, and combing her long fair hair with a gold and mother-of-pearl comb.

"Whence do ye come? Whither do ye go? What do ye here, ye lovely children?" began the lady, as they both stood abashed before her. Wilibald told her where they had been going, what their errand was, and modestly put forward his request.

The lady shook her head. "To Reimershau," said she, "you cannot get to day. It does not suit me, and I forbid you. But your father shall not want for guests; I will myself wait on him to-morrow evening." She then pointed out to them the mountain pass through which their road led, and desired them to seek their home without delay. "But," added the lady, "as you value your own and your father's lives, say not one word to him of what you have seen, but merely say—'father, the guests have been invited.'" She then made a sign to them to go, and Wilibald and Anna bowed politely to her and went.

"All this is very strange," said Wilibald, as they reached the pass and looked once more behind them toward the lady, who was not to be seen. "Who are these stern people that order us in this way?—and why are we not to go to Reimershau?"

"So far as to-day is concerned, they are right enough," said Anna; for see, it is already nearly dark. It will be better to go there the first thing to-morrow morning. But why are we not to tell our father?"

"There is a light!" cried Wilibald. "Now we shall meet with reasonable folks, who will speak sense to us."

And as she spoke, a light did glimmer through the trees; first one—and then a second—and more and more as they went further and further. "We must be coming to a great village," said Anna.

They stepped cheerily on; the pass grew wider, and at length they stood upon an open plain. Far or near, however, no village, not so much as one house, was to be seen; only on one side in a field a number of small blue flames, which flickered here and there, and crossed each other, and leaped and danced merrily.

"These are will-o'-the-wisps," whispered Wilibald. "We must take careful note of the right road that they may not mislead us."

Whilst he spoke, one of the little flames separated itself from the others, and capered—*hush! hush!*—over the field and close to them. The nearer it came, the more it extended itself. and kept growing larger, though at the same time more invisible, until at length it stood right before them on the road; and they were then aware that it was neither a little flame nor a "will-o'-the-wisp, but a man of small stature and pale countenance, so thin and emaciated withal, that it appeared as if the wind, which was blowing pretty sharply over the common, would every moment take him off his legs. He kept fidgetting and wavering to and fro before the children, never once, however, lifting his feet from the ground.

With a low and delicate voice he immediately commenced the old story, "Whence come ye? Whither go ye? What want ye here?"

Wilibald could not help laughing at this thin, restless, little creature; but gave, nevertheless, due heed to his questions.

"Stuff! stuff!" he hissed as he jumped here and there. "Stuff! with your Reimershau! You will neither reach it to-day, nor yet to-morrow. It does not suit me; and I forbid you. But that your father may not want for guests, I will myself wait on him to-morrow evening."

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"I thought as much," murmured Wilibald. "I knew what was coming."

"But," he continued, and raised his long, white fore-finger threateningly, as you value your own and your father's lives, breathe not a word of this to him, but merely say—'father, the guests have been invited.'" Thereupon he sprang suddenly over the fence by the side of the road, and ran swiftly along with the children, who followed the pathway, telling them he would bear them company as far as the next willow.

As they reached the willow, he cried out, "ho there, good neighbor! How goes it? Will you join the party to-morrow evening? We shall have rare sport, I fancy."

"Good! good! I go," answered a hoarse bass voice, which appeared to the children to proceed from the trunk of the willow which they were approaching. As they drew nearer, however, the tree began to move, and they now perceived that it was yet another man, strong and thick set, who stood before them, with a mantle round his shoulders and a crown upon his head.

"Whence come ye? Whither go ye? What want ye here?" he instantly called out to the children.

Wilibald for the fourth time told his story, not, however, without some hesitation, for the bass voice had somewhat frightened him. When he had ended, it again growled out, "no Reimershau, neither to-day nor to-morrow; I won't have it—will be your guest myself. Keep counsel—twist your neck off else. Quick—march!"

Wilibald and Anna did not give him occasion to repeat his orders, but set off at once, full speed, glancing back now and then to see if the terrible quartermaster was at their heels or not.

"Now, this is growing too ridiculous," said Wilibald, as he at length slackened his pace. "There are queer people here amongst these hills. Who could that surly fellow be?"

"Hush! do keep quiet, now," said Anna. "I wish we were at home. The night is falling round us fast. What will become of us if we have yet to pass through that dark wood?"

Their way nevertheless lay right through the wood; but ere they reached it, another road from the side intersected the one they were on, and appeared to lead on the left to the outskirts of the forest. What would they not have given for some one to advise them which of the two to take?

They stood by the cross-road, deliberating, when hark! a noise rang through the wood:—cries of hounds, halloos, sounds of horses, first in the distance, and then nearer and nearer; and now close by them, and right and left, and the noise burst through the brushwood and rang with frightful clatter by. They could neither see or distinguish anything but a confused multitude of grey shadows sweeping rapidly past.

After these, however, came a rider mounted on a coal black steed, bounding from out of the wood with loud view-halloo. He reared up his black steed before them, and, fixing his eyes upon them, said, "from whence come ye? Whither go ye? What do ye here?" Wilibald tried to speak, but the words stuck in his throat, for the rider, in his outlandish dress, with his high cap upon his head, had a strange and unearthly air, and the eyes of the black horse glared in the night like burning coals. But Anna, more collected, gently gave him the information he required.

"Ho! ho! holla!" he cried, when she had finished, "take advice, and think no more of Heimershau; nor yet to-morrow. It does not suit me. But that your father may not want for guests, I will myself to-morrow wait on him. Huzza! huzza!"

He spurred his charger on, but soon drew in and called to them, "have a care, as you love your own and your father's lives, tell no tales;" and with these words he dashed over the turf to join the wild hunt, which was still visible in the distance.

They looked after him for some time. At length Wilibald broke the silence; "why could you not have asked the right way to the Forest Lodge?"

"He did not look like one who would have answered me," said Anna. "Let us then, in God's name, go straight forward; it will be our best course:" and so without further deliberation, they entered the wood in God's name.

But they found themselves sadly puzzled by the darkness, and the farther they advanced into the wood the worse it became. Presently they lost the path altogether, ran against the trees in all directions, and knew not where to turn. At this moment of their greatest need they suddenly perceived a glimmering light quivering among the trunks of some old trees, which now disappeared, and then again was visible.

Wilibald leaped high for joy, embraced his sister, and began with all his might and main to shout and cry. He was immediately answered by a voice: and then and there came a great light round the corner of the rock, which glided swiftly toward them. At first, Wilibald and Anna took it for a man with a great lantern. Then they thought it was a burning torch. At length, as it drew nearer toward them, they saw that it assumed the form of a fat man, and that he shone all over like a glow-worm, except his great broad face, which, however, was of such a deep red color that it looked almost as if it was on fire. "Good evening; good evening, my little ones," called out this jovial fellow. "Whence come ye? Whither go ye? What want ye here?"

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Wilibald again told his tale, and entreated for a little light, that they might find their way through this darkness to their own house.

"Most willingly, most willingly, my children," said the fat glow-worm. "We shall soon be there; but give up this nonsensical expedition to Reimershau. It does not suit me, nor will you accomplish it to-morrow a bit better than to-day. But that your father may not want for guests, I will myself to-morrow evening wait on him."

He had during this speech kept unceasingly and briskly moving onward, and though the two children were at first rather frightened by his extraordinary appearance, his friendly and confiding manner soon set them at their ease, and they followed him fearlessly and cheerfully, especially when they heard that they were now not far from home.

And in truth, they were hardly a hundred steps further, than they fairly emerged from the wood, and found themselves in an open plain, which, with extreme delight, they recognized as the meadow behind their own house.

"Now, my children," said their companion, "you have no further need of me. Good night! but let me warn you, as you value your own and your father's lives, not a syllable of what has happened. Merely say, 'father, the guests have all been invited.'"

He turned, and with a few good springs, disappeared into the wood.

Wilibald and Anna now hastened home, but agreed upon the way to be silent, at least for the present, on the subject of their adventures; for Anna, in particular, thought, however unwillingly she acted thus, that these strange people in the wood were not to be trifled with.

Great was the joy on their arrival at the Forest Lodge. As the night drew on their parents' anxiety about them had been very great; and their father had just lighted the lantern, slung his rifle across his shoulder, and was in the act of setting out to seek for them.

They were now besieged on all sides with questions, "why, and where they had staid out so long? and what the Chief Ranger and the Bailiff had said?" But Anna took her father by the hand, and, in a low voice, begged that he would not question her to-night, as she could not now answer him. In due time he would learn all.

Arnold looked wonderingly into his daughter's face; but she fixed her eyes so beseechingly on him, that he silently kissed her forehead, and, turning to her mother, said, "the children are very tired, dearest mother, let them now go to bed; they will tell us all to-morrow morning."

On the following morning the good Elsbeth was early at her work, that her farewell feast might do due honor to her guests. Cakes were to be baked, the few fowl yet left them were to yield up their lives: and Arnold was sent forth, with gun in hand, in quest of game. Thus it chanced that Elsbeth was too busy to ask Wilibald and Anna how they had got to Reimershau, and invited the Bailiff and the Chief Ranger. It caused some trouble, however, that the servant, Gottwalt, was not forthcoming—since, besides the answer from the cousins, he should have brought spices, lemons, and other such matters from the town.

In such turmoil the day went over; and the wood began to throw its deep shadows over the meadow, and the distant mountain-tops to be tinged with a purple hue. The kitchen fire for the last two hours had been burning bravely, and Father Arnold had already been twice to the hill behind the house, anxiously looking for his guests; but no guests came. Night drew on apace. A grey mist covered the distant valley, and the purple on the mountain-tops had changed to a deep red. Elsbeth had three times popped her head in at the door, saying that if the guests did not come soon the roasts would be entirely burnt; but still the guests came not.

It was now quite dark. The maid prepared the table. Arnold ordered the candles to be lighted in order that something might be going on, while Elsbeth, who now began to suspect a mistake, was beginning seriously to question Wilibald and his sister, when, all at once, a gentle knocking was heard—tap, tap, tap—at the door. "Come in," cried Arnold, cheerily, and hastened to open the door. There stepped in a little man, with an enormous head, which the children easily recognized in spite of the grand company wig of asbestos with which he had adorned it. Besides this, he now wore a coat of fine brown with great gold buttons, and a glittering waistcoat to match his wig of woven asbestos, buttoned with a double row of precious stones.

The dwarf greeted Arnold and his wife with a friendly "good luck to ye," announced himself as Head Mine Inspector Bergmann, and begged they would excuse his intrusion; having been benighted among the hills, he said the sight of lights had guided him to their dwelling, where he now begged for some hospitality.

Arnold welcomed him heartily, and begged him to take a seat on a bench which occupied one side of the room.

He was hardly seated, when again a gentle knocking—tap, tap, tap—was heard at the door; and when Arnold cried, "come in," and ran to open it, behold! a stately lady entered, covered from head to foot in an ample veil. Wilibald and Anna recognized her at the first glance.

She bowed courteously to Arnold and Elsbeth, and introduced herself as a Lady Waterpark.

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Her carriage, she said, had met with an accident as she was on her way to the baths in that neighborhood. She hoped they would allow her to remain there until the necessary repairs were completed.

Arnold welcomed her kindly, and on her declining his offer of seeing after the broken carriage, he could only beg her to take a seat on the bench beside the Head Mine Inspector. She had hardly sat down, when again there came a very gentle knocking—tap, tap, tap—at the door. Arnold called, "come in," and went in some surprise to open it. A spare little man whisked nimbly toward him, jumped backward and forward before him and his wife, twisting himself and making the strangest congees, as he apologized in a feeble voice for his sudden intrusion. "He was Professor Wildfire; and had been benighted whilst botanizing in the neighboring mountains. Might he ask for a little refreshment!—he had still a good way to go."

Wilibald and Anna recognized this new guest also, although he was now dressed in the most extraordinary holiday attire—a liver-colored coat with silver buttons, a light blue waistcoat, and sulphur-colored trowsers. He had a long stick in one hand; in the other, as well as in his button-hole, an immense nosegay of every kind of marsh plant; and on his head arose a wonderful and complicated toupee, like nothing so much as a pointed flame.

Arnold could not help smiling at this strange figure, but welcomed him and begged him to take his place beside the Lady Waterpark and the Head Mine Inspector, and made a sign to his wife that she should set something before these unexpected guests.

The professor had not seated himself, nor had Frau Elsbeth left the room, when once more they heard a knocking. This time it was a loud and distinct—tap, tap, tap—at the door. Arnold said, "come in," and proceeded to open the door, slightly shaking his head; when in came a deep, bass "good evening," and behind it a somewhat uncouth-looking thick-set man in a grey coat, trimmed with a broad gold lace after a by-gone fashion, wearing a rather wild wig with long hair and a small laced three-cocked hat.

The quartermaster, for it was he and no other, greeted Arnold with a condescending nod, announced himself as the unattached General Erl-King, and in a few words gave them to understand that he would be glad to rest here on his journey for the night.

Arnold, in spite of his increasing wonder, gave him a right hearty welcome, and begged him for the present to sit down by the Lady Waterpark and the Head Mine Inspector.

The general walked slowly toward the seat. Wilibald and Anna retired clear out of his way, and withdrew close to their mother. But hardly had the new guest taken his place, when for the fifth time a knock came—tap, tap, tap—to the door, and when Arnold, half-laughing, half-provoked, cried, "come in," the door opened, and there walked in a tall man in a green hunting-dress. His hanger was buckled round his waist, his black hair hung wildly round his pale face.

Wilibald and Anna recognized the Wild Hunter of the night before, and crept close behind the stove; but Elsbeth stood petrified with astonishment, her hands folded on her bosom, and her mouth half open.

The hunter spoke sharp and short to Arnold; he was chief master of the wild hunt. There was to be a great chase next day in the mountains. He begged for night-quarters at the Forest Lodge, having appointed his suite to meet him there early the following morning.

Arnold welcomed him, assuring him that his whole house was at his service, and he begged him to take a seat by the General, the Professor, the Lady Waterpark, and the Head Mine Inspector.

For the sixth and last time a knocking was heard—tap, tap, tap—at the door, and before Arnold could call out, "come in," a fat man pushed himself into the room, puffing and blowing, with a broad fiery-red face. He wore a long great coat of English fashion, bowing most politely, and introduced himself as Counsellor of the Chamber and Commissioner of Lanterns' Firemen, who, having heard much in praise of Mr. Arnold, had long wished for an opportunity of making his valuable acquaintance.

Arnold thanked him politely, and hoped that he would take a seat near the Chief Master of the Hunt, the General, the Professor, the Lady Waterpark, and the Head Mine Inspector.

He did so; and as their host now beheld these six extraordinary figures seated thus in a long row beside each other, stiff and immoveable, (except the professor, who dangled his legs a little) their eyes fixed and turned toward him, the four middle ones pale, almost corpse-like, the face at the right and the nose at the left shining with supernatural carbuncle-brightness, he was struck with a sort of strange and unearthly terror. But there Arnold's guests were, and so he carefully concealed his feelings.

"Honored lady and worthy gentlemen," said he, "I am leaving this house and neighborhood to-morrow, and it was my wish to give my farewell feast this evening. Since the guests whom we invited have not arrived, strangely enough: might I beg of you to do us the honor of taking their places, and of partaking of our farewell supper."

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The six figures bowed, one and all, in reply to Arnold's courtesy; and the Head Mine Inspector, in the name of all, said how much they felt themselves honored to be the guests of such a worthy man, all of them hoping, nevertheless, that he would long continue to reside in the neighborhood.

Arnold only replied with a shrug of his shoulders, while Elsbeth, in some trepidation, mingled with housewifely conceit, hastened to the kitchen to order up the supper. When this was served, Arnold seated himself with his family and guests at the table.

The guests spoke little, like persons not well acquainted with each other. They ate still less; indeed, to Elsbeth's annoyance, they hardly touched the food, and only made a pretence of eating. It was not so with the wine. When it came, they made less ceremony, but diligently emptied their glasses, and as Arnold diligently filled them again, matters began to go more briskly. The party grew loquacious, the guests talking partly with their hosts; partly with one another in some quaint unknown language which had a sound more like kissing, blowing, whistling, and smacking, than any real Christian tongue.

Arnold and his wife listened to this gibberish with the greatest astonishment, and the children could no longer restrain themselves from laughing out loud at it. But this was nothing to what began at the end of the feast. Mother Elsbeth then placed upon the table an immense bowl of hot punch, and the steaming glasses clinked together, and brimming bumpers were emptied to the bottom. The strangers drank to the health of the brave host and the amiable hostess that they might long retain possession of the Forest Lodge. They drank, too, to a continuance of neighborly kindness. Then their eyes began to glare and sparkle as the eyes of a cat in the dark do. Then their talk grew more and more lively, and they broke out into loud peals of laughter, and made the most ludicrous gestures and contortions. Frau Elsbeth looked at her husband, and Father Arnold shook his head. Queer company they had in the Lodge—that was past doubt, and every moment it seemed growing queerer—for on the Lady Waterpark calling for a drink, and on Elsbeth delaying a little with the wished-for water, what did the lady do but took up the corner of her veil and squeezed out of it into a glass the clearest water?

Elsbeth saw this, and was terrified; and to cover her confusion seized a pair of snuffers and snuffed a candle out. Whereupon her neighbor, Chamber Counsellor Fireman, quickly, and with the most obliging air, stretched his hand out of his long sleeve and re-lighted the candle with his finger.

This was beyond a joke. A sudden horror of her unknown guests seized upon the pious Frau Elsbeth, who pushed back her seat and stood up. Arnold and the children followed her. The guests, however, did not appear to notice their dismay; at least they took no heed of it, but grew more and more noisy, and made more and more frightful faces and grimaces.

At this moment the clock struck twelve. Up sprang Professor Wildfire, threw a summerset with the greatest agility, and crowed out, "music! music! good people! Music here! We will have a dance!" On this, the Wild Hunter ran to the window, flung it up, and crying, "hallo! hallo!" in hunter's fashion, was answered forthwith by the yelling of hounds and blowing of horns, and the hooting of an old owl or two thoroughly versed in such orchestra work. The other five guests stood up and began to dance merrily, and every minute more merrily—wilder and wilder. The ball seemed to quicken the spirits of the party. The Head Mine Inspector, with a wild shout, flung his wig up to the ceiling, where it stuck upon a nail. Professor Wildfire sprang up and down upon all the benches, tables, and shelves, seeming to grow taller and shorter with the most wonderful elasticity. Counsellor Fireman meanwhile, from time to time, unbottoned his great coat. Every time he did so a shower of fire and sparks streamed out upon the dancers —a prank which seemed to excite them to dance merrily, and yet more merrily, wilder and wilder.

They began chasing and catching one another round and round the room. One would now unexpectedly seize his own leg, laying about him lustily with it, or fling his own head at his neighbor, catching it up and putting it on again as if it had been a senseless hat. Stools and benches were upset. Glasses, flasks, and plates were swept off from the table. Elsbeth clasped her hands in despair.

"Take the children into the next room," said Arnold. But on this, General Erl-King sprang toward her, crying out, "children leave! These children I take! Children are mine!"—and the children began to scream, and cry, and crept behind their mother. This was not to be endured: for Arnold indignantly walked up to the speaker and complained of this unseemly return for his hospitality. General Erl-King merely answered, "pish! whish! whish!" and was in the ring again.

The mad whirl grew madder and madder, and went round faster and faster—merrily and yet more merrily. The candles were by this time all out; but the Chamber Counsellor had by this time thrown off his great coat, and his fiery form alone lighted the whole scene, scattering around him such showers of fire that Arnold trembled lest his house should be burned. Next the owl

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horn-players and trumpeters came down from the window, mixed among the crowd, and it seemed as if the band without would shortly break in, for the cries of the hounds and the blasts of horns came in merrily and more merrily, madder and madder.

Perfectly fruitless were all poor Arnold's attempts to make his wild guests keep order or hear reason. Once he himself was drawn into the whirlpool, and against his will was spun round with the dancers, being pitched to and fro with violence. But he got clear somehow, and thanked God, as panting for breath he escaped into the adjoining room.

There all was terror and dismay. The children shouted and screamed. Frau Elsbeth stood trembling and wringing her hands. The maid knelt by the bed-side, and had thrust her head under the bed-clothes that she might neither see nor hear.

"Oh, if we had but told our father yesterday!" said Wilibald, to his sister, weeping, "then our father would never have let these hideous people into the house to-night."

On this, Anna, who had stood for awhile silent, thinking, it seemed, suddenly crept out of the room. And very soon after, at the moment it seemed, when the noise and terror were at their highest pitch, (so that even Arnold's head grew dizzy, and he hardly knew what he was about) the little girl suddenly appeared at the door of the guest-chamber where the mad revel was raging, and, holding something concealed under her apron, she cried with a loud voice—

> "Lift up your eyes!
> The sun doth rise!
> And now the dance must end!"

As Anna spoke she lifted up her apron, and the great farm-yard cock fluttered out, flew straight to the top of a clothes'-press, shook himself, and with all his might and main began to crow.

There was a sudden dead silence. The guests all stood up and listened.

The cock crowed a second time. Out flew the owls and owlets through the window. The invisible Wild Hunter followed with frightful crash. The rest of the company ran about in terror and confusion.

The cock crowed a third time. A moment—and it was as if all had been swept and blown away.

Anna stood quite alone in the room, and the moon looked mildly and peacefully through the window down from the cloudless heaven.

Arnold had seen all from the adjoining room, and, springing toward her, kissed and pressed to his heart his wise and stout-hearted little daughter. The others, too, now ventured from their hiding-place. Arnold ordered the candles to be lighted, and when the lights came they all saw with astonishment three great purses standing on the table, with three great labels hanging to them. Upon the first label was: "*As a grateful return for a hospitable reception.*" Upon the second: "*Long may you possess the Forest Lodge.*" Finally, upon the third: "*Continued good neighborship.*" When the purses were opened, lo! they were full of good old hard dollars. Besides these, the floor was strewed with a quantity of gold pieces, which the Fireman must have scattered there; and upon the tables and cupboards, and wherever Professor Wildfire had capered, lay drifts of bright silver pennies.

You may fancy every one's joy at the discovery: but what was it all to Anna's, when, last of all, she discovered on her own neck a costly necklace of magnificent pearls? She did not herself know how she had come by it, unless it could have been put there by the Lady Waterpark.

And this was the way that Arnold once more became a rich man. He paid his debts, put his household again into the best order; all throve and prospered under his hands, as formerly; and he lived in the Forest Lodge with his family in peace and happiness for many a year.

The pearl necklace, however, is still preserved in the family in remembrance of the extraordinary supper. An asbestos wig also remained hanging on the ceiling, where it might be seen a few years since by those that visited the Forest Lodge.

TWILIGHT MELODIES.

There is mute eloquence beneath the skies,
  A solemn music in the wand'ring brook;
  The trees, the flowers—each sequestered nook
Seems bright with beauty, e'en though daylight dies.
For in the sobbing wind a spirit sighs,
  So full of adoration, that it grows
  Almost to worship, and o'er Nature throws
A holy calm, which God to man supplies.
The melody of silence in the air
  Whispers through leafy boughs, while scarce a sound
  Disturbs the stillness, which grows more profound.
The soul of man is filled with heartfelt prayer
  As the soft twilight deepens into gloom,
  While glitt'ring stars shine forth in Heaven's blue
    dome.

H. J. V.

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EDITORS' TABLE.

CHIT-CHAT WITH READERS.

St. Valentine's Day in the Seventeenth Century.—The ancient origin of St. Valentine's Day is so well known that it is needless to refer to it here. Scott, in one of his novels, gives a spirited picture of the manner in which the festival was kept, many centuries ago. We have numerous curious customs related by different writers in honor of this day, but of all the quotations that could be made, none is more quaint and striking than the following from the Diary of the celebrated Pepys:—on the fourteenth of February, 1667, is there entered—"This morning came up to my wife's bedside, I being up dressing myself, little Will Mercer to her Valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper in gold letters, done by myself very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's Valentine, and it will cost me £5; but that I must have laid out, if we had not been Valentines." He also adds, "I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my Valentine, she having drawn me; which I was not sorry for, easing me of something more than I must have given to others. But here I do first observe the drawing of mottoes as well as names; so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me: what mine was I forget; but my wife's was most courteous, and most fair, which, as it may be used on an anagram upon each name, might be very pretty. One wonder I observed to-day, there was no music in the morning to call up our new married friend, (Peg Penn) which is very mean, methinks."

That Valentines were not confined to the middle, or lower classes in the days of Pepys, and were sometimes of a very costly description, may be judged from the following statement:—"The Duke of York being once Mrs. Stuart's Valentine, did give her a jewel of about £800, and my Lord Mandeville, her Valentine this year, a ring of about £300." And in the following year he notes down:—"This evening my wife did with great pleasure show me her stock of jewels, increased by the ring she hath made lately, as my Valentine's gift this year, a Turkey stone set with diamonds; with this, and what she had, she reckons that she hath above £150 worth of jewels of one kind or other, and I am glad of it; for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Iron Mask. By Alexandre Dumas. 2 vols. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—We find very few of the French novels to our taste; but, among the exceptions, are the works of this writer. As a historical novelist, Dumas is unsurpassed in France; and the series, of which the "Three Guardsmen" was the beginning, as this is the completion, is the best of all his works. D'Artagnan is to Dumas what Leather-Stocking is to Cooper: and we can hardly have enough of him. In the present novel the fortunes of the three musketeers are followed out, while Bragelonne, the son of Athos, figures conspicuously. The episode of the celebrated "Man in the Iron Mask" adds materially also to the interest of the volumes. Last of all, the charming La Valliere, whose mere name awakens our every sympathy, is a prominent character in the story. The work will have a great sale.

Alton Locke: Tailor and Poet. An Autobiography. 2 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is one of the most extraordinary books of the day. It can scarcely be called a novel, yet it is more absorbing than any novel. The scene is laid in London, and the hero is a young operative, poor in this world's goods, but gifted with all a poet's genius. During the progress of the story, the author lays bare the inadequate wages of the workmen in England, and exposes others of the wrongs of society. The remedy suggested is not Socialism, but Christianity, which is pointed out as the cure for every ill of life, whether personal or political. Altogether, this book, both in its moral and in its power, is one of rare merit.

Memorandum of the Life of Jenny Lind. By N. Parker Willis. 1 vol. Philada: R. E. Peterson.—The interest which attaches to everything that Jenny Lind says or does, will render this volume universally attractive. Mr. Willis has gathered together, in a sort of outline biography, everything of interest that has transpired respecting her, and has executed the entire task with his accustomed grace and tact. A more readable book we have not seen these many days. A beautiful mezzotint picture of Jenny Lind, in the opera of Sonnambula, embellishes the volume.

The Manhattaner in New Orleans; or, Phases of "Crescent City" Life. By A. Oakey Hall. 1 vol. New York: J. S. Redfield.—This agreeable, fresh and graphic work first appeared, in the shape of a series of articles, in "The Literary World" of New York. We are glad to welcome our old favorite in its present neat shape, and hope soon to hear from the author again. As the name imports, the volume is the record of impressions, made by a New Yorker during a sojourn in New Orleans.

Picturez from the Bible. By Cousin Alice. 1 vol. Philada: Willis P. Hazard.—The author of this excellent juvenile work is Mrs. Joseph C. Neal, probably the best writer for children in the United States. The volume is beautifully printed, and illustrated with eighteen engravings. A more suitable book for a gift it would be impossible to procure.

The Luttrells. By F. Williams. 1 vol. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—An agreeable fiction, the scene of which, for the most part, is laid in India. It will be read, by novel readers, with pleasure.

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History of Xerxes the Great. By Jacob Abbott. 1 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—We have here another of those delightful little historical volumes for which Mr. Abbott has become so celebrated. It is published in a style of similar neatness with its predecessors. Among the hundreds of volumes intended for the young, those comprising this series are, perhaps, the most valuable. In a family where there are children these historical books of Mr. Abbott are really priceless.

The Illustrated Shakspeare. Nos. 24, 25 *and* 26. *Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.*—This superb serial loses nothing of its mechanical excellence as it progresses. The engravings of the three numbers before us are not inferior even to the best of those which have gone before. Again we advise our friends, if they desire an elegant edition of Shakspeare, to purchase the present, by all means.

Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution. By Benson J. Lossing. No. 10. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This patriotic and useful serial is continued with as much spirit as ever. The literary matter is carefully written, and the engravings are elegant and accurate. The present number is occupied with the historical localities about Boston, and with the narrative of events that led to the revolution.

Olive. A Novel. By the author of "The Ogilvies." 1 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The heroine of this fiction is a partially deformed young girl, who, by her gentle manners and kind heart, wins love where, at first she received only neglect. The story is beautifully told, and the characters finely drawn. Though not so good as "The Ogilvies," the work is one of high merit.

Singleton Fontenay. By James Hanway. 1 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—We have here a racy novel, sprinkled somewhat with Carlylism, but full of spirited conversation.

The Illustrated Shakspeare. No. 29, 30 *and* 31.—We have received these numbers from T. B. Peterson, the Philadelphia agent of the publishers. The serial loses none of its merit.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Fig. i.—Dress of Stone-colored Merino, skirt plain and very full. Cloak of Mazarine blue velvet richly embroidered, with a deep shawl-cape also embroidered and trimmed with fringe. Bonnet composed of white silk, lace, and bands of uncut velvet.

Fig. ii.—Dress of rich Maroon-colored silk, with satin stripe. Skirt made very full, and trimmed up the front with ornaments made of gimp. Cloak of citron-green cloth, trimmed with fur. Bonnet of pink uncut velvet, with a rich drooping plume. The face trimming is of velvet flowers.

General Remarks.—With some unimportant variations, the make of dresses continues the same as it has been for some time past. Open corsages, it may be observed, are made rather more close than heretofore, so as to be better adapted to the cold weather now setting in. Others are made to be worn either open or close, at pleasure, like the corsages of some of the riding-habits we have recently described; that is to say, they are made with revers, which may be turned back, or closed and fastened up the front from the waist to the throat. The corsages of walking and indoor neglige dresses are very frequently made with basques. When the dress is of merino, or any plain material, the basques are usually longer than when the dress is composed of silk. Sometimes the silk dresses have the basques embroidered, and occasionally they are trimmed with lace or ribbon, or scalloped at the edge. The *corsages* for morning neglige are still often made open, showing the cambric chemisette; but there are a good many closed high round the throat, relieved only by the collar of English embroidery or lace, and the knot of rich ribbon. One corsage is made quite tight, with a jacket notched in squares, the hanging sleeves being cut to correspond; full bodies, however, are much worn, and are generally more becoming to slight figures. When a jacket is not adopted a narrow band and buckle are required.

Sleeves continue to be made wide at the ends. When muslin under sleeves are worn in outdoor dress, they are fastened on a band at the wrist, but for dinner or evening dress the ends may be open and hanging loosely. For outdoor costume muslin under sleeves are now frequently superseded by small sleeves of the material composing the dress. These sleeves may be edged with a narrow band of fur, or trimmed with lace; or the sleeves may be made close to the wrist without under sleeves. Dresses are worn plain, flounced, or embroidered en tablier, or down the sides, in a richness of pattern hitherto unapproached. This is especially observable with French merinos of all the favorite winter colors. The stiffended petticoats are quite discarded; but the skirts are still very full, although an attempt has been made in Paris to reduce their width. There is, however, such a *gaucherie* in scanty skirts, that they are little likely to be revived.

A Dinner Dress of black velvet, has lately been completed, the skirt of which is plain, the corsage with basques, and open in front. The edge of the basques, the top of the corsage, and ends of the sleeves, trimmed with a fluted quilling of narrow satin ribbon, with a lace edge. The sleeves looped up in the inside of the arm by a bow of ribbon. A chemisette of white lace and under sleeves of the same are to be worn with this dress.

The Evening Costumes of the present season are characterized by profuse trimming. The skirts of the newest dresses, excepting those composed of very rich materials, are all very fully trimmed. Corsages, whether high or low, are ornamented in some way or other. Flounces, when employed to trim the skirts of ball dresses, are made somewhat fuller than heretofore. Even lace flounces, which used to be set on plain, are now gathered up in slight fulness. To add still more to the appearance of amplitude in dresses trimmed with lace, some dressmakers edge the skirts with a fontange of ribbon. With ball dresses of transparent textures, trimmed with flounces of the same, this fontange of ribbon is frequently placed at

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the edge of the slip worn under the dress. Tulle dresses will be fashionable for ball costume. Ball dresses of pretty Organdy muslin, intended for young ladies, have lately been introduced. These dresses should be made with two skirts, simply edged with a broad hem. Another beautiful costume for a young lady is a plain tarletane, colored or white, and the skirt simply tucked without any kind of ornament or trimming. We have observed a few tarletane ball dresses made with a profusion of very narrow flounces pinked at the edges. This has a beautifully light effect, but a dress made in this style soon loses its beauty, and cannot be worn, to look well, oftener than twice.

Many ladies are afraid, on account of health, to change from a warm merino or cashmere to a thin evening dress, but this may be remedied by their adopting one of the beautiful white cashmeres or merinos so popular this winter among invalids. One has been lately finished made of white French cashmere, the skirts being edged with a gimp of a golden brown, and looped with bunches of wall flowers or marigold. Hanging Grecian sleeves, edged like the dress, and fastened on the shoulders with cameos; necklace of whole pearls, and flowers in the hair to correspond with those on the dress.

The Gloves worn in evening and ball costume are untrimmed. Two or even three bracelets are often worn on each arm.

The newest Bonnets are very fully trimmed; the trimmings consisting for the most part of ruches of lace, velvet foliage, bows of ribbon and velvet, or feathers. A pretty style of inside trimming consists of bows of ribbon of different shades of one color; for example, if green ribbon be selected, the bows pass in gradation from a dark to a pale tint; or, if lilac ribbon be employed, the tint graduates from deep violet to pale lilac. Bows of ribbon made up with a small white or pink rosebud in the centre, or intermingled with white tulle or black lace, are not unfrequently used as inside trimmings. The new felt bonnets are among the novelties suited to plain outdoor dress. Owing to improvements in the manufacture of felt, bonnets of that material are made in a variety of colors, and they have a gloss resembling silk or velvet. We have observed some of dark blue, green, and other colors, trimmed with velvet the color of the felt. A black bonnet of this description intended for mourning has been trimmed with a black cassowary feather and black velvet ribbon. An old fashion in fur trimmings has been partially revived this winter: we allude to narrow rows or bands of fur. Some of the newest velvet cloaks are trimmed with three of these rows, of graduated widths, the lowest row being the broadest. The sleeves are of the pagoda form, and trimmed in corresponding style. If a muff be worn with a cloak trimmed with fur, it should be of the same fur as the trimming.

As a trimming for plain cloaks and mantles, a preparation of the skins of the lama and the vicugna is now much worn. Cloaks are edged with bands of these trimmings, to which the tails of the animals are sometimes attached, as in ermine trimming. Broad bands of sable or chenille are also used. The muffs of the present season are of the same dimensions as those used last winter.

Opera Cloaks are made of satin, white or colored, and trimmed with rich fringe with a deep heading, or of white cashmere or merino, lined throughout with a light colored silk or satin and quilted. Many have a broad quilted band of the same color as the lining, extending around the cloak. Others use cygnet, or swan's-down, or ribbon. The opera sacques are generally made with a point behind and in front, instead of the round fronts which have been so lately worn. Hoods attached to the cloaks are universally worn, precisely of the patterns as those worn in street dress some years ago.

Pocket Handkerchiefs for evening costume are splendidly embroidered. They are made with waved borders edged with lace. Frequently the borders are of needlework and Valenciennes lace; the lace being intermingled with the pattern so as to form a kind of framework round the flowers or devices. Some are embroidered in a pattern of stars, and others of flowers, such as lilies, roses, &c.

Flowers are still the favorite ornaments of ball costume. The new bouquets de corsage are mounted with pendent sprays, which descend to the point in front of the waist. The most fashionable wreaths for the hair have drooping or pendent sprays, but they are not so long as those worn last winter. Bows of velvet ribbon are frequently intermingled with flowers, the bows having long ends drooping nearly to the shoulders. In one of these wreaths, composed of blue velvet flowers and green foliage, we noticed a bow of black velvet with long ends. This bow was fixed in the centre, and divided the wreath into two parts. It consisted of four loops, so disposed as to lie flat on the top of the head, the long ends passing under the flowers on each side, and drooping toward the back of the neck. The bouquet de corsage intended to accompany this wreath was composed of pendent sprays of the same flowers, intermingled with black velvet, one long end of the velvet passing under the flowers and descending below the longest spray.

We have seen a very pretty head-dress composed of black velvet, black lace, and red flowers. The velvet was disposed in four flat loops at the upper part of the head, and the bouquets of flowers were on each side. The lace was in the form of a handkerchief; the point at the back of the head and the ends descending in the form of lappets, one on each side, behind the bouquets of flowers; two long ends of velvet attached to the bow passed under the lace lappets, and drooped nearly to the shoulders. Some of the new head-dresses consist of white lace or blonde trimmed with marabout feathers, the marabouts being frequently tipped with a small feather of the grebe, a kind of fowl whose plumage resembles flakes of snow. As a mourning head-dress we may mention one of black lace, ornamented with several sprays of the weeping willow, the leaves of black velvet, intermingled with flowers of grey feathers.

A Network of Gold Wire has been lately introduced for the hair. This resembles the caul formerly used, and judging from engravings of ancient dames must be most becoming.

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THE WRECK

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SCHOOL BOY BUYING A CAKE.

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MARCH: THE LAST SNOW OF THE SEASON.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1851. No. 3.

THE SHIPWRECK.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

CHAPTER I.

IT was just before the breaking out of the last war with England, that a grand ball took place in the French port of ——. The occasion was the presence of an American man-of-war in the harbor; and the festival was given on board of a line-of-battle ship, one of the few Napoleon had saved from Trafalgar.

The deck of the colossal vessel presented a superb spectacle, on the evening in question. Flags were hung in festoons; naked swords were arrayed in stars; and muskets were piled all around. An admirable band of musicians played national airs, or inspired the dancers and waltzers. Crowds of naval officers, of every grade, distinguished by the politeness of their nation, moved about; while groups of elegantly dressed ladies chatted with these heroes, or enjoyed the dance.

Foremost in that bright array of beauty was an American belle, the lovely and accomplished Florence Harold. Her father, a wealthy Virginia planter, had been in Europe for many years, having resided most of the time in Paris, where his daughter had just completed her education. To the native virtues of an American female, Florence united the graces of the most polished society. On the present occasion she was unquestionably the star of the evening.

Of the many admirers, however, who crowded about her, one appeared to claim her especial attention. When she listened to him, a conscious blush mantled her cheek: when she spoke, in reply, her whole soul went with her words and smile. That they were lovers was evident. But few knew that the handsome American lieutenant, Frank Crawford, was already engaged to the fair Florence, and that the union was to take place on her return to America, an event that was now daily expected. In truth Mr. Harold's presence at ——, was to take passage in an armed merchantman, which was to sail, in less than a week, for America.

"And so you leave, the day after to-morrow," said Frank Crawford, during a moment's *tete-a-tete* with Florence. "I wish your father could be persuaded to stay, and go with us. The captain has already once offered him a passage, and would urge it, I know, if he did not fear to be considered too pressing. Don't you think Mr. Harold might be persuaded?"

"No," said Florence, smiling, but shaking her head. "On this point he is inexorable. The captain of the merchantman is an old friend, and pa would not disappoint him for the world."

Frank Crawford sighed. He would have given much to have secured Florence's company during the sojourn of his ship at ——, and afterward for the voyage home; but he saw it could not be. Florence heard the sigh, and, in her kind way, sought to comfort her lover.

"Pa says there will be no danger, so you need fear nothing for us. The merchantman is a very fast ship."

"As to that," said Frank, "I have no fears. You'll be safe enough, Florence. But it annoys me, I confess, to find that we are to be parted now, when I had hoped we should make the voyage home together." And he sighed again.

"Pa, too, has old-fashioned notions," said Florence, playfully, "and I, like a dutiful daughter, yield to his better judgment." And laying her hand on Frank's arm, she added, coloring in beautiful confusion; "when it becomes my duty to obey you, Frank, I shall do as you think right. A good daughter makes a good wife, you know."

Such words, so lovingly spoken, were irresistible. Frank inwardly cursed his unlucky stars, but nevertheless could not complain after this. A stoic, much less a lover would have found it

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impossible to resist those pleading, dove-like eyes.

Two days after, the brave merchantman, looking as trim almost as a man-of-war, sailed from ——.

CHAPTER II.

It was an awful tempest. The wind shrieked, the waves dashed, the rain poured, the lightnings blazed, and the thunder bellowed on high. Yet the gallant ship, in which the Harolds had taken passage, as yet successfully battled against wind, wave and rain, and defied the wild electric war.

Florence, however, though naturally courageous, was not without alarm; for she saw that her father was somewhat terrified, though he strove to conceal it from her. Once or twice the captain came down into the cabin, to tell them how the storm went on, and even he exhibited visible signs of agitation. Florence had, at first, retired, but as the night deepened, the tempest had increased to such a pitch that she could not sleep, and attiring herself in a white morning wrapper had joined her father, who had remained up. Occasionally Mr. Harold left her to go on deck, for a few minutes. It was after one of these momentary absences that he returned more serious than ever.

"Is the storm worse?" said Florence, anxiously.

"Yes!" replied the parent. "Still, the ship is a stout one, and we have but little to fear."

"Then there *is* danger," cried Florence. "Oh! pa, tell me all. You would not say as much as you have, unless you thought the peril very great. Speak. I can bear it."

"Prepare for the worst then," said her father, clasping her in his arms, while a tear started to his manly eye. "Unless the gale abates, the ship will not hold out till morning; for every spar is already strained, and a frightful leak has just been discovered."

Florence turned whiter than ashes at these terrible words. Life was dear to her, for youth and love were hers; and death was doubly terrible, because she could not bid Frank farewell. Her first thought was of the long, long years he would wait for her, in the vain hope that she might yet reach America in safety. Her next was how to die. She murmured a prayer to heaven, burying her face on her father's bosom. At last she spoke.

"Clasp me closer, dear father," were her words, "let me feel your arm around me. We will die together. Even the voracious ocean shall not separate us. Ours will be the same grave, blessed thought!"

Mr. Harold's broad breast shook with sobs. He had expected despair, he had feared a girl's weakness; but he little knew his child; and this heroism, this divine resignation completely overpowered him.

"You teach me how to die, Florence," he said. "God bless you, dearest of martyrs. But hark!"

He started to his feet as he spoke. An awful clap of thunder had burst overhead, almost stunning those who heard it. Simultaneously a squall seemed to have struck the vessel, for she heeled over; while all on deck was confusion, to judge by the loud orders of the captain and the hurrying of feet.

"I must leave you for a moment," said Mr. Harold, placing Florence in a secure position. "I may be of service on deck. If not I will return at once." He rushed up the gangway, as he spoke, encountering a torrent of water that came pouring down.

Minute after minute passed, yet he did not return. The cabin was now half full of water, but Florence was clinging in a secure position, on the upper, or weather-side, and was but little incommoded. The shouts and tramping of feet continued, followed, after an interval, by the stifled noise of axes, as if used in cutting under water. Then there was a sharp crack, and the ship began to right.

But still Mr. Harold did not make his appearance. For about a minute, after the merchantman recovered an even keel, the noise on deck continued; and then came a staggering blow against the ship, as if some unusually gigantic wave had struck it. A cataract of water simultaneously poured down the companion way, till the cabin was waist deep with the briny element. Florence believed that the crisis had come. She expected momently to be suffocated in the flood, and closed her eyes in horror.

But, in a few instants, the rush of the descending fluid was over, and Florence, gathering hope, listened to hear what was happening on deck. All was stilled there, as if by enchantment. No human cries, no tramping feet were heard, but only the rush of water and the howling of the wind. Florence listened and listened in vain. The silence, thus continued, was more appalling than all the noises which preceded it. Florence had heard of whole crews being swept overboard sometimes by a single wave, and her heart froze with terror as the thought suggested itself that this had happened now.

Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour elapsed, and, at last, unable to endure the suspense, Florence groped her path to the companion way, braving the floods of water in the cabin, and finally struggled to the deck. Here the violence of the wind almost prostrated her. The first object that caught her vision was the

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stump of the mizen-mast, which had been broken off close to the deck: it was the nearest thing she saw to which to cling; and, in a moment, she was clasping it with both arms.

She now cast an anxious, affrighted look around. Her worst fears were confirmed. Not a living soul beside herself was on deck. Seamen and officers, friends and father, all had been swept ruthlessly away by that destroying surge, and were, before this, numbered with the dead. A wild shriek burst from Florence, as this horrible truth dawned upon her; she lost consciousness, and sank down.

How long she remained thus was never known. The dash of water in her face finally aroused her. She opened her eyes wearily, almost regretting that she had been re-called to life; and then, struggling to her feet, still clinging to the broken mast, she looked again around.

The waves were pouring over the bulwarks, one wild surge trooping after another, swashing to and fro across the decks, and splashing their cold spray high over her. It was evident that the ship had settled considerably since Florence had left the cabin, and was even now, perhaps, on the point of sinking. In the vain hope of finding help, a hope dictated more by the instinct of self-preservation than by any belief that aid was possible, Florence cast an eager glance over the horizon. But nothing met her eye except the angry billows, tossing their white crests aloft, and the lightning blazing, ziz-zag, across the mid-night sky.

She raised her face to heaven, extending one arm aloft. As she stood there, the wind blowing her disheveled tresses about, and the waves coming over the bulwark, deeper and deeper, every instant, while her form and countenance shone out, for one moment, distinct in the lurid glare, she seemed some fair saint, in the white robes of martyrdom, appealing to the Most High.

"Father in heaven," she cried, "receive my spirit. Shorten the sharp pang of death, and bear me to Thy bosom." And then, as if transported by holy faith, she ejaculated, "oh! grave, where is thy victory." And she fell to the deck again.

The lightning vanished, and gloom shut in the scene. The winds still roared and the waters raged, but that devoted vessel was no more visible in the darkness.

CHAPTER III.

It was a bright and brilliant morning. The heavens were without a cloud; the sun shone dazzlingly on the waters; and a gentle breeze sighed over the waste of the broad Atlantic.

A gallant ship, with the American ensign flying, was speeding swiftly on her homeward way.

"A glorious morning after the tempest," said Frank Crawford, to a brother lieutenant. "I never saw a more terrible storm of its character."

"At times I thought," replied his companion, "that the ship would certainly be struck by lightning."

At this instant their attention was arrested by a cry from a look-out aloft.

"What is it?" said Crawford, who was officer of the deck.

"A wreck, sir," was the answer. "I can see a stump of a mast. But the hull lies very low, sir, as if the craft was water-logged."

"Whereaway?"

"On the lee-bow, sir." And, a little after, the look-out added, "there's some person on board, sir. I see a heap, as of white clothes, sir, at the foot of the mast: a woman's dress it is, sir."

At this announcement Crawford himself ascended to the top, carrying with him a glass. He did not long remain aloft, but hurried down in agitation.

"Good God," he said, "it is the wreck of the letter-of-marque in which Mr. Harold sailed. I recognized the craft at once."

"And the lady?"

"It must be Florence, or rather," he added, with a voice and look of agony, "her corpse. Not another living being is on the decks."

The instinct of the lover had recognized Florence at once, in that mass of white drapery at the foot of the mast, where the hapless girl had sunk, momently expecting the ship to go down.

The course of the man-of-war had been directed toward the wreck, as soon as the latter was made out; but now every stitch of canvass, that could draw, was also spread. Thus propelled, the huge vessel drove rapidly toward the merchantman, driving a cataract of foam before her bows.

The anxiety of Crawford, during the interval that now elapsed, was beyond adequate description. He could scarcely hope that Florence lived. So many hours had passed since the storm abated, that he could only look for the sad pleasure of beholding her inanimate face once more, preparatory to bidding it farewell forever.

He walked the deck in an agony of suspense indescribable, never, for a moment, removing his eyes from the wreck. And as the man-of-war approached it, yet still that recumbent form exhibited no signs of life, his anguish became almost intolerable.

When the ship was hove-to, he was the first to leap into the boat, of which he took command; and the light gig had scarcely touched the wreck before he had sprung on board.

"Florence, Florence," he cried, madly, raising the senseless form in his arms; and straining her to his bosom with one muscular arm, with the

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other he pushed back the wet hair from her brow. "Florence, you are not dead, you cannot be dead."

The head fell heavily back against his shoulder.

"She is dead," said the surgeon, who had accompanied him.

But as he spoke, a faint sigh parted the lips of the fair girl, and opening her eyes she gazed bewildered around.

"No, she lives," cried Crawford, "thank God she lives!" And tears of over-wrought emotion burst from him.

Yes! she lived, though weak and exhausted. Almost by a miracle the letter-of-marque, after settling nearly to the water's edge, had remained stationary, her cargo being too light to suffer her to sink Florence had continued insensible where she fell, drenched occasionally with the surges, but still living. Yet it was fortunate she was rescued thus early, for a few more hours of such exposure would have forever broken the golden bowl at the fountain.

What more have we tell? Snatched from death so unexpectedly, Florence was full of gratitude to heaven. This thankfulness fortunately tempered a grief that would otherwise have been too excessive. Still she wept long for the departed. For more than a year she continued to wear mourning, but, at the end of that period, gave her hand to Crawford.

"I TOO WAS AN ARCADIAN."

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

Sweet vale! adown whose verdant hills
The smiling waters of a thousand rills
Commingle with one fair and tranquil stream,
Reflecting sunlight soft, and moon and starry gleam,
Whose sunshine warms and moonbeam stills
Youth's buoyant pulse, or all too fervid dream;
How thy light aspens quiver with delight,
For thou hast all of earth that's best and bright!

I come! Ah, I remember well
How joyously Pan piped in yonder dell—
How fawn and satyr darted from the glen,
And leaped and danced exultant to the music then!
How sea-nymph tripped to pearly shell,
For musical Apollo dwelt with men:
The bee hummed all the day in flowery vale,
And Dian charmed all night the nightingale.

'Twas there with fingers ruby-tipped
Young Bacchus lusciously the vintage sipped—
Ye murmuring pines! still as in days of yore
Ye whisper tales of love, which I can hear no more.
Thy maidens come all Hebe-lipped,
Children of those who once did me deplore—
Smiling they bring the garland-cinctured vase,
With smiles to pity turned, they greet my face.

Once I too sat upon the steep,
A taboring shepherd guiding silly sheep,
And danced with virgins at the festal time
Of mellow, glowing fruit, and Ceres in her prime.
I sang of young girls half asleep,
And arrowed Loves that in a ringlet climb—
I sang of deepening sky, and brook, and grove,
And wept me at my song nor knew 'twas love.

Oh! musical Apollo! why
Did thy sweet lute amid the night-winds sigh?
Why did'st thou from Hyrcanian mountains pour
Thine own delicious notes my rapturing senses o'er
And turn to melody the cry
Of maddening beasts that rested never more,
For thou and love had filled them with a pain
Like his, devoured, yet re-create again.

And now I sing no more of flower,
No more I sing of sweet Arcadian bower—
The murmuring brook flows lucent on its way,
Nor wins from lips of mine a solitary lay—
Oh! musical Apollo! is thy dower
A blight, as are the lightning's fervid play?
Is he no more Arcadian, he who hears?
And is thy crown, the rainbow crown of tears?

SEA-SIDE IN SUMMER.

BY ALICE G. HEWSON.

Stillness rests upon the shore,
Sound of ripple or of oar
Hath not been to-day;
All the air in calm is cast,
All the billows slumber fast,
All the Heaven is grey.

Now comes music to the shore,
Billows rolling o'er and o'er,
From the sounding deep;
Music, as your mood may be,
That shall make you laugh for glee,
Or shall make you weep.

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THE WIDOWER;

OR, LEAVES FROM AN OLD MAID'S JOURNAL.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

Tuesday, February 8th.—Those noisy children of Wilbanks', they are enough to drive one crazy! Here they are, hours before decent people think of leaving their beds, up and screaming at the top of their lungs, racing about the yard like mad things, and making all sorts of unmeaning noises, just to see which can scream the loudest. It is really annoying to have such neighbors—now I hear a window raised, and there is a call of—"Saunders! Saunders! Keep off of those flower-beds!" That is Mrs. Wilbank—I know her hearty, cheerful voice. The deluded woman actually considers her children wonders, and that silly man, her husband, takes more pleasure in their society than in any other that could be offered. All this does well enough, if they did not require others to entertain the same opinion; but if one goes in there for a call, that everlasting baby is sure to make its appearance in Mrs. Wilbank's arms, who informs you with the most perfect composure, that "when she left the child with its nurse it screamed all the time—but now she always brings it in the room with her, so that she feels perfectly easy." "*Easy*" indeed! The Indian war-whoop would be a gentle lullaby compared to the strains which greet the ears of her visitors. Thank my fortunate stars! that I'm not married.

To-day is my birth-day. My thirty years seem like a dream over which I glance in vain for any era of signal importance; the seasons have come and gone, and on each succeeding birth-day I remember thinking how old I should feel the next year—but now I am thirty, and I do not feel so very old yet. It seems a very short time since I was eighteen; how well I remember the day! I was cracking nuts with my teeth, and mother remonstrated against the practice. "If you do so," said she, "you will not have a tooth in your head by the time you are thirty." "*Thirty*!" how I did laugh! What should I want of teeth, or anything else, at *thirty?* And yet here I am, at that sober, matter-of-fact age, with quite as much use for my teeth as ever I had.

I almost dread going down to breakfast this morning; Edward and Cora will be sure to banter me on being an old maid, for at thirty one cannot very easily shake off the title. Very saucy of Cora—she is two whole years older than I am, and yet she really seems to feel younger. There actually is something quite pleasant and independent in being an old maid, but it is very provoking to be called one. People seem to regard them as targets to be aimed at with impunity; and Edward, even last night, with such a saucy look in those bright eyes of his, and a sly glance at Cora, read from the newspaper an insolent toast, given somewhere among a party of rowdies, "our fire-engines—may they be like old maids: ever ready, but never wanted!" "Ever ready" indeed!

That is Alice's knock. "Get up, Aunt Maggy! breakfast is ready, and this is your birth-day, you know." Oh, yes! of course they will not forget my birth-day—why can they not let it rest in peace? When a child I longed in vain for birth-day celebrations—they passed quite as unnoticed as other days; but now the honors fall rather heavily upon me. I never was a beauty, and I must now be still less so than formerly, but, to my great joy, not a single grey hair is visible. I almost closed my eyes during the search, for fear of beholding what I did not wish to see; but a closer inspection convinces me that my fears were unfounded. That reminds me of a most uncomplimentary speech, of which, as usual, I was the unfortunate recipient; but I really hate to put it down on paper. It was last Wednesday, when I was at the hair-dresser's; and after expressing my fears that my hair would turn grey early, as that of most of our family had done, the woman innocently exclaimed—"dear me, ma'am! you couldn't have everything bad!" Rather a poor consolation, and more abrupt than pleasing; but one comfort, I had a cold in my head then, and I defy any one to be beautiful with that most tormenting of all afflictions—my usual complaint, by the way. Now a cough makes one appear rather interesting, but who can feel pity for a cold in the head?

I need not have lingered so long before the glass, and have been so particular to arrange everything to the best advantage—what if I am thirty? They all saw me last night, and no material change can have taken place since then.

After breakfast. The Rubicon is passed! After an affectionate kissing all around, I took my seat at the table, and began to feel more at my ease. But on venturing to speak of those noisy little

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Wilbanks', Cora looked mischievous, and that intolerable Edward exclaimed:

"Take care, Margaret! You remember the saying about bachelors' wives and old maids' children?"

They both laughed; while I bit my lips and remained silent.

We were sitting around the fire afterward; and I asked Cora if she did not feel very old?

"'Old' indeed!" she exclaimed, "no, I feel quite as young as ever I did."

"I suppose she will be asking me next if I do not feel very old," observed Edward, "I'll tell you what it is, Maggy, you are ten years older than either of us. You can no longer be called a chicken, can you?"

I had never experienced the least desire to be termed a chicken before; but I now felt quite melancholy that they would not acknowledge me as such.

When one lives with a married sister, she is somewhat of a cipher with respect to household affairs; and having nothing of that kind to detain me below, I hastened to my own snug little room to collect my thoughts properly for my thirtieth birth-day. A beautiful volume of Byron from Edward, the tiniest of watches from Cora, and a very pretty toilet-cushion, manufactured by the dimpled hands of little Alice, are lying on my dressing-table. It is pleasant to be so remembered, and they *are* very kind, if they only were not such dreadful teazes!

I have been engaged in the melancholy occupation of looking over old letters. There are piles of them in my desk, and I have several times thought of burning them; but my hand has been withheld in the very act, by a reluctance to part with such speaking mementoes of the past, and thus destroy forever all evidences of former kindness from those whose lips have since learned to frame far different words. I have just commenced journal-keeping to-day; in my quiet life there will not be much worth recording, but I am writing for myself, and it is something of an amusement. I intend always to keep up the practice; years hence I can look back to this record of other days, and it will be like the magician's wand to bring the past vividly before me.

I was just thinking that I had never received an offer; nor do I remember ever to have fallen in love since my tenth year. I then bestowed my warm affections on a little boy in a red jacket and gilt buttons, who evidently regarded me with considerable favor. But one unlucky day, by an ill-timed stroke of wit, I lost my youthful admirer. This red jacket was his pet passion; I knew this, and in the midst of some trifling dispute, I informed him that "monkeys always wore red jackets." I could not have inflicted a deeper wound; his jacket was laid aside—and so was I.

My tongue did me considerable mischief on several occasions. Many years later, when I began to feel less youthful than formerly, I came very near making a conquest. Having met with a bashful young man in company, I pitied his embarrassment, and exerted myself to relieve it. For several successive evenings he followed me about, and seemed to consider me as a sort of protector. But a group of mischievous girls, just released from the school-room, were quite amused with this sudden friendship; and with the determination of bringing matters to a crisis, they repeated several compliments which had been paid me by my admirer. They perceived that these speeches were by no means disagreeable, and professed themselves surprised and delighted with my powers of pleasing; at the same time begging me to divulge the secret to them. This flattered my vanity; and puffed up with self-complacency, I replied, "the secret, girls, is this: if you wish to be particularly agreeable to a person, converse with him on subjects where he is most at home; he is much better pleased to think himself sensible than you." They listened with the utmost gravity, as though to the words of an oracle; and, the first chance they obtained, informed my new acquaintance of these sentiments. He was frightened at the idea of being managed, and studiously avoided me. Supposing his bashfulness to be stronger than ever, I noticed him more than usual—but in vain; I could not draw him into conversation. I felt rather mortified, as I was quite unconscious of having given offence; but I experienced no deeper feeling at his departure, and certainly learned something by it; namely, to keep my own counsel, and not let my vanity get the better of my prudence.

I shall not make any calls to-day; it would seem as though every one I met knew that it was my thirtieth birth-day; and besides, it is bitter cold, and almost too much trouble to get out one's furs and put them away again; and consideration the third, as I am now an old maid, I think I shall give up writing, and devote myself to the improvement of my mind. So, Mrs. Cora, you will be obliged to set forth alone—I cannot leave my coal-fire.

Now the first question is, what can I do to signalize myself? I always had an ardent desire to be something above the common herd, but never could make it out. Manufacturing clothes for poor children is benevolent, to be sure, but I do not think I should like it; and now that youth has departed, I would aspire to fame of some description. Perhaps I might write a novel, if I could accomplish a beginning, middle, and end; but then I have no patience with lovers, and I

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could not very well do without them. I shall stop journalizing, and read over my Byron.

Night. I am almost ashamed to sum up this account of my birth-day—it has been so unprofitably spent. After poring over a book, which I had read two or three times, until late in the afternoon, I began to dress for dinner; and on descending to the parlor, I was scrutinized from top to toe by my provoking brother-in-law, who apologized by saying that he did not know me, for I really looked *pretty!* It certainly was a compliment, clumsily as he expressed it, and almost the only one that I ever received. Women *are* silly after all, (not but what men are much more so) for here was I, at the age of thirty, believing all his flattery.

There is to be a sort of variation in our quiet life; Edward talks a great deal of a Mr. Claybrook, a widower, and an old friend of his, whom he has not seen for several years until to-day; but having just arrived from the West Indies, he will probably honor us with his company very often. From what Edward says, this gentleman appears to be quite a hero of romance; and I feel considerable curiosity to behold him. To begin with: he is very handsome, wealthy, and unfortunate. Noble-minded he must be, if one can judge from actions, for he was the best of sons to a widowed mother; and at her death he went to Cuba to make a fortune, and there married a beautiful creature who almost tormented his life out. This Blanche was head-strong, selfish, and passionate; he denied her nothing that could be given with any degree of propriety—but one day, on his refusing to grant a most unreasonable request, she threw herself into the water, in a fit of passion, and he plunged in after her. It was sometime before he could succeed in grasping her; and then, quite wearied out with his exertion, he supported himself and her until a boat reached them. They used every means to restore her, but in vain; his beautiful wife was a corpse, and his left arm has been entirely useless ever since. Wayward as she was, he felt his wife's loss deeply, for he really loved her, and has since remained a widower. This I have gathered from Edward, and his description seems quite perfect.

What nonsense I have written! What is it to me whether he is unfortunate or not? There are plenty of other unfortunate men in the world; and what to me are the concerns of my brother-in-law's visitors? I have certainly been more foolish on this my thirtieth birth-day than I ever remember to have been in my whole life before. This journal-keeping is a very good thing: it shows one every silly thought and action in a much stronger light than they otherwise appear.

February 12th.—I have not written in my journal for several days. I could not seem to find time, for my wardrobe appeared to demand so much attention that it has kept me constantly busy. All of a sudden I find myself most remarkably destitute of clothes, and shopping is an occupation that consumes a great deal of time. Cora has persuaded me into a very foolish thing; a white hat and feathers for a single woman of my age is very much too dressy; but after I had once tried it on my head she would not allow me to take it off—she said that it was the most becoming thing I had ever put on. I took it; but I could not help thinking of Mrs. Cleopatra Skewerton, in "Dombey and Son," and wondered if I did not resemble her.

It is very pleasant to have people paying you compliments, even though you do not believe them (and I certainly do not.) Edward wonders if I am not growing prettier, or whether I dress more becomingly than I did. Well, I really believe that I have done up my hair! How could I be so foolish as to torture myself with curl-papers? Mr. Claybrook is coming here next week—probably to take tea and spend the evening.

Monday 14th.—Here, in my own little room, I can at length draw a long breath. I know of nothing more applicatory to my feelings than a couple of lines, which are constantly in my mind, but I forget where I have seen them.

> "And woe is me!" the Baillie cried,
> "That I should see this day!"

We expected Mr. Claybrook, to be sure, but had quite made up our minds that he would not come till evening. It was about four o'clock, and we were seated at the dinner-table in the back parlor. I had been very much occupied all day, and while making my toilet for dinner, the bell rang before I had concluded; I therefore went down with my hair in papers—also, for greater beauty, retaining my morning wrapper. This was bad enough, but not the worst: I had just begun to recover from the effects of a very hot pickle, and my eyes and nose were of the color which my cheeks should have been; this, with the tears which were quite visible, gave me the appearance of having just been crying—when the door was thrown open, and Mr. Claybrook announced!

For a moment I sat quite stunned, and heard him say, "the servant told me that you were at dinner, but using the privilege of an old friend, I followed him in here." If people were only aware of the annoyance they cause when they "use the privilege of old friends" and "will not stand upon ceremony!" "You did perfectly right," said my brother-in-law; while I thought he had done perfectly wrong. So much for first appearances.

How ridiculous and disappointing it is to

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picture from description the appearance of some individual whom you have never seen, and how provoking of him to look totally different. *My* Mr. Claybrook, and Edward's Mr. Claybrook are two distinct and separate personages. I had fancied a gentleman of about six feet high, with very dark hair, very dark eyes, and bronzed complexion; a pensive countenance, and beautiful mouth, that rarely smiled, but when it did so far relax, white, shining teeth gleamed out like rows of pearls. His appearance was to be extremely stylish, with a certain "keep-your-distance" kind of air; and every word he uttered was to be characterized by rare intelligence, refinement, and brilliancy. Now for what he is. When I had at length mustered sufficient boldness to raise my eyes, I beheld a well-dressed gentleman of middle height, with his left arm in a sling, which gave him rather an interesting appearance—though he had by no means the half-bandit look I had pictured, and his hair and eyes were not near so dark; but one comfort, they were not blue—I am so tired of blue-eyed people. So that I have seen Mr. Claybrook, and he has seen *me*.

In an agony of fear, I motioned to Edward and Cora not to introduce me, and as soon as possible slipped from the room and gained my own quiet dormitory. I made my toilet as I had originally intended it, and hastened back again—but he was gone. Edward says that he staid but a short time; and it will probably be long before we see him again, as he is going immediately to Washington on business. So ends this day of misfortunes.

Edward and Cora have been laughing both at me and Mr. Claybrook. They insist that we were both struck dumb with intense admiration of each other; and they try to persuade me that I looked much worse than I really did. The worst that Mr. Claybrook can say or think is that he saw an old maid, in morning-gown and curl-papers, seated at the dinner-table crying. It certainly was no fault of mine, and perhaps he did not even look at me after all. I do not believe he would remember me if he saw me again.

Cora ought to be ashamed of herself; she laughs at his carrying his arm in a sling, and says that it is ridiculous for an injury received so long since. I am sure that it looks much better than if it hung powerless at his side; but she ridicules the idea of his having but one arm altogether. I remonstrated with her on this unfeeling conduct, and grew so warm in his defence, that before long their ridicule was turned upon me. I cannot hear the absent abused; and above all, one who brought this deformity upon himself by his courage and self-sacrifice in behalf of another, and that other so unworthy. For my part, I think it makes him appear more interesting, and so I told them; but they pelted me so unmercifully with ridicule and laughter that I was forced to make a hasty retreat.

March 13th.—Well, I really am surprised Having put on the white hat and feathers, and everything to correspond, I sallied forth with Cora for an aimless stroll. As we sauntered leisurely along, we encountered Mr. Claybrook, proceeding in an opposite direction, who immediately stopped on seeing us; and after paying his respects to Cora, was formally introduced to me, whom he honored with an exquisite bow and a beaming smile. What a difference there is in bows!—from the awkward nod to that graceful lifting of the hat, which Mr. Claybrook executes to perfection. I should sooner have expected to meet almost any one else than him, but he told us that he returned sooner than he intended; and although a surprise, it has certainly been a more agreeable one than the dinner-table scene. Mr. Claybrook walked some distance with us, and promised to call very soon. Since our return Cora has been trying to persuade me that I really am a beauty; and says that there is no knowing what that hat and feathers may yet accomplish. What a very silly speech! and how much more silly of me to put it down.

March 20th.—Mr. Claybrook has been here again; and this time I looked more like a lady. He is certainly a very intellectual man, and a very entertaining one. He has so many amusing stories to relate—no one ever did meet with such adventures before; but I must confess that I am disappointed not to find the half-melancholy countenance and pensive manner I had pictured. It is so provoking to have in one's mind a certain standard of perfection, and then find yourself drawn in to admire a totally different style. My beau-ideal of manly beauty was seven feet high, with breadth in proportion—though I am rather undersized myself; but now I begin to think that such a figure might be clumsy, and very much in the way.

It is strange, to be sure, but I seem to have had Mr. Claybrook very much to myself this evening. Mr. Pelman called in, and Cora seemed to occupy herself entirely with him, only putting in a word now and then; while Mr. Claybrook, Edward, and I formed a coterie of ourselves. Life in the West Indies must be very beautiful according to his description, but I do not think I should like the heat, and the slaves, and the insects; to say nothing of snakes—my mortal horror and aversion. But then it is always summer there, and the perfume of the orange blossoms through open windows must be perfectly delightful. Discovering my fondness for

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flowers, Mr. Claybrook has promised to bring me some seed of a beautiful West Indian plant that blooms but once in two years. I should like to have it, but he will probably forget all about it; people, that is, people whom I have met with, are so apt to promise things and never bring them; and I am not one of that lucky class who are always receiving presents.

March 21st.—It is very strange that they will not let me alone—they appear to delight in teazing me. I cannot converse with a gentleman for a single evening, without their saying all sorts of absurd things. Even Mr. Claybrook they appear to consider a fit subject for mirth; and Edward says so provokingly,

"Why, Maggy, you and Mr. Claybrook appear to suit each other exactly. It is a very good speculation, I can assure—you had better set your cap for him."

"'*Set my cap for him*' indeed!" I replied, indignantly, "a man's love that comes not without seeking is not worth having; and such a speech is particularly foolish to me, for an old maid I am, and an old maid I intend to remain."

"Old maids are not apt to be quite so sentimental," said Cora, laughing. "But what will you bet," she exclaimed, suddenly, "that the end of the year, or your next birth-day, will find you an old maid still? I will wager half a dozen pair of gloves that before then you will be obliged to lay aside all claim to the title."

"Very well," said I, "I will accept your offer, for half a dozen pair of gloves will not come amiss, and I wish to punish you for your absurd remarks."

They have really made me feel unpleasant. Perhaps Mr. Claybrook too thinks that I have exerted myself to be agreeable—that I am trying to *catch* him; far superior as he seems to others I have seen, he *is* a man, and men are so notoriously conceited. The idea overwhelms me with mortification; perhaps I *have* been too forward, and ready to agree with everything he said, and he may even now regard me with contempt. The next time he comes I will let him see that I can entertain opinions separate from his; I will treat him coldly and politely, or else have a regular dispute. It is very disagreeable though to quarrel with people—I wish that Edward and Cora would let me alone.

March 25th.—I should now be quite at ease with respect to my dignity; I have succeeded in making myself as disagreeable as possible. My conscience rather smote me when Mr. Claybrook produced the seeds so promptly; but, after all, what do a few seeds amount to? He may have brought them just to lead me on to make a fool of myself. I was extremely distant, and opposed almost everything he said. I thought that he once or twice looked rather surprised, as well he might at conduct so different from my former manner; but one piece of actual rudeness, of which I was guilty, has really made me feel ashamed of myself. It was all Cora's fault—she is always leading me into some scrape of that sort. She made a direct attack upon me, before Mr. Claybrook, by asking me if I did not like to see a large ring on a gentleman's finger. She had just expressed herself delighted with a magnificent diamond worn by Mr. Claybrook on his little finger—the only thing about him which I can condemn; and, although quite aware of my sentiments, she applied to me as though confident of my assent. I felt myself turning all manner of colors, and pretended not to hear her question; but she repeated it in a louder tone, and I was forced to say,

"You know that I do not, Cora—but that is no rule for others."

"Oh, yes," observed Mr. Claybrook, with a smile, "every one's opinion is of consequence. But, Miss Earlton," he continued, "you must be kind enough to give us your reasons; perhaps you will convince us all."

What could I say? How extricate myself from the dilemma in which they had involved me? It was really cruel for poor unoffending me to be led into such a scrape; but an answer was expected, and some reason must be given. I do not think I ever uttered but one falsehood; and although a child, the lesson I then received inspired me with such a contempt for it—it seemed to me something so mean and despicable—that I could scarcely tell another to save my life. Even white lies, lies of politeness which people constantly indulge in, I could not bring myself to commit; and now, when asked the why and wherefore, my reply was more truthful than courteous.

"You must excuse me, Mr. Claybrook," said I, "and remember that I did not seek the argument—I was drawn into it; my reason for disliking to see rings worn by gentlemen is that to me they have a finical and foppish appearance. But there are probably few who coincide with me; and my opinion, of course, cannot be of the least importance to you."

There is something rather odd about him, which I cannot quite understand; instead of saying that my opinion *was* of importance, or anything of the kind, he repeated the word "foppish," and seemed to fall into a reverie. Nothing more passed between us during the evening; but Cora has just told me that after observing me for some time, he remarked to her that there was something very noble and truthful in my countenance, and that I appeared to be quite above the meanness of descending

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to falsehood or equivocation, even in the most trifling things. I understand your irony, my good sir; and though I cannot blame you for it after my rudeness, I am by no means so foolish as to believe it to be intended for a compliment.

All the satisfaction that I obtained from Cora, for her troublesome question, was that she wished to see what I would say, and what he would say. A laudable curiosity!

March 30th.—I scarcely know what to think of Mr. Claybrook; whether, to use a vulgar expression, he is "making game of me," or if he really admires my bluntness as much as he professes to. He came up to me this evening with a smile, as he said,

"I have reflected on the subject of rings, Miss Earlton, and now confess myself very much of your manner of thinking. It is a trifle, to be sure, but people should be particular even in trifles. The diamond is now at the jeweler's, where I have left it to be re-set for a lady to whom I intend making it a present, if she will honor me by accepting it."

It was very foolish of me, but I wished that he had not told me that. I wonder who the lady is? Some one young and beautiful, I suppose. Heigho!

It is certainly very singular, and provoking too, for I am sure it is no fault of mine, but my conversation with Mr. Claybrook appears now to be one continual dispute. I do not know how it is, but, before I am in the least aware of it, he has drawn me into a controversy, during which I am compelled to say many rude things for the sake of truth. He contrives to draw forth my sentiments and opinions, without enlightening me as to his, which seems hardly fair dealing; but I begin to be very much interested in him—he is so odd and different from other men that I even look forward to our disputes with a degree of pleasure. I really need Edward and Cora to restore me to my senses, provoking as they are.

"Well," exclaims my brother-in-law, "this certainly is the most curious courtship I ever beheld! Here are Mr. Claybrook and Maggy, delighted with each other, yet quarrelling every time they meet, and really unhappy if a civil word chances to pass between them."

"'All's well that ends well,'" observed Cora, sagely, "and Maggy seems to have hit upon the very method most likely to captivate her incomprehensible West Indian."

There it is again; perhaps he really thinks I quarrel on purpose to please him! The troublesome man! I wish he was—*here*. Now, Margaret Earlton, you are the most ridiculous old maid that ever arrived at the unromantic age of thirty. Look in the glass, and tell me what you see. You behold a face that does, to be sure, look about as well as ever it did; but in its best estate it is not one likely to do much in the way of captivation. Add to this a manner rude, quarrelsome, and repelling, and then bring up Mr. Claybrook in all his attractions, and ask yourself if you have not lost your reason—if indeed you ever possessed any.

April 3rd.—We have not quarrelled this evening. I do not know why it is, but I feel quite melancholy; and yet it is not a dark, overburdening melancholy—only a pleasant sadness. Mr. Claybrook has been repeating to me passages of his former life; tears stood in his eyes when he spoke of his beautiful wife, and his tone was sad as he said,

"The great fault in her character was *want of truth;* I loved her deeply, fondly, but I could not trust her simplicity—I could not *depend* upon her. There are few, besides yourself, Miss Earlton, to whom I should speak so freely; but you possess the jewel which my poor Blanche lacked—you are truth itself."

Old as I am, I blushed deeply, and Mr. Claybrook fixed his eyes upon me with a penetrating expression that disconcerted me still more. I wish he would not stare so—it is quite a habit with him.

April 20th.—Mr. Claybrook has not been here for a long time. They told me that I had frightened him away with my quarrelsome temper, and I believed them; but I now hold in my hand a small packet that makes me tremble with a pleasant kind of fear. We were all commenting upon his prolonged absence, when the parcel was brought in; and on reading the superscription, they handed it to me. I have not opened it yet —I *dare* not; but Edward says that it is Mr. Claybrook's handwriting; and both he and Cora looked so knowing and mischievous that I was glad to make my escape as soon as possible.

I have opened it. Out rolled a glittering ring, and I recognized the splendid diamond which had occasioned my first rude speech. I thought that there might be another Margaret Earlton, and laughed at the idea of appropriating it to myself; but I read the letter, and impossible as it seemed, became convinced that it was really me. Thus runs the letter:

"I have sent the ring—for it was that very evening that I first became fascinated by the unswerving truth which has characterized your every word and action. I have watched you narrowly when you least supposed it; I have drawn you into argument, and tried both temper and principle; I have held the jewel in various lights, but it remains pure and faultless. I have passed my time in solitude—have examined my own heart, and became satisfied. I now ask you, dear M——, to accompany me on my pilgrimage

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through life, and await my answer from the lips of truth."

What can I say? Cora has just read the letter, and to her I repeated the question.

"What can you say?" she replied, gravely, "why, tell him, of course, that such a thing is altogether out of the question—that you cannot call to mind any conduct of yours which could lead him to entertain such erroneous ideas—that you shall always esteem him as a friend, and all that sort of thing, but you find yourself under the necessity of declining his obliging offer."

But *do* I? They will certainly laugh at me if I write an assent, but what do I care? I am not the first person who has done such a thing. Cora adds in a tone of concern, that "it is a pity to give up the ring." Not so much so as to give up——.

June 1st.—That ever I should live to write this! *It is my wedding-day!* I am attired in bridal robes, but I have snatched a few moments to complete my journal. It is the first day of summer, and far more lovely than summer ever yet appeared. The trees wear that fresh, beautiful green that hangs in such delicate sprays from every bough—the birds are raising a complete concert in my ears, and the sky beams brightly with the hue of faith. The little Wilbanks are making more noise than ever, but even their voices are music to-day. Beautiful, blessed is it to live but for the loved one!—to be always near him, ever at his side with a mission of love—to feel the beating heart—response to those solemn words, "until death do us part."

Cora has claimed her gloves already, and I fulfilled my wager most honorably. I am laughing at my former idea of continuing this journal-keeping through life; I do not feel as much interested in it as formerly. But what shall I do with these stray leaves? I shrink from the idea of appearing in print, but it is a duty I owe the public; I would diffuse my happiness around; therefore let them laugh and be merry over this record of an old maid's folly.

THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

BY H. M. PAYSON.

On her couch reclined a maiden;
Sleep around her senses stole,
Every earthly thing concealing,
From her never slumbering soul.
Was it strange that things ideal,
Glorious forms should rise to view:
Drest in fancy oft appeareth,
Visions, who shall call untrue?

"Who art thou, oh! matchless being,
Seated on my pillow there?
Nought of all earth's boasted glory,
Can I know with thee compare.
Art thou some seraphic being,
From empyrean regions sent?
Rest thee then if thou art weary,
Fearful was that long descent?"

"Soul," he answered, "thou hast never
Seen the real and the true;
All except the gross and earthly,
Have been hidden from thy view.
Mortal eye cannot discover
Beings of empyreal mould,
Though around them ever hover
Forms unseen, of light untold.

"Know me then, thy guardian angel,
At thy natal hour I came,
Ever changeless is my nature,
I was and am still the same.
Day and night, awake or sleeping,
And wherever thou may'st be,
Still my vigils ever keeping,
Mine it is to watch o'er thee.

"Does not memory tell of dangers,
Fearful even now to thee?
Does not oft the thoughts awaken,
Ah, what could have rescued me?
Look behind you—see you never
Pathways you would fain have gone?
Heard you not in silent whispers
Something of those pathways warn?

"Heaven to me each day unfoldeth,
Thine of good or ill in store;
And each day of me demandeth
E'en thy thoughts repeated o'er.
Oh! with what ecstatic pleasure,
Give I in each worthy deed,
But when sinful acts I render,
None could my deep anguish read.

"Until death thy guardian angel,
'Tis my destined lot to be,
And if worthy life eternal,
Thou that life will pass with me.
Yes—in glory-lighted regions,
Glory which I may not tell;
Forms of which I'm but a shadow,
Beatific beings dwell."

Roused the maiden waked from slumber,
Could it be an empty dream?
Could her own dull fancy picture,
Aught that could so glorious seem?
Still a something round her stealing,
With invisible control,
Seem'd a dimmer, fainter vision
Of the guardian of her soul.

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SUSAN DALE.

A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

It was an evening in March, just cool enough to make the fire look cheerful and attractive, as its ruddy blaze lighted up the large, old-fashioned kitchen of a farm-house in an obscure town in the interior of New England. Mr. Dale, a hardy, robust-looking man, a little past the prime of life, was seated near one corner of the fire-place, in a large, comfortable-looking arm-chair. Strong, energetic and healthful as he was, the severe toil of the day had produced a lassitude, which unfitted him for the enjoyment of the quiet and simple pleasures of the domestic circle, and leaning his elbow on an arm of the chair, with his eyes half closed, he rested his head on his hand.

Mrs. Dale, a good-looking, intelligent woman, with a benignity which manifested itself not only in her countenance, but in her whole deportment, and which her friends and neighbors were wont to designate by the word "motherly," sat in the opposite corner, diligently plying her knitting-needles.

A small table stood in front of the fire-place, at one side of which sat Susan Dale, repairing her father's best coat; a task, which requiring care and attention, she insisted on doing in order to relieve her mother. Susan was by no means a beauty, yet there was something in her bright, beaming face, and her modest, unassuming demeanor, which had the power of drawing toward her the hearts of the good, and of cheering those who were sorrowful. The eyes of Susan often glanced with a look of solicitude toward her brother, who sat at the same table with a pen in his hand, and a sheet of paper spread before him, partly written over. Mrs. Dale too often looked anxiously toward her son.

Edwin Dale was sixteen, two years younger than Susan, and now, after sitting all day on a shoe-maker's bench, was jotting down on paper a few of the iris-hued fancies which had solaced him during his toilsome task. His hand was resting on the paper, as Susan was once more regarding him, and while a smile hovered on his lips, his fine hazle eyes grew more luminous. Suddenly he was seized with a fit of coughing, and dropping his pen, he pressed both hands against his right side.

"Why, Edwin," said Mr. Dale, at once roused from the partial state of somnolency into which he had fallen, "you have got a new cold, haven't you?"

"You certainly have," said his mother.

"I hardly think I have," he replied, as soon as he was able to speak.

"I think your employment is injuring you," said Susan.

"I must do something," said he, smiling faintly, "and you know I cannot work on the farm."

A crutch which leaned against his chair, sufficiently indicated the reason why he was obliged to have recourse to employment which was sedentary.

"If your employment is injuring you, Edwin," said Mr. Dale, earnestly, "you shall not work at it another hour. I have as yet strong hands and a willing mind; and though my limbs are a little stiff in the morning, owing to laboring so hard ever since I was ten years old, on this little hard rocky farm, by breakfast time I am limber as ever, and if the day does not prove long enough to enable me to maintain myself and family, I will borrow a piece of the night."

"You work a great deal too hard now," said Edwin. "I was in hopes to soon be able to earn so much that you would have the means to hire a day's work now and then."

"Don't give yourself a minute's uneasiness about that, my son. If my health and strength are spared me, there is a good living here on the farm for you and all of us."

Susan remained silent, apparently buried in thought.

"I feel almost well now," said Edwin. "The pain in my side is not at all bad except when I cough," and as he finished speaking he again took up his pen.

Beautiful thoughts came flowing in upon his mind, and bending over his paper, he wrote rapidly for half an hour.

"After all," said he, "I suppose what I have written would seem like nonsense to a person capable of judging."

This was said in a half audible voice to himself rather than to those around him, and at the same time he opened the drawer of the table, and in it placed the written sheet. Soon afterward, he retired to his sleeping apartment.

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The moment he had left the room, Susan said, "how I wish that Edwin was not obliged to work at shoe-making, but could have his time to write and study."

"Why your Aunt Sally says, that he would die of a consumption in less than six months, if he had leisure to write and study as much as he wishes to," said Mrs. Dale.

"Aunt Sally never wants to see a person do anything but work," said Susan.

"No," said Mr. Dale. "Sister is a great worker herself, and thinks others can do as much as she can."

"I have been thinking of a nice plan," said Susan, "if you and mother will only consent to it."

"What is it daughter?" said Mr. Dale.

"I have been thinking if I should go to the factory, that I could earn enough to make it unnecessary for Edwin to work any longer at his trade."

"Why, daughter, your mother couldn't do without you a single week, and, to confess the truth, I guess I should find it pretty hard. I am afraid your mother would have no heart to work, if you were gone—should you, mother?"

"It would certainly be a great trial to me to have her go away," replied Mrs. Dale.

"And it would be hard for me to leave you and father, and Edwin, and little Fanny. But mother will not be so very lonely if I should go, for Edwin, if he can study, instead of working at shoe-making, will be in the house a great part of the time, and then even the sound of little Fanny's voice is enough to cheer any one, it is so sweet and musical. Jane Mercer earns three dollars a week, and if I am well, I shall soon be able to earn as much as she does."

"And after all," said Mrs. Dale, "it might be of no use as far as Edwin is concerned. I never saw him look so pale as he did this evening. I am afraid that he is already in a settled decline."

"I should be afraid so too," said Susan, "judging by appearances; but Dr. Orford says that his disease is not pulmonary, and that by proper care and plenty of exercise in the open air, his health may be restored. Now this cannot be done unless I go to the factory. There is no way by which I can earn anything of consequence if I remain here; and if father's burden is increased, he will break down under it. Father—mother, you must let me go."

"Well, daughter," said Mr. Dale, "if your mother will consent, I suppose I must."

"I must have time to think of it," said Mrs. Dale. "To part with Susan, and to know that she will have no one to speak to except strangers is no light matter, and cannot be decided on at once."

Dr. Orford having been formally consulted relative to Edwin's case, strictly prohibited him from working any longer at his trade. "If he persisted," he said, "he probaby would not live a year." It was, therefore, decided that Susan should go to the factory, a step which gave Edwin more pain than any member of the family, as the sacrifice of home and its comforts was to be made on his account.

It was with considerable difficulty that money enough was procured to pay her travelling expenses. Lowell was the place where she had decided to go, which, though over a hundred miles distant, was at that time as near her home as any of the manufacturing towns.

When after accomplishing a part of her journey, she took her place in the cars which were to convey her to her place of destination, it happened to be by the side of a woman whose first care was to examine Susan's countenance, her next, the different articles of her dress. This being accomplished to her satisfaction, she said,

"I kind of mistrust that you are going to the factory to work."

"I am," replied Susan.

"You've got a boarding-place engaged I suppose?"

"No, I have not—I have been advised to apply to the superintendent to select me one."

"Well, then, it's a lucky chance that you fell in with me, for I'm going right straight to my darter-in-law's, who keeps a first rate boarding-house. She is a widder, and her name is Farnsworth. My name is Letherby. I married again after Mr. Farnsworth died, and Moses Farnsworth, my oldest son, married Darcus Smith, and a better man for a living than Moses was never broke bread. He was one of your calc'lating men, and knew how to take care of a dollar arter he had airnt it. Besides all that, he was one of the most ingeniousest creatures that ever lived—could turn his hand to anything, no matter what it was, and always could from a baby, as 'twere. As I've said before, he married Darcus Smith. Darcus was a good, smart girl as ever was, but she didn't make the calc'lating woman that Moses did a man. I don't think that Moses would ever been dreadful rich, allowing he'd lived, if he'd continued to let Darcus have her own way as much as he had done."

"Perhaps Mrs. Farnsworth has as many boarders as she wishes," said Susan, the moment she found opportunity to speak.

"No she hasn't, I guess, and if she has, she shall take you. I took a fancy to you, the minute I sot eyes on you, and I'll make Darcus manage to make room for you somehow or other, so don't be a mite afraid."

"I should be sorry to discommode her," said Susan.

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"La, don't you worry about that. Darcus is a widder and has a livin' to get, and such people mustn't calc'late to walk through the world with silver slippers on. They must expect to be oncommoded."

There was something in Mrs. Letherby's appearance so positive and overbearing, that Susan decided in her own mind to decline her invitation to go to Mrs. Farnsworth's. She thought it best to adhere to her intention of applying to the superintendent, who she had been told was a gentlemanly, obliging man, and would do the best he could to obtain her a good boarding-place.

The moment they arrived at the depot, Mrs. Letherby grasped her firmly by the arm.

"We must keep a sharp look out," said she, "or we shall get separated, there is such a pushing and crowding."

"I have come to the conclusion," said Susan, "to apply to the superintendent."

"You shall do no such thing. I told you Darcus should take you, and she shall, or my name isn't Jemima Letherby. I hope you don't think that I'm mean enough to tickle you up with the expectation that I'm going to do you a piece of sarvice, and then turn a cold shoulder on you. Come, let us go and see arter our baggage."

Susan found that it was no place to attempt resisting so determined a woman as Mrs. Letherby, and, therefore, for the time being, gave herself up to her direction.

When the hack which conveyed Susan and Mrs. Letherby, stopped before the house where resided Mrs. Farnsworth, a woman not more than twenty-five, and of a pleasing, modest appearance, came to the door.

"That's Darcus," said Mrs. Letherby to Susan, "and I declare, if she hasn't got on a gown good enough to go to meetin' in. I expect nothing but what she's by this time got pretty much through with poor Moses' airnings. It is a massy he didn't leave any children. Poor things, I don't know what would become of 'em if he had."

It appeared to Susan that the kind welcome which the young widow gave her mother-in-law was prompted by a sense of duty rather than by the spontaneous flow of pleasurable emotion. She even imagined that she detected a shade of uneasiness on her fair and open brow.

"I've picked you up a boarder by the way, Darcus," said Mrs. Letherby, lowering her voice as she stepped into the house. "Her name is Susan Dale. She is a pretty sort of a girl, and will make a first rate boarder, I'll warrant you."

Mrs. Farnsworth having conducted Mrs. Letherby and Susan into a neat, plainly-furnished parlor, and assisted them to divest themselves of their cloaks and bonnets, stepped into an adjoining apartment, saying as she did so, "come this way a minute, mother, if you please."

"Mother," said she, as soon as they were by themselves, "it will be impossible for me to take Miss Dale—I have as many boarders as I can accommodate."

"But she's got my promise that you would take her."

"I should be very glad to if I could, for I am as much pleased with her appearance as you are. I will, at any rate, try and accommodate her to-night."

"But you've only twenty boarders, for while you were helping her off with her things, I took a look into the dining-room, and saw you'd got the table set for only twenty, and to my sartain knowledge, you've got beds enough for twenty-two—that is, if you haven't contrived to get rid of one of 'em since I was here."

"I have not disposed of any. I have another bed, but no where to put it."

"Now that's a likely story."

"The sleeping-rooms are too much crowded now."

"Well, girls that work in the mill and pay such low prices for board, must expect to be crowded. Pray tell me how many beds there are in the north chamber."

"Two."

"Only two? There is plenty of room for three. Come along, Darcus, and I'll help you set the other bed up, before the girls come home to tea."

"I don't think it will be right to put another bed in that room. It is small, and the girls wont have room to turn round."

"I'll risk their having room enough."

Mrs. Farnsworth still hesitated.

"Now, Darcus, I'll tell you what it is—you've got to airn your own living now—you haven't got poor Moses to airn it for you, and it's your duty not to leave a stone unturned." Tears came into the young widow's eyes.

"I am sure," said she, "I am willing to do all I can. It is no small task to take care of twenty boarders as they ought to be taken care of. I have already worked beyond my strength—my health has been failing several weeks."

"La, Darcus, how everlastin' spleeny* you are. I'll warrant you won't die before your time comes. If the truth could be known, I guess arter all you are more careful of yourself than you are of the boarders. Come—come along. That bed has got to go up, and the sooner we begin the better."

In the meantime, Susan, as she sat alone in the parlor, could not help feeling a little homesick.

* The word spleeny is used colloquially in New England to signify imaginary diseases.

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But when her thoughts reverted to the object for which she sought a home amongst strangers, her heart grew strong, and she felt equal to meeting those troubles and annoyances, which in all probability she would be obliged to encounter. She was pleased with the appearance of Mrs. Farnsworth, and having, no doubt, by what Mrs. Letherby said, she would be willing to increase the number of her boarders, she dismissed all thoughts of applying to the superintendent. When, however, the supper hour arrived, and she saw from the window two or three girls arrive at a time, till she had counted twenty, she began to be afraid that there would be no room for her.

In a few minutes, Mrs. Farnsworth entered the parlor, and invited her to go into the dining-room to tea. When she entered, the girls had already taken their places at the table. When Mrs. Farnsworth introduced her, most of them acknowledged the introduction by a bow, though there were a few who took no notice of it. It was with some difficulty that Mrs. Farnsworth had so arranged as to reserve a place for her; twenty being as many as could be conveniently seated at the table. Susan saw this at a glance, which made her feel very uncomfortable: a feeling that was not ameliorated by seeing, as she took the chair indicated by the hostess, the girl at her right hand turn with a quick, impatient movement, so that her back, instead of her side was presented toward her.

After tea, most of the girls assembled in the parlor. Susan lingered in the dining-room, to speak to Mrs. Farnsworth, who had commenced clearing off the table.

"I am afraid," said she, "that I am considered an intruder. I was led to believe by what Mrs. Letherby said, that you would be glad to increase your number of boarders."

"To confess the truth, I have as many as I can accommodate, and I told mother so. I regret that it so happens, for I am certain that I should like you for a boarder."

"And I should like to remain were it convenient, though my impression was very different before I arrived. I have no expectation of finding a place that will suit me as well."

"You must, at any rate, remain to-night," said Mrs. Farnsworth, kindly. "It is too late now to look out a place."

The fire having died away, the room began to grow chilly, and Susan accepted an invitation from Mrs. Farnsworth to go into the parlor. On entering she found several of the girls engaged in sewing, some in reading, and others in study. It would have been difficult, perhaps, to have found twenty girls assembled together, who possessed more personal beauty, or who were generally more intelligent. The truth was, the greater proportion of them were the daughters of farmers, who, though by their industry, they were able to maintain their families in plenty, found it difficult to turn their surplus produce into money. They, therefore, in many instances, could not afford to give their children a better education than could be obtained at the common district schools. Hence those of their daughters who were desirous of obtaining a knowledge of the higher branches of learning, as the readiest method of procuring funds for that purpose, worked a while in some factory. A number of those present had already been a year or more at some celebrated seminary, and had, in addition to the more solid branches, commenced studying the French language, and made considerable proficiency in drawing and music. Those who had a taste for the last mentioned art, had joined together and hired a piano, at which, by Mrs. Farnsworth's request, one of the girls seated herself, and accompanied her voice while she sang "The Last Rose of Summer," and the "Irish Emigrant's Lament," in a manner which would have done no discredit to one of higher pretensions.

Even those whose advantages as respected school education had been more limited, had enjoyed those of mingling freely with the best society within the reach of ther retired homes.

While many of Mrs. Farnsworth's boarders were at work for the purpose of raising funds to enable them to attend school, there were others who were toiling for the support of a widowed mother, or an invalid brother or sister, or to aid a father to pay some debt which had long embarrassed him.

It was with a heavy heart that Susan, in the morning, prepared for her departure. Mrs. Farnsworth promised to let her know if any of her boarders should leave, in which case, if she did not prove so fortunate as to procure a boarding-place which suited her, she could return. She applied to the superintendent, who informed her that most of the houses were full, and that those, where there were vacancies, he was sorry to say, he could not very highly recommend. "There was in truth," he said, "but little to choose between any of them," and Susan, therefore, decided on going to a Mrs. Dillmore's, who, on being applied to, expressed herself willing to receive her.

When the dinner hour arrived, Susan proceeded to her new home. She found most of the boarders already there; some of them seated at the table, and others taking their places with a haste which she at first could not account for. By the time she had ascertained where she was to sit, several had finished their boiled halibut

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and potatoes, which were served without butter, and commenced eating a baked rice pudding, which, by the remarks which were made, she found was as unlooked for as it was welcome.

"Come, Sally, where have you been?" said one, to a girl who was the last to arrive. "You'll lose your share of the pudding if you don't make haste."

"I would have been here sooner if I had known there was a pudding," said Sally, hurrying to the table. "For my part," she added, as she helped herself to a pretty liberal share, without as much as looking at the halibut, "I'm afraid that something dreadful is going to happen to Mrs. Dillmore."

"Why?" said one of the girls.

"I shouldn't think you need to ask why. The pudding, I should imagine, was answer enough. The struggle in her mind between policy and parsimony must have been tremendous—enough so to cause a fever, I should think."

"So should I," said another, "for 'tis a solemn fact, that of the twelve meals I have eaten since I came, eight of them have been of boiled halibut and potatoes, without a particle of butter, and the other four of cold, hasty pudding fried in fresh lard."

"If it goes on so much longer," said Sally, "I expect we shall be able to swim equal to fish, which may some day be the means of saving some of us from drowning."

Susan, from the first, resigned all idea of having a share of the pudding, of which long before she had finished a small bit of the halibut, every particle had disappeared.

Mrs. Dillmore had now, including Susan, eighteen boarders, and as many, she said, as she could accommodate. The room which Susan shared with five others was in the attic, and besides three beds, contained as many as a dozen trunks and band-boxes, the property of the occupants. In addition to these, there were two chairs, a table, and a broken looking-glass, so that whoever looked into it saw the reflection of three or four faces instead of one.

One tolerably good sized room answered the purposes of a kitchen, dining-room, and sitting-room. None of the girls, as was the case at Mrs. Farnsworth's, showed any signs of dissatisfaction at finding that Susan was to be added to their number. The truth was, none of them intended to make Mrs. Dillmore's anything more than a temporary residence. All were on the look-out for one more eligible. Mrs. Dillmore seldom retained the same set of boarders more than two or three weeks at a time. It gave her no uneasiness for them to leave, for wages being at that time so high as to attract as many as could find employment there, were a sufficient number to supply all the boarding-houses. It, therefore, did not often happen that she was more than twenty-four hours without her full complement. Her object was to make money, and the poorer the table she kept, the sooner would her object be accomplished. What this or that one said of her being mean and stingy, troubled her not. When any dissatisfaction was expressed in her hearing, and there were those who were not very backward in doing it, she was in the habit of saying, "if you aint suited, you are at liberty to go as soon as you please. I can always have as many boarders as I want, and even if I couldn't, I thank my stars I'm not obliged to keep boarders for a living."

This want of urbanity on the part of the hostess was reciprocated with interest, by such as had in their own homes been strangers to those gentle and benign influences, which are sure in a greater or less degree to find their way to the heart.

Among Mrs. Dillmore's boarders there was one little pale, timid girl, not more than fourteen, who seemed to shrink from the companionship of those around her. On retiring to their room in the attic, Susan was pleased to find that she was to sleep with her. Her name was Annette Olney, and Susan subsequently found that she was the eldest of a large family of children, who were reduced to a state of extreme destitution by the intemperance of their father.

"I was very cold last night," said Annette. "There was only one thin quilt on the bed."

Susan, who on examination found that nothing had been added, supplied the deficiency with her warm thick cloak.

In the morning, when the girls assembled for their breakfast, they found placed in the centre of the table a six quart mill-pan, filled with pieces of dry baker's bread, on either side of which was a plate containing a small piece of rancid butter. These, with the addition of what Mrs. Dillmore called coffee, though containing not the slightest flavor of that fragrant beverage, constituted their meal.

"I shan't try to eat *this* butter," said one of the girls, after tasting it.

"Nor I—nor I," was the clamorous response of a dozen voices.

"Here, Annette Olney," said the girl who had first spoken, "take this cup and go to the pantry, and ask Mrs. Dillmore for some molasses."

Annette did not venture to refuse, though she complied with evident reluctance. She soon returned, saying that Mrs. Dillmore told her that "she couldn't afford butter and molasses too."

"We don't want but one," said several—"the butter isn't fit to eat."

"I'll get some, you see if I don't," said one of

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them, rising quickly from the table, and taking the cup from Annette's hand.

Some words of altercation passed between her and Mrs. Dillmore, which ended in her obtaining half a cup full of molasses, which not being enough to go all around, was again carried to the pantry with similar success. While this scene was enacting, Susan could not banish from her mind the picture of her own pleasant home and its many comforts. The contrast caused a feeling of utter loneliness to come over her, such as mere solitude could not have produced. For a few minutes, so heavy was the weight upon her spirits as to overpower all wish for exertion. Then the wan face of her brother, with his deep, affectionate eyes, as they beamed on her at parting, rose up before her, and the words, "my dear, kind sister," pronounced in a voice made tremulous with emotion, seemed again murmured in her ear. They restored her to herself: her courage revived.

Several times, as Susan was passing from and to her boarding-house, she met a young man, who particularly attracted her attention from the resemblance, in many respects, between his countenance and her brother's. There was in both a look of great sweetness about the mouth, as if some fairy pencil had marked with light and delicate tracery an emblematical representation of the good and beautiful thoughts familiar to the mind. His eyes too, like Edwin's, were deep and luminous, and shaded by long, dark lashes. It was one of those accidental resemblances sometimes met with, and had the effect to draw toward him the heart of Susan, as if he had been an elder brother. At last to meet him became a pleasure dwelt on before-hand, and failing to do so, a real disappointment. Whether or no he ever noticed her she knew not. It was not probable that he ever did. She was not certain, however, as she never ventured more than a glance at his face as they passed each other. But that glance gave back to her for the moment her absent brother, and comforted her through the long and toilsome hours. It was a number of weeks before she even knew his name. One of the girls was with her one day, when she saw him turn the corner where she had learned to look for his appearance.

"There comes Horace Lee," said Amy Lakeman, the girl who was with Susan. "He is a lawyer by profession, though he is at present engaged in editing some work, and devotes a great part of his time to writing. He is soon going to be married to a Miss Lorimer, who is very rich. She is now in the place on a visit to Mrs. Damer, who is her sister. Mr. Damer, you know, is an English gentleman."

That part of Amy's information—Susan could hardly tell why—which related to Horace Lee's anticipated marriage, seemed to fall on her heart like a blow, and when he drew near, without hardly knowing what she did, instead of the quick glance which she usually ventured, she looked him full in the face. Their eyes met, and as hers quickly fell beneath the beaming light of his, a vivid blush overspread her cheeks, and even her brow. After passing them, he looked back, as Amy discovered by doing the same.

"I wonder," said Amy, "whether Mr. Lee is looking back on your account or mine. I guess Miss Lorimer would be rather jealous if she knew that he had so much curiosity about us factory girls."

Susan made no reply, for she felt excited and annoyed at having been detected by Mrs. Lee in looking—or as she feared he would call it, staring at him. She felt nearly certain that she rather than Amy caused him to look back, and she had no doubt but that his curiosity was mingled with disgust at her apparent assurance.

Susan was so much troubled at what had taken place—trifling as it might seem—that when she arrived at her boarding-house and took her seat at the table, her appetite was entirely gone. She could scarce taste of the coarse viands provided for dinner. Amy Lakeman noticed this, and said to the girl who sat next to her, "only observe Susan Dale—she can't eat any dinner."

"What is the reason—do you know?"

"Why when we were coming home, we met Horace Lee, and as he looked at us a little, I suppose Susan thinks that she was the one who particularly attracted his attention, and that he is quite smitten with her beauty."

"She is vain enough to think a prince would fall in love with her, if one should happen to see her."

"What is that you are saying," said a girl, whose attention was excited by the magical phrase, "falling in love."

"Oh, nothing of consequence," said Amy. "I'll tell you after dinner, as we go back to the mill."

"I think," said Susan, who had partly overheard what was said, "that I can give you the best explanation. I have several times, of late, met a gentleman, whose name Amy told me today is Horace Lee. His striking resemblance to a dear and only brother, has caused me to particularly observe him. He probably noticed this, and as he could not know the reason, he without doubt imagined me very bold, which I confess makes me feel rather unpleasantly."

This explanation was received by some with a perceptible sneer, by others with a significant toss of the head, while there were several who

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had the candor and generosity to believe that it was not her intention to disguise the truth.

Susan continued to meet Horace Lee as before, but as she uniformly kept her eyes bent to the ground, she could not by occular demonstration tell whether he took any notice of her or not; yet by "some secret power of soul," if not of "eye," they seldom passed each other without her being sensible that his deep, earnest eyes were turned toward her. One day, as the girls left the mills to go to dinner, they saw that a dark, portentous-looking cloud was rapidly rising in the west. Those who boarded at the more distant houses, could hardly hope to reach them before the rain would commence. All made what haste they could.

Annette Olney could not walk as fast as the others, and being much terrified by the vivid flashes of lightning, which were quickly succeeded by almost deafening peals of thunder. Susan drew her arm within Annette's, that she might both support and facilitate her progress. Yet they still remained considerably behind all the rest. Suddenly a strong gust of wind nearly raised them from their feet. A cloud of dust darkened the air, and then the rain began to descend in large, heavy drops. They were just in front of a large and splendid mansion, and Susan, finding that Annette was nearly exhausted, ascended the steps and pulled the bell. No one came. She then, though unsuccessfully, attempted to open the door. She returned to Annette, who had sunk down on the lower step, and attempted to raise her. (TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

'Twas evening—in the Western skies,
The fading sun with golden dyes
Was sinking to his rest;
Each cloud was tinged with brighter beams,
And richer was the dying gleams
Of sunshine in the West.

And darker grew each fragrant flower
Beneath the shadows of the hour,
That told of coming even;
The night-bird with his ceaseless song
Seem'd rival of the bright hued throng,
That minister in Heaven.

And on the stream a darker hue
Was seen, as fast the twilight grew
To deeper shades of night;
Each lingering ray at last had fled,
Each dim seen sunbeam quite was sped,
And darkness met the sight.

He comes not. She has waited long
That wife, whose love for him was strong,
The chosen of her youth,
He who before the nuptial throne
Had sworn to watch that gentle one
With tenderness and truth—

Had borne her from that home away,
Bathed in the blush of beauty's ray,
A happy, trusting wife;
And she had felt her heart-strings cling
To him who sent the fatal sting,
That darken'd all her life.

'Twas midnight. A low moaning sound
Broke on the stillness most profound,
That reigned on tree and bower;
Then came the thunder's dreadful crash,
And the red lightning's fearful crash
Lit up the awful hour.

The whirlwind's rueful track was there,
And flying fragments fill'd the air
Like messengers of death;
Each mortal shrank with wild affright
From the dread terrors of the night,
And from the tempest's breath.

He comes not yet. In silent prayer
That wife has knelt in anguish there,
The mother and her child;
In silent prayer she knelt to him
Whose voice is heard above the din,
And prays in anguish wild.

And from her lips what name is heard?
And in her brain what thoughts are stirr'd
At such an hour as this?
"My husband," came in accents wild,
"Save him, the father of my child,
That child my only bliss."

But hark! amid the tempest's moan
Is heard a faintly breathed groan,
As if in agony;
And quick she sought the open air—
A form was stretched in silence there—
"Oh! help, great Heaven! 'tis he!"

One look was all, enough to tell
Fit ending for the tempest's spell,
And reason fled her throne;
And kindly neighbors on their way,
Found her at break of coming day,
But life itself had flown.

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THE SIGNET RING; OR, FRANCOISE DE FOIX.

A TALE OF THE COURT OF FRANCIS THE FIRST.

BY SYBIL HASTINGS.

> Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
> And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour.
> And sunless riches, from affections deep,
> To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!
> And to make idols, and to find them clay,
> And to bewail that worship—therefore pray!—Mrs. Hemans

It was sunset, a delicious sunset in sunny France. A flood of golden light was falling over the fine old chateau of Chambard, the favorite residence of Francis the First, the young and chivalrous monarch of France; while the evening breeze murmured softly in the far-stretching forest near at hand, whose recesses had echoed many hours, during the day, to gay laughter and musical voices, as the royal court swept onward beneath its shade.

Just as a dusty carriage rolled to the entrance of the chateau, one of a group of gayly dressed cavaliers who stood conversing together, took a step forward as the heavy vehicle went slowly by, raising his plumed cap reverently to a tall casement in the left wing, where half hidden by the silken curtain, stood the king with his dark falcon-like eyes flashing joyously, a faint mocking smile upon his lip, as he waved his hand slightly to the salutation of M. de Guise.

"Now on my honor, gentlemen, we would but perform a duty worthy of a gallant knight, were we to challenge M. de Chautebriand for his cold reception of this paragon of loveliness, who has brought her bright eyes hither to light our sovereign's court," and the Admiral de Bonnivet, as he spoke, directed his companion's attention to a gentleman, who with cheeks deadly pale and brow dark as midnight, advanced to the side of a lady who sprang joyously forth from the carriage.

"Calm yourself, madame, the eyes of the dissolute court of Francis are upon you," said this man; and the Count de Chautebriand, as he spoke, drew the fairy-like hand of his young wife within his arm, hurrying her past the curious glances bent upon her. But more than one gay nobleman caught a glimpse of a sweet young face, with large, lustrous eyes of blue; cheeks glowing with joy and emotion, and a form of rare grace and beauty, slight and girlish as it was.

Ere the passing hour went by, more than one of the court beauties, as they robed themselves for the saloons of royalty, learned that the loveliest woman in France, the beautiful Francoise de Foix, still in her early girlhood, had arrived.

"Is it thus, thus, Jean, that you welcome me?" asked the young wife, with tearful eyes, as her husband led to her apartments.

"Could you anticipate other than a cold greeting, madame, from one that you have thus boldly disobeyed? Recollect yourself, and cease to upbraid one whom you have rendered more miserable than he ever dreamed of being."

"*I* disobedient, *I* make you miserable, *I* your fond, devoted wife, Jean. Ah! but you are trifling, dear, darling Jean, you seek but to try me—say is it not so?" and as she spoke, she would have wound her arms about him. But he drew back with cold hauteur and freezing disdain, and with the same bitter smile addressed her.

"Would you add mockery, madame, to disobedience?" then suddenly changing his tones to those of passionate grief and tenderness, he continued, "oh! Francoise, God pardon you for the bright dream you have broken: until now man never trusted another so wholly as I have done you, child that you are. When I parted with you in Brittany, blessing God that he had given you a heart so pure and true, how blind was I then—then I thought you strong and devoted—now I find you weak and cold."

"Weak and cold, Jean," and the young wife raised herself almost haughtily erect as she spoke, dashing aside her gathering tears. "Was it weakness to love you only as woman might love a husband, knowing him to be worthy of that love—loving you so well that even in parting from you I could smile amid my tears, knowing it to be your will. Call you that passive obedience, coldness?—was it weakness, I ask, to hasten to your side, when you were so good as to desire my presence?—would it have been what you desired, had I lingered by my child's side in preference to hastening to yours? Oh! Jean, Jean, how cruelly you misjudge me."

"Recollect, madame, that I expressly forbade

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your presence at this court, that I besought you to disregard even my own commands to leave Brittany, unless enforced by the signet-ring, the only mate of that with which I encircled your finger when we parted."

"And what else have I obeyed? Weary and sick at heart as I was at your prolonged absence, longing to be once more by your side, staid I not patiently away until the mate of this ring, which encircles my finger, never in life to leave it, Jean, came to me?" and as she spoke, she withdrew her glove from her hand, holding up one slender finger with a ring of curiously wrought gold thereon.

But he shrank as though death was in its touch. "Add not falsehood, Francoise, to your other faults," he said, "they may be pardoned, not that, not that."

"Hush, Jean, hush," and once more she sprang to his side, and laid her hand upon his lips, as if she would fain silence the voice which she might not listen to accusing her of treachery, loving it when it had ceased. "Not falsehood, Jean, you shall not believe it of me." But he turned away, and opening a casket, lifted a ring, the signet-ring, and with his dark eye full upon her, held it up to view. "Jean, Jean, believe it not," gasped the horror-stricken girl. But he drew himself up unmoved as he spoke.

"You will cease, madame, to annoy me with your protestations of innocence; henceforth you have a part to play; not that of the truthful and affectionate wife of an idolizing husband—but that of the countess of a French nobleman, belonging to an ancient and an honorable family: be faithful, madame, I warn you to your honor and mine. My eye will be upon you, not to guide and support, but to mark your conduct. Tears are henceforth unavailing, you have chosen your fate. You will now robe yourself with all haste, for the sooner you are presented, the better. The whole court is now doubtlessly ringing with your arrival. Your dressing-room is beyond these, the shrine I doubt not will prove worthy of its mistress," and turning on his heel, he left the apartment, not deigning to bestow one glance upon the graceful form sinking to the floor, faint with agony and grief.

But when the door closed upon him, he leaned heavily against the wall for support, dashing aside a heavy falling tear; the next moment he raised himself erect, and with slow and stately step passed onward; the slight pallor of his cheek alone betraying the conflict within.

How much harder our first grief to bear than all others. We grow strong in suffering after the first shock is over: the heavily tried heart either hardens or breaks—only in sudden, unlooked-for happiness, the ice which has gathered about the heart in long hours of anguish, gives way to the wild beatings of joy unanticipated. Thus it was with Francoise de Foix, whose hitherto bright pathway of life became overshadowed by gathering clouds; clouds so dense that even the bright star of hope failed to pierce the gloom. She spoke not, nor wept; neither words nor tears came at her bidding; faint and silent she knelt where he had left her, with her head drooping low upon her bosom, while the shadows of the coming night filled the chamber, filled the lofty apartment with gloom; darker words had made the young heart gloomier than the cold shadows of night. Then there came a burst of music stealing along the corridor, reaching even the ear of the sad occupant of that silent chamber. With the first note she raised her clasped hands to her ears, as if she would fain shut out those sounds of revelry and joy, but even through the slender fingers poured a richer, milder strain, and with it the recollection of her husband's words, and she sprang up with hurried step crossing to the dressing-room beyond, which he had pointed to her ere he left. As she threw open the door, she drew backward shading her eyes with her hand, so dazzling the light streaming from the wax tapers, burning in the silver sconces upon either side of the tall mirror in its richly carved frame. It was a scene of regal luxury and exquisite taste, but Francoise de Foix noted not the glowing carpet, the luxurious couches, or gorgeously draped walls. A girl was kneeling upon the carpet before the dressing-table, her white hands busied with the glittering jewels gleaming amid folds of glistening satin. She arose as Madame de Chautebriand came forward, courtesying reverently with an expression of sorrowful admiration as she looked upon the young face before her, so lovely and so sad. "Will you send Florette to me, mademoiselle?" asked Francoise de Foix, as her glance fell upon her.

"Perhaps madame is unaware," answered the girl, "that the king has appointed me to the honor of attending upon her."

"But I would rather have Florette to-night, she has been with me a long time."

"Oh, but you will permit me also to assist you, dear lady, will you not?" entreated the girl, gazing up to her with a sweet, pleading smile.

And as the young countess looked upon the gentle smiling countenance before her, she smiled faintly, answering, "certainly, if you desire it, only make haste, it is late, is it not?" Just then the door opened, and Florette came in.

"Ah, dear lady, not yet dressed, and M. de Chautebriand awaiting you?—he will be here soon, very soon." As she spoke, Francoise de Foix's cheek grew warm, and her lip quivered joyfully as she murmured,

"He is coming for me, dear, dear Jean. Make

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haste, girls, he must not wait for me. Oh, never mind that curl, just gather them up, even your swift fingers are too slow." And as she spoke, she arose, and gathering up the whole mass of golden curls, she wound them carelessly yet gracefully together, thrusting a heavy comb of gold gleaming with jewels amid them. Then with trembling fingers she folded the snowy satin robe, with its costly drapery of delicate lace, about her graceful form.

"Ah, clasp it, mademoiselle—what is it? I think you told me, but I have forgotten. Anne, madame," answered the girl, as she clasped the heavy necklace of pearls about the white throat of Francoise de Foix, as she stood tremblingly before her.

"Hark! it is his, his step, oh, I am very faint," and the color left her cheek as she spoke, but the next moment, as a step paused before the door, she arose and advanced half way across the apartment to meet him. With the light falling full upon her, her cheek glowing with excitement, her full blue eyes glistening with emotion, she stood radiant in beauty before him. But no smile lighted up the haughty lineaments of him who stood before her.

For an instant she met his gaze with a fond asking smile, but drawing her arm within his own, silently and sternly he led her forth. "Oh, Jean, Jean, smile, smile once upon me, or I cannot bear this," murmured the embarrassed girl, clinging to her husband's side as he led her up the crowded saloons, while a murmur of admiration, unchecked even by the royal presence, ran round as all eyes were bent upon them: but even as she whispered him, the group clustered around the spot where the monarch stood gave way, and "Madame de Chautebriand, sire," fell upon her ear in the clear, deep tones of her husband's voice as he relinquished her arm, drawing a step backward from her side. The beautiful cheek crimsoned as the young countess raised her drooping eyelids, kneeling gracefully upon her knee before the young monarch. For a moment he just suffered her to kneel before him. Then the voice which fell upon ear was low and musical, yet almost mournfully sweet.

"Rise, fair Countess of Chautebriand," and as he spoke he bent forward raising her, while Francoise felt the jeweled hand of the king grow tighter upon her own, as he continued, "we had thought to chide her who lingered so long away, giving her presence at last so reluctantly to our court, but our lips are mute, we have no voice to chide aught so lovely; therefore permit me, sweet lady, both to welcome you to Chambard, and entreat of you in its gaities to cease to pine for Brittany. M. de Chautebriand, my thanks are due to you for your kindness in bringing so fair a flower hither. Accept the gratitude of your sovereign," and Francis bowed as he spoke to the stately nobleman before him, but for all that more than one who looked upon him noted the faint mocking smile upon his lip, and the haughty salutation of M. de Chautebriand.

But Francoise de Foix only knew that the sweetest voice that ever thrilled the heart of woman, was ringing with all its music within her ear; and a monarch's eyes, full and large, and filled with a world of passionate tenderness, were bent upon her burning cheeks, as still clinging to the side of her haughty husband she withdrew from the royal circle, and wherever she moved, throughout the evening, that glance followed her, as she now listened for the first time with flushing cheeks and drooping eyes to the whispered compliments of the gay courtiers as they crowded around her, turned her large blue eyes upon them full of bewildered curiosity, shrinking to the side of her husband as they coined fresh and more passionate eulogiums, which they would fain have poured within a listening ear.

The evening was wearing away, when the Count de Chautebriand approached the circle of the queen, by whose side he had left his young wife, and for the first time that night his cheek lost its strange pallor, his brow its gloom, when his eye fell upon her. The unwonted glow had left the delicate cheek, no longer the heavily fringed lids drooped, the large eyes had lost their feverish light, and were soft and dewy with emotion. No longer the delicate lace which shaded the white bosom was stirred by the tumultuous beatings of the agitated heart, as she nestled upon a low crimson seat at the queen's feet, the light and snowy folds of her robe mingling with the crimson drapery and gorgeous folds of the queen's dress. Her small hands folded upon her knee, a sunny smile upon her lip as she spoke, while every accent was full of the unutterable affection of the young mother's heart. The queen, with her soft voice and encouraging smile, had won the pure, child-like creature by her side to speak with that innocent freedom and artlessness rarely known in those luxurious saloons. She was speaking of her child. What wonder then that as the thoughts of the girl-mother wandered away from that scene of regal pomp and luxury, to the quiet chamber of her infant girl, she ceased to listen to the swelling music, to look upon the flattering crowd.

"You may wonder, dear lady, how I could force myself to leave the side of my sunny-browed Anne, my beautiful child, but there was one still dearer who won me to forgetfulness," and she raised her eyes as she spoke. For a moment her glance rested upon her husband as he stood before her, with a smile full of love

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and gratitude upon his lip; then over her whole countenance there beamed a smile so exquisite, so full of happiness, that the face of the young countess became absolutely radiant with beauty. The pale, dove-eyed queen smiled an answering smile, and involuntarily whispered to herself, "we need not fear for the peace of this lovely one even here:" and she sighed heavily while her lip quivered. Another had marked that smile, a graceful woman still in early womanhood, with the same large, deep-set eyes and aristocratic, but more delicate features than the monarch.

"Does your majesty note that smile?" asked the low voice of Margaret Valois.

"Ah! ma mignon," answered the king, "note but to covet it in its beauty."

"Francis, is it wise, will it not be cruel to mar such love? how very beautiful, holy that smile." Something of sadness mingled in the voice of his beautiful and idolized sister, and Francis looked up inquiringly to the agitated creature before him, usually so calm and unmoved.

"Marguerite, what moves you thus?" and the king forgot even Francoise de Foix in the agitation of the young duchess.

"Nothing, Francis, nothing," and even as she spoke she dashed aside a gathering tear, and smiled upon him, but for all that Francis saw her press her hand heavily upon her heart beating so wildly beneath the silken boddice.

"Look, Francis," said Marguerite, only too glad of a pretext for withdrawing his attention from herself, directing his glance to the once more haughty bearing and frowning brow of the Count de Chautebriand, and the paling cheek of Francoise de Foix, as bending low by her side, the Admiral de Bonnivet saluted her.

"Ah, on my honor, he is wary of his sweet captive," murmured the monarch, noting the evident chagrin of the husband as the young nobleman, with a glance that only too evidently expressed his admiration, looked upon the timid young creature before him. The next moment, and Francis himself joined them. "The night is wearing," he said; "already the roses pale upon thy cheeks, fair lady; therefore, although grieving to lose your fair presence, we would fain permit you to retire, for you must be weary from long travel and fatigue, we would fain fancy encountered for our sake, even though we know it to have been reluctantly; is it not so?" asked the monarch, with a faint smile.

"Nay, sire," commenced Francoise, looking up, but as she met the dark eyes bent upon her she blushed and hesitated.

"You do Madame de Chautebriand injustice, sire," answered the husband, with a bitter smile, "I myself can bear witness for her that she came not reluctantly or unwillingly."

"Ah! was it indeed thus, then our gratitude is boundless," and the monarch's most willing smile beamed upon her as he lifted the white fingers of Francoise de Foix to his lips and turned away. They had been standing in the deep recess of a tall window, and no eye noted the monarch's courtesy but those beside him, and Francis himself noted not the fiery glance which the haughty nobleman turned upon him.

"Unwind these jewels, Adele, they press heavily upon my brow, and it is aching, aching fearfully with all this light and glare," and as she spoke, she sank wearily upon a low seat before the tall mirror. She spoke not of the terrible weight pressing so heavily upon her heart, crushing all the bright hopes and love dreams of her young life, but the girl as she unwound those beautiful tresses marked her shiver, pressing her hand to her brow, as if she would fain re-call what had passed. "Give me my mantle, Adele, and then leave me. I am very weary, too weary to sleep, I would rest here awhile," and throwing a light mantle of velvet over the long floating night-robe of the young countess, they left her.

Still at intervals a note of music found its way into that luxurious dressing-room, but it moved not her who sat with her head bowed upon the low dressing-table before her, the white fingers straying amid the golden tresses loosened from their confinement. After a long time a faint echoing tread sounded in the corridor, and the girl sprang up brushing back her hair, with flushing cheeks turned toward the door; but the step passed on. Then her lip quivered, and she threw herself once more within her seat, while a shower of tears fell through the slender fingers, bathing the glowing flowers upon the carpet. For a while she wept, then she dashed aside her tears, and raising her head looked long upon the pale face and tear-stained features which the mirror threw back; but as she looked there came a faint color; slow and faint it came at first, but it gradually deepened to a crimson glow—the blue eyes flashed, the coral lips wreathed themselves into a haughty smile, while the crimson mantle fell far backward with the tremulous heaving of the white bosom, and she sprang up not now to listen with smiling lip for the coming footstep, but to gaze upon the image so radiant in beauty before her. The serpent was uncoiling itself in its glittering beauty, winding its deadly coils fast about the heart chilled and thrown back upon itself. The jeweled hands grasped convulsively the snowy folds of her dress, and the eyes beamed with haughty defiance as she whispered, "scorned by thou," was it an angel that whispered, "father of thy child," and hushed the defiant word upon her lip, that caused her to

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shudder and turn away, was it a holy memory that fell like dew upon the burning heart, quenching the fiery glow upon the cheek, dimming the mother's eye with tears? "Anne," came slowly from her quivering lips, and throwing aside the rich mantle, her white robe floating about her she passed onward to the chamber beyond. It was flooded with the silver light of the moon:—and where the closing door hid the light, the perfume, and the glare of the dressing-room, the young countess knelt meekly down by the lofty couch with its snowy drapery, and burying her face within the pillows, prayed humbly and fervently for pardon and strength.

Through the closely shrouded casement there stole a golden beam, shedding a faint, tremulous light throughout the sleeping chamber of Francoise de Foix. It had none of the gorgeous magnificence of the dressing-room. But the soft, snowy silk of the curtains floating about the tall bed and lofty casements, with their sweeping silver fringes; the soft velvet-like carpet of a delicate cream color, with bunches of blue violets and crimson lilies with their long green leaves; heavy cushions of velvet, white as new-fallen snow, with a bouquet of bright blossoms wrought with rare skill thereon, all was in exquisite accordance with the beauty of the lovely dreamer, who lay with her head pillowed upon one slender arm, the long golden hair escaping from the delicate lace of her night-cap, and half veiling her young face. That she had passed a restless night was apparent from the silken counterpane falling in snowy billows about her, while one white hand, all the whiter from the contrast of the heavy ring thereon, grasped with a convulsive effort the costly lace fringing the soft pillow. "Jean, Jean," she murmured softly, then passionately, while two or three heavy tears stole through the silken lashes, and she clasped the drapery yet tighter within her hand, but even as she wept a smile stole over the lovely features, then a blush which dried the falling tears so deep and warm its hue, and she turned restlessly upon her pillow, murmuring half aloud, "the king." Was the monarch's glance haunting her even then?—was the music of a monarch's voice lingering yet upon her ear that she murmured, "sire," yet once again?

Just then the door of the dressing-room opened, and the blue-eyed Adele came in with a bouquet of rare blossoms, placing them with a faint smile upon her lip within the marble vase of the sleeper's couch. Then she gathered back the curtains, smiled fondly and admiringly upon the beautiful one and turned away: but scarcely had the door closed upon her, when stealing through the shrouded casements there arose from below a burst of music swelling full and rich upon the morning air. With the first note the sleeper raised herself upon her pillow, and brushing back the drapery, looked wonderingly around, but as the music died away there arose the murmur of gay voices, then a loud, joyous laugh, and Francoise smiled an answering smile, and folding her dressing-gown about her, crossed to the window, gathering back a fold of the curtain. The whole court beneath her casement was alive with courtiers and gaily dressed grooms. But the glance of Francoise de Foix rested alone upon the terrace directly before her, upon which stood the king with a group of gentlemen by his side. The symmetry of his tall figure displayed by the dark hunting-dress which he wore, the long, white plume in his cap floating back from the broad, high brow, beneath which gleamed the eyes now soft and lustrous as woman's, and now flashing bright and haughtily on all around him, and just back of him stood the Count de Chautebriand, his pale cheek and clouded brow contrasting only too plainly with the courtly bearing of his joyous sovereign, and Francoise murmured sorrowfully, "Jean." Just then the king turned toward the silent nobleman by his side, speaking with a courteous manner and pleasant smile. Involuntarily both raised their glance to the casement above, and there stood the young countess herself gazing down upon them. Instantly the plumed cap swept the ground, and a warm, glowing smile lighted up the monarch's features. With a hurried, tremulous wave of her hand the lady dropped the curtain between them, but not until she had caught Francis' beaming smile, and the cold, contemptuous glance of her husband. With a low, deep sigh she turned away, but her cheek no longer flushed, nor her eye dimmed, she was learning to feel and subdue her anguish, a bitter and a dangerous lesson to learn thus early in life.

"Your cheek is even paler than it was last night, sweet lady: I fear me our court air will rob you of your bloom," said the pleasant voice of Adele, as she arranged the last fold of her mistress' riding-habit, looking up to the beautiful face gleaming out from beneath the heavy plume of the velvet riding-cap of the same dark hue. "Are you ill?" There was something irresistibly winning in the girl's manner, and already the lady began to take a deep interest and pleasure in her new attendant, therefore she did not even attempt to hide the tears that were gathering within her eyes. Vain, futile had the effort have been, for they succeeded each other in rapid succession, until at last, unable to conquer her grief, the unhappy girl bowed her face within her hands, weeping bitterly. Through the casement there came the murmur of gay voices, the pealing music, and the neighing of horses, as the royal train gathered within the court for the morning chase; and over all rested the glad,

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warm sunlight, and there with joy and light surrounding her, stood the young wife in her passionate grief.

For many moments Adele gazed sorrowfully upon her, then she glided past into the chamber beyond, and in a moment re-appeared with the flowers which she had placed there. "I do not think, lady, that you have yet looked upon them," she said, softly, placing them within her hand. They were bright, fragrant flowers, and as their breath floated upward, the girl whispered, "he sent them to you, lady," and Francoise brushed back her falling tears, pressing them eagerly to her lips for a moment. She held them there inhaling their perfume with a brightening glance, but the voices beneath her window rose louder as the train formed about the monarch, and hastily snatching one white dewy bud from the rest, she thrust it within the belt of the dress and turned away.

Far and wide the forest of Bouglue echoed to the music and the tumult of the chase. As one by one each gay rider rode onward, a solitary rider lingered on the way, reining her spirited horse beneath the shadow of a stately tree. Weary and wretched, Francoise de Foix paused to wipe away the starting tear, the white blossom drooping in her belt.

"We should blush for the chivalry of our court, were we not only too grateful for that neglect by which we ourself may profit," fell upon her ear in the sweet, low tones of Francis the First, and with a warm blush Francoise de Foix raised her eyes to the king. "What, weeping, fair lady—weeping at Chambard. Are you already pining for Brittany? Methinks my Lord de Chautebriand forgets himself when he leaves his beautiful wife thus sorrowful and alone. We will ride up and chide him," he said, gaily, but with his glance bent steadily upon her.

"Nay, sire, with your permission I will not intrude," she answered, somewhat haughtily. "I pray your pardon, sire, but I would fain rest here awhile in the shade."

"Ah, you have ridden far, dear lady, to-day, boldly as the best of us, and I too am weary of the sunlight and the chase. On my knighthood, fair Countess of Chautebriand," and the monarch bent low in his saddle as his glance rested upon the drooping flowers within her belt. "On my knighthood, fair Countess of Chautebriand," and he bent down until the plume within his cap mingled with the mane of the lady's horse, as with his lips he touched the little hand which held the bridle, "every prince in Christendom may envy Francis of France. I had scarce dared to hope, fair lady, that you would thus grace this frail token of my regard," and he pointed to the drooping bud.

"Thine, sire, thine," and with trembling fingers she drew it forth. "I beseech your pardon, my liege, I thought, I fancied it was from——"

"Jean, you would say, madame," asked the king, and Francoise de Foix bowed her head in assent. There was a slight tinge of bitterness mingling with the mocking tones of the king's voice as he continued, "you deemed it a token from the recreant Count of Chautebriand, and forgetting his coldness you have cherished this frail flower, but that its leaves may strew the ground when you learn that the hand of Francis gathered it for love of your bright eyes," and he pointed to the white leaves strewn upon the green turf. When he first spoke, the lady had raised herself proudly erect, gathering up the bridle as if she would fain leave his side, monarch though he was, who blended recreant and Chautebriand; but when he spoke of coldness her hand dropped the bridle, the fair head sunk upon the heaving bosom, and as he ceased, a heavy tear fell glittering upon his hand as it rested upon her bridle.

Memory was busy with unkindness. Low, scornful words still lingered on her ear. What wonder then when the warm heart grew cold, when the young spirit yearned in its desolation for human sympathy and love, that it thrilled to the music of that low voice whispering, "grieve not, m'amie, grieve not," that for one wild, delirious moment the sunshine of that smile veiled all the cold, dark shadows gathering about her, that the beautiful, the worshipped, but fearfully lonely girl turned with an answering smile to the graceful one by her side, eloquent was the glance, so full of admiration and tenderness which met her own.

The sunlight wavered on the green turf as it stole through the leafy canopy above; the distant music mingled with the gay song of birds: but over all there fell a dim cloud, darkness was closing around her, the graceful form wavered in the saddle, and Francoise de Foix would have fallen upon the outstretched arm of the king, but suddenly soft and clear above the music floated the plaintive cry of a wild-bird, and Francoise de Foix raised herself erect with new-born strength, shook the bridle free from the hand which held it, and bounded recklessly and wildly away: what roused the woman's spirit, piercing even the deafness of the fainting ear? It was the same low carol which had floated through the chamber sacred to maternal love, when the young mother soothed her infant girl to sleep with her sweet mockery of the woodland bird.

For more than a moment the king's glance rested upon the slender form speeding so wildly over the greensward. Then a smile, very faint, but full of exultation wreathed his lip, and he sprang lightly to the ground, gathering up the rose-leaves upon the ground, thrust them within

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his bosom, murmuring half aloud, "beautiful Francoise." Scarcely had the words left his lip when the loud blast of a bugle rang through the forest, and the chase swept by. More than one plumed cap bowed low as the king stood forth; but the stateliest of them all bent his flashing eye sternly on the monarch, and still haughtily erect rode onward, deigning no courtly salutation to him who lingered in the greenwood, coining words as false, as soft as ever won the love of woman, or broke the heart of man.

From each embayed window, from every hanging balcony overlooking the spacious court of the Chateau of Chambard, rang forth gay peals of laughter, as the royal court looked down one sunny morning upon an imprisoned boar, maddened by spear and arrow, rushing wildly to and fro in the closed and guarded court beneath.

"On my honor, ma mignon, his rage is superb," said the king to the beautiful Duchess of ———, within the embrasure of the window in which he stood, that unimpeded she might behold the gigantic efforts which the foaming animal was making to overleap the high barrier around. The dark eyes of Margaret Valois flashed, and her cheek crimsoned with excitement. The glowing beauty of his young sister riveted the glance of Francis, and he ran his eye over that crowded saloon, asking himself if in the many gathered there, there was another as lovely. Not an eye, however bright, outshone those by his side, and his glance wandered round until it fell upon a girlish figure somewhat apart from the rest, with her hands clasped wearily upon her knee, as she sat there taking no part in the gaiety and excitement of the scene, her blue eyes resting upon one who stood amid a group of gentlemen with folded arms and gloomy brow. No eye but that of Francoise de Foix was so lustrous with feeling, no glance in that glittering train sought another's so full of timid love, the youngest bride there smiled not as softly upon her lord.

There was a long prolonged burst of merriment as the boar made yet another futile effort for freedom, but the king's glance was riveted. Just then there was a heavy crash, as though the oaken panels of the outer door were shattered, and every one rose up with paling cheek. A moment's silence succeeded, followed by one universal cry of terror, as a rushing step was heard coming up the broad stairway. A fearful bound within the corridor, and statue-like and rigid grew each breathing form—a hot, fierce breath stirred the silken drapery veiling the entrance, and a solitary being, a woman, young and ineffably beautiful, stood up gazing wildly upon the fluttering drapery before her. Like the calm of a coming tempest sank the hush of silence along that lofty hall. As the curtain floated back, the wild boar paused upon the threshold, his burning eyes glaring upon the slight figure before him. His bloody tusks were covered with foam. A moment and he raised himself for his fatal leap, while once more the blue eyes wandered to a rigid form in the distance: ere they drooped a thrilling cry of joy swept upward to the vaulted ceiling, as the animal rolled in its death struggle close to the very feet of Francoise de Foix, the trusty steel of the king yet quivering within its heart. "Give way, gentlemen, give way, do you not see that she has but fainted," and the king, as he spoke, waved back the crowd gathering about her, as upon his own arm he bore her to a couch within the recess of an open window. Had the monarch but won a life to desecrate it, that thus he bowed himself low until his heavy plume swept the blanched cheek, while his breath warmed the cold lips, with his impassioned words awaking Francoise de Foix from that breathless, dreamless sleep?

Paralyzed with terror, the wretched Count de Chautebriand had stood, the whole length of the saloon intervening between himself and her who he deemed his false, yet still fondly loved wife. He met not the imploring glance which sought his own, the stateliest form in France intervened between them, he only knew a king arose to conquer and subdue.

One might have heard that stern heart beat when the dead boar bounded to his idol's feet. Though he stirred not, his gasping breath told of the deadly fear which held him captive. But when the plume of Francis swept that unconscious cheek ere it rose, he stood beside them, while fierce words and bitter came struggling to his lip for utterance. But a sovereign's glance was upon him. His lord stood before him, and his eye alone spoke the deadly hate swelling within him.

The curtain fluttered in the breeze, the drooping lashes were raised, and the eyes of Francoise rested upon her husband for a moment wonderingly and dreamily: then as memory came back, the slender fingers which he held struggled for freedom; and with a faint shudder the blue eyes were turned away, turned but to beam soft and bright upon the king. For the first time those lips smiled upon him with gratitude and affection. Ere that smile had faded the Count de Chautebriand had left them. His very intensity of feeling had aleniated the gentle and loving heart devoted to him.

"Gone, Adele, gone," gasped forth the horror-struck and deserted wife, when she learned the departure of the Count de Chautebriand for Brittany, "gone, leaving me here and alone, no farewell, no promise to return: abandoned by thee at last, Jean. Leave me, girl, do you presume

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to look upon my anguish?" Her tones were harsh and stern, so unlike her usual soft, low utterance that the girl shrank back half in fear, but even as she spoke she sank down upon a seat, her head drooping low upon her bosom.

"Nay, I cannot leave thee thus, dear lady," and the girl went up to her, kneeling down by her side, pressing her lips fondly to those cold fingers, murmuring sadly, "oh! how can I comfort thee."

"Comfort, Adele, comfort, alas! you little know how desolate, how wretched I have become, and I—I was so gay, so joyous ere I came hither. I must go home, Adele, none here care for the unhappy Francoise; every hour I linger in this royal palace adds a fresh drop of bitterness to the cup already full to overflowing. Yes, we will go, girl; speak low that none may hear us," and she glanced around with a strange sparkle in her eyes. "Do you love me, Adele?" she said.

"Better than life," answered the girl, passionately.

"Well, in the morning early we will go; you will help me, will you not, Adele, to my little Anne, my child, you will take me, Adele?"

"Yes, dear lady," she said, soothingly, for she began to fear that the troubled spirit was wandering. "But will it not be better to wait, madame, until you can see the king, he is your friend?—why not trust to him?"

"Ah!" and the young countess started up, speaking hurriedly, "you shall go to him and tell him that I must see him."

"To-night?" questioned the girl.

"Yes, now, dear Adele, I cannot rest until I have his promise."

"I fear that they will not admit me; had we not better wait until morning," she said, hesitatingly, for in her own heart she doubted whether Francis would permit her to leave the court.

"Then I will go myself, Adele, he cannot refuse me; wrap this mantle about me. Why do you tremble, girl, do you not see how calm I am?" She was indeed calm, but it was a strange and unnatural composure of manner.

Alone in his dressing-room sat the monarch. He had dismissed his attendants, and with a dreamy smile upon his lip, his head pillowed upon the silken cushions of the luxurious couch upon which he reclined, he lay dreaming of the beautiful Countess of Chautebriand, when the drapery which veiled the entrance was withdrawn, and a favorite page entered, falling reverently upon his knee before him. The brow of Francis darkened as he looked upon the intruder, but when he said, "a lady craves admittance, sire," his brow cleared, his eyes flashed, and he answered,

"Admit her at once," and once more he sank back upon the couch, but not until he had glanced toward a tall mirror before him, while he ran his jeweled fingers through his long, perfumed locks.

"His majesty will admit you," fell upon his ear in the boy's voice. The next moment the curtain was gathered back, then fell with a low rustle to the floor as the door was closed, and a lady closely muffled would have knelt before the king, but he anticipated her by rising and taking her hand within his own.

"Sire, I have a boon to beseech of thee," her voice was low and tremulous, and Francis smiled as he gently withdrew the heavy veil, and looked upon the burning cheek and sparkling eyes of Francoise de Foix.

"It is granted, sweet lady, ere it is asked," answered the king, in his softest tones, "save it be to leave us, and we will not think Francoise de Foix will be thus ungenerous toward her.

"Pardon me, sire, but on my bended knee," and she knelt at his feet in despite of his efforts to prevent her, "on my knee I would beseech it of thee."

"To leave me, Francoise?" asked the low voice. But she continued unheeding him,

"I have a child, sire, an idolized child, the only living thing I may now love without shame or guilt—this day I have been scorned and deserted. Make the life you have preserved, sire, a desirable one; give me my child, my darling child, or I shall die, my heart is breaking."

"My poor Francoise, you do indeed look ill. Would the power were mine to grant your prayer, but sovereign though I am, I have no power to separate the child from its father."

"Is this true, sire?" and the young mother raised her eyes to his with a glance which should have shamed those false lips into silence, but he answered,

"Would lady it were not, I cannot bear to see thee grieve thus," and he looked tenderly down upon the youthful sufferer.

"Can the innocent suffer thus?" murmured the unhappy one, "a wife, and deserted—a mother, and childless, how young—how young to be thus lone and desolate."

"No longer desolate or unloved if you will, Francoise," said the royal tempter. Once more she raised her eyes to his, and again they were eloquent with emotion.

"I must leave thee—leave thee, sire," came slowly from her lips, but she trembled in every limb.

"Leave me for one who looked unmoved upon you in that fearful hour this morn?" and the wily pleader shuddered as if the very recollection of her danger had power to move him thus. Before her vision once more passed that morning

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hour—again she looked upon the motionless form of him who should have saved the life which she had consecrated to him—again she saw a monarch rushing wildly between herself and a fearful death. She turned toward him, he was kneeling at her feet with pleading glance and quivering lip. Her glance met his—the whole world faded into nothingness, she stretched forth her hand toward him. The next moment she shrank back, gazed wildly upon that slender hand where gleamed a ring, *the signet-ring.* For one moment she looked upon it, the next, and it lay upon the floor crushed beneath her feet. A wild, exultant smile flitted over the features of the one who knelt a monarch at her feet.

"M'amie," he whispered, fondly, and the desecrated hand fell softly upon his arm. Was it but her own guilty fancy, or did the night-wind as it brushed heavily against the casement frame itself into that one word, once so sweet and holy, now so fearful? "Anne, Anne," it sighed, and the fallen one even in that hour of delirious joy knew how frail a thing it was.

Sigh and murmur on thy way, oh, whispering night-wind, thou hast awakened a never-dying remorse, thou hast wounded to death an erring heart.

Years, long years have passed since the Countess of Chautebriand, just blushing into her seventeenth summer, shrank shivering away from the murmur of the night-wind in the royal palace of Chambard. Once more, as in other years, she presses her hands upon her ears, as if she would fain shut out the music at intervals pealing through the corridor. She sits within her dressing-room more gorgeous, more luxurious than of old; for the lavish hand of Francis has woven with jewels the dark bonds which holds his prisoner captive. With the mantle of regal wealth he would veil from his captive's memory the once happy, the now terrible past. Flowers blushed and budded in tall, graceful vases of Parian marble. The very curtains were looped with garlands of rare exotics, shedding their fragrance around.

No longer folds of snowy silk draped the lofty walls, long waves of crimson and gold now tumbled in the perfumed air, and in the glare of the wax tapers, in all that light and splendor sat Francoise de Foix in the full bloom of womanhood, in the perfection of her beauty.

But the rich lashes drooped not as of old, the eyes were brighter, for the burning glances of the profligate noblemen who worshipped their sovereign's idol, had dried up all the heart's dew once veiling their radiance, even as their impassioned words had seared the very soul once so pure and sensitive. The girlish figure had become fuller, more voluptuous in its beauty. As her hand fell wearily upon her knee, the soft notes of a flute rose and died away beneath her window, and she sprang impetuously up, the jewels yet flashing amid her wreathing curls. Gathering back the curtain she looked down with frowning brow upon the intruder, as he sang in a voice of almost unearthly sweetness, one of the impassioned songs of the day. That voice of music had thrilled many a woman's heart, but its pathos touched not the soul of her who listened. For a moment she gazed upon the tall form and handsome face, over which streamed the light from her casement as he lifted his velvet cap, casting it at his feet when the drapery was gathered back, and even in that uncertain light she beheld the grateful smile which lighted up his countenance, but she frowned upon him waving him haughtily away.

"Not while the light streams from my lady's casement, and her shadow lingers on the curtain, not while the night lends me her mantle, until the day dawns will I keep my watch content but to look upon the cage which holds the prisoned bird," came up in soft, impassioned tones from below. For a moment the lady paused irresolute, then bending down, she spoke in low and hurried tones,

"Would you ruin me, peril my whole future happiness by this mad passion, Bonnivet? Go, I beseech of you, already you have annoyed his majesty by your presumption."

"Ay, is it presumption to love the Countess of Chautebriand?" he answered, bitterly. Again the lady paused, but now it was to press her hand heavily upon her heart, while the voice which answered him was full of anguish.

"Will you not now retire, M. de Bonnivet, now that your errand is performed, and you have insulted one whom you profess to regard?"

"Pardon me, madame, forgive me beautiful Francoise, it is Bonnivet's love that makes him unjust; smile only once upon me and I will leave you."

"You ask that which I have no power to grant. Will you not now retire, unless you would indeed force me to appeal to the king?" and once more she stood haughtily erect.

"The king, ah, Bonnivet envies him not, beautiful Francoise; you love me, or I were powerless to move you thus," and he laughed a low, mocking laugh. Ere it ceased the curtain fell between them, and Francoise de Foix threw herself upon the floor weeping bitterly. For a moment all was silent, then something brushed heavily against the curtain and it floated back, while a bouquet of roses, fresh culled and glittering with dew, fell at her feet. An instant and with crimson cheek she stood erect, crushing the flowers beneath her foot. Just then the door opened

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softly, and Francis himself entered, pausing as his glance fell upon her, but the next moment, and he advanced to her side, and laid his hand upon her arm, speaking ere she was yet aware of his presence.

"What grieves thee thus, Francoise?" With a slight start she looked up, and the light faded from her eye, the angry flush from her cheek, and a tear trembled upon the long lashes as she looked mournfully upon him. For a moment the monarch's glance rested almost sternly upon her, but she stood fearless in her love before him, and he bent down crushing the tear upon her cheek with his lips, murmuring, "what has grieved thee, m'amie?"

"I would beseech a boon of thee, sire," she answered, sadly.

"Refused I ever one that your sweet voice prayed of me, darling?" How fond and soft those tones, those tones which had won her in her hour of misery to worship him who held her yet a captive at his side. Darling! how easy a task it was to know no will but his when that word born of love sounded in her ear.

"Sire, you have not smiled upon me through all this weary day."

"Look, am I not smiling upon you now?"

"Ah, and my spirit grows warm in the sunshine. Oh, I would teach thee ever thus to smile upon me."

"It were a sweet lesson, Francoise, you will find me a docile pupil; but tell me what you would ask of me? Speak, darling, I listen."

"Send away the Admiral de Bonnivet, sire."

"Ah, madame!" and the king dropped the hand which he held, and drew a step backward with a gathering frown.

"Nay, you shall not frown upon me—do you not see how you distress me?" and tears filled her eyes, "you shall first listen to me as you promised, and I will tell you all, though it be a bitter thing to speak of scorn and insult offered to one's self. Sire, this night, beneath my very window, the Admiral de Bonnivet has presumed to bring hither his passion, mocking my affection for yourself. Will you permit this?—will you allow them to add pollution to an already dishonored name, to bandy the name of Francoise de Foix?—and shall my love for your majesty be made the jest of Bonnivet and his friends?" and she paused with burning cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"A dishonored name, Francoise?" asked the king, reproachfully.

"Ah, fearfully so, sire, but with your love I can bear it."

There was unutterable love and devotion in that low voice, and base as he had been it touched the very soul of her listener. As she ceased he raised her hand to his lips reverently as he might have done a queen's. The purity of the woman's heart was not all gone, still there was one green spot left amid the ruins where flowers might yet spring into being. Still in the glory of her love, in the adulation of a monarch, she forgot not that she had fallen, and even while she clung to that love for which she had sacrificed all else, memory upbraided, her remorse slumbered not.

"To-morrow, Francoise," said the king, "Bonnivet leaves the court."

The morning came, and the royal train gathered within the saloon for the chase, while the court filled with the horses and their grooms, and the murmur of gay voices rose louder. But Francoise de Foix lingered in the embrasure of a window awaiting the coming of the king, who stood conversing with Margaret Valois. The plume within her cap just kissed the delicate cheek sweeping backward over the graceful shoulder. The beautiful eyes were full of dreamy thought, and one white ungloved hand toyed listlessly with the velvet buttons of her boddice.

Moment after moment went by, and the king came not, but she was content to stand there in the warm sunlight with the murmur of his voice falling upon her ear, although the drooping curtains hid him from her view. But suddenly the little hands wreathed themselves convulsively together, and with cheeks cold and white as marble, lips tightly compressed lest her gasping breath betrayed her presence, she listened to words, which brief and reckless as they were, struck home to the very soul of that mute listener.

"And it was you that won the fair Countess of Chautebriand hither from the shades of Brittany. I think I now remember a romantic tale of a ring which alone had the power to win the lady hither, was it not?" questioned the voice of the Admiral de Bonnivet.

"Ah, and little doth the proud beauty dream that to myself alone is she indebted for her present state, as little as I myself dreamed when I sent her the false, but magic ring, that I was bringing one to the court to queen it thus above us; they tell me she has scorned your suit too, Bonnivet," said M. de Guise.

"Ay, bitterly, and for that love ere the daylight fades I must away, the king has desired my absence from the court, but she shall rue in agony the hour that she spurned me. When we again meet the idol will have fallen, a brighter star is rising on the court of Francis."

Ere the words died upon his lip the curtain swept far back, and with the same deadly pallor upon her cheek, Francoise de Foix stood before them, but not upon the one who was prophecying her fall with words of fierce passion, fell those eyes filled with all the anguish of an outraged

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spirit, but upon him who had betrayed her. As she stood there memory wandered back through long years, and looked upon the young spirit so joyous and so pure. Low and fearfully calm was the voice with which she addressed him, when you looked upon the graceful form quivering with passion fierce and bitter as ever swayed the spirit of womanhood, contrasting so strangely with her wonted gentleness.

"And was it you, M. de Guise, that aimed that arrow at the heart of Francoise de Foix? Know that the arrow so recklessly sped wounded to death a heart purer, nobler than your own false spirit can conceive of. Know that in God's sight and my own, you are guiltier than he who has imbued his hand in kindred blood, for *you* have sought to destroy an immortal spirit." And with a step slower, heavier than it ever was before, she turned from the side of the startled nobleman, gathering up her robe that it might not touch him as she passed, as if there were pollution in his very presence.

Once more within the recess of an embayed window in the stately palace of Chambard, stood Francoise de Foix with the golden light falling through the richly painted glass upon her as she stood erect, the glittering folds of her dress sweeping to the tapestried floor.

Thinner and paler than when we last looked upon it is the fair face; but with that proud consciousness of her own loveliness, which one so beautiful and worshipped as she had been could but possess, she never dreamed of condescending to hide the ravages which grief was making in her beauty, by those arts so well known to the ladies of the French court. But though her cheek had lost something of its fulness and its rich bloom, she had perhaps never in her most brilliant hour looked more fascinating than on that sunny morn with her pale cheeks, and large lustrous eyes dewy with unshed tears, as they rested on the king, as with his cap in his hand, its long plume trailing the floor, he came slowly up that crowded saloon, a faint smile on his lip, his heavily fringed lids drooping over the dark hazel orbs so laughing in their beauty, as they rested on the graceful forms bending reverently upon them.

Nearer and nearer he came toward the spot where she stood, her hands tightly clasped, and trembling in every limb. No longer fearless and happy, she waited his coming. The lip which had smiled upon her was forgetting his fondness; the tones of that musical voice had lost something of their sweetness, another ear was drinking in the music once all her own. But still hoping even against hope, she was struggling for that which was passing away.

The king's glance fell not upon her, and he was passing onward, when suddenly a shadow lay on the sunlit floor before him, and looking up he beheld Francoise de Foix as she advanced a step from the recess. A sweet asking smile flitted over the beautiful face as the monarch's glance rested upon her, and for the first time for many days he smiled faintly upon her, advancing to her side as she sank back leaning heavily against the closed casement, with a quick, hurried motion of his hand the king loosened the silken curtain, while its folds fell low, screening that pale face from the curious glances bent upon it.

"Look up, m'amie," he whispered, in low tones, lifting caressingly the mass of golden curls shading the sad face, and looking into those mournful eyes. "Are you ill, my bright-eyed one, that your graceful limbs quiver thus like an aspen leaf?"

It was weeks, nay, months since he had thus addressed her, and while once more the color came glowing to her cheek, she bowed her head upon the hands clasped within her own, bathing them with her tears.

"Hush, darling, hush; nay, never weep thus bitterly, or we shall have the attention of the whole court upon us," and as he spoke, Francis gently raised the drooping head, adding, "I must leave thee, forget this silly emotion, Francoise," and he would have turned away, but she laid her hand upon his arm, and forcing back the tears which would have fain flowed fast and free, looking up imploringly, she prayed,

"Not yet—go not yet, sire, I will be very calm, do not fear me; I will choke back these tears though they stifle me," and she pressed her hand heavily upon her heart, while her voice was low, almost indistinct with emotion. "Francis, you have forgotten all your old love for me, it is passing away." It was rare, very rare that she addressed him thus, only in moments like this when the heart, the human, rouses itself in all its power, is the world and its forms forgotten. When she called him Francis he knew that she was deeply moved; once every nerve had thrilled to hear himself thus addressed, now a frown gathered on his brow, and he half averted his face: but she heeded it not, and drawing closer to his side, clasping his arm yet tighter with her little hand, as if she would cling to him forever, she continued, "you are forgetting, sire, how terrible was the sacrifice I made for you—terrible as that sacrifice, I fear me Francoise de Foix could again make it for the love of Francis of France."

"He will spare you that trouble, madame, you have taught him a lesson by which he will profit. Henceforth his love shall be given to those whose happiness will be saddened by no painful

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memories, whose joy in his affection shall compensate them for all that they have lost, for her who has no vain regrets to weary me or make herself miserable."

Francoise de Foix had raised herself with his first words erect, listening with blanched cheeks. Once or twice she shivered, and her glance wandered restlessly to the court beneath, as if she would have fain dashed herself from that high window, down upon the sharp pavements beneath in the frenzy of despair, but once more when he ceased she spoke.

"Ah, sire, do you think that there will be one who can love you more wholly than I have done? Oh, believe it not; have I mourned over the past when you smiled upon me; in your love has not the past and the future alike been forgotten? Have I ever craved the luxuries which your generous hand has showered upon me? Think you not had Francis of France woven a frail flower within my hair that I had not prized it as highly as the richest jewel that he has twined therein? Oh, not that you were her sovereign has Francoise de Foix loved you—not for the regal home you have given her; all, all here were idle pomp and glittering void without you. Remember, sire, how devotedly, how entirely I have loved you."

"With the exception of the Admiral de Bonnivet," he spoke carelessly. Weary of her tears he sought but to leave her; he little knew how deep the arrow pierced which he so recklessly aimed, he only knew that the low, pleading voice was hushed, that the white fingers unclasped from his arm, and bending low to her who stood mute in her anguish before him, he passed onward. Not many moments after a jeweled hand brushed back the drooping folds from before her, and the Countess of Chautebriand advanced into the saloon, the color all gone from her cheek, the long lashes drooping low over the eyes whose brightness had gone out forever. Slow and heavily fell the usually light footstep, and more than one looked up as the silken robe trailed slowly past. She had passed half way down the saloon, when a low, silvery laugh—a laugh of joy and gladness rang out upon the perfumed air of that luxurious saloon, and Francoise de Foix turned her glance in the direction from whence it came, and there bending down to the dark-eyed Anne de Heilly, stood the king with his love smile on his lip, and his eloquent glance bent upon her. Well Francoise de Foix knew the meaning of that glance, in the many gathered there whom he had smiled upon, she alone knew it in all its witchery and power, ay, and better than the young creature now basking in its light. Well had it have been for her had she have passed onward with averted glance, but now she had read all his new-born passion, all his forgetfulness of herself.

For a moment the graceful form which had full oft crossed those halls the mistress of a monarch's heart, wavered while the breath came faintly to her lip. The trembling fingers clasped the rich chain woven with careless grace about the slender throat, as if even that light weight was oppressive. Just then a breath of air stole in through an open window, fresh from the dewy forest beyond; it kissed lovingly the pale cheeks and closing lids, and once more Francoise de Foix roused herself and passed onward.

It was early day—a soft, warm summer morning, and the tremulous rays of the rising sun quivered over dew-laden flowers, and rested on the forest boughs, while the sweet song of the wild-bird floated out upon the silent air.

Still through the shrouded casements of many a tall window struggled the expiring rays of the night-lamp, fading in the dawning light of day. From one casement alone the velvet drapery was withdrawn, and there sat a quiet watcher of the new-born day. But her's had been a long and weary watch. She had sat there while the evening star arose and went out, through the long night, statue-like, with rigid features and laboring breath, her agonized glance bent upon the long row of windows looking forth from the monarch's chamber. Suddenly her lips quivered, and she bent eagerly forward as a form emerged from the opposite wing and came slowly down the terrace, with his cap drawn low over his brow. But one glance suffered to tell the still watcher that it was Francis himself. For the first time the fingers unloosened their hold on the curtain, and there deep imbedded within the soft velvet was the print of four taper fingers. She smiled mournfully upon that agonized impressure; it told how great it had been, how terrible the struggle. Slowly, for she was weak and faint, she folded a mantle about her, covering the crushed robes of yesterday's toilet, and opening the door, went forth. With folded arms and drooping head slowly down the terrace came the king. Close within the shadow of many trees was a bank blooming with flowers. Close by its side, with one slender arm wound about a tree for support, stood the wretched one, Francoise de Foix. The breeze wafted her robe to his side, her breath was almost upon his cheek ere he was aware of her presence. With a slight start and a glance full of displeasure, he looked upon the cold, pale face before him.

"The Countess of Chautebriand, this pleasure was indeed unanticipated," and with freezing courtesy the cap was raised from the royal brow.

"I am here, sire, to crave one kindly word ere I go hence." She spoke very low, as if she had

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scarce power for utterance. "Will you not speak to me kindly, smile upon me once ere I leave you forever?"

"Leave me," he said. She started and clasped her hands, advancing a step to his side; but he drew back, and lifting his cap, swept the green turf with its plume as he spoke. "The Countess of Chautebriand will accept our thanks for the bright presence which has hitherto graced our court. Farewell, Madame de Chautebriand." The lady's form bowed low as the monarch's hat was re placed, and with the same unmoved and courteous bearing he passed onward.

Those dimmed but still beautiful eyes followed him until the last glimpse of his mantle was lost amid the trees: then she too turned to go; but when she unloosened her hold upon the tree and took a step forward, she fell prone upon the green bank, crushing the dewy flowers as she lay there utterly unconscious. Many moments went by, when a light footstep drew near; then a low troubled cry arose, and the girl, Adele, sank down beside that prostrate form, and raising the beautiful head laid it gently upon her knee, smoothing back the damp hair, pressing her lips fondly to the cold brow. Gradually the eye-lids unclosed, slowly consciousness came back to the unhappy woman; but still she lay there on the green turf in the deepening light of day, her hands folded wearily on her bosom. "Will you not try and go in dear lady?" said Adele. But the beautiful sufferer only murmured mournfully,

"Let me lay here—here where he has killed me, and die."

Scarcely, however, had the low voice ceased, when there was a low chirping cry, and a bird lit on a spray of roses by her side: for a moment it glanced its bright eyes restlessly around, the next and it warbled forth a low, plaintive song. With the first note Francoise de Foix hushed her breath, and all silent and motionless she lay listening to its wild melody. It was the song of a bird peculiar to Brittany, once only had she heard it since she left that fair home. Adele marked the white lips quiver, and the tears gathering slowly upon the drooping lashes, and still as if inspired the bird sang on. She buried her face within her hands and wept. Soft and cool over the parched spirit fell those heaven-born tears of a mother's love.

In low whispered accents upon the summer air arose the prayer above for pardon and strength. The great battle of life had been fought; sick to death with the strife, the human heart was turning in contrition to its Maker, and with the earnest prayer came strength and resignation.

Long the sunset lingered in the spacious chamber of an ancient but stately chateau in Brittany, as if it fain with its bright beams would warm into beauty the dark oaken panels and draperies of that cold and silent chamber. As the daylight faded and the gloom deepened, one with a pale, thin face rose up from her watch by the side of a couch, gathering back its dark and heavy curtains.

Few would recognize the once joyous face of Adele in that care-worn, devoted being; but the waning light rested upon one who lay there weak and helpless, yet more sadly changed. Sorrow and remorse had worked a fearful havoc in the perfect beauty of that face.

Fearfully attenuated, but still white and transparent, one frail arm lay upon the pillow, over which fell a cloud of golden hair, as soft and luxuriant in its beauty as when jewels flashed amid its waves.

She was asleep and dreaming. Adele knew by the faint smile creeping over the lip, that never smiled but in her dreams, when she murmured, "Anne." Adele had beheld it quiver more than once as she lay there in that lonely chamber, heart-broken but unrepining. She had seen it quiver as a distant laugh had at times sounded on her ear. But she knew it was the unconquerable emotion of the mother's heart alone, she knew no rebellious thought arose within her bosom against that stern will that held her a sorrowing captive in that gloomy room, where the distant music of her child's laugh alone might fall upon her, mocking her with the happiness which she had forfeited. As the smile faded from her lip she awoke, and there was a feverish light in the blue eyes as she glanced toward Adele.

"Does he know I am dying?" she said, faintly. Adele bowed her head, and her tears fell fast upon the cold hand within her own. "Don't weep for me, love, I am very happy, and you will soon be free to go away from this grief and gloom, bearing with you the knowledge of your last friend's happiness."

She paused, and a faint color stole over her cheek as a distant step fell upon her ear. She brushed back the falling hair, listening intently to the coming footsteps.

She strove to rise from the pillow as the door opened, but strength came not at her bidding. Slowly two came forward and stood before her. The one a man, with a pale, stern face, and many a silver thread woven amid his dark locks; the other a girl, young and strangely beautiful, but her cheek was flushed, her bearing haughty, an expression of unwonted sternness on her youthful face, as she came so proudly forward.

One wild, eloquent glance met her own, and the color faded from the girl's cheek; the blue eyes lost their light. The slender form quivered beneath that imploring glance. Tears gushed to her eyes, and fell upon that upturned face.

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"Mother, *my mother*," broke upon the terrible silence.

"Anne." She spoke but the one word, and the girl's arms were wound about her. The cold lips were pressed in one long kiss upon her child's sunny brow; a smile of ineffable happiness stole over her countenance.

"Mother, mother," stole out again upon the air, but the voice which had answered her was hushed forever. Francoise de Foix was dead.

INVOCATION.

BY CLARA MORETON.

Spirit of song! why droopest thou—
Why foldest thou thy wing?
Oh! rise anew within my breast,
And strive to love and sing.

Forget the ruined shrines of earth—
The darksome cypress gloom,
And stretch thy deep and searching gaze
Beyond the dreary tomb.

Thus shalt thou gather strength to rise
Above this troubled life;
Heedless of all its vain turmoil,
And all its wounding strife.

Thy steadfast eyes were fixed above;
Serene as sunset glow,
And joyous as the forest birds
Thy songs would onward flow.

No more thy grieving, mournful plaint
Would echo in my breast,
But tones of joy would ever chant
My troubled thoughts to rest.

Angels stoop low to bear thee up:
Resigned unto their sway,
Thy wings shall cleave the arching blue
Beyond the mid-sun's ray.

Before the throne where seraphs bow—
Beside the waters still,
And through the pastures fresh and green
Thou 'lt walk with them at will.

Ah! blest be God that Hope, and Love,
And Faith to us are given—
Angels to lift our souls from earth,
And give us dreams of Heaven.

A LIFE IN THE WOODS FOR ME.—A SONG.

BY J. A. TURNER.

A life in the woods for me,
And a home where the eagle's plume
Sweeps majestical over the lea,
Where the heath and the wild-flower bloom,
Let me shoulder my rifle and go
On my steed to the lair of the stag,
Where the silvery rivulets flow,
And the cataract leaps from the crag.

What sound is that borne on the blast?
'Tis the yell of my deep-scented hounds—
They're swift as the wind that goes past,
Or the torrent that ragingly bounds.
The stag hears the sound and is gone,
My steed bows his neck as he snorts,
And fly to the sound of my horn,
My brindled and barking cohorts.

With his antlers reclined on his back,
He bounds with impetuous speed,
But my beagles still follow his track,
And his heart by my bullet shall bleed.
He comes, and my rifle mid air
Is swung for a moment—the lead
In the core of his heart finds a lair,
And the pride of the forest is dead.

A POET'S GRAVE.

Poet! Thy friend, sweet Spring, again is coming
And weeps, to find thee in her groves no more;
And, ah, how vain for thee, her sad complaining
Above this shaded shore!

Never again your songs with hers may mingle,
Never again, your soul to joy, may move
With her first violets, in their dew-lit fragrance,
Or her first cooing dove.

Lowly beside thy hillock now she's lying,
And twines her arms among the shimmering grass,
And weeps her singer dead; the whispering flowers
Bend as the dirges pass.

E. H.

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DORA ATHERTON;

OR, THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM."

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103.

But where was Paul all this time? Had he forgotten or betrayed Dora?

The second day after leaving the village Paul had reached the city, and driven at once to his father's house. It was near the dinner hour when he arrived, and he had only time to take a bath, that most refreshing luxury after a fatiguing journey, to change his attire, and to collect his thoughts, when the bell summoned him down stairs.

The elder Sidney had came in soon after the arrival of Paul, and now stood in the drawing-room awaiting the appearance of his son.

He was a portly, fine-looking man, a little past the prime of life, with the unmistakeable dress and air of the well-bred gentleman. His coat was blue, with gilt buttons, a fashion which had prevailed in his youth, and to which he still clung; and he wore a white waistcoat, a plaited shirt-frill, and cravat of irreproachable cambric. His hair was like driven snow, thick and slightly waving, and contrasted finely with his still ruddy countenance. His carriage was peculiarly dignified: indeed, as he stood opposite the door, twirling his watch-seal while he waited for Paul, he presented the very ideal of the finished gentleman of the old school. There was but one thing about him that marred the picture. Instead of the frank, open look associated with that character, the elder Sidney wore an expression of indomitable self-will.

"Well, Paul," he said, as the latter entered the room; and he extended his hand as he spoke, "so you have returned at last. You look better, too. Had you a pleasant jaunt?"

Paul took his father's hand, pressing it warmly; but before he could reply, Mr. Sidney, senior, resumed:

"However, dinner is on the table, and the soup will be getting cold. You can tell me all about your travels while we are at table;" and, drawing his son's arm within his own, he led the way into the broad and lofty hall, and thence to the spacious dining-room in the rear.

It was evident, from the undisguised pleasure which the elder Sidney exhibited at the return of Paul in such improved health, that he sincerely loved his son. He sat sipping his soup and gazing proudly on his heir, while Paul, in describing the region he had been visiting, waxed more and more eloquent.

"You ought to be in Congress, Paul," he said, abruptly, at last. "I never before knew you could talk so well."

Paul blushed.

"I have no ambition that way," he replied; and he continued, unconsciously giving utterance to some of his recent thoughts; "I would rather be an author than a politician. There is too little statesmanship in our time, and too much wire-pulling, at least for me; whereas the nobleness of the author's task, as well as his power, is extending continually."

The elder Sidney let the spoon, which he was about to raise to his mouth, fall quietly into his plate again; while with elevated eye brows and a perplexed air he contemplated the utterer of these heretical sentiments; for with him authorship and begging, literature and low-life were inseparably connected. He belonged to a class of men, now daily becoming rarer, who, while well read in the *belles lettres*, considered the profession of polite learning as beneath a gentleman.

"Where did you pick up such vulgar notions, Paul?" he said, at length. "The political field is the only one open, in this country, to a gentleman ambitious of distinction, and it is one to which I have always hoped you would turn your attention. It is true, things can't be managed here as nicely as in England, even though the Reform Bill has destroyed most of the close-boroughs there; a man, to get into Congress, must be a good deal of the demagogue. Still politics is, after all, the best profession for a gentleman of wealth. The law is a mere tread-mill now-a-days, and crowded with pettifoggers; medicine is but second rate; and as for the pulpit, that is out of the question entirely. You might have gone into the army or navy, but I did not like either, and it is now too late: so I'm afraid,"

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he continued, smiling, "that politics, in the end, must be your line."

Paul sat quietly listening to these speculations as to his future career. Never before had his father even hinted that he wished his son to prefer any one pursuit before another. The incident appeared almost providential, since it led naturally to the very subject which Paul wished to broach, and which he had been preparing himself for the last forty-eight hours to introduce.

So he answered at once:

"I don't altogether agree with you, sir," he said, "in your abuse of authorship. I think it a lofty and even ennobling pursuit, at least, when followed conscientiously, and not for the mere love of lucre. But that is nothing to my present purpose. I have no more idea of turning author than politician. I wish to marry."

The napkin with which the elder Sidney was delicately wiping his mouth, while the servant lifted his soup-plate, fell into his lap, and he stared at Paul in amazement.

As he looked at his son his wonder and vexation, for one followed close on the other, increased. The elder Sidney was a shrewd, observant man, and accustomed to leap at once to conclusions, in which, moreover, he was generally accurate. He had not a bit of Paul's imagination, but he understood cause and effect wonderfully. When, therefore, he saw his son's embarrassed blush, and connected it with Paul's protracted absence and sudden return, he divined immediately very nearly the true state of affairs.

Mr. Sidney, senior, however, was too well-bred to exhibit emotion of any kind long, or to discuss family affairs while the servants were by: accordingly, he gave a significent glance at Paul, who, comprehending him, colored at his own eagerness, and dropped the subject.

When, however, the dessert had been placed on the table, and father and son were left alone, the father returned to the interrupted conversation.

"You say you wish to marry," quietly began the elder Sidney, as he poured out a glass of rare old Madeira, and then pushed the bottle toward Paul, who declined it, however. "Let us hear all about it."

Instinctively the son understood the father, and saw the determined opposition he was to expect; nevertheless he braced his spirit for his task, and began to detail his acquaintance with Dora. At first his manner was embarrassed, but as he proceeded his theme gave him confidence, and before he closed he had risen to a strain of passionate, though not exaggerated eloquence, in describing the schoolmaster's daughter.

The father listened quietly and decorously, occasionally glancing at the animated countenance of his son, but oftener holding his wine up to the light, or cracking the English walnuts before him.

When Paul ceased, flushed and agitated, there was a moment's silence, and then the elder Sidney remarked drily:

"And so this angel you wish to marry is a country schoolmaster's daughter. Pooh! Pooh! Paul, you'll think better of it."

The father well knew that his son's foible was fear of ridicule; but Paul, though he colored to the roots of his hair, was not to be jeered out of his love for Dora.

So he answered firmly, though his voice trembled a little: "I have thought of it, sir, and her being a schoolmaster's daughter makes no difference to me. I hope it will make none to you."

A sarcastic smile came over the face of the elder Sidney as he replied:

"Do you know, Paul, that our family is as old as the Conquest, and has never yet, to my knowledge, mated beneath it! Do you suppose, then, that I can think a pedagogue's child a fit bride for almost the last male of the line? You are crazy, my lad. Idleness, moonlight, and a pair of bright eyes have turned your head; but now that you are once out of reach of this rosy-cheeked rustic, you'll soon recover your reason, and will, in a month at most, thank your stars that you did not slip your head into the noose while the romantic fit was on you."

Paul turned white with suppressed indignation as Dora and his passion for her were thus ridiculed, but he remembered it was his father that spoke, and with a mighty effort he controlled himself.

"Come," continued the elder Sidney, soaking his walnuts in his wine, "let us look at this matter like sensible men. You wish to make a figure in the world, or, at least, you will wish it when you grow older; for I see, even if you don't, that you are not of the stuff to leave no mark among men. I don't desire to flatter you, Paul, but you have talents: you have a logical mind and a fervid imagination, and, if you once turn orator in good earnest, you may beat most men in Congress or out of it. At present you are almost too young to know yourself. Fools now live merely for the joy of living, as it were; but by-and-bye, you will find life intolerable unless you have some great aim to carry out. Wealth will not satisfy you, and you will look about for something to be at. It will be then that you will aspire to lead in the state, or in society, if not in both. When that day comes you would bitterly repent, I forewarn you, having married an ignorant, under-bred country girl, without either fortune or position, and curse your folly for not having married yourself to a woman of family

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influence, high social grade, or wealth, all of which, let me tell you, are great helps, even in this republican country, in the road to success."

He drank off his glass of wine as he thus spoke, raising his left hand, however, deprecatingly, in order to prevent Paul replying as yet.

"We are an old family, as I tell you, Paul," he continued, "but we had fallen into some decay, when I was born. My father, as you well know, was the grandson of that Sidney who, in the Cromwellian times, abjured a regicide country and settled in Virginia. A long series of exhausting crops, persisted in for years, had reduced the family acres to barren fields, and brought the family itself almost to beggary, when I, the sole survivor of the American branch, came of age. I believe, without flattery, that I am no fool, in some respects, at least; and I saw, even while yet at school, that the fortunes of my race were not to be restored, as of old, by the sword, but by commerce. The times had changed since the knightly lance won what knightly honor required. It was the ledger, not the casque, which was now the potent power. Accordingly, leaving my father's house, I came to this city, where I entered into trade, and, in the course of years, amassed a considerable fortune. I have long since retired from active business, and am now a banker rather than a merchant. Had I been fitted for the *role*, I should myself have turned politician, but I reserved that career for you, whom I early saw to have brilliant as well as solid abilities. However, I have always kept up my connexions with the statesmen, whom, in my younger days, I used to meet at my father's house; and you have but to say the word, when we will be off to Virginia, in order to open your new career. There must be more than one fair girl in my native county, of family almost as good as your own, and some with wealth in addition, who will be glad to become your bride. Is not this better than marrying a portionless, unknown rustic, of whom, in five years, you will be ashamed?"

The father spoke in a tone which assured Paul that the plan thus developed was a long-cherished scheme, and the heart of the young man smote him. Nevertheless he was firm.

"Father," he said, when the elder Sidney had ceased speaking, "what you say pains me inexpressibly, for I see that you have set your heart on a scheme which would be utterly distasteful to me, even if Miss Atherton was out of the question. But, in sincerity, I love her too consistently, too unalterably to render the plan a possible one, even if it suited my tastes entirely."

Mr. Sidney, senior, frowned.

"This is going rather far, Paul," he said. "Do you know that I am in no humor to tolerate boyish whims, and, least of all, on a subject like this?"

"God forbid that this should be a boyish whim," replied Paul, earnestly.

The face of the father flushed as he answered angrily, setting his glass down on the table with an energy that shivered it:

"And in the name of God what else is it?"

Paul looked up in sorrow, but respectfully, and replied:

"Father, I am now twenty-five, and though still there is much for me to learn, I am not entirely a boy. For seven years I have been, as it is called, in society. I have met women of all kinds in that period, and have been thrown into intimacy with many. Some I have formed friendships for; some I have even thought, for awhile, that I admired; but none, until now, have I loved. When I became acquainted with Miss Atherton, I felt an emotion different from any I had ever experienced before. It was a consciousness of there being an entire sympathy between her and me, a perfect confidence, a holy——"

The father had listened thus far patiently, though evidently with an effort, for the veins on his forehead swelled, and his face became of a deeper flush. But now he broke in on his son's words.

"What transcendental nonsense is this!" he exclaimed, half rising from his seat. "You're like a puling girl, sir."

"Father!" expostulated Paul.

The elder Sidney, as if ashamed of his momentary ebullition, sank back into his chair, while Paul took advantage of the silence to proceed.

"You seem to misunderstand me, father," he said. "I am no sickly sentimentalist. I abhor as much as you do the morbid romance of love in a cottage, and all that extravagance; but, at the same time, I reverence true affection. I believe, as I believe in my own existence, that there is an affinity between individuals of the different sexes, which, if left to itself, and not crushed by a narrow conventionalism, enables man and woman mutually to recognize that one of the opposite sex with whom his or her life can be spent most happily. And this is love——"

"Stuff," said the father, with a sneer.

Paul colored, but went on.

"It is that secret consciousness which has drawn me toward Dora—Miss Atherton, I mean," he added, quietly, correcting himself; "and which assures me that, in this world, I shall never meet another so calculated to make me happy."

He paused. The elder Sidney waited a moment with a curl on his lips, to let Paul proceed, but finding that his son remained silent, he spoke.

"Paul," he said, evidently endeavoring to control himself, "you talk eloquently, but, excuse

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me for saying it, very foolishly. I can assure you that, though I loved your mother dearly, I never felt as you describe. Perhaps, when I was about eighteen, I had a fit of that kind for a month or two, occasionally, but it was always for some blowsy hoyden whom, a year afterward, I would not have married for a world. The only difference between us is that you, at twenty-five, retain the illusions of eighteen."

Paul shook his head, but made no reply. That his father had never loved his mother, in the true sense of that word, he had already instinctively felt. Indeed, the elder Sidney was not of the stamp to love any woman intensely; but Paul could not tell his father this.

"Come," said Mr. Sidney, senior, after a pause, "let us have done with this nonsense. There is nothing I will not do for you, Paul, if you follow my wishes."

He stopped here, not caring to threaten, for he knew his son's high spirit intuitively; and he preferred to lead rather than drive, if the former was possible.

Paul made no answer.

"Will you give up this girl?"

The son raised his eyes to those of his father, and answered by a look. It was a look of surprise, of refusal, of invincible determination. The father answered by a glance as resolute. Thus, for a full minute, they continued regarding each other.

At last the elder Sidney spoke.

"You will not surrender her!" he said, fiercely.

"I cannot," replied Paul, sadly.

"You shall," retorted the father, angrily.

Paul smiled a mournful smile, but one of incredulity.

"I will disinherit you!" said the father, his face flushed with rage, and speaking between his firm-set teeth. "You and yours shall starve!"

"God will aid me," said Paul, rising, as if to terminate the painful interview, for, knowing his father's inflexible will, he was well aware that expostulation would be useless, "God will aid me, if I am right, as I believe I am." And then his voice softening, as the idea of leaving his parent, perhaps forever, rushed across him, and leaving that parent enraged against him, he said, "our ways will henceforth be wide apart, but may heaven bless you, father, and send you comfort in your solitary old age."

His tone was tremulous, his eyes were dim with tears, and he stretched forth his hand, as if by some irresistible impulse, to his father.

Had Paul continued his defying manner, the elder Sidney would have seen him depart unmoved, but at this emotion the heart of the father, world worn as it was, became touched. Hesitating a moment, he grasped the proffered hand, and, after a pause, spoke in a voice shaking with deep feelings.

"Paul," he said, "Paul, I never knew I loved you so much until now. God help us both; we have been too determined, I fear, in this matter. Let us say no more about it. Sit down again. Take a week to think of it. At the end of that time I know you will give up this whim."

For a moment Paul was tempted to sit down, and thus tacitly deceive his father. But, on reflection, his frank and noble nature scorned this conduct. He knew that if he waited a whole year his love for Dora would continue as firmly as now; and he could not stoop to cheat his parent with hopes which he never meant should be realized.

"Father," he said, "I cannot consent to mislead you. If I expect ever to retain my own good opinion, I must speak frankly. To abandon Miss Atherton is not only to break my plighted vows, to render my life itself a mistake, but also to condemn her to unhappiness, to derision, perhaps to beggary. I owe you duty, I know, but I owe her, myself and God a higher one. As I cannot lay down existence without sin, so neither can I mar it without offending heaven. Hear me, father," he continued, earnestly, as he saw the muscles of his parent's mouth working convulsively, and the veins on his forehead swelling again with anger; "hear me before you condemn. If you will grant me my wish in this matter, I will yield my inclinations as to my future career. I will go to Virginia, I will become ambitious."

But the rage of the elder Sidney, the greater for what he considered his momentary weakness, now burst all bounds.

"What!" he cried, in a voice of thunder, "parley with me? Offer to trade inclination against duty, and preach over your disobedience like a Methodist parson! Out of my house! I disinherit you! I cur——"

"Stay!" cried Paul, raising his right hand, his face and form suddenly assuming a majesty almost supernal. "Curse not your child! Let that sin, at least, be spared you."

The energy, the authority with which Paul spoke, had arrested the words of the elder Sidney, even in the torrent of their passion. The father stood for an instant regarding his son in blank astonishment, his face flushed, his breathing quick, his eyes distended. For nearly a minute neither parent nor child uttered a word.

Suddenly it struck Paul that there was something unnatural in his father's fixed look and deeply inflamed countenance. He instinctively made a step forward, but before he could reach his parent the latter fell to the floor, as if struck by an unseen hand. Paul rushed to him and raised him, but the elder Sidney was totally

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insensible. His loud, stentorous breathing told the terrified son that the father was a victim to a fit of apoplexy.

The room soon filled with servants. The invalid was borne to his chamber, and a physiciau sent for.

The ominous shake of the head, with which the eminent practitioner met Paul's eager questions, destroyed hope at once; and the miserable son saw himself the indirect cause of his father's death.

All that night Paul hung over the couch of his parent. But his prayers were of no more avail than the remedies of science; and before morning the elder Sidney was a corpse.

When Paul saw that his father was dead, that hope was indeed in vain, he rose from his knees at the bedside, and, led by the physician, left the chamber of death.

"Come out into the air," said his companion, "it will revive you."

For his practised eye saw that Paul was nearly prostrated, physically as well as mentally, by the unexpected blow.

They descended to the garden, a spacious enclosure in the rear of the house. The day was just dawning. A grey twilight haze hung over the sky, and a cool wind stirred the damp rose-leaves. The hum of the awaking city was already beginning. There were no birds to sing, as in the country, and save that low hum all was still.

Paul listened in silence to the words of the physician. The man of science used the customary consolations, but in vain, for the deepest grief of all, Paul's agency in his father's death, he did not know. The bereaved son shook his head and remained silent and abstracted.

"Oh! if I had not introduced the subject of my marriage," said Paul, to himself, "if I had not angered my father, he might still be living. It was the excitement of the interview which brought on the attack. I am his murderer."

He did not reflect that, for the result of that excitement he was not answerable, since he had, in mentioning his affection for Dora, done no more than his duty. He did not know that his father had been, for several days, hovering on the verge of an apoplectic fit; and that the victim would have fallen whether the son had angered him or not. He was in too morbid a condition to think of this.

He considered himself, in that first hour of his affliction, as a parricide; and his remorse was terrible. The physician talked on, trying to rouse him, but in vain. Paul did not even hear the man of science. The gradually brightening day failed also to soothe him. Indeed, his mental gloom affected his visual orbs themselves; the sky seemed black as a pall, while tree and flower apparently reflected the funereal hue.

At last this mental torture became insupportable. Illusions the most strange, yet terrible possessed him. The air seemed filled with voices crying, "parricide;" the walls, all around, echoed "parricide;" and a gigantic hand appeared in the heavens, and wrote "woe to the parricide." With a shriek of horror and eyes staring in their sockets, Paul pointed upward, and then staggering back fell into the physician's arms.

"Poor fellow," said the man of science, "the shock has proved too much for him. I feared this. A pulse like the throb of a steam-engine," he said, feeling the patient's wrist. "It is a brain fever of the worst kind and may prove his death."

Paul was carried to bed, and the most violent remedies immediately adopted. But all was in vain. The fever could not be checked; and delirium raged with the fever. The unhappy victim would start wildly up in bed, exclaiming that he had murdered his father, and declaring that there was no peace for him in this world, or mercy in the next. Or, when not possessed with these violent ravings, he would piteously beseech those about him, to carry him to his father.

"He cannot be dead," the poor sufferer would cry at such times. "You are all deceiving me. I did not kill him. I could not kill him. Oh! bring my father to me."

And, as he spoke, he would gaze beseechingly from face to face, till the old housekeeper, who was now his nurse, would burst into tears.

One day the physician, who had seen him several times in these paroxysms, said to the attendant,

"Nurse, there must be something more in this than meets the eye. Had Mr. Sidney and his son any difficulty on the evening of your late master's death?"

The nurse assured herself that the door was closed and that no one was listening outside, before she answered.

At last she said,

"I'm afraid there was, sir. Mr. Paul had just come home, after a long visit to the country somewhere; and the footman, who waited at table, said he wanted to talk to his father about some marriage, but Mr. Sidney gave him a look as if to say, 'not till the servants are out of the room.' When the cloth was removed, and the two left alone, the conversation, I suppose, was resumed, for I heard higher words as I passed through the hall to go up stairs, a little before Mr. Sidney was took with the fit. None knows what was said, but I've no doubt Mr. Paul angered his father, for Mr. Sidney was easily irritated; and that, perhaps, brought on the fit."

"Poor fellow," said the physician, as he contemplated the patient, "I now see it all. But,

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nurse, he gives himself unnecessary remorse. Mr. Sidney met me, the very morning before the attack, and complained of fulness of the head and other symptoms of incipient apoplexy; and I charged him not to touch wine, and to live, for awhile, on a spare diet. He laughed, however, as if my alarm was needless."

"He was always a good liver."

"At most," resumed the physician, "the altercation only precipitated what was sure to happen; and I doubt whether our poor patient is at all to blame."

"You may rely on it, sir, he is not," said the housekeeper. "He was always gentle and kind, more like his mother than his father; depend on it, sir, that he was sinned against rather than sinning."

"If we can get him out of this delirium it must be our business to persuade him of his innocence. His disease is as much mental as physical. But, at present," he added with a sigh, "there seems a poor chance of his life. And he is the last of the family, I believe, nurse."

"The last, sir," said she, with tears, "he hasn't a relation of his name in this country, or, as I know, in the world."

The physician gazed sadly on the haggard countenance of the patient, and then asked,

"When is the funeral, nurse?"

"To-morrow, sir."

"It's a melancholy house. The head of it to be carried to his last home, without a blood relation to attend the obsequies, and while the heir lies maniacal, and perhaps soon to follow him. One could almost ask reproachfully of Providence, what have they done to deserve this?"

He seemed to be thinking aloud, and it was not until he caught the eye of the nurse, fixed on him in astonishment and curiosity, that he was aware that he had spoken.

"It's all for the best, sir," she said, hesitatingly, as if half afraid to reprove him.

"You say right, nurse," he answered, a smile lighting up his face. "God has some great purpose to work out, by all this, as we should see if we had his Omniscience. Perhaps, even mortals as we are, we may live to behold it. Let us, at least, hope so."

"Amen!" said the nurse; and she gazed at her young master again, her eyes full of tears.

Whether it was the prayers of the faithful attendant, or the medical skill of the physician, or the youthful constitution of the patient, or all combined, Paul at last recovered, though not until after a protracted illness. For nearly a fortnight he continued delirious. His ravings, sometimes, were so terrible that it required two of the footmen to hold him in bed. At last the crisis came. The nurse watched by him, on that eventful night, with her Bible before her, and when, toward morning, he awoke refreshed and rational, from a deep sleep into which he had fallen, she fell on her knees, at the foot of the bed, and poured out her fervent thanks to heaven.

"Nurse," said the feeble voice of the invalid, "is that you?"

The old housekeeper had, when Paul was a child, officiated as his nurse, and he had ever since called her by that endearing name.

"Yes, Paul," she said, in vain striving to keep down the glad tears, "yes, my poor child—what is it?"

He gazed vaguely around. The dim candle, the stand with phials, his nurse watching, these things seemed gradually to explain to his bewildered mind where he was.

"I have been very sick," he faltered.

"Yes," replied the nurse, her voice shaking with emotion, "but you are now better, the Lord have thanks. Don't talk, my dear boy, however—don't think, or you'll be worse again—there, let me arrange the quilt for you."

Exhausted by even the few words he had spoken, he sank back and lay for some time quiet. At last, as day began to dawn, and the light struggled through the window, he seemed to recall the terrible morning when he had been first seized with delirium.

"Nurse," he said, and a look of pain crossed his sculptured features, "I recollect all now. My father is dead."

His faithful attendant trembled at what was to come. She saw that memory was awaking, and with memory she feared a return of remorse; with remorse, madness once more.

She sent up, from the bottom of her heart, a prayer for guidance in this extremity.

Paul appeared to struggle for words; at last he said,

"Was my father complaining, the day of his death, or before?"

A torrent of tears gushed from the eyes of the attendant, for, in these words, she saw a clue to consolation.

"Yes, dear Paul," she said, "he saw the doctor, that very day. Don't, don't worry yourself any more," she continued, sobbing, "for, indeed, indeed, you had no hand in his death. The doctor says so. It was all the will of God."

The invalid made no reply, but wept silently. He felt as if a load of unutterable guilt was removed from his soul, and his entire being went out in gratitude to heaven.

When the physician came, he pronounced Paul out of danger; but insisted on the most perfect quiet for the patient. He was careful, however, indirectly to soothe Paul's excited sensibility, by

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verifying the fact that Mr. Sidney had been threatened with apoplexy before his son's arrival.

Gradually Paul grew stronger. One of his first thoughts, when he recovered sufficient strength to comprehend his situation, was of Dora.

"How long have I been sick, nurse?" he said, one day.

"More than two weeks, sir."

Paul started.

"I wonder if you would let me write," he said, after awhile.

"Oh! dear, no, not yet. The doctor, you know, will scarcely let you talk."

There was now a long pause. Paul was considering, as well as his weakness would allow, what to do. Should he get the nurse to write to Dora, or should he wait till he himself was better? To the first all his feelings were repugnant. Yet ought not Dora to be relieved from suspense? Finally he spoke—

"Nurse," he said, "I wish you would write for me."

"You had better wait till you are stronger."

"That will not do. I have dear friends, who are anxious about me, and who, not knowing I am ill, will be alarmed at my silence."

"Well, then, let me call in Thomas. He writes a good hand, while I scarcely write at all."

"No, you must write. No one else will do."

Accordingly the nurse, at Paul's direction, penned a letter to Mr. Atherton, in which he was informed of the illness of Paul. The epistle concluded with a promise that, as soon as he was able, he would rejoin the old schoolmaster.

This, Paul thought, would relieve Dora's mind; and so it would have done, if it had ever reached her; but the nurse, in directing it, managed, with her almost illegible hand, to make the first letter of the state look like that of the first letter of another, and, as there were but two letters in the abbreviated title of each state, and that letter was alike in both, the epistle went southward, instead of northward, and so did not reach its destination, at least till long afterward, and too late.

Paul, having relieved his anxiety on this point, rapidly convalesced. Still it was a long while before he was able to leave the city, for his prostration had been very great. Even when he did set out on his journey, it was against the expostulations of his physician, who declared that he saw peril of a relapse by his obstinacy.

But there was a reason for Paul's haste of which the physician knew nothing. No letter had been received in reply to the one written to Mr. Atherton by the nurse. Paul had calculated, to a day, when an answer might be expected; but that day passed, and another, and a week in addition, and yet no reply arrived. Paul knew not what to think. Sometimes he fancied Dora had forgotten him. At other times he persuaded himself that she too considered him guilty of his father's death, and had resolved in consequence to cast him off; for Paul was still occasionally haunted by the spectre of a morbid remorse.

The truth never crossed his mind. By what he afterward thought a fatality, he overlooked entirely the possibility of his letter miscarrying.

He did not, accordingly, write again. He feared that a second letter, that any appearance of importunity, might bring a decisive negative from Dora; and he resolved to hazard nothing further, but wait until he could plead his suit in person.

After a journey protracted by his weak state from two days to four, Paul reached his destination. What was his surprise and horror to learn the death of Mr. Atherton, and the departure of Dora.

His evident anguish of mind enlisted the sympathy of the innkeeper, who, in answer to Paul's eager questions, declared there was no doubt but that Dora could easily be traced. The good host, however, could not conceal that Dora had regarded her lover as faithless, and that the old schoolmaster had died possessed with that idea.

"You are not to blame, sir," he said, in the honest frankness of his heart, "and your own sorrows have been sufficient; but he died, there is no doubt, of a broken heart."

Who can depict Paul's feelings at listening to this? Here was another death caused by him, innocently it is true; but would Dora think so? Might she not refuse to marry one who had been thus the origin of all her woes? In Paul's still weak state, he was easily unnerved. He looked at things through a medium more or less morbid. And this intelligence almost brought back an access of his disorder.

"And you are sure that no letter came?" asked Paul, at last.

"None," said the innkeeper.

Paul's agony of mind was so intolerable that it prevented him, for awhile, from thinking clearly. It was some time, therefore, before he could rally his thoughts.

"I have been very ill," he said, at length, "as I told you; and I fear that I shall have a relapse. Let a chamber be prepared for me at once, and I will lie down to recruit. Meantime, if you will send to the minister, Dora's old friend, and procure her address, you will oblige me."

The worthy innkeeper hastened to wait on the divine, but came back with a black countenance, for Dora's pastor knew no more of her than he did himself. Since the first week of her arrival in the city she had written to neither of them.

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And, as they did not know where to address their letters, they had not written to her.

The truth was that Dora, unwilling to trouble her old friends with bad news, had refrained from writing on that account.

That evening, by a strange coincidence, the letter which Paul had sent to Mr. Atherton arrived. It had gone, as we have seen, to the wrong state; had passed to the dead-letter office; had there been opened; and finally had reached its true destination. Paul, when he heard of it, claimed it as his property; for it might hereafter become necessary, he reflected, to his justification.

The next morning, notwithstanding the expostulations of the innkeeper, for Paul, in his agitated and weak condition, was really unfit to travel, the bereaved son and heir set out on his return to the city. He carried with him, as his only clue to Dora's present residence, the name of the hotel where she first lodged, and the address of the several gentlemen to whom she had carried letters of introduction. A night of sound sleep had refreshed him, in both mind and body, and he was comparatively sanguine of success.

We will not follow him in his search. Our readers know already that it proved unsuccessful. The aged minister, on whom he had principally relied, he found was dead; and the other parties whose names he had, admitted that they had never even called on Miss Atherton. From the moment she left the hotel all trace of her was lost. She had gone away in a cab, and that was all that was known.

How Paul caused inquiries to be made in different boarding-houses, how he personally endeavored thus to find some trace of her, we will not pause to describe. Never suspecting the deep poverty into which she had fallen, he overlooked the very places where he would have been most likely to discover her. Once, however, he did visit one of the boarding-houses where Dora had remained awhile, but the landlady, thinking that a rich young bachelor could be seeking her old lodger for no good, pretended she knew nothing of the object of his search.

He arrived, at last, at the conclusion that she had left the city, and sought the neighboring one of ——, and thither he transferred his inquiries. But his success was no better. Again he made the tour of the principal boarding-houses, either in person or by agents, yet could hear nothing of Dora.

Silent, dispirited and heart-sick, he came back to his own city, and again resumed the search there. The thought struck him that Dora might be employed in some of the public schools, and accordingly he procured a list of the female teachers, but her name was not among them. Then he reflected that, in order to conceal herself from him, she might have changed her name; and in person he visited all the public academies in town. After this he sought among private seminaries, and then among governesses and music teachers.

Disappointed in this, he visited every church of the Episcopal denomination in the city, but here he met with no more success than elsewhere, for Dora, not having a seat, had only been occasionally to church, and rarely twice in the same building.

Vainly, too, he walked the streets with the same purpose. Sometimes his heart would beat quick at what seemed a familiar form in the distance, but on a nearer approach the mistake would become evident.

And yet what was his suffering, what his anxiety, intense as they both seemed, to the suffering and anxiety of Dora? He only sought, amid ever recurring failure, for an object as truly loved as it was hopelessly lost. But she, while believing that her virgin troth had been scorned, was beset, in addition, with the harpies of destitution, debt, and ill-requited labor. Well was it for her that she was a woman, a meek, long-suffering woman. Man, with his active energy, may dare things which we, of the softer sex, cannot attempt; but woman endures, and in silence, tortures of mind and body that would drive the other sex to insanity.

The winter came and went, yet still Paul heard nothing of Dora. At last, convinced that she was lost to him forever, he sailed for Europe, hoping, amid the scenes of another continent, to find the happiness he had lost, or if not happiness, forgetfulness. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO A NOSEGAY FROM THE COUNTRY.

Yours is no conscious life, delicious flowers!
  Else how by me, remembering whence ye come,
  Picturing the calm, sweet freshness of your home,—
Its shade, its sunshine, its reviving showers,
And all the melody of morning hours,
  Could welcome warm be given? This little room
  Would it not seem prepared, even as a tomb
For some fair bride, fresh from her native bowers?
How could I bear your sad, regretful looks,
  Your mute reproach? or how your scent inhale,
  If your sweet breath gave out a sorrowing tale
Of exile from each dear familiar nook?
  Happy for both, to you no sorrow clings,
  And me no keen remorse in secret stings. E. R. S.

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THE WITHERED ROSE.

BY THE REV. JAMES STEVENS.

Among all my young parishioners, there was no one that I loved more than Jessie Williams; it was not for her beauty, remarkable as it was: it was her pleasant and caressing ways, and her sensitive nature which made her irresistible. She was but a few months old when I christened her, and she had already lost her father; and this dear child was now all in all to her poor mother. I have often seen her when an infant lying on the lap of the widow, whose silent tears fell as she leant over her, trying to trace in her infantine features a resemblance to him who was gone. I felt deeply interested in the early sorrows of the young widow, and in the piety which sustained her under them.

As the child grew apace, her affectionate disposition, and the manner in which she attached herself to me, made me love her so dearly, that she became almost necessary to my happiness. She was about seven years old when I was slowly recovering from a severe fit of illness, and she would steal softly to my bedside every morning with the bunch of flowers which she had collected; and with the little basket of strawberries gathered by herself, and she would feed me with them from her own tiny fingers. She was of such a warm and confiding nature, that she was the favorite among all her young companions; and it was even remarked of her that she never lost a friend except by death—her kindness was so unwavering, and her constancy so secure. No wonder that she was the comfort and the delight of her mother's days; the pride with which she looked at her was but natural, for she was indeed lovely; and years, as they sped on, stole nothing from the innocence and warmth of her heart.

One of her young friends, her *especial friend*, was to be married, and Jessie was to be bride's-maid, and the bride entreated to have her home to spend some time. Jessie longed to accept the invitation, and the young girls in the neighborhood promised to be company for her mother during her absence; and she, glad to see her darling gratified, gave a ready permission. The bridal party went to the city, and it so happened that the bridegroom's greatest friend, Captain Danvers, was there. The friends were delighted to meet, and the young officer was soon quite domesticated in his house. He was a great acquisition to the little party, for besides being remarkably prepossessing in manners and appearance, he was skilled in the accomplishments most prized in society; and, captivated immedeately by Jessie's beauty, he made himself as agreeable as possible. Ever by her side, he could look at or listen to nobody but her. He attended her to all the pleasantest walks in the neighborhood; he sung for her beautiful songs of his own composition with the most exquisite taste. Jessie was enchanted, and could have listened forever. Week after week sped on, intimacy and confidence increasing every day. All the verses which he wrote were repeated to her, and copies given; and never were verses more expressive of deep affection and touching tenderness.

Jessie's name was not mentioned in these effusions, but her heart told her for whom they were meant. Once, indeed, the name did escape, and the betrayal produced the greatest confusion on his part as well as on hers; but in this very confusion there was so much meaning and sympathy that it was very delightful to her. Sometimes vague expressions of affection, and allusions to feelings and intentions seemed but the prelude to an open avowal of his attachment and his wishes; to Jessie's truthful and confiding disposition—his words, his looks, and his attentions were as sure a pledge of affection as any verbal declaration. As the time for her return home drew near, he became sad and abstracted, and tears rose to Jessie's eyes when the moment of leave-taking came; and then he spoke, as he often did, of their meeting *very, very* soon, for he had got her permission to visit her at home.

"You may be sure," he added, "that I shall not be long after you; and will you promise me, that when you see me wending my way up your avenue one of these days, you will not desire the servant to say *not at home?*"

A smile and a blush gave Jessie's answer, and he raised the fair hand, which he had fondly clasped, and kissed it passionately. Jessie travelled homeward, elated by love and trust. As she threw herself into her mother's arms, she felt that there was not in all the wide world one so happy as herself.

Long did she wait for that promised visit, and still she would saunter to the window, and watch as far as eye could reach the windings of the road; and often has her heart jumped to her lips as she fancied that she could discern in the horseman who approached, the air and figure of

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him for whom she looked. The first glow of morning light and the last departing day discovered the poor girl watching for her absent lover.

Thus weeks and weeks passed over, and then doubts arose; he might have never loved, as she had thought; he might have forgotten. But ah! that cannot be—did he not write those lines with his own hand and his own heart—and is he not good and true? And then she would read over and over again the passionate lines which he had penned—lines so fixed in her memory that she needed not to have read them, but that she loved to see the very words that he had written, as if they could ensure his constancy; and, re-assured, she would look to the clear blue skies, and think that the blessing of heaven would rest upon love pure and unalterable as theirs: but months went by, and still he did not come. At length she heard by mere chance that the regiment was ordered to a frontier post; he then would surely come to open his mind, at least to take leave of one who had appeared for a few happy months to have been all the world to him. He came not, however.

Poor Jessie strove to stifle her feelings, but she could not hide them from her mother, from whom she had no secret. They soon wrought a sad change in her, which even a casual observer could not but perceive. Her mother's looks constantly followed her, for her languid air and dejected countenance awakened most anxious fears; for my part, I could not see her without the most melancholy foreboding that we were not to have her long. There seemed a sublimity in her shadowy form as she passed along the aisle of our little church, as if she were no longer of the earth; and the tones of her voice were so sweet and touching as she joined in the psalmody, that I thought them already fitted for mingling with a celestial choir; tears would trickle down the cheeks of her young companions as she sung. I felt greatly troubled about her—physicians were consulted. Alas! they cannot prescribe for disappointed feelings? They could only recommend tonics; and, as they could not specify any particular ailment, they referred her case to general delicacy, and pronounced it somewhat precarious, and requiring great care. Every month that went was evidently loosening her hold of life, and she was gradually fading away. Some family arrangements just at the time, required my presence in town, where I was detained for a few weeks. When I returned I was shocked to see how much worse Jessie was than when I had left home. She was sadly wasted. Her poor mother still had hopes; for hope is the last thing with which we *will* part, "albeit, though that hope is vain;" and at times when I have called and talked with her, I have been persuaded to hope, though there was nothing to justify it.

However, increasing weakness became too evident, and the dear child could no longer take her seat by the open window, to look out upon the green fields and woods; but was obliged to keep entirely to bed. One morning a message was brought that Mrs. Williams was anxious that I should go over as soon as possible, for that Miss Williams was much worse, and was wishing earnestly to see me. With a heavy heart I obeyed the summons. As I went on my way, fancy conjured up the scenes in which I had been accustomed to see Jessie take her part; I could picture her a merry little sprite, bounding on through the paths before me, filling her held-up frock with wild flowers, which she gathered at random on her way, and ever and anon turning to look back at me with a lightsome laugh, while the breeze blew her hair about her sweet face.

As I drew near the porch before the door, the odor of the roses and woodbine with which it was covered brought many a recollection. How is it that the perfume of flowers, so evanescent in itself, is so powerful in re-calling feelings and awakening the memories of other days? How often the sweet girl welcomed me at that porch! What affectionate looks and glad tones used to await me there! I was soon by the bed where she lay, and by which her disconsolate mother was sitting. She looked at me with a sweet smile, but none of us could speak for a moment; she then said a word, but it was so low that I did not hear it. Her mother, to whom it was addressed, took a glass which held some flowers from the table where it stood, and brought it to her. With a weak and trembling hand she took a rose from among them, and handing it to me, said,

"It is not the first time."

"No, darling—no, darling—it is not indeed."

"How kind you are, my dear sir, how very, very kind. I perceive how sorry you are to see your little Jessie lying sick; but I sometimes think that I may recover. You are used, dear sir, to see sick people; do you think I *may* recover? I should like to walk along the green fields, and among the shady trees, as I used; and to hear the singing of the birds—do you think I shall ever?" I could not speak, but I pressed the dear wasted hand which I held.

"But I have things to say," resumed she, after a moment's silence: "what I have upon my mind, before you pray beside me—what I feel most of all—is my own dear mother—I should like to stay by her side—but you will say all to comfort her, and you will often sit by her and talk of me. I have very often heard you say, my dear sir, that you thought we should know our friends in

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heaven; think of that, dear mother—don't cry so—think of that, dear mother. And another thing that I would ask you to do—and that is all—I would ask you, my dear sir, if ever chance should throw in your way any that may think that they have done me wrong—that may think that through their means I have been disappointed in any way—to tell them I had no anger toward them; and if such a word as forgiveness should come to be mentioned, say that I forgave, and bid them not to let a thought of me disturb their peace."

A tear trembled on her eye-lash as she spoke, but she soon looked in our faces with a smiling countenance.

There was a holy calm about her, as she joined in our devotions, which was soothing to her mother's feelings, as well as to mine. Toward evening she appeared very languid, and complained of fatigue, but said that if her mother rested her head on the pillow beside her, she thought she could sleep. I thought she had fallen into a sweet slumber before I left the house, but I found, on sending early the next morning to inquire fer her, that it had been her long last sleep, so easily did that sweet spirit pass away.

I had taken the rose that she had given me from my bosom, and placed it in the page that I had last read to her, in my prayer-book, and I felt it was no profanation; it has remained there ever since, and whenever I look at the poor faded flower, it re-calls a scene which I can never forget. Though "all her pleasant things are laid waste," the poor mother bears her affliction patiently, and takes comfort in thinking of so good a child. Nearly two years after Jessie's death, I saw in the newspaper, a notice of Captain Danvers' marriage to a rich heiress. I need not say how I felt. I opened the book which lay beside me, and looked at the poor withered rose.

TO BE WITH CHRIST IS BEST.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

Sing, that the song may now unlock the Spring
Of sorrow, reigning in thy troubled breast,
And round the feet of Heaven's eternal king
Break into anthems such as angels sing—
"To be with Christ is best."

Though dulcet voices, in cherubic choir,
From golden tongues, inspire thy youthful breast,
A mystic music comes from Heaven's high lyre;
God sends for thee his chariot of fire—
"To be with Christ is best."

Though smiling children crowd around your knee,
Like angel-dovelings from some heavenly nest,
Give them to God who gave them first to thee;
Heaven floods thy rapturous soul with melody—
"To be with Christ is best."

When Abraham was ordered to destroy
The only offspring of his mother's breast,
His grief resolved itself to this sad joy,
Though it is hard for me to kill my boy—
"To be with Christ is best."

So, when his trembling hand raised up the knife
To plunge into his more than tender breast,
An angel, sent by God, said, "Spare his life!"
And though with joy you take him to your wife—
"To be with Christ is best."

Mourn not when all thine earthly ties are riven,
The golden bowl is broken of thy rest;
The soul, that amaranthine flower of Heaven,
Given by God, must unto God be given—
"To be with Christ is best."

SPRING.

'Tis gone! the snow of Winter's boast,
That hid the field and lawn,
And warmer breezes from the south
Announce us Summer's dawn.
The sky is tinged so deeply blue,
The air is calm and sweet,
And flowers of ev'ry form and hue
The rustic wand'rer greet.
The merry schoolboys jump and play,
And distant echoes bring;
Th' returning tones they sing in praise
Of green and lovely Spring.

The butterfly, in fairy dress,
With wings of gold and blue,
Swings to and fro to sip a drop
Of vernal honey dew.
The busy bee, with lightning speed,
Darts o'er the verdant field,
And mutters forth its gratitude
For sweets the flowers yield.
The lark, perched on the hazel bush,
Or sailing on the wing,
Joins in the song of love and praise
Of green and lovely Spring.

H. J. B.

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EDITORS' TABLE.

CHIT-CHAT WITH READERS.

What is the Origin of Albums?—It would be a difficult thing to give the date of the first album. "The name of Album," according to the *Dictionnaire de Trevoux*, "is given to a small register, or little book, which clever people carry about with them, and is a portable amusement, *un jeu innocent* of the pocket. Whenever they find themselves in a strange town, at home or abroad, they knock at the door of every clever man and present to him their *Album Amicorum*, begging of him to write something in it, so that they may carry away a scrap of his handwriting as a *souvenir* of his talent. What is written is generally a riddle, or a shrewd maxim, or a sentence of honey in favor of him who presents the album, which thus grows into a literary bonbon box of compliments, made as smart as possible, according to the taste of the owner. A lady's album can never be too sweet."

The most remarkable album, the most original, and the most voluminous of all recorded treasures of the kind, is that of the Baron of Burkana. This celebrated character, after travelling all over Europe, died at Vienna, in 1766. His album, which had never left him, contained three thousand five hundred and fifty-two testimonials of esteem, love, and friendship, written in poetry as well as prose, mixed up with egregious compliments, epigrams, faded jokes, anecdotes, &c. The title was written in the most bombastic French, of which the following is a quaint translation:

"Temple of Piety, of Virtue, of Honor, of Friendship, and of Good Faith; Dedicated to Gratitude and Sweet Remembrance.

"All ye who are as pious as Æneas, as strong as Hercules, as true as Pylades, as faithful as Achates, as beautiful as Paris;

"Enter and honor it with your noble presence, for you are invited and made welcome, by

"The Baron of Burkana, *Aleppo-Syrian.*"

We subjoin a few of the testimonials:—Montesquieu says of the baron, that, "like the sun, he has passed into every little corner of the world." The Prince de Ligne calls him "the illustrious gallopper of the earth," and begs of him "to give his compliments to the Grand Mogul when next he sees him." Voltaire declares himself too happy and too proud to write in the album of "the man who belongs to every country, who has seen every country, and speaks the language of every country—a true, legitimate cosmopolite, who is a Frenchman in Gaul, a Spaniard in Iberia, an Englishman in Great Britain, and a Hottentot in the kingdom of the Hottentots." Le Chevalier d'Eon, the Secretary of the French embassy in Russia, expresses his (or her) joy "at having met with the Baron of Burkana for the third time on his travels, and hopes soon to have the pleasure of meeting him in China."

This celebrated album was last in the possession of Goethe. It was sold at his death, and who at present is the lucky owner of it is a mystery.

Mrs. Stephens in Europe.—Our latest letters from Mrs. Stephens announce her arrival at Malta, whence she was to proceed to Naples and subsequently to Rome, at which place, we presume, she now is. We do not look for her return until the close of spring or opening of summer. Her tour has been one of a very comprehensive character. Beginning in England, it extended to Paris, thence passed up the Rhine, and crossing to Berlin, took St. Petersburg and Moscow alike in its circuit. Retracing, in part, her route, she next visited Vienna, and then, descending the Danube, passed on to Constantinople. In this ancient capital she spent about eight weeks, studying Oriental life, especially as it affects woman, and visiting all the celebrated historical localities and memorable buildings in and about Byzantium. Her next stopping place was Greece, whence she proceeded to Malta, thus passing from the scenes of classic life to those of romance. Her visit to Rome was well timed, as it enabled her to see the Carnival. We presume she will remain abroad until the Industrial Exhibition opens at London. The fatigue and excitement of travel have prevented her, as yet, writing out from her note-book any of her observations; the utmost she has been able to do has been to forward her usual monthly contribution; and even these, during the winter months, have arrived irregularly. We feel, however, that our readers, under the circumstances, will require no apology. "Good wine improves by keeping," and the letters of Mrs. S., when they do come, will be none the worse for the matured observations they will exhibit.

Early Issue of Magazines.—In a few instances, last month, we received complaints of the lateness of our publication. The truth is we published at the usual time, but some of the three dollar periodicals having issued their February numbers *in December*, ours appeared behind hand. Now our object is to place this Magazine in the hands of subscribers at the proper time, and not before. We do not care to publish the February number for 1851 in December, 1850, nor the March number in January. If the competition between some of our cotemporaries, as to which shall get out first, proceeds much further, they will issue their numbers six months in advance, as they now do two.

Only Three Dollars.—For three dollars we will send, for one year, a copy of this Magazine and a copy of either the Saturday Gazette or Arthur's Gazette. Both of these weekly newspapers are excellent for family reading. We can vouch that, in neither, will any improper stories, or other exceptionable literature be found.

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Our Volume for 1850.—We take this opportunity to explain why it was that many of our friends, who sent us clubs, received the premium engraving instead of the volume for 1850, when they had requested the latter. The truth is our increase was so much greater than we had calculated upon, that the volume for 1850 became exhausted, though, at first, we supposed we had enough. If any of our friends, after this explanation, are disappointed with their premium, we shall be happy to gratify them, in any reasonable request.

Ahead as Usual.—We noticed, in the February number of our friend Godey's Lady's Book, the identical article on "Hair Work," which we published in our December number for 1850. This is the fourth or fifth time in which, within as many months, we have anticipated "Godey." We recommend all, who wish to get the *latest* novelties, to send two dollars to the "Ladies' National," instead of three to the "Lady's Book." We are bound always to be first in these things.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Queens of Scotland. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The province of biography belongs to woman as that of history does to man; and of all biographers Miss Strickland is at once the most faithful and pleasing. Her "Queens of England," a work on which she was engaged for several years, and which extends to ten volumes, is really one of the most delightful, picturesque and instructive books in the language. The present work promises to be as much more interesting than its predecessor, as Scottish history is more romantic than English. The volume before us begins with the life of Margaret Tudor, the queen consort of that James who fell at Flodden Field; a woman almost as cruel, as despotic, and as wicked as her brother, Henry the Eighth. Her career is drawn, in vivid colors, by Miss Strickland. Then follows the memoir of Magdalene of France, daughter of Francis the First, and wife of the chivalrous and handsome James the Fifth, a lady who found true love even on a throne, but whose wedded life was as brief as it was happy. To her succeeds Mary of Lorraine, the second wife of James the Fifth, and mother of the hapless Mary Stuart: and with her the volume closes. Miss Strickland proposes following up the series by a life of Mary Stuart, in two volumes; and as large quantities of original material, respecting the career of that queen, have lately come to light, the memoir promises to be the best yet written, not even excepting Tytler's. We wait the appearance of the coming volumes with some impatience.

Henry Smeaton. A Jacobite Story of the Reign of George the First. By G. P. R. James. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Though the novels of this writer are always readable, the present one is, perhaps, the least so of all. You must spur up, Mr. James! We hope your mind has not degenerated, as some theorists say minds do, by being transplanted.

Smith's Classical Dictionary. Revised, with numerous Corrections and Additions. By Charles Anthon, L. L. D. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—In this work all the late researches of the German scholars are presented in the English tongue. We need not say that a dictionary with these improvements has long been needed. Professor Anthon has corrected various errors in the London edition, besides adding more than fourteen hundred independent articles: while the American publishers have added their mite, by issuing the work in a substantial and neat style. This dictionary will be found to be the most complete compendium of Greek and Roman biography, mythology, and geography, existing, in a popular form, in the language. As such we recommend it.

The History of Pendennis. By W. M. Thackeray. In Eight Numbers. New York: Harper & Brothers.—If our readers desire to see London life, the life of the "gentleman about town," re-produced to its minutest shade, they should purchase this novel without delay. The character of Major Pendennis is inimitable: while Pen himself, Laura, Helen, Blanche and Warrington are all life-like. Thackeray, though a satirical writer, is not a bitter one. He can laugh at the follies of mankind, without being cynical, and describe the selfishness of our race, yet still retain "the milk of human kindness." What Dickens is in the ideal world that Thackeray is in real life; and each is unapproachable in his walk.

Richard Edney and the Governor's Family. By the author of "Margaret." 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—The quaint title of an equally quaint book. Mr. Judd, the author, is a man of ability, but the eccentricities of his mind counterbalance his talents, and his works, therefore, puzzle even more than they please. There are some graphic scenes in this volume, and several characters well drawn; but if the book had fewer oddities it would rank higher as a work of art, and would enjoy a wider popularity.

The Bards of the Bible. By George Gilfillan. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is understood to have been the last work of the lamented author. It is certainly his best. The volume does not pretend to contain much minute and verbal criticism, yet nevertheless it abounds in biographical, literary and religious matter. As a prose-poem in honor of the poetry of the inspired volume, it possesses high merit, and will enjoy a wide and lasting popularity.

Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey. Edited by his Son. With a Portrait. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—After being issued, serially, in eight numbers, this deeply interesting work is now published complete, in a large octavo volume, price two dollars. We know no biography, appearing of late years, that will so well repay perusal.

Bell Brandon; and the Withered Fig Tree. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is a re-publication, in a cheap form, of two prize-stories which appeared in the Dollar Newspaper.

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The Island World of the Pacific. By Rev. H. T. Cheever. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—In this neatly printed volume we have the record of Mr. Cheever's travels through the Sandwich Islands and other parts of Polynesia. We have found the work equally agreeable and instructive. Several handsome engravings accompany the book.

Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution. No. II. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Quite equal to any preceding number in either the value of the letter-press or the beauty of the engravings. At twenty-five cents a number this patriotic work is astonishingly cheap.

The Illustrated Shakspeare. Nos. 32 and 33. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—These numbers are both beautifully illustrated, the first especially: indeed "Imogen" is as lovely a female face as we ever saw, and alone worth the twenty-five cents asked for the number.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

Fig. i.—Carriage Dress of Dove colored Silk, with a satin figure running through it. Corsage plain and high. Sleeves rather short, and cut in the horse-shoe style on the inside of the arm, having figured lace sleeves under them. Visite of rich brown satin embroidered, and lined with white quilted satin. White bonnet, with a heavy drooping feather, and daisy face trimming.

Fig. ii.—A Morning Dress of Forest green Satin, lined and faced with satin, quilted. The sacque which composes the upper part of the dress is of the same material, and finished in the same way. It opens low on the bosom, and exposes a linen cambric chemisette and collar, and is fastened below by three bows of pink ribbon, the lower one of which has long ends. Sleeves loose and rather short, with a full white under sleeve, finished by lace ruffles. The skirt is composed of fine white cambric, trimmed with five ruffles. Tucks would look equally well. Head-dress, a small cap, with a fall of black lace thrown over it, and tied under the chin.

General Remarks.—Spring dresses have not made their appearance as yet on the street, but our shop windows are already growing gay with light delicate colors. The principal material for dresses is the chene silk, though plain silks are preferred by many. The most fashionable colors among the latter are Mazarine blue, maroon, and dove. De laines with white and dove colored grounds, with small rich vines running through them, are also popular. There is no alteration in the cut of dresses. The tight back, with an open vest front, is the most generally worn. Corsages are nearly always cut with basques, or polkas, slit on the hips. Nothing is seen but loose sleeves, cut to reach half way down the arm; for the street a tight under sleeve of the same material as the dress, frequently supplies the place of the white one. Embroidery is very much worn. Bodics are embroidered in wreaths, and the sleeves are generally done in what is called "button-hole stitch," scalloped, with dots worked in the scallop. Folds are put on with a slight degree of fulness around the skirt. An adept with the needle might very easily add to the elegance of her plain silk or merino dress by scalloping the folds.

Sacques are made rather loosely, but with the front coming down in long points instead of the round cut which it had formerly.

The Spring Bonnets are generally very plain, of either silk or satin, with a very full ruche or quilling of tulle, around the front, and only a broad satin ribbon knotted on the top, and passing across the bonnet.

Furs.—As the season for laying aside these useful and expensive articles is approaching, we give to our readers the following hints for their preservation. They should never be put away for the summer and forgotten, as they so frequently are; and next to being shut up from the air, their greatest enemy is damp. If, from the wearer being exposed to rain, they are wetted, they should always be dried at a moderate distance from a fire immediately; and in warm weather, when not required for wear, they should never be shut in a box or drawer for more than a few days at a time, and every very few weeks they should be shaken and beaten. We saw a boa subjected to this needful process. It was stretched on a large leathern cushion, and then beaten with thin canes by two men, who rattled at it alternately like drummers, with a vigor and rapidity which were both amusing and surprising. It was then passed to other hands, and combed out through its length and breadth with a coarse zinc comb, care being taken to slant it so that the teeth should not tear the skin, till, in a few minutes, the fur was so freshened up, that it hardly looked like the old servant it was. The more delicate skins require somewhat more delicate treatment, but the same sort of process is recommended for all; even swan's-down is frequently subjected to a gentle rat-a-tat-tat. We believe the best plan is never to pack furs away, but to let them lie in a drawer or wardrobe that is constantly being opened, so that they meet the eye frequently. So often in sight, it is easy, at convenient opportunities, to have them taken out and beaten, or, at any rate, shaken and tossed, and thoroughly exposed to the air.

A friend has favored us with the following remarks: "It is customary to hear people talking of the moth *getting into* furs and woollens, as if that insect actually migrated from one locality to another, whereas it appears to me that this notion is erroneous, or at least unproven. Furs and woollens are animal substances, and most probably endowed with a vital principle, which, by a mysterious process of nature, developes itself into living organisms through the decay of its material shape. Instead of the moth actually marching into and devouring the fur, I am inclined to believe that the rotting of the fur by damp and disuse gives birth to the moth. According to this theory, the moth would be a symptom or consequence of decaying fur, rather than originating cause, in the same way that cheese (another animal product) in a state of decomposition, is the producing condition of mite. Of course, once generated, it may be feed upon the substance from which it sprang."

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VILLAGE HOMES.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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BERTHA'S FIRST OF APRIL.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

It was the evening before the first of April, and, as the season was backward, a bright hickory fire blazed in the parlor of the Tiverton mansion. With her feet on a footstool, directly in front of the hearth, sat Miss Tiverton, the heiress of the stately old dwelling and of hundreds of broad acres around it. She was apparently about twenty-five, with very blonde hair and very light eyes, and with a supercilious expression of countenance indicative of a haughty, if not an ill-tempered character.

Perhaps she looked more ill-tempered than usual this evening, for she had been in a bad humor all the afternoon, in fact all day. The reason was this. Miss Tiverton had long made up her mind that there was but one person in the village, whom young Harry Warwick, the son of old Judge Warwick, and the most talented member of the bar in three counties, could possibly marry, and that person was herself. All the other young ladies of the place, she had persuaded herself, were either too juvenile, too flippant, or too vulgar; while she was rich and accomplished, and, as she flattered herself, exactly the right age. Moreover the old judge and her mother had often talked the matter over. As the two families had been intimate for generations, Harry had always visited at the old mansion, and this was an additional reason why Miss Tiverton considered him as her especial property.

Latterly, however, Harry had called less frequently than of old, a fact which had considerably annoyed the heiress. She had given no outward expression to her feelings, however, until she had heard that he was a constant visitor at pretty Bertha Howard's. Now the heiress, though she considered it impossible that a marriage could take place between Harry and a mantua-maker, for that was Bertha's profession, yet was jealous nevertheless. She well knew that an idle fancy might deprive her of her intended husband almost as effectually as a serious one. Harry only intended to flirt a little, she knew: his father would never hear of his marrying a poor girl; but still if he flirted with one, he might with another, and then farewell to her chance of becoming Mrs. Warwick.

This growing uneasiness had been increased to positive rage at Bertha, the day before our story begins. It had been Sunday, and in going to church, Miss Tiverton had met Harry. A somewhat loud challenge to him, as he walked abstractedly along, and a flow of unceasing small talk from which he could not have escaped if he had wished, had first brought him to her side and afterward retained him there. They entered the church together, and as Miss Tiverton invitingly opened her own pew-door, Harry, instead of going into his father's, entered hers. Miss Tiverton calculated, to a certainty, that, after this, Harry would escort her home: but what was her indignation to see him, when the service was over, hurry out before her. She heard, afterward, that he had been seen to join Bertha, but she was too vexed and proud to look for herself. However she went home in an ill-humor, rose the next day with a worse one, and continued to grow more bad-tempered until evening.

Suddenly she looked up, and addressed her confidant, Miss Brooks, who sat at one side of the fire-place. They had been talking about Bertha, and the conversation, after a five minutes' silence, was now resumed.

"The girl is a fool," she said, "to imagine, as I hear she does, that Harry is serious. Her father was nobody, at least only a mechanic, and his father before him used to chop wood for my grandfather: and now she goes about, from house to house, at fifty cents a day, making dresses."

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"A pretty bride for a young lawyer," replied Miss Brooks, with a scornful laugh. "But I hear she has her head filled with all sorts of romantic notions; and fancies because she is pretty that some great prince will drive up to mother's cabin, some of these days, and ask her in marriage." And, at this ironical picture, both ladies laughed.

"She is coming here to-morrow, to alter one of my dresses," said Miss Tiverton, "but I've a great mind to send her away, telling her she won't do. I never did trust her yet to make up anything new; and the last dress she altered I don't wear, its such a fright."

Miss Tiverton knew this was an untruth, and that, until she had begun to hate Bertha, there was no dress she liked better. What will not an envious spirit do?

"Stay," said Miss Brooks, "a bright idea has struck me. Keep this stuck-up mantua-maker, by all means, and we'll have rare fun with the romantic little fool. We'll write her a letter, as if from Harry, full of expressions of passionate attachment, and concluding with an offer of his hand. She'll receive it here, before us, and we'll see how ridiculous she'll make herself. Oh! it will be great sport."

The cruel and inhuman proposition thus made was eagerly accepted by Miss Tiverton, who saw in it an easy way to crush and humble Bertha by making her ridiculous.

"What an April-fool she'll be," said the heiress, with an almost sardonic smile. "To think of her going home and telling her mother that Harry has offered himself: and then of the jeers at her when her folly is found out. We must manage matters, however, so that we cannot be suspected."

"Never fear that," said the companion. "I am excellent at imitating handwritings, and, if you've a single scrap of Harry's, I'll write a letter that he'll almost pronounce his own, it shall be so like."

"I've several notes of his," said Miss Tiverton, and she produced more than one, all written in answer to invitations. And then pen, ink and paper being brought, the two confederates sat down to their nefarious task.

The next morning, punctual to the appointed hour, Bertha made her appearance at the Tiverton mansion. Any one, whose heart was not steeled against her, would have been won over to loving the orphan girl, by her gentle manners and kind heart. But her present employer only hated her the more for her good qualities. It was a painful morning to Bertha. In a hundred ways she was made to feel her dependant position, by the pitiless Miss Tiverton and her companion. Alas! none can be so cruel to woman as those of her own sex.

About mid-day a knock was heard at the door, and a letter was left for Bertha. Miss Brooks herself had answered the summons, and brought in the missive.

"This was left, just now," she said, giving the letter a toss superciliously into Bertha's lap, "by a strange boy, who asked if the mantua-maker was working here to-day. I see it is addressed to you." And then, with an insolent laugh, she added, "you must have very impatient correspondents, miss."

When Bertha's eye fell on the letter she blushed crimson and became excessively agitated. She did not, however, open the missive, but laying it on the table beside her, went on with her work. Her hand trembled perceptibly. After cruelly enjoying this agitation for awhile, Miss Tiverton said coldly,

"Pray open your letter, miss; and never mind us. It may be, you know, a love-letter, and very important." And she giggled, looking at Miss Brooks.

Again Bertha blushed crimson; and her voice was low and tremulous as she said,

"Thank you—I can wait."

"No, I insist on it," said Miss Tiverton. "Come, let us go out of the room, Miss Brooks, since the young lady," and she pronounced these words ironically, "cannot read the letter unless she is alone."

She rose, as if to go, but Bertha, with a proud effort, picked up the letter, and begging her to be seated, proceeded to open it.

The fact was that Bertha had recognized the handwriting, and hence not only her confusion, but her unwillingness to read the letter before prying eyes. Only once before had she received a note from Harry, and then it had been couched in but half a dozen lines. Those lines, however, had been dearly treasured; every word and letter were indelibly fixed in her memory: and, when she saw the present missive, she knew at once who it was that had written it.

She foreboded, too, something of its contents. Harry and Bertha had first met, at the judge's house, where Bertha had been making up dresses for his sister. The gentle manners, intelligent mind and thorough good principles of Bertha had rendered her a great favorite with Isabel Warwick, who, with the enthusiasm natural to her, treated Bertha rather as a friend than otherwise. But though Isabel had been, for several months, absent in the city, Harry had not forgotten Bertha. A walk home with her, from his father's, one rainy night, had given him an excuse for calling occasionally. Unconsciously his visits had become more frequent. Unconsciously also Bertha, so little used to the companionship of one so elevated in mind and manners, had lost her virgin heart.

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from home, when one was handed her from her brother, commencing as follows:—

"Can you believe it, Susan, I have sent a sketch to Horace Lee for his periodical, which he has accepted, and what you will wonder at still more, he has paid me for it. Moreover, to cap the climax, he wishes me to write something for him every month. I could hardly persuade myself that the money enclosed was not a fairy gift, which would vanish during the night."

When Susan had read her brother's letter, her resolution was instantly taken not to go home, but to remain at the factory long enough to earn what would enable her to attend one of the first schools, for at least one year.

Since the day she saw Horace Lee in the factory, it had happened several times that he had overtaken her in the street, when he had always walked by her side, and turned the conversation upon such topics as would enable him to judge of the quality of her mind. This was done in such a manner as not to betray his intention, and consequently to subject her to no restraint. Though she possessed much self-respect, there was, it might be, a deficiency in her self-esteem, which caused her to magnify her defects. But could she have seen his countenance, as it lit up at some of her remarks, she might have entertained a less humble opinion of herself.

One day she mentioned to him the plan she had formed of attending school, as soon as she had obtained funds sufficient to meet the expenses. The intelligence was received with a satisfaction apparent even to her, the remembrance of which often afterward in moments of gloom and despondency returned to cheer and sustain her. From time to time, without any suspicion of the effect they might have, she told him many things which threw light on her character as a daughter and sister.

Susan, in the meantime, devoted what leisure she could obtain to study. She received much assistance from several of her fellow boarders, who had already been at some celebrated seminary a year or more, and had returned to the factory to obtain the means of attending still longer. Thus engaged, time was less tardy in its flight than she had anticipated. It did not seem long before instead of counting the months, she could count the weeks which were to intervene previous to her returning home to make a short visit preparatory to going to the seminary. Only one week of the time remained, when she received another letter from her brother. It said—

"I have made a discovery, Susan, and I wonder that I had not made it sooner. Last evening, as I was turning the leaves of Virgil, I noticed some indications of its having already been considerably used. I immediately turned to the fly-leaf, which I found was pasted down on the cover. It, however, adhered only partially, and on separating it, I saw inscribed the name of Horace Lee. I compared it with the signature of the letters I have received from him, and found it was exactly similar. Discovering Horace Lee to be the donor of the books which must have cost you so much hard labor to earn, gave me more pleasure than if it had proved to be any other person in the world."

"I expect to leave Lowell to-morrow," said Susan to Horace Lee, who had joined her when returning from church, at the close of the afternoon service.

"To-morrow? Do you go home?"

"Yes, I have never been at home at all since I left, a year and a half ago."

"You will not return to Lowell."

"Not under a year at least."

"Nor then, I hope."

There was not much in these words, but the manner in which they were spoken was peculiarly emphatic. He moreover had turned toward her and looked earnestly into her face. She felt her cheeks crimson, which increased her agitation, and her voice trembled as she replied,

"That must depend on the progress I make at school."

"Oh, your progress will be such, I am certain, as to enable you to pursue your studies at home. There your brother can be your instructor—he has a fine mind."

"Yes, and better still," said Susan, with animation, "he has a good heart."

"I ascertained that long ago. I must see this brother of yours."

"And he, in his very last letter, speaking of you, said thus: 'I hope before I die, to see him.'"

"Did he say so? He shall see me then. You will be at home several weeks?"

"Exactly four, for then the winter term at the seminary commences."

"You have woods near your house?"

"Yes."

"I love the woods—and best of all the autumn woods."

"There is fine scenery round our home," said Susan, "but our home itself is very humble."

"I like humble homes when they are of a certain class. To me there is something in the very atmosphere of a quiet, humble home which warms the heart, and stirs its better and more generous impulses."

By this time they had arrived at Mrs. Farnsworth's door.

"How short the distance is between the church and your boarding-house," said Horace. "I thought we had a long way to go yet. Tell your

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brother he may expect to see me in a week. To you, dear Susan, the time will be short—hardly long enough to tell over all the little incidents which have taken place during your absence from home. To me it will be long, for there will be no one here I shall care for."

Susan's whole countenance sparkled with joyous animation, as she said,

"Is it true then that you and Miss Lorimer," she would have added, "are no longer friends?" but the thought that she might be betraying to him a secret, which she dared not fully confess to her own heart, caused her suddenly to check herself. But she had said enough to enable him to comprehend her meaning, and he replied the same as if she had finished the sentence.

"Miss Lorimer," he said, "is nothing to me—nor ever can be anything again. When she imagined me a millionaire, she was willing to accept the fortune, even with me for an incumbrance. I am truly grateful to her for acting with such promptitude, when led to suspect that my wealth existed only in people's imagination, for had she temporized something might have transpired, which would have made her unwilling to release me."

He took her hand, bade her "good-bye," yet still lingered.

"In a week from to-morrow evening I hope to sit with you and those you best love, by your pleasant fireside," were his words, as he at length turned away from the door.

Susan went to her room. For a while she was unable to bring her thoughts into any degree of order. She seemed floating in a kind of elysium, where all was bright, yet nothing substantial enough to be real. Gradually this confusion of mind subsided, and she was able to turn her thoughts steadily upon the conversation which had just passed between her and Horace Lee. Each sentence, one after another, kept brightening and brightening, till every word which he had uttered—made significant by the manner it was uttered—seemed written on her heart as with a sunbeam. A sweet calm stole over her spirits, for she believed that she was beloved. She sought to think that she was subject to some illusion of the imagination, but she had not the power. Her faith refused to be shaken.

We must not linger to record the events of the year which Susan passed at the seminary. Some dark threads were woven into the space which it occupied in the web of life, but they only served to bring out the golden ones into brighter relief.

At the close of the year Susan returned home, not with the intention of again going to the factory to procure funds to enable her to pursue her studies.

There was an unostentatious wedding at the old homestead, and then Horace Lee, as the husband of Susan, claimed the privilege of being her instructor. Though not altogether so wealthy as had been the current report at the time Miss Lorimer contemplated bestowing on him her hand, he had the means to command whatever would be likely to gratify persons of refined and cultivated tastes. He did not relinquish literary pursuits; and Edwin Dale, his brother-in-law, was associated with him.

Mr. and Mrs. Dale loved the old homestead too well to think of leaving it, so it was arranged that Horace and Susan should each year spend with them the three summer months.

Such arrangements were made that Mr. Dale had no longer to toil when weary, and Mrs. Dale, to share her household tasks, had the ever ready and willing little Annette Olney, whose checks, from inhaling the fresh country air, soon grew nearly as rosy as Fanny's.

Susan took care that Annette's mother and the younger children, should not feel the loss of her wages when she left the factory.

Miss Lorimer has never had an offer since her rejection of Horace Lee.

TO EMMA.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

As the sun when it sinks to its cloud-mantled rest,
And hies with the splendor of day,
Leaves the trace of its beams on the golden-crowned West,
To linger around his bright way.

So lingers around the sweet memories of thee,
Each thought and each feeling of mine,
And long shall the dreams of thy tenderness be
The sun that illumines the shrine.

Long, long shall the words that thy friendship has spoke,
Like rose-buds their fragrance impart,
And shed round the future thy prayers have awoke
A radiance that beams from the heart.

And oft in the flight of the fast speeding hours,
Will I look to each counsel thou'st given,
As the sailor boy looks when the tempest cloud lowers,
To that star that shines brightest in Heaven.

Farewell, but in spirit how oft will I meet,
In mountain, in stream, and in tree,
Some lesson that comes to my memory to greet
Its mirror with semblance of thee.

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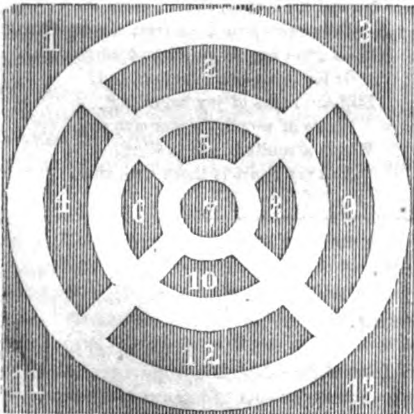
PLANS FOR FLOWER GARDENS.

BY SARAH B. POWNELL.

Our cut No. I. represents a plan, for a flower garden, which may be advantageously used, by those who have but a small space for the cultivation of flowers. Of course each bed may be planted with any kind of flowers, arranged in any way; but we think our readers would find the beauty of their gardens heightened, if they would attend somewhat to the arrangement of colors. Let us take the plan represented in the first of the cuts.

Suppose, for instance, in the bed No. 7 you plant Dahlias. Let the centre cluster be of purple, plant your yellow ones around that, your crimson ones around those again, then white or variegated ones. In the beds 1 and 13 might be placed your tea and sanguinia roses, the white and red forming a beautiful contrast; and in 3 and 11 might be placed your daily roses. In 5 and 10 might be placed the sweet pea, the painted pea, and a stalk of the common vegetable pea: whilst in 6 and 8 may be put the different shades of the stock July or Gilly flower, or the wall flower. In 4 and 9 could be planted the different varieties of Verbena, crimson, white, pink, purple

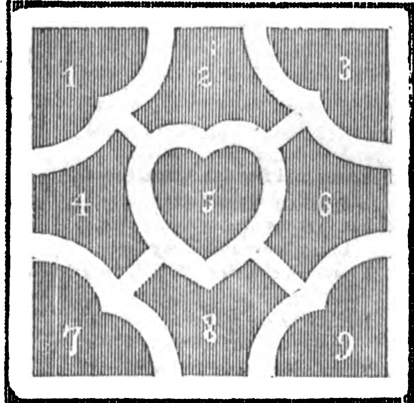
PLAN NO. I.



and scarlet; and in 2 and 12 the endless colors of the Hearts-ease or Johnny Jump Up.

Again in plan No. II. might be placed in the centre which is represented by fig. 5, roses of any description. In 1 and 9 Lady Slippers, of various colors, which are beautiful flowers if pains be taken in cultivating them. In 3 and 7 the different varieties of French Larkspurs, and Four o'clock, or Marvel of Peru. In 2 and 8 Hearts-ease and Sweet Elysian, which is sometimes mis-named Candy Tuft, which is a different

PLAN NO. II.



plant. In 4 and 6 Verbenas. For any one who would take the trouble, it would compensate them to have a succession of flowers throughout the year. In the spring, for instance, Hyacinths, Jonquils, Daffodils and Violets might be substituted for those already mentioned, and as the bloom is short, the others might be planted afterward.

Any flower of course could be substituted for those named, or your beds be laid out in any shape. Each bed should be bordered by Box or some of the usual bordering flowers, and the walks around them should be nicely graveled or tanned.

The common dwarf Box is the variety used for edging walks, and is certainly better adapted to that purpose than any other plant. When the gravel walk is made, the mould must be carefully dug away close to the gravel—leave no mould between the Box and the gravel; a trench must then be made nearly a foot deep, the roots of the Box must be parted, and the redundant part cut off; the Box is now to be placed evenly against the gravel—a line must be used; a thin edging only is requisite, as Box increases very fast. The mould must now be trodden down close to the Box, and the top clipped all to one height. If the weather be dry, it must be carefully watered. The edging should stand about four inches high; the earth in the border or beds must be kept back from smothering it during the first year. The best time to plant Box is April, or mid-summer, choosing showery weather—if not sufficient

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moisture from the clouds, water freely. It may be clipped early in the spring, and be replanted when it has become overgrown, or an increased supply is required for edging.

Thrift, if neatly planted, makes pretty edgings to borders or flower beds, both as an evergreen and flowering plant, particularly the scarlet, which makes a beautiful appearance in summer. It should be planted in the early spring months, and kept watered. It increases very fast, is cheaper than Box, and very hardy.

The edgings of Thrift should be trimmed a little in July or August, when it is out of flower, cutting off all the flower heads: where the sides have grown uneven, let them be cut into order, either with the shears, or, if too much overgrown, with a short edging-iron.

Where utility is the principal consideration, the edgings may be of strawberry vines, carefully restrained, and renewed every two or three years, thus yielding fruit large and of fine quality; also of thyme, sweet herbs, &c.

A MEMORY.

BY SAMUEL MCNUTT.

Years and fate our fortunes sever,
And they severed shall remain;
Yet thou dwellest with me ever,
In my heart and in my brain.
I have sought, since thou did'st grieve me,
To forget and to forgive;
But thy image will not leave me—
Come to haunt me while I live.
There are notes of joy beguiling
Hours in mem'ry's Summer sea,
Where a sunlit isle is smiling,
And my heart is there with thee.

I have seemed to thee a stranger
When I knew my Fanny well,
For deep clouds of doubt and danger
Round my startled spirit fell,
Yet I dearly loved to linger
O'er the lines thy fingers traced,
And in grief, but not in anger,
Seeming scorn and hate replaced.
Still, were notes of joy beguiling
Hours in mem'ry's Summer sea;
Where a sunlit isle is smiling,
And my heart was there with thee.

To the lore of Greek and Roman
I have listened late and long;
Shunned the angel face of woman,
Voice of love, and thrill of song.
And upon an eagle pinion
Iron fettered, bound away,
For the glacier's bleak dominion,
At the breathless noon of day.
Still are notes of joy beguiling,
Hours in mem'ry's Summer sea,
Where a sunlit isle is smiling,
And my heart is there with thee.

I have loved thee, and thee only,
Oh! thou image on my soul—
Wild my way, my heart is lonely,
And my life is on the goal.
Shall I bless thee, shall I curse thee,
Thou, who forced me from my kind?
Shall good angels guard and nurse thee,
Or for loves shalt demons find?
Still are notes of joy beguiling
Hours of mem'ry's Summer sea,
Where a sunlit isle is smiling,
And my heart is there with thee.

LINES.

BY W. WILSON.

Was Heaven indulgent to each thought,
And grant the bliss that I desire?
Your snow white bosom by me sought
Could only quench this inward fire;
Oh! what joy is centered there,
Could she the sacred impulse feel,
Each sympathetic thought to share,
She could this burning passion heal.

Could she but view my beating heart,
Or was my skin transparent fair,
That she might see that vital part
Her lovely image planted there;

In miniature there she'd spy
The lineaments of her own sweet face,
Reflected back upon the eye,
Her image on that sacred place.

Nor would those little hills of snow,
With heaving motion quite be hid,
Each jet of blood the heart would throw
Would animate the whole indeed;
Then surely love like this would show
Convincing proofs how keen the dart
Her picture heaving to and fro,
By the life-blood of my heart.

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EDITH; OR, REVENGE.

BY CORNELIA CAROLLA.

Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils.—MILTON.

"ARE you not suffocated in this crowd, Bringhurst?" inquired Ernest Wharton of a friend, who stood with him in a recess of a crowded saloon. "It seems to me that Mrs. Russel prides herself on the number of persons she collects at her *fetes*. For my part, I prefer fewer people with greater comfort. Ladies, however, think differently. But who is that superb woman, leaning on Woodhull's arm?" he suddenly exclaimed, interrupting himself.

"And is it possible that you do not know the beautiful Mrs. Beresford?" returned his friend. "Why, man, she has reigned unrivalled these three seasons."

"You forget, Bringhurst, that I have been absent more than four years, and have only just arrived. I have seen the beauties of every court in Europe; but never one who could compare with that imperial creature. What an enviable man is her husband! Who would not be a Paris for the sake of such a Helen?"

"Her husband does not prize her beauty so highly; neither is his position quite so enviable as you suppose," replied Bringhurst: "strange to say, he is fascinated by the charms of an artful woman, in no respect the equal of his wife."

"It is very strange," said Wharton, musingly: "pray, introduce me."

"Certainly," replied Bringhurst; "come with me."

Edith Beresford was a proud, imperious, although a warm-hearted woman. When she married, three years before, she loved her husband almost to idolatry, and he was equally fond of her. At first they were happy, very happy; but unfortunately, Mr. Beresford was one of those fickle-minded persons whose affection soon fades, who constantly require new objects of interest. He loved his wife as dearly as his nature would allow; but he could not appreciate her high-souled nobility of character. Her deep, ardent love was a mystery; still, as it gratified his vanity and selfishness, he prized it.

Such a marriage could not fail to prove unhappy. He soon grew weary of his wife, who was destined to become like desolate "Cousin Amy," of Tennyson's passionate "Locksley Hall:"

"He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse."

Such at last became the position of the queenly Edith Beresford.

Edith, however, soon penetrated the real character of her husband, which had been carefully disguised during his position as a lover. She bore patiently with his natural infirmities of disposition; but when she saw the heart, which she felt should be only her own, laid at the feet of another, her indignation knew no bounds.

Eugenia Milford was a rival beauty, who had aspired to the position which Edith now held. She failed, and, in a fit of anger, vowed revenge. She knew Edith's devotion to her husband, was aware of his fickle character, and at once resolved to pierce the heart of her opponent in its tenderest part. True to her purpose, all her arts were directed to the conquest of Mr. Beresford. He fell an easy, almost an unresisting victim, and was now her willing slave. But even while he bowed to another, he insisted on the most perfect devotion from Edith, and, indeed, boasted that no matter how he might act toward *her*, she still would idolize *him*.

Edith was astonished and indignant at her husband's conduct. Her imperious temper arose to its full height; mutual recrimination ensued, and their home became a scene of constant discord. Thus stood matters at the time when our story begins. Edith was the queen of every heart but one, and that—she had ceased to prize. Injured, despised, trampled on, her love for her husband was fast sinking into contempt, from which it was soon destined to degenerate into implacable hatred.

It was near the end of the season, and they were already planning their summer tour, when an incident occurred which banished every hope of future happiness from the wretched pair. In one of their daily scenes of mutual upbraiding, Mr. Beresford was almost beside himself with rage at her words and manner.

"It were better, far better," he exclaimed, "that you had married some brute, who would have administered bodily chastisement in return for your insulting language!"

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"Which is more than *you* have courage to do, my brave husband," she tauntingly replied, a mocking devil in her lip and eye.

"Edith, Edith, be careful what you say!"

"I do not fear you; you dare not strike me!"

"Edith, taunt me no more!"

"Oh, what a noble soul," ironically exclaimed the misguided wife. "Edith, Edith, my wife," she continued, "do not mock me—do not jeer at me; I feel I am unable to control my generous rage?"

Maddened by her taunting words, he struck her. She staggered, but recovering herself, stood before him the personification of a beautiful fury.

"Paul Beresford," she almost shouted, in a voice hoarse with passion, "you call yourself a man; and you have struck a woman! The last drop has fallen into the cup of my wrongs. Now, listen to me! When I married you I loved you as few women ever love. I soon discovered the unworthiness of my idol. Love became contempt—it has turned to hatred: but I will be revenged."

"Oh, Edith, forgive—forgive me," exclaimed her instantly repentant husband. "I was mad—I knew not what I did. Forgive me! and if the deepest penitence can atone for the past—can efface it—we may yet be happy."

"Happy!" she replied, scornfully; "would the eagle and the raven live happily in the same eyrie? Forgive you! Never—never! Think you that Edith Beresford can turn and kiss the hand that smote her?"

"I conjure you by the memory of our former love——"

"Our *love*—why yours belonged long since to Eugenia Milford, and mine—mine is dust and ashes! Did I not tell you that I hated you?"

He knelt before her, and entreated and prayed for forgiveness; but in vain: Edith could not, would not forgive the indignity she had suffered, and persisted in her vow of vengeance.

Early the next morning, Mrs. Beresford descended from her carriage in front of a large, old-fashioned house in Chesnut street. An impatient pull of the bell-knob brought a servant to the door, and she was conducted to the drawing-room. There an old gentleman, in dressing-gown and slippers, was seated in an easy-chair, reading the morning paper. He arose in evident astonishment as Mrs. Beresford entered the room.

"Edith, child," he exclaimed, "what brings you here so early?"

"Important business, uncle," she hastily replied. "Let me be sure that we are alone, and I will tell you all."

Passing to the adjoining room, she secured the entrance to the hall, then the door communicating with the apartment where her uncle sat, and finally that by which she had entered. The old gentleman, in the meantime, was silent with amazement.

"Now are we safe from eaves-droppers?" she asked. "Quite safe?"

"Y-e-s, y-e-s, quite safe," replied the old man; "but good gracious, what *is* the matter, Edith? Are you mad?"

"Not quite, although nearly so. Now, listen to me:—You know how I idolized Paul Beresford when I married him. Well, a few months passed happily, when he grew weary of the toy which he had won, and sought another—nay, do not start—I tell you a year had scarcely elapsed, when he gave his worthless heart to the keeping of Eugenia Milford. She was my rival; I conquered her, and this was her revenge. I complained, and he mocked my love: he even triumphed in the wound my pride had received—and yet, and yet, I bore with him; but yesterday he struck me—yes, struck me—and I must be revenged! I loved him once; I hate him now:—I once yielded my heart to love—now, hatred pervades my whole being!"

She paused from sheer inability to speak longer, and sank on a sofa, exhausted.

"And what do you propose to do, my poor child?" inquired her uncle, placing his hand upon her head. "Do you intend to leave him and procure a divorce? Remember you can always find a home here with me."

"Yes, uncle, I mean to be separated from him; but not by a divorce," returned Edith, rising. "I will tell you my plan—on one condition, however—that you take the oath which I will propose."

"My promise should be enough to one whom I have always treated as my own child," replied Mr. Fleming.

"I know your word is sacred as Holy Writ, uncle, under general auspices; but circumstances might arise in which you would consider it your duty to break your pledge. I must provide against such a contingency, and unless you do as I require, I may not trust you with my scheme. Nay, if you even hesitate, I must act alone."

"I will do what you wish," replied Mr. Fleming.

"Well, listen to the formula of the oath, and then repeat it after me. I swear by my hope of heaven, by my fear of hell, by all I love, or prize, or revere in the present, past, or future, never to reveal by look, word, or sign, the secret about to be revealed to me by my niece, Edith Beresford; and may God so deal with me as I keep my oath!"

"Edith, I cannot take such an oath."

"Good morning, uncle!"

"Nay, stay. Is this the only condition?"

"It is."

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"Then be it as you please: I will take the oath."

It was done.

"Now tell me, Edith, what you intend to do."

She told him.

"Edith, I will never consent to such an act," he exclaimed, rising and pacing the floor.

"It must be, uncle. My choice lies between life and revenge, death and forgetfulness."

"Well, well, so be it. But, Edith, had I ever dreamed that the lovely little prattler, who made my home so happy would become the fierce, vindictive woman before me, I should have prayed to God to take her in her innocence."

The old man wept.

"Dear uncle, do not unnerve me by your tears. I need all my strength. My husband wrought the change. He found me innocent, loving, trusting. He made me—what I am. But he shall pay the penalty."

A fortnight later, Mr. and Mrs. Beresford left for Niagara, although it was much earlier than they usually repaired thither. A week later the papers announced the "untimely death of the young and lovely Mrs. Beresford." She had risen early as usual and walked out unattended. When breakfast was served she did not appear, and her husband set out to look for her. A shawl that she had worn, together with one of her gloves, were found on the bank near the Falls, and a handkerchief with her name embroidered on it had caught on the dead limb of a tree which projected over the water. There was no doubt that the unfortunate lady had ventured too near the edge of the cliff, and had fallen down the abyss.

Mr. Beresford returned home immediately, and considering how little he had loved his wife while she was living, his profound grief at her death was astonishing. Remorse probably added to its poignancy.

Two years had elapsed since Paul Beresford lost his wife. The London season had just commenced, when an unusual excitement was created in theatrical circles, by the announcement that an actress of the most extraordinary genius was about to make her *debut*. Those who were fortunate enough to be present at the rehearsals, said that she was magnificently beautiful; that her motions were the perfection of grace; her voice exquisitely clear and musical. Her name was Edith Evelyn, her parentage unknown; but she was evidently an Englishwoman. Rumor created many romantic histories of her. Now she was the daughter of a noble family—poor, but proud—who had resolved to retrieve the embarrassments of her parents by her talents. Again, she was the wife of an unfortunate merchant, striving to assist him in his difficulties. Another time, she was betrothed to a poor man, whom she loved, and she had sought the stage as the only means by which she could acquire wealth sufficient for their wants, intending to marry as soon as it was attained. These different reports gained credence among the romantic portion of the world, while the more sober thinkers suggested that most probably she had been intended for the stage from childhood; but had been kept back until her genius was fully developed.

The great night arrived, and long before the curtain rose, the theatre was crowded to excess. Boxes, pit, galleries, doorways, passages—every place where a human being could stand, was filled. The moments dragged on wearily to the impatient crowd. At length the overture commenced; the music was exquisite, but it was listened to with impatience. At last the footlights brightened—the little bell rang—the curtain slowly rose, and in a second the new actress stood before them, as calm, as quiet, as self-possessed as though surrounded by friends alone. Shouts of applause greeted her appearance, and several minutes elapsed before she could proceed in her part.

The curtain fell on the first act. Then arose cries for "Evelyn, Evelyn." The curtain rose again, and the idol of the evening bowed gracefully before the multitude. The audience arose: handkerchiefs waved; bouquets, bracelets, jewels of rare value fell at her feet. Never before had the walls of Drury Lane witnessed so triumphant a *debut*.

At the end of the performance, several gay young noblemen hastened behind the scenes, hoping to be presented to the star of the night. But they were disappointed: Miss Evelyn was not in the green-room; and the manager told them it was useless to seek her, since she had expressly stipulated that no person whatever should be permitted to intrude on her at the theatre, and that no one should be brought to her dwelling without her knowledge and consent.

"Where does she live?" asked Lord Morton, eagerly.

"I have promised not to reveal her residence," replied the manager.

"What a prude!" exclaimed Lord Ross.

"A *ruse* to attract greater attention by exciting our curiosity," suggested Lord Belton, who prided himself on being the greatest *roue* in town.

"I think not," replied Lord Morton. "She may really wish to seclude herself from society, particularly from the class of gentlemen who usually seek a new actress."

"You also believe, perhaps, that this unusual prudishness in an actress is not affectation," returned Lord Belton.

"I do," replied Morton. "Why should not an

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actress be as virtuous, as refined and delicate as any of her sex off the boards?"

"Their method of life forbids it," exclaimed Belton. "Could a truly refined and delicate woman face thousands of eyes with the calm self-possession which Miss Evelyn betrayed? Would any innately virtuous woman willingly place herself in such a position?"

"Circumstances might render it necessary for her to do so," replied Morton.

"I will not quarrel with your belief, Morton," said Belton; "but pray, do not talk to me of the virtue of an actress," and with these words the young men separated.

"Were you presented to Miss Evelyn, Eustace?" said Lady Clara Morton to her brother, as they rode home from the theatre. "I observed that you left the box at the end of the play."

Morton related the conversation that had occurred between him and the manager.

"I am glad that she acts thus," exclaimed Lady Clara; "for I never saw a woman with whom I was so perfectly fascinated. And I am very anxious to know her. Do you think that mother will permit me to do so? Pray, intercede for me."

Lady Clara was an only daughter, and an invalid. So, after a slight resistance, her whim was gratified by her indulgent parents, and Edith Evelyn soon became a welcome guest at the stately mansion of the Morton's. Visited and caressed by a family so aristocratic, Miss Evelyn was soon as eagerly sought after in private as she was in public life, and few assemblies were considered perfect without her presence. She neither desired society nor shunned it; but it became very apparent when she did appear in the highest circles, that she moved in an accustomed and appropriate sphere.

Admirers pressed eagerly around her; but she was careless of their homage. The greatest, the noblest, the wealthiest were calmly and coldly rejected. Her heart seemed callous both to love and to ambition. Steadily pursuing her professional life, its cares and toils were nothing to her energetic perseverance. She rejoiced only in the triumphs she won as an actress. Success in that field was evidently the object of her career, for the gold which she gathered was freely lavished on the poor and needy. While those around admired her wonderful genius, they could not but confess their astonishment, that one who could so truly and startlingly depict the passions of the human heart, was in private so entirely unmoved by them: Who could breathe, "I love," in such deep thrilling tones on the stage, and who could say, "I do not love" so calmly, when earnest affection was freely offered in private life.

The fascination which Lady Clara Morton declared the actress exercised over her, increased in proportion as her health declined, until she only seemed contented when in her society; and her fond mother was most grateful to Miss Evelyn, or Edith, as she was more familiarly called, for the kind attention which she bestowed on the beloved invalid. Lord Eustace passed much of his time with his sister, to whom it soon became evident that his admiration for her friend had deepened into a tenderer feeling. Knowing Edith's coldness as she did, she trembled for his happiness; and when in return to her anxious inquiries, he declared his love for Miss Evelyn, she entreated him if possible to quell it since she feared that it was a hopeless passion. He, however, persisted, and proposed to Miss Evelyn. He was gently, but firmly rejected. In vain did Lady Clara plead for him; in vain did his mother, her pride of birth softened by his misery, entreat Edith to become his wife. She wept and expressed much regret for his unhappy passion, but declared her inability to return it.

"You will learn to love him if you once become his bride," urged the mother. "You cannot be so cold-hearted as to be incapable of love. Or can it be possible that your affections are engaged?"

"I do not love another," replied Edith: "but there is an insurmountable obstacle to my uniting myself to your son. I respect and esteem him in a higher degree than any man I know, but I cannot—I dare not love him."

"Edith, Edith, explain this dreadful obstacle," exclaimed the mother, "it may—it must be removed."

"It is impossible. I can never be your son's wife; for, alas! I am already married."

The duchess started as though a thunderbolt had fallen at her feet.

"Married! can it be? How is this? Where is your husband?"

Edith explained; and the duchess sat for several minutes in silence.

"He may yet hope!" she finally exclaimed.

"No, lady, no; I shall never wed again—never! I have devoted my life to a stern purpose, and when that is wrought I have nothing left to live for. My short existence has been a sad one, and some of the deepest pangs I have ever felt arise from the knowledge of the pain I have given you and yours. Believe me, I would make any sacrifice that conscience would permit, to ensure your son's happiness. But his wife I cannot—dare not be. Such happiness is not for me, and while his love is an honor which an empress might covet, for he is as good as he is noble, I dare not accept it—dare not think of it. Pity me, madam; but do not curse me as the cause of so much misery."

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The next day the papers announced that Edith Evelyn, the actress, would shortly visit America. She had previously declared her intention of doing so; but the period of her departure had not been named. Now, however, the public were informed that she sailed in a fortnight, and also, that after a short tour in the United States, she intended to retire from the stage.

Rumors were immediately circulated, that at last her heart had succumbed to love's sweet influence, and each of her more prominent admirers was, in turn, reported to be the happy man. In the meantime the theatre was nightly crowded, and the audience seemed to exhaust their fancy in their manifold endeavors to testify their admiration.

The last night came, and the actress, usually so calm, was evidently struggling to master her emotion, as she bowed to the audience, when, in obedience to their summons, she appeared at the end of the play. Her strong will seemed to conquer her feelings until her eyes encountered those of Lord Morton, as he threw a small bouquet of forget-me-nots on the stage. Springing forward, she caught it as it descended. A low sob from his sister was echoed by another from the actress, who immediately ran off the stage. The applause was renewed, and the manager came forward and apologized for Miss Evelyn, who, he said, had fainted from excessive emotion, and was unable to appear before them again.

A few months later, Paul Beresford sat at the breakfast-table with his wife: he had been married two years to Eugenia Milford.

"Mr. Beresford, do not forget to procure a box at the theatre during Miss Evelyn's engagement. You had better attend to it this morning; she will be here but a very short time, and everybody is anxious to see her."

Mr. Beresford meekly acquiesced: indeed, he never refused to do the fair Eugenia's bidding, for a hint at his conduct to his first wife, whom she was careful he should never forget, invariably made him succumb.

The great English actress, of whom rumor had circulated such wonders, was at last in America. The reports of her beauty, genius, and success that had crossed the ocean, had excited great anxiety to see this prodigy. Ladies were curious to view the woman, who, it was said, had rejected all that ámbition could aspire to, or love require in her suitors. Gentlemen stroked their mustachios, and, glancing in the mirror, wondered who would be the fortunate, the envied man that should secure her heart.

She only appeared three nights in New York, where her triumphs were as great as in London, when she repaired to Philadelphia, refusing, however, to engage for a longer period than a week, during which time a new play, written by herself, was to be produced. She refused to appear publicly until the necessary preparations for the production of this piece were completed; and a fortnight elapsed before the impatient curiosity of the public was gratified.

At last the night arrived, and the anxious crowd greeted the great actress with every token of admiration. When she came forward and bowed, her eyes ran around the audience, and as Paul Beresford caught the glance, his face became pale as death.

"It is impossible," he murmured, after a moment's reflection, "nevertheless the resemblance is great."

His wife too seemed equally astonished.

"Did you ever see so wonderful a likeness?" she whispered. "Miss Evelyn, however, is more beautiful."

A groan of agony escaped from his lips, which caused his wife to remind him sharply where he was. His agitation, however, had not been observed; for the crowd were eagerly watching the great stranger who stood before them. As the evening advanced, glasses were leveled at Miss Evelyn by several of the *elite* present with more interest than a perfect stranger, however noted, could be supposed to excite in those who pride themselves on their indifference. Paul Beresford saw many eyes glance alternately at Miss Evelyn and himself, and felt that others recognized the same wonderful resemblance to his first wife that had so startled him.

Edith Evelyn's reception in Philadelphia was even more rapturous, if possible, than any that she had previously received; and much regret was expressed that her engagement was so limited. Paul Beresford seemed perfectly enchanted by her powers. Night after night he watched her every word and glance with painful eagerness. He never applauded, but sat with his eyes dilated and fixed upon her, as though he momentarily expected to hear some terrible confirmation of anguish to himself—too terrible even for thought to dwell on. His wife, too, seemed to partake in his fears, as partly secluded from observation in a private box, she watched the actress with wonderful attention. Miss Evelyn, however, seemed either heedless or unconscious of their gaze so constantly bent on her, and never raised her eyes to the box where they sat.

It was the last night of her engagement in Philadelphia, and her new play was to be performed for the first time. Paul Beresford and his wife were there as usual. When the curtain rose, Miss Evelyn came forward, robed in the style in which his Edith had dressed, with her hair similarly arranged.

"Edith," burst unconsciously from his lips.

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But the actress, if she heard, did not heed the exclamation.

The play commenced, and Paul Beresford leaned forward to catch every word that might fall from her lips.

The opening scene was the betrothal of two lovers, and the play portrayed the gradual change from the deep love in the heart of the maiden, to the most intense hatred, with a mad thirst for revenge in that of the wife. The language was strong, beautiful, poetic, expressive; the acting was—not acting, but nature! As the play proceeded, Paul Beresford recognized his own and his first wife's history, and the cold sweat stood on his brow as he caught word after word that sealed his doom. He saw the love he had won, and the neglect and scorn with which he had repaid it. He beheld that dreadful scene between him and his wife repeated; he saw her stagger under his unmanly blow; heard her vow of vengeance, and felt how terribly it had been fulfilled. The trip to Niagara, the report of Edith's death, her escape into Canada, her appearance on the stage, her after life, even her triumphs in America, together with his second marriage, and his terrible suspicions on again beholding her, concluding with a meeting between them, in which Edith turns to her husband and asks:

"Have I not kept my vow? Is not my revenge complete?"

The words were uttered with terrible truthfulness of feeling, and the actress turned her magnificent eyes full on Paul Beresford. The audience scarcely breathed; they felt that this was not acting—it was truth. Every eye followed the glance of the actress, as again she repeated those words in the same terrible tone:

"Have I not kept my vow? Is not my revenge complete?"

"It is—it is!" groaned Paul Beresford, rising: "Edith, Edith, most terribly have you kept your oath!" and the unhappy man fell senseless at the feet of his second wife.

A wild, maniacal laugh; a low, sweeping bow, and the actress disappeared from the sight of the speechless spectators. A long respiration from the audience spoke their relief from the dreadful nightmare that had afflicted them, and each one looked at his neighbor, inquiringly, to see if he too had partaken of the same oppressive feeling. Gradually tongues were loosened, and they began to talk of the events of the evening. Paul Beresford was guilty of bigamy, and his haughty second wife was in reality not legally married to him. Some blamed Edith for her fearful revenge; others declared she was right, and a few jealous women hoped that some few of their acquaintances would take warning from the richly-deserved fate of Eugenia Milford.

Next day Paul Beresford sought Edith; but she had left the city in company with her uncle, with whom she had constantly corresponded since she left her husband. They repaired to Italy, where, after a few years, she died, bitterly regretting that she had devoted the best energies of her life to the unhallowed pursuit of revenge. In seeking it she thought only of her wrongs—when it was acquired, the misery which she had wrought haunted her continually, and the demon remorse was never driven from her heart.

Her pride wounded, her hopes crushed, her fair fame sullied, Eugenia Milford lived unpitied, and died unlamented. Paul Beresford became a repentant man, who, even on the verge of the grave, strove to atone for the past by warning others of the rock on which his hopes were wrecked. Lord Morton, after years had partly effaced the memory of his first love, won a gentle, loving wife, with whom he lived most happily. His sister regained her health, and is now a happy wife and mother, although she often sighs over the history of the unfortunate Edith.

STANZAS.

BY SARAH WHITTLESEY SMITH.

It needs not words to speak
Affection's gentle swell,
If in a heart it heaveth warm,
The speaking eyes will tell.
Tho' words be soft and low,
Give me the melting eye,
That sheds soft dew upon the heart,
And bids restriction fly.

They say we ne'er can tell,
By scanning o'er the face,
The value of the gem that doth
The bosom's casket grace.

External show, tho' fair,
Too oft the mind deceives;
Oft-times the least intrinsic worth
Is hidden by fine leaves.

Words oft are falsehood's guise,
To tempt the sanguine heart,
But thoughts that dwell in eyes
Are of the soul, a counterpart.
I ask not words to judge
If e'er a heart be true,
For Heaven's noblest gifts are set
And sealed upon the brow.

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GLOVES AND CIGARS.

BY JANE WEAVER.

"I MUST really have a new pair of gloves, James," said Mrs. Morris to her husband, as they sat together after tea.

Mr. Morris had been reading the afternoon paper, but he laid this down and looked crossly up.

"Really," he said, "you seem to me to waste more money on gloves than any woman I ever knew. It was only last week I gave you money to buy a new pair."

The wife colored, and was about to answer tartly; for she felt that her husband had no cause for his crossness; but remembering that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," she said,

"Surely you have forgotten, James. It was more than a month since I bought my last pair of gloves; and I have been out a great deal, as you know, in that time."

"Humph!" And, having pronounced these words, Mr. Morris took up the paper again.

For several minutes there was silence. The wife continued her sewing, and the husband read sulkily on: at last, as if sensible that he had been unnecessarily harsh, he ventured a remark by way of indirect apology.

"Business is very dull, Jane," he said, "and sometimes I do not know where to look for money. I am hardly making my expenses."

The wife looked up, with tears in her eyes.

"I am sure, James," she said, "that I try to be as economical as possible. I went without a new silk dress this winter, because the one I got last spring would answer, I thought, by having a new body made to it. My old bonnet, too, was re-trimmed. And as to the gloves, you know you are very particular about my having gloves always nice, and scold, if I appear in the street with a shabby pair on."

Mr. Morris knew all this to be true, and felt still more ashamed of his conduct: however, like most men, he was too proud to confess his error except indirectly.

He took out his pocket-book and said,

"How much will satisfy you for a year, not for gloves only, but for all the other etceteras? I will make you an allowance, and then you need not ask me for a dollar, whenever you want a pair of gloves, or a new handkerchief."

The wife's eyes danced with delight. She thought for a moment, and then said,

"I will undertake, on fifty dollars, to find myself in all these things."

Mr. Morris dropped the newspaper as if it had been red-hot, and stared at his wife.

"I believe," he said, "you women think that we men are made of money. I don't spend fifty dollars in gloves and handkerchiefs in half a dozen years."

Mrs. Morris made no reply for a full minute, for she was determined to keep her temper. But the quickness with which her needle moved showed that she had some difficulty to be amiable. At last she said,

"But how much do you spend in cigars?"

This was a home-thrust, for Mr. Morris was an inveterate smoker; and consumed twice as much on this needless luxury as the sum his wife asked. He picked up the paper and made no reply.

"I don't wish you to give up smoking, since you enjoy it so much," she said. "But surely a cigar is no more necessary to a gentleman than are gloves and handkerchiefs to a lady; and if you expend a hundred dollars in one, I don't see why you should complain of my wishing fifty dollars for another."

"Pshaw," said the husband, finally, "I don't spend a hundred dollars in cigars. It can't be."

"You bring home a quarter box every three weeks; and each box, you say, costs about six dollars, which, at the end of the year, makes a total of one hundred and four dollars."

Mr. Morris fidgetted on his seat. His wife saw her advantage, and smiling to herself, pursued it.

"If you had counted up, as I have, every dollar you have given me for gloves, handkerchiefs, shoes and ribbons, during a year, you would find it amounted to full fifty dollars; and, if you had kept a statement of what your cigars cost, you would see that I am correct in my estimate as to them."

"A hundred dollars! It can't be," said the husband, determined not to be convinced.

"Let us make a bargain," replied the wife. "Put into my hands a hundred dollars to buy cigars for you, and fifty to purchase gloves and etceteras for me. I promise faithfully to administer both accounts, with this stipulation, that, at the end of a year, I am to retain all I

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can save of the fifty, and to return to you all that remains of the hundred."

"It is agreed. I will pay quarterly, beginning with to-night." And he took out his purse, and counted thirty-seven dollars and a half into his wife's hand.

And how did the bargain turn out? Our fair readers have, no doubt, guessed already. Jane continued, during the year, to supply her husband with cigars, and, at the end, rendered in her account, by which it appeared that Mr. Morris had smoked away one hundred and ten dollars, while his wife had spent only forty on gloves, handkerchiefs and shoes, the ten dollars she had saved having just enabled her to keep her husband's cigar box full, without calling on him for the deficiency till the year was up.

Mr. Morris paid the ten dollars, with a long face, but without a word of comment. He has ever since given, of his own accord, the fifty dollar allowance to his wife.

Husbands, who think their wives waste money on gloves, should be careful to waste none on cigars.

A CHILD'S THOUGHTS.

Were I the sun!—what then, my child?
Were you the sun what then?
I ne'er would shine so warm and bright
Upon such wicked men;
I'd wither up their budding grain
When just it leaves the earth,
And they should sow their seed in vain,
For never, never would I deign
To warm it into birth.

Were I the rain!—what then, my child?
Were you the rain what then?
I ne'er would fall so warm and mild
Upon such wicked men;
I'd flood their fields till not a root
Should find a spot to cling,
And every young and tender shoot
Should float before the careless foot,
A drenched and worthless thing.

But on the harvest of the good
I'd send both heat and dew,
Till every young and callow bud
To golden fruitage grew;
The flowers should spring around his door,
Beneath my mellow rays;
And if he were despised and poor,
I'd fill with richest fruit his store,
And bless him all his days.

Dear child, not so doth God bestow
His blessings on mankind,
He treats alike both friend and foe,
His love is unconfined;
He sends his rain upon the just,
And on the unjust too,
The wicked in his love may trust,
Nor are they from his bounties thrust
For all the wrong they do.

Yet, oh, my child, how keen must be
The pain in that man's heart,
To whom with gen'rous hand and free
God doth his gifts impart;
Unless he strives with earnest zeal
To bless the human race,
And often at God's feet doth kneel
To thank Him for his daily weal,
And praise Him for his Grace.

F. C.

WHAT IS A SIGH?

BY R. K. SMITH.

It is the sound
Raised by the sweeping of an angel's wing,
As through the air
It bears a prayer
Of the soul's uttering.

It is the sweet
Melodious echo of some thrilling thought
Retold by sadness
Unto gladness,
Which memory hath brought.

It is the hymn
Breathed ever by the votaries of love,
Whose dulcidence,
Soft and intense,
Soars dreamily above.

It is the sign
Of earth's fraternity, the only tie
That links us all,
Both great and small,
In common sympathy.

It is the heart
Issuing from its prison-house of clay;
Perchance gladly,
Perchance sadly,
Wending on its way.

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DORA ATHERTON;

OR, THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM."

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

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Meanwhile Dora toiled on, in her arduous occupation, endeavoring to maintain a cheerful spirit, and hoping for a brighter future.

How or when that better day was to come she could not even imagine, for every prospect alike appeared dull and comfortless; but, without that hope she would almost have died, and so she clung to it tenaciously.

It is true she was never now without work, for the foreman of Mr. Thomaston, finding how well she sewed always had a job for her, when there was none even for Susan. But the very care which Dora took lessened her gains, as it prevented her doing as much as others. It was, indeed, with the utmost difficulty that she could earn sufficient to defray her expenses: and the prospect of a possible sickness, for the confinement already began to affect her health, sometimes nearly discouraged her.

Often she had to sew, far into the night, in order to finish a piece of work in time; and then, with weary eyes and a painful chest, she would lie down to a troubled sleep, waking, the next morning, only to resume the same harrassing labor. Her cheek paled and her strength gave way under all this; and often the tears came into her eyes as she thought of the old happy days with her father and Paul. Oh! how she longed, at times, for the breezy hills where she had lived so long; for a sight of the clouds sailing over the placid pond; for the sound of the wind in the forest; or for the perfume of wild flowers or new mown hay.

Dora had other troubles too. From the day he had first beheld her, young Thomaston had not ceased to insult her by his notice. He had never, indeed, spoken to her as yet; but, in spite of her avoidance of him, she feared he would. To prevent this she always waited until Susan could accompany her, before she would go to the clothing store. Yet, even in this, there was much that was unpleasant. Susan was weak enough to be flattered by the notice of this profligate, which she appropriated entirely to herself; and was continually talking of him.

"Don't you think he looks like Lord Mortimer?" she said to Dora, one day. "I'm sure he does. I got the 'Children of the Abbey' from the Circulating Library, last week, to read over again, for I felt confident that Amanda's lover was just like Mr. Thomaston; and it is so. He has exactly the same colored eyes."

"I never read the novel you speak of," replied Dora. "But, indeed, dear Susan, I wish you would not talk of this young man. He is vulgar as well as wicked, depend on it."

"La, now, you can't mean what you say," said Susan: and then, looking back, she exclaimed with a heightened color, "I declare if he hasn't followed us all the way home."

As Dora led the way into Mrs. Harper's house, she did in fact see the young man, loitering at the corner. He caught Dora's eye, and lifted his hat. Our heroine indignantly hurried into the house, dragging Susan after her, but not until the latter had dropped a courtesy in reply to the salute.

About a week after this Dora found herself compelled to go out alone to the clothing store. Susan had been confined, to the house, for several days, by a sore throat, and it was absolutely necessary that Dora should carry back the work of both, and obtain more. Accordingly she left Mrs. Harper's toward sunset, thinking that at this period of the day she would be less apt to meet her tormentor; for she had been informed that he, in common with other young bloods, generally rode out of town in the afternoon.

She had completed her errand, and was hurrying home, for the dusk drew rapidly on, when, to her dismay, she beheld the object of her aversion sauntering toward her.

She hastened to turn down the next street, hoping thus to avoid him. But he had already seen Dora, and thanking his lucky fortune, he proceeded, at a quickened pace, to follow her. Dora, hearing a rapid footstep behind her, became conscious instinctively that it was his, and, with a beating heart, increased her own already swift gait. Still the pursuing tread was heard,

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and not daring to look around, she hurried on until she almost ran. Once or twice there was a cough, as if to attract her attention. Meantime few persons were in sight, for the twilight was fast fading. Nearer and nearer the footsteps approached. Dora's nervous alarm now amounted almost to agony, for her antipathy to this young man was that of positive horror, and she saw no way of escaping the insult of being addressed by him.

Suddenly she beheld a form, that struck her as familiar, a little in advance. It was that of a man, somewhat roughly attired, but walking with a certain erect and independent air that inspired confidence, for it bespoke the perfection of manly fearlessness. A second glance assured her that the person before her was a fellow boarder, a young painter named Butler, whom she had often received small civilities from at table. Her acquaintance, indeed, was of the slightest; but sufficient for the present emergency; so accelerating her pace to a run, she was soon at the young man's side.

"Miss Atherton, I declare," he exclaimed, looking around at the sound of footsteps, "running too—how you surprised me."

Dora was out of breath equally with agitation and with her rapid pace. She took his arm, which he offered; but it was a minute before she could speak.

"I was belated," she said, at last, with some confusion, "and believe I became frightened. But you are going home? If not," and she suddenly withdrew her arm, and blushed, "if not I will not trouble you——"

"I *am* going home," he replied, presenting his arm again; and then he added, "excuse me, Miss Atherton, but I fear that coxcomb yonder has been following you. If so, only give me leave, and I'll make him rue it, the longest day he lives. The conceited, perfumed monkey," he added, bitterly. "Does he think his father's money gives him the right to insult females? I fancied, once before, that I saw him following Susan and you."

Dora was alarmed at his vehemence. She had long guessed, from Butler's manner, that he loved Susan; and she thought it best to soothe him; for she saw that personal jealousy would otherwise aid his class-hatred against young Mr. Thomaston.

"Oh! don't—for the world," she said, "take any notice of it. Perhaps I was mistaken. I'm from the country, you know, and easily flurried. Pray, pray, don't get into any foolish quarrel."

From that day Dora took more notice of the young painter, and often wondered that she had neglected him so long. Butler was an extraordinary person. He had been, as she learned from Mrs. Harper, with whom he was a great favorite, an orphan, who, from infancy, had never known a parent's care. How he passed the first ten years of his life no one knew but himself; for it was a subject on which he was studiously reserved: but he had endured every physical privation, and been entirely without mental or moral education. Originally, however, of a strong mind, which had become sharpened by necessity, he had gradually fought his way upward until he had become a house and sign-painter, the business which he now, as a journeyman, followed. Most of his evenings were spent at home in reading or drawing, for he was ambitious to acquire knowledge and to become a great artist. Occasionally, however, he went to a club, of which he was a prominent member, and where all the great political, social, and religious questions of the day, as they came up, were discussed.

Dora was much struck with his fine, intellectual face, as well as with its expression of energy and manliness. His forehead was square, massive, and full of character; while the overhanging brows gave the dark eyes unusual meaning. Altogether, in looking on Butler, Dora felt, unused as she was to studying physiognomy, that she beheld the fit tenement of as wild and rugged, yet powerful mind as God ever bestowed on a man. Education, as yet, had evidently done little for that great soul; but there it was, like a slumbering volcano; and woe to the world if, when it blazed forth in the maturity of its powers, it was not rightly controlled!

"It's strange," said Mrs. Harper, who though unable entirely to comprehend Butler, yet saw the discrepancy to which she was about to allude, "its strange that he loves Susan. Have you ever noticed how he watches every movement of hers? He seems to worship the very ground she treads on. Susan is a good girl enough, and pretty; but she's not the one for him. No—no."

"I think I can explain it," said Dora. "Susan is exceedingly graceful, and Mr. Butler has an artist's eye. He is attracted by her elegance, so different from what he usually sees."

But, notwithstanding this, Dora often wondered at the adoration which Butler displayed for Susan. Dora well knew the latter's faults, and especially her frivolous intellect. Between Susan and her lover there could be no real sympathy. However, in spite of his love, or rather perhaps in consequence of it, Butler rarely attempted to converse with his mistress; but watched her at a distance, like that Indian worshipper, to whom Helena compared herself, adoring the sun, content to look and reverence. On her part, Susan, though she saw her lover's devotion, neither permanently encouraged nor rebuked it; but by a

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system of coquetry, natural perhaps to her, now smiled and now frowned on him. In her secret heart she despised the humble station of her adorer, though she could not but see his great talents. She possibly intended to marry him, after awhile, if none of her romantic visions should be realized; but as she felt certain, foolish girl as she was, that some rich and handsome lover would yet present himself, she only, at present, amused herself with Butler for want of a better admirer.

Meantime this vain, giddy creature, who was thus selfishly speculating on as ardent an affection as was ever entertained, formed a part even of Butler's dreams of ambition. His most eager wish was to become—how he knew not as yet—a great artist, like Michael Angelo, or Raphael, or Rubens, or Titian, or Guido; but, in his visions of a bright career in the future, the form and face of Susan ever came, the one attired in the luxury befitting its graceful movements, the other lovelier than even now, and beaming with happy smiles for her artist husband. She was, indeed, his divinity. He reproduced her continually in his drawings; he took her part in every discussion, no matter what she had asserted; and a poem, which he published, full of rugged, Titanic power, addressed to an ideal spirit, was evidently intended for Susan.

The spring was now half spent. A month had elapsed since Dora had been dogged by young Mr. Thomaston. Not having met him when she had been out lately, she began to hope he had given up the pursuit of her: and, to assure herself, she asked Susan, one day, if she had seen him lately; for Susan had generally gone to the clothing store alone, and for both of them, and hence had been abroad the most.

The girl blushed, and was embarrassed, but Dora scarcely noticed this, though, at a later day, it recurred forcibly to her.

"I have seen him once or twice," said Susan, stammeringly: and then she started another subject. Neither of this did Dora take note, though she recollected it, subsequently, with sorrow.

At last, one Saturday, Dora stole a half day from her task, in order to take a walk into the country. The trees were leafing in the public squares; the air was balmy; and the sky flecked with white clouds on a clear azure: it was a day to fill the votary of rural life with irresistible longings for green fields and violet fringed brooks; and Dora resolved to steal away, for a few hours at least. She asked Susan to accompany her; but Susan wished to buy some ribands: and so Dora set out alone.

What a happy afternoon it was! A cheap, public conveyance carried Dora to the edge of the city, where she stopped awhile at a public promenade; and thence she extended her walk into the country. She passed up a hilly road, alongside of an old wood, and, entering the precincts of this bit of forest-land, hunted for the blood-root and anemone, till, emerging suddenly upon a piece of wild meadow land, she discovered a nest of the sweetest and finest violets that her eyes had ever beheld. With what delicious emotions she ran hither and thither, plucking the fragrant flowers, or paused to hear the cow-bells tinkling softly, while occasionally the bleating of sheep rose from a neighboring field. By-and-bye she wandered further on, and came to a patch of new-budding wheat: and oh! how intensely green it was, with its millions of young shoots. It seemed to her as if she could never be satisfied with gazing on that green field, she who had been so long blinded with sewing on dark cloth, or with the cheerless prospect of brick houses beheld from her window. And so, all that bright afternoon, she wandered on. Eve was not happier in Paradise, before she fell, than was Dora.

At last the declining sun warned her to return. She had overlooked, however, the distance she had come, and by the time she retraced her steps to where she found a conveyance, it was nearly dark. Long before the coach reached the heart of the city, night had fallen; and when, at last, she was set down, she had several squares yet to walk.

As the moon would rise about nine o'clock, none of the public lamps had been lit, and consequently the streets were unusually dark. Dora was so elated, however, that she never thought of danger, until she found herself suddenly opposite the clothing store, which lay directly in her route homeward. Then the idea of her persecutor flashed upon her. At that instant a young man, who had stood at the door, idly watching the passers, crossed the street with a quick step and followed Dora.

Our heroine knew at once that it was young Mr. Thomaston. Her heart leaped into her throat; her knees tottered; she thought she was about to fall: but summoning all her energies, she hurried on, hoping to shake off her tormentor.

A quick, elastic footstep, however, followed close after her; it drew nearer; it was at her side. She did not look around, or take any notice of it, except to quicken her pace, breathing hard and fast like a frightened deer.

"Allow me, miss," said a voice beside her, "to see you home."

The words were respectful enough, but the tone was conceited and insolent. The first impulse of Dora was to turn and strike the man; but she feared, on second thought, to do this, for no one else was in sight; and what might he not do? Fear followed this sudden courage, fear

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deeper than before: and her only reply was to increase her pace almost to a run.

"You shouldn't go so fast, miss," said her pertinacious insulter, keeping close at her side. "There's no harm meant you—I'll take care of that. Come," he added, after a pause, "don't coquet any longer. You're a handsome gal, by Jove, and you know it: and I'm ready to do any thing to prove that I adore you."

How insufferably disgusted, yet indignant Dora was at all this. Yet what could she do? To call for help was only to make a scene and give publicity to the insult. She hurried on, therefore, in silence, but kept her face turned from her companion.

"I say, my pretty bird, don't tire your little feet: its no use," resumed her tormentor, "for I'll stick by you whether you go fast or slow. You're not in earnest surely, in seeking to avoid me. By Jove, miss, I can make it a thousand times more to your advantage to love me, than to keep on working for the governor——"

He would have said more, but, at this insult of insults, Dora's indignation blazed to a height that extinguished all fear. Stopping suddenly, and facing around at her persecutor, she said, while her form seemed positively to dilate before his astonished eyes.

"Leave me, sir, this instant. How dare you speak to me?"

For an instant the young libertine gazed stupified upon her: then, noticing that no one was near, he seemed to collect his faculties again. He gave a low significant whistle.

"By Jove," he said, "you're sublime—positively sublime. Gad, I love you better than ever. Come, miss—you act splendidly—but let's lay off the tragedy-queen and speak in earnest."

And, with insufferable self-conceit, for he really seemed to think Dora was acting, he offered her his arm.

This last indignity was too much for Dora. In all her visions of the hardships of a poor and unprotected young female in a great city, the possibility of being thus persecuted, by infamous addresses, had never entered her mind. She felt degraded immeasurably, and almost loathed herself. This, and the utter helplessness of her situation broke down her courage; and she burst into tears, hurrying forward again.

Her repulsion toward her tormentor was now too plain for him to mistake. But anger came to his aid when his self-assurance failed; and though he hesitated for a moment, he finally, with a secret oath, followed Dora. At first he threatened, but soon he began to plead, and, as no reply was made to him but sobs, he became enraged once more, and again used threats. She should lose her employment, he said; she should rue her coquetry, for he still persisted in calling it such; she had some low fellow of a mechanic, he said, with an oath, whom she liked, he supposed, and he would teach the lout not to come between him and his betters.

At last Dora reached Mrs. Harper's. Eagerly she rang the bell, and, half dead with shame, affright and indignation, leaned her tottering limbs against the lintel. Not a word had passed her lips since she had faced her tormentor, for that brief moment; and now, as he saw his prey about to escape him, rage overcame every other feeling in the base young libertine's heart.

"By G—," he said to himself, "she shall not escape me so. I'll have a kiss, at least, to punish her for her insolence. She'll not dare to make a fuss publicly about it." He was a coward, a pitiful coward even then. "I'll not be foiled for nothing." And, with the words, he suddenly seized Dora by one arm, and wheeled her, little expecting so gross an assault, directly around, facing him.

Bewildered and weak, yet with all her dignity aroused, Dora pushed him from her, by a violent effort, in which she had concentrated all her strength. At the same instant the door opened, and Mrs. Harper appeared, bearing a light.

Like a frightened fawn Dora darted forward, rushing past Mrs. Harper, who stood, for a moment, holding the door open, unable to comprehend the scene.

It was a moment, too, before the discomfited libertine could understand this sudden turn of affairs. His first impulse, after being thrust away by Dora, was to return to the attack; and he actually advanced as far as the threshold for that purpose; but here the form of Mrs. Harper, who now saw the whole mystery, interposed.

The good landlady, as we have seen, had a tongue that never spared wrong; and her blood was now all on fire. She thrust her candle in the young man's face, till he started back affrighted.

"You impudent rascal, what are you doing here?" she said. "You call yourself a gentleman, and yet insult young ladies because they happen to be poor. Get away, this instant, or I'll have you soundly whipped, for there are men inside, who, though they don't wear as fine a coat as you, have the hearts of real gentlemen, and would, if they knew you had followed this young lady home, beat every bone of your body into a jelly. Yes, you may well skulk away," she said, raising her voice, as the baffled coxcomb sneaked off, "I wish I had a dog to set on you, for you're worse than a common thief. If it wasn't for involving the young lady's name with such a dirty one as your own, I'd call the police and hand you over to justice——"

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But here Dora, who had stood, half fainting, behind Mrs. Harper, recovered her senses in part, and came forward.

"For mercy's sake," she said, putting her hand on the angry woman's mouth, "don't raise the neighbors, dear Mrs. Harper. Oh! I wouldn't have my name," she continued, bursting into tears, "mixed up in this terrible affair for the world."

By this time the aggressor, hastening his pace, for he began to be seriously alarmed for the consequences of his late conduct, had passed almost out of hearing; and Mrs. Harper allowed herself to be drawn back into the hall, and the door to be closed. This had scarcely been done when the boarders, who had been assembled in the common parlor, began to flock out, attracted by the noise. Dora, however, did not stop to be questioned, but whispering into Mrs. Harper's ear not to explain, darted by the curious crowd and hurried up to her own apartment, where she sank on the bed in a fit of hysterical weeping.

Mrs. Harper, though indignation had carried her away so entirely, at seeing her favorite insulted, immediately recovered her presence of mind, and to the score of questions addressed to her as to what was the matter, answered curtly, "oh, nothing to make such an inquiry about—perhaps it was a drunken man, perhaps not—there's been noise enough already—and now, as supper's waited this half hour, we'll have it if you please."

Dora's secret was, therefore, religiously kept: not even Susan acquiring it, though she made several indirect efforts.

After that evening Dora went no more to the clothing store. At first she expected that work would be supplied to her no longer; but in this she was mistaken; Susan, who always went alone, invariably brought back something for our heroine as well as for herself. Dora frequently remarked that, on these visits, Susan was absent longer than she need be; but this awakened no suspicion; indeed, why should it? Alas! in subsequent times this, with other pregnant facts, was re-called, but too late.

Meantime weeks passed. One evening, late in May, when the rain beat against the house, and the wind howled down the streets, the landlady, Dora, Susan and Butler found themselves sitting around the stove, in the public parlor, after the rest of the household had retired to bed. Butler had just came in from his debating society, and was drying his wet feet at the fire. He was moody and abstracted. The landlady undertook to soothe him.

"You are dull, to-night," she said.

Butler looked up, with a start. Her words dissipated his fit of abstraction.

"I was thinking," he said, "of the wrongs of we operatives. The great question of social re-organization was discussed to-night, and it has left me in a whirl of emotions both inexplicable and painful."

The landlady smiled, shaking her head.

"Take care," she said, "that you are not meddling with subjects too deep for you."

"Too deep for us," said Butler, with startling vehemence, rising. "Can wrong be too deep for remedy? You profess to be a Christian, Mrs. Harper, yet hint that God sends us evils which we cannot overcome."

"And you, James," said the old lady, sadly, "believe not, I fear, in God."

It was the first time that Dora had heard this intimated of Butler, and she looked at him with something of a shudder. She could scarcely believe that the massive forehead, so like solid granite, the intelligent eye, and the fine expression of the manly, though rugged face could belong to an infidel. Yet she knew enough of his early history, how he had never had any one to teach him the truths of Christianity, partly to understand this mystery. She pitied, therefore, rather than censured him; for she felt that, in spite of his irreligion, he had the elements of a noble character: it was a temple in ruins, but a temple still.

"And why should I believe, ma'am?" he replied, shaking back his shaggy hair, as a lion would when rousing himself from his lair. "When I look around me and behold the misery in which three-fourths of the world lie; when I see some men born to ease and opulence, and others, no worse, to suffering and poverty; when I mark how this bright and beautiful earth is filled with pain, woe and death; and when I find that civilization, ay! and Christianity itself, instead of remedying these natural evils, increases them by a defective social organization, can I, even if I would, believe in a God?—for a God, to be just, beneficent, or even wise, would not permit these evils, when a single word from his Omnipotent voice would destroy them forever."

There was an eloquence and sincerity in this impiety which profoundly interested Dora. Yet not for one moment, was she affected by the sophistry of the speaker: her clear mind, aided by the teachings of her father, had long ago resolved these questions; and she looked on this fervid, earnest soul with deep commisseration.

"You make me shudder, James," said the landlady. "I pray God to enlighten your heart. I can't answer you, but my faith tells me you are wrong."

Butler, who had been pacing the floor, stopped before the speaker.

"I believe you to be sincere, and I know you

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to be good," he said, "but, if there is a God, why does he suffer all this evil? Why was I, with the aspirations of a Michael Angelo, born in this narrow sphere, and forced to drudge for my livelihood, when I ought to be devoting all my time to that study which is necessary to make me a true artist? Why was Susan, who is as elegant as the wealthiest of her sex, doomed to toil with the needle, and, perhaps, unless fortune interposes, die of a consumption, the fruits of stooping at her work? Why was Miss Atherton?"

A sudden impulse came over Dora to answer this great, but misguided soul, to answer him, at least, as she had heard her father answer similar infidelity. It was, as it were, an inspiration. She forgot she was but a simple maiden, and only remembered the glorious truths which she had been taught in childhood. "Oh," she thought, "if I could, under God, make this man a Christian!"

She looked up with a heightened color and interrupted him; her voice at first a little tremulous, but gradually gaining strength as it proceeded.

"It seems to me, Mr. Butler," she said, "that you misapprehend the question. If there was no world beyond this, and to 'eat, drink and be merry' was the all in all of a created being, then God might be expected to be such as you think he should be, and pain, woe and death be unknown. But this is not the teaching of Christianity. The Bible tells us that man is an immortal soul, and that his existence here is but probationary. If so, all these trials, in which you think there is so much injustice, are but the discipline to prepare us for a better and eternal life. The oak attains its full majesty and vigor, not in summer weather alone, but amid the snows and storms of winter; and so the sorrows and temptations of this temporary existence educate us for the loftier career of eternity. Even, in this world, they who have never seen trials, are comparatively weak and characterless; it is those only who have fought and conquered who are truly great."

She had spoken, toward the close, rapidly and enthusiastically. Butler stood astounded at such words from a female, and one so young; while the landlady and Susan were silent with amazement.

"You are eloquent," said Butler, thoughtfully, after a pause. "But," and he smiled, "is it not an illusion? Even if Christianity, as you say, is intended to prepare men for another world rather than to make them happy here, still, if it was a true religion, it would necessarily elevate, refine, and spiritualize them, more or less, even here. Does it do this? Has it ever done it? Are men better, now, than they were a hundred years ago? Is society better than it was under Pagan Rome? Do not even your professing Christians cheat, lie, traduce, and oppress each other? Do not the rich tread down the poor as much, in this Christian land, as in countries where Brahma is worshipped, or Confucius followed? Your religion, with its pretended heavenly origin, has now been at work for eighteen hundred years; and what has it effected? The many are still hewers of wood and drawers of water to the few; luxury is as great, crime as prevalent, poverty as grinding as ever! Things grow worse, too, instead of better. Look at England, where every eighth man is a beggar, and where only every twelfth man was, a century ago: is that what your boasted Christianity does? I tell you, Miss Atherton, there is no help for society, no hope for the poor, but in a reconstruction of the social fabric: in association, in fraternity. The gospel of the people is the gospel for me."

At this impetuous outburst, Mrs. Harper, who felt the truth of parts of it, and felt also her own inability to answer what there was of error in it, looked with alarm on Dora. As for Susan, the conversation had passed entirely out of her range of thought, and she gazed at Butler and Dora, by turns, in open-eyed wonder.

But Dora, after a moment, replied quickly,

"What is this gospel of the people," she said, "of which you speak? What does it mean?"

"It means," answered Butler, his eye kindling triumphantly, "the doctrine of humanity, of a common brotherhood, of equal laws, of social regeneration."

"It is, in other words, so far as its earthly aims are involved, but a bad copy of the gospel of Christ."

Butler gave an incredulous sneer.

"You discredit it. But have you studied the New Testament? Do you know what the gospel of Jesus of Nazareth was?" And, as she spoke, her cheek lighted up with emotion. "If ever there was a gospel for the people, believe me, His was it. If ever there was a friend of the poor, He, who was called 'the man of sorrows,' was emphatically that friend. Where, in the range of history, can you find another reformer, who so systematically and perseveringly denounced the abuse of riches? Which of all your infidel philosophers has united, as He did, the practice of poverty to the preaching of our common brotherhood? Unlike even the birds of the air or the beasts of the field, He knew not where to lay his head. To the impoverished He brought patience, to the suffering hope; while the criminal found pardon and words of encouragement at his hand. Who consorted, more steadfastly, with publicans and sinners? Who, in the very high places of Jerusalem, dared to stigmatize, as He did, the usurers and others who 'devoured widow's houses' and pilfered the orphan's

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mite? Find me a man, who before His day, taught, so boldly, the great doctrine of the brotherhood of our race; or one, since His day, who, in enforcing that doctrine, has added any new arguments in its favor; and I may possibly believe that this carpenter's son was, perhaps, only a mere man after all. But you cannot point out such a person. Your gospel, of the people, where it has aught of truth in it, is but a copy of the gospel of Christ: and wherever it differs from that creed, it plunges into error."

She had spoken so rapidly and enthusiastically, with such a beaming eye and rapt look, that she appeared almost like one inspired. It was some moments before Butler replied. In fact he was, for the time, overpowered by her fertile illustrations and fervid eloquence.

"You place the subject in a new light," said he, at last. "I confess, with shame, that I know less of the New Testament than I should: but, I believe, you have quoted its great doctrines aright: though, until you arrayed them thus before me, I had never seen them in that aspect. You say, however, that, in whatever my social philosophy differs from the gospel of Christ, it is in the wrong. How can you make that out?"

"Easily," answered Dora. "Is not the principle of association a prominent feature of your gospel of the people?"

"It is."

"And in that feature your philosophy differs from the true gospel, which, instead of inculcating the associative principle, enforces its very opposite. It is a fatal vice of your system that it holds out to mankind the hope that, by a rearrangement of the social fabric, he may escape undue toil, if not sorrow; and association is the talisman which you offer to work this cure. The gospel of Christ, on the contrary, tells every man that, in himself only, lies the remedy; for it teaches the doctrine of individual effort and personal responsibility. Your gospel asserts that the way to make the individual happy is to reconstruct the community aright: the gospel of Christ inculcates the opposite, and holds that the method to render the community perfect is to raise the man toward perfection. Which of the two doctrines is sustained by the analogy of Nature? Do the fibres make the oak, or the oak make the fibres? All created things, from the mountain to the pebble, from the ocean to the rain-drop, are made perfect by the perfection of the atoms of which they are aggregated. The laws which govern the moral world, cannot differ, in this respect, from those which control the physical. To make the social system perfect, therefore, we must begin with the individual. Let each person do his or her duty and the world is reformed at once. When every member of the commonwealth becomes a Christian, the state, in all its relations, will be Christian likewise: wrong, of every kind, will disappear; the rich will no more oppress the poor; the poor will cease to envy the rich; jails will be useless; unjust laws will be repealed; and exorbitant wealth will cease, because, under such a condition of society, no citizen will consent to roll in wealth, while a brother descendant of Adam suffers for the comforts of life. This is what the gospel of Christ will do, in time: and the means of regeneration, as you see, are logical and plain. Can your gospel of the people do as much? Can you, even in theory, show how it can do half of this?"

She paused, excited, and triumphant. Never before had ever she felt so forcibly the immeasurable superiority of Christianity, even as a code of human philosophy, to all other codes. Butler stood, leaning against the mantel-piece, in deep thought.

"I cannot answer you," he said, finally, with the frankness characteristic of him. "But still I am not quite convinced. All this bewilders me, and I must take time to study, to examine for myself, to reflect; for, to speak truth," he added, with a sad smile, "your earnestness and eloquence are such as to make me mistrust myself."

Dora remained silent, for a moment, and then resumed,

"You said, awhile ago," were her words, "that, if Christianity was a true religion, it would spiritualize men, more or less, even on earth. And does it not? A great proof, to my mind, of the heavenly origin of Christianity, is its elevating influence, not only now, but in all past ages, as compared with human philosophies or false creeds. The entire scope of your social philosophy is contracted to the mere animal instincts of this life, for it seeks to solve no problem beyond that of 'how we shall eat, and where withal we shall be clothed?' Do you not see, that, even as regards this life, such a creed must have a brutalizing and selfish influence? How much nobler is the mission of Christianity! The happiness of man, in this world, bountifully as it provides for that, is but its incidental aim: its grand purpose is to fit him for an immortal existence, and one infinitely loftier than this, as both reason and revelation tell. Yet, as regards merely this temporal life, the gospel of Christ, because of this eternal character of its mission, is immeasurably more spiritualizing than your gospel of the people, which has nothing in it that might not as well apply to 'the beasts that perish' as to man. Believe me, Mr. Butler, I feel, as acutely as you can, the fleshly hardships of an operative's lot; but I find, which you

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do not, a sweet balm for them in Christianity: a balm that, in its personal influence on myself, reconciles me almost to them as a part of the discipline of life; a balm, that if all men would take it to their hearts, would regenerate society entirely and banish all that is really hard in the operative's lot, by more completely equalizing the gifts of fortune."

Mrs. Harper's amazement, at hearing Dora thus silence Butler, whose infidel philosophy had so often silenced her, Christian as she was, had gone on increasing, until now she clasped the speaker's hand, drew it to her lips, and kissed it fervently.

Butler also was deeply moved. He approached Dora, and standing respectfully before her, said, with enthusiasm,

"You remind me of a saint. You must let me paint you, as one, when I come to be an artist. If all, who call themselves Christians, acted out, in their lives, the gospel as you explain it, there would soon be nothing of infidelity left."

Dora colored, with embarrassment, at these encomiums.

"You must not speak to me, in this way," she said, earnestly. "What I have said, I learned from my father, who used often to talk of these things. He was accustomed to remark that Christianity was misunderstood, even by some of its sincerest advocates: and that it consisted less in forms than in 'doing unto others as you would be done unto.' He often expressed his wonder that men should lament the apparently incurable evils of the social fabric, when, in the gospel of Christ, rightly understood, was to be found a remedy for them all. He firmly believed that, in time, the efficacy of this remedy would be acknowledged; and that all men would become Christians, not in name only, but in reality: and he used to say that the prophets, in foretelling the Millenium, had given us glorious assurance of that blissful era."

Dora now rose, as if to retire; but Butler intercepted her, for a moment.

"A single word," he said, "before you go. You spoke of the spiritualizing and elevating influence of Christianity: how do you reconcile that with the cowardly fear of hell-tortures which it teaches?"

"A true Christian, my father used to say," replied Dora, modestly refering to another's authority, "looks up to God as to a father; and is sensible of love to such an extent that he has no room for fear. The believer can never be a coward. But the strongest of us experience moments when our self-reliance fails, and when, but for the assistance we find in leaning on him, we should give weakly up. Oh! believe me, I have often, especially since I came to this city, felt thus. The gospel of Christ offers to us a precious comforter and friend, to be with us in the trials of life and lead us through the dark valley. Thank God therefor!"

She spoke these words, with uplifted eyes and a countenance glowing with holy gratitude; while Mrs. Harper, deeply affected, answered with an audible "amen!"

Butler respectfully opened the door for her.

"I admire your faith," he said, "there is something beautiful, and even captivating in it: but it is the point in which, of all you have uttered, I feel the least sympathy. For myself," he continued, proudly, drawing himself up to his full height, "I am equal to my destiny, be it good or bad; and shall meet it, I trust, like a man. I have never, even in the darkest hours of my life, felt the necessity of which you speak; I am sufficient for myself."

Dora gazed at him sadly, but made no reply: but her soul, within her, mournfully whispered, "Lucifer, Lucifer, thy pride was thy ruin."

Mrs. Harper, however, spoke.

"James," she said, "I would pray God that you might never have a great trouble, but that, without it, I fear you will always be an unbeliever. Oh! what a woe it will require to break that haughty spirit."

Having pronounced these words, to which Butler made no reply, they separated for the night.

With truth had Dora spoken, in this conversation, of the support which religion had been to her since her orphanage. Often and often, indeed, she would have become the prey to despair, but for the consolation which she had found in laying her griefs at the feet of her Creator. At such moments, after an agony of supplication, it would sometimes seem to her as if her father's spirit, commissioned from on high, came down, unseen, to cheer and sustain her.

Occasionally thoughts of Paul visited her as she sat solitary at her work. She had often wondered that, though in the same city, she had never seen him; for she had yet to learn how easy it is to be lost in a great town. Not that she supposed, any longer, that Paul loved her; for she persuaded herself that, if he had not deserted her, he could have discovered her retreat long before: but she wished to see him, to ascertain whether he would not, with all his riches, shrink from her presence, self-convicted.

Fortune, at last, brought them together, though only for a moment. Dora had some business, which led her by one of the public quays; and, as she passed, the passengers of a ship, about to sail for Europe, were arriving. Suddenly a carriage drove up from which Paul descended. The press of people momentarily held Dora fast, and

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she remained within touch of her lover, for a full minute.

She noticed that he looked pale and languid, as if he had been severely ill; and, in spite of her indignation toward him, her heart smote her. Once, under the influence of this emotion, she was on the point of pulling at his sleeve; but pride prevented her: and, the instant after, Paul moved onward without having seen her, stepped into a boat which waited for him, and was pulled out toward the packet.

The crowd pushed Dora, meanwhile, away from the spot. The incident had quite unnerved her. She reproached herself now for not having spoken to Paul, and so rendered plain the cause of his desertion, which had ever been mysterious. She would, at that moment, have given worlds to have re-called him.

"Why should he have been ill?" she said, "if he wantonly deserted me. Perhaps I have done him injustice. But alas! alas! it is too late now for regrets." And her tears flowed fast.

Yes! it was too late. A touch, a word, the recognition of her face, would have kept Paul in America; and have spared her from untold woes. Alas! and alas!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SIR OMAR.

BY J. B. CONE.

SIR OMAR rode from his castle gate,
At the head of a garish throng;
And prancing steeds with step elate,
Moved joyfully along.

Stern warriors passed the keep and moat,
With mien of birth and pride;
And sables o'er their foreheads float,
Like shadows o'er the tide.

Sir Omar rode a coal black steed,
Housed in well-wrought mail;
That erst had roved the grassy mead,
As wild as mountain gale.

Sir Omar left his feudal halls,
To bear the sword and lance;
And many a foe fell 'neath his arm
On the battle-fields of France.

Why flashes in the warrior's eye
Such fire of lurid light?
Why on his brow such shadows lie,
As dark as deepest night?

He's thinking of his lonely halls,
Where hang the sword and lance;
He's thinking of his lonely halls,
Whose heir's a foe of France!

The boy that nestled in his breast,
And playfully grasped his sword,
Has donned the foeman's recr'ant crest,
And leads a war-like horde.

Bravely fought the cavaliers
For lady-loves and France;
Crimsoned were the sword and spears,
And sheered the pointed lance.

Omar, with a blood-stained brow,
Knelt by a lifeless form;
And Omar's breath came deep and slow,
Like gatherings of a storm!

Then Omar, with a darker mien,
Rode back to his feudal hall;
And e'er upon his brow was seen
A blackness like a pall.

No more met the festal board
At Ula, on the Rhine;
And minstrel's song was no more heard
In praise of love and wine.

STANZAS.

BY FRANK WALTERS.

I SAW thee, had thy heart grown cold—
Thy eye's unrest like dove of old,
Proclaimed how deep within thy heart
Love's presence held a sacred part.

I marked how every haunt had power,
The twilight dew at evening hour—
Luna in all her grandeur rose—
Yet pondered thou o'er secret woes.

The Summer birds, the Summer flowers
Spoke all too well of brighter hours,
And days lang syne, or shadowed bloom
Finds in thy heart a treasured tomb.

I saw thee—but thou knew it not
How all unmasked—was I forget—
Years may come o'er, and after-time
Shall ne'er efface Love's genial prime.

There are who laugh and gaily sing,
Whose hopes seem poised on golden wing,
Would hail the meanest lot e'er rose—
'T would bring them what they seek—repose.

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THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

BY MRS. JAMES WHITTLE.

"What did my aunt mean, when she said to you this morning that my education would never be finished? Surely, mamma, I am not always to remain at school. I am sure I often wish the time were come, when, instead of having to leave you at the end of every holiday, I could always stay with you, dear mamma, and wait on you, and nurse you, and try to amuse you, when you look so sad, and so weary; and sometimes it seems to me that I learn more in listening to you, and hearing you read to me, than I do from all the regular lessons I learn during the whole half year. Do you know, mamma, I remember everything you tell me, while all that I learn by heart, to say to Miss Brewster, is forgotten in a minute. When shall I leave school, and be always with you?"

The little girl, as she asked this question, looked eagerly into her mother's face, and saw that large tears were rolling down her cheeks. Fearful lest she had been the cause, she threw her little arms round her neck, and kissed her again and again. The mother raised her languid head from her pillow, as she replied, "Fanny, sit down beside me, on the sofa, and let me tell you what your aunt and I mean, when we say that your education will never be finished. While we live, we may still learn something, and the school in which you at present study is only the first class in that wider school, the world, in which, by-and-bye, you will have to take your place—in which I, Fanny, am a scholar."

"You, mamma, a scholar? Why, you are a woman—a wise, grown-up woman. You have no lessons to learn, no tasks to repeat, no punishments to bear, no——"

"Stay, Fanny, I have all these. I have many lessons to learn daily, many tasks to perform, many punishments to endure. Do you think that I lie here on this sofa, day after day, and month after month, without learning anything?"

"Oh, no, mamma! You are always reading large, wise books."

"Yes, my dear child; but it is not always from books that we learn lessons in the great school I told you of. Life is bestowed upon us by God; that great and good Being, who creates nothing in vain, had some wise purpose in breathing into each of us the breath of life; it is for us to find out what particular task God has apportioned to us; to learn what this is, is the important lesson which must be studied in the great school of life."

"But, mamma," said Fanny, after a longer pause than was usual with her, "how can a little girl hope to find out what God intends her to do? God cannot care whether my lessons are said well or not; what can I do, that can please God, or show Him that I am wishing to find out what He intends me to do?"

"You can do what you know to be right in the school in which you are for the present placed; you can learn to be obedient to those who are older and wiser than yourself; you can be kind and affectionate to your schoolfellows, willing to give up your own will to theirs; you can be careful not to resent any unkind word which may be said to you; you may help those who are weaker than yourself; you may comfort any who are unhappy; and if, amongst your playfellows, one has done a wrong action, you may, perhaps, by kindly pointing out to her the harm she has done, induce her to strive in future to avoid all sin. These duties, my little girl, belong to your position as a schoolfellow; and the same duties, rightly and faithfully discharged, make good men and women, good servants and good masters, good parents and good friends, good statesmen and good kings. Greater duty there is none, whether in you, as a little child, or in the queen upon her throne, than that you should do unto others what you would wish others to do unto you. And this, Fanny, is *one* of the lessons that we all have to learn in the great school of life. Another, and far more difficult one, is that of bending our wishes to the will of our Father in heaven. You, who are happy and gay, to whom sorrow seems a thing still far distant, a sort of awful stranger, who may one day come into your home, but who is as yet unknown to you, may think it an easy thing to say these words, which daily you repeat: 'Thy will be done;' but, Fanny, dear, it needs a brave heart, and a firm trust in God, to say that little sentence when sorrow really comes; when death first enters our home, and takes away the little girl from her mamma, or perhaps the mother from her child; then it is that we must learn the hard task of *submission;* and many are the tears that are shed ere that difficult lesson be learned. Or it may be that sickness comes, as it has come

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to me, Fanny, binding me like a prisoner, with fetters of pain, to one spot; depriving me of all my former pleasures, and rendering me useless to others. To bear the pain that never leaves me, to lie here, and never again go forth into the fields with you, and show you the glorious works of God, there set before us—to do this, and be patient and content, and able to say, 'Thy will be done,' is not an easy thing; and this, Fanny, is the lesson I study daily."

The little maiden's eyes were full of tears; she knelt beside the couch, hid her face in her mother's bosom, and was silent. Then looking up, a smile brightened her sweet face, as she said, "and yet, mamma, you are happy; no one smiles as you do, no one looks more cheerful;" then, after a minute's pause, she added, "ah! mamma, I see it all now; you have learned *your* lessons *well*, and as I am never unhappy when I do and say all my governess requires from me, so you are happy, because you have learned to do and say all that God requires of you."

The mother smiled, and said, "not *all*, my child;" but her heart was glad that Fanny had thus learned one of the lessons of Life's Great School.

LINES TO AN ONLY BROTHER.

BY MRS. S. S. SMITH.

While the silent shades of evening,
Fold their curtains round the sky;
And the pale moon, softly beaming,
Hangs her silver lamp on high—
'Tis the hour I love to wander,
'Neath the pale moon's pensive ray—
And on by-gone moments ponder;
Musing on the friends away.
Those whose love hath ne'er grown weary,
Those whose kindness knows no change—
While some have made life's paths more dreary,
With chilling looks and hearts estranged!

There was one, who parting gave me,
This little braid of golden hair;
Whose pale high forehead gleams before me,
Traced with many a line of care—
Long weary years, I scarce can remember,
Have passed away since last we met—
Some have gone down to their last slumber,
Whose cheeks that warm, with tears were wet!
Life's dearest joys, with thee departed!
A shadow o'er my pathway came;
I miss'd the strong, and noble-hearted,
Whose lips ne'er uttered words of blame.

Rear'd 'mid the solitudes of Nature,
Our lives were peaceful as our dreams!
We learn'd to worship the Creator;
Beside her sylvan founts and streams.
Amid her silent glens we wandered,
In curious contemplative mood—
And questions of grave import pondered,
While seeking berries in the wood,
The Orient's sheen, the Summer blossom,
The sheep that lay among the hills;
The golden sunset clouds, whose bosom
Heaven's loveliest Iris hues distils;
And the blithe song of gay birds singing,
Amid the orchard and the grove;
In sweet harmonious concert ringing
Attuned our hearts to praise and love!
We watch'd the stars peep from their places,
And questioned of their mystic source—
These early dreams have left their traces,
As streams oft shape the river's course;
So they have shaped our future being,
Lone dwellers we have been apart!
Feeling the glance of the All-seeing,
Ever upon our inmost heart.

Time, that ever will be stealing,
The loveliest blooms of earth away,
Hath changed us both, yet more in feeling,
Since last we met in life's young day!
Yet brother, still thy memory lingers
On my heart's tablets, lone and bright—
Time, with its cold effacing fingers,
Hath spared that page of golden light!
Thee I adjure—by many a token
Of love that crown'd our childhood's years;
By all the treasured words then spoken,
Embalm'd in mem'ry's urn of tears.

Come to thy home! Tho' sad and lonely
May seem the old forsaken nest!
Yet brother, might I clasp thee, only
One moment, to my yearning breast;
And shed with thee the tear of sorrow,
Upon the household's graves that lie
Half hidden by the spreading yarrow;
And funeral flowers that fade and die—
Then would I fold my robe about me,
And with much sufferance lay my head
Where the tall grass and spreading yarrow
Will blossom ever my lowly bed.

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EDITORS' TABLE.

CHIT-CHAT WITH READERS.

A Bride's Letter in 1610.—The following letter, written more than two centuries ago, is quite a curiosity. It is a spirited composition, and proves that the fair bride, having brought "a great estate" to her husband. was not disposed to be put off with a mean allowance; but, on the contrary, was determined to "brave it" with the most stately. She appears to have had a surplus of vanity, indeed; and to have liked, more than her sex generally, to make a display. This termagant bride was the daughter of Sir John Spencer, a wealthy alderman of the city of London, and the bridegroom was the first Earl of Northampton of the present family. The lady had lived in the stately apartments of Crosby Hall, which still remains a noble monument of English domestic architecture of the reign of Henry VII., and in Canonbury House at Islington, in a small apartment of which, when let out into lodgings, a century and a half later, was composed the "Vicar of Wakefield"—the most touching tale of domestic happiness and sorrow which English literature, rich in productions of that character, has as yet produced.

"Alsoe, I will have 3 horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrowe; none lend but I, none borrowe but you. Alsoe, I would have two gentlewomen, least one should be sicke, or have some other lett. Alsoe, beleeve yt, it is an undecent thinge for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a greate estate. Alsoe, when I ride a huntinge, or a hawkinge, or travayle from one howse to another, I will have them attendinge; soe for either of those said woemen I must and will have for either of them a horse. Alsoe, I will have 6 or 8 gentlemen; and I will have my twoe coaches, one lyned with velvett to myselfe, with 4 very fayre horses, and a coache for my women, lyned with sweete cloth, one laced with gold, the other with scarlett, and laced with watched lace and silver, with 4 good horses. Alsoe, I will have twoe coachmen, one for my own coache, the other for my woemen. Alsoe, att any tyme when I travayle, I will be allowed not only carroches, and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carryadgs, as shall be fittinge for me; all orderly not pestringe my things with my woemen's, nor theirs with either chambermaid's, or theirs with nursemaids. Alsoe, for laundresses, when I travayle, I will have them sent away before with the carryadgs, to see all safe: and the chambermayds I will have goe before with the groomes, that a chamber may be ready sweete and cleane. Alsoe, for that yt is undecent to crowd upp myself with my gentl. usher in my coache, I will have him to have a convenyent horse to attend me either in city or country. And I must have 2 footmen. And my desire is that you defray all the charges for me.

Elizabeth Compton."

The Earl, it is proper to add, reaped little comfort from his wife and less from her immense fortune. Her name and the Canonbury estates are still preserved in their lineal descendant, the present *Spencer* Compton, Marquis of Northampton.

The First of April.—The month of April received its name from the Romans, who called it *Aprilis*, from *aperio*, to open, because it was the season when things *opened*. The Dutch and Germans call it *Gras* month. From a very early age, the first day of the month has been set apart to practical joking; and hence has been called All-Fool's Day. The victim of the trick is called here, and in England, an April Fool; and in France *un poisson d'Avril*, an April fish. In Scotland he is called a gowk, or foolish person after the cuckoo. Even in Hindostan, we find this festival observed, though there it is kept on the thirty-first of March, and is called the Huli Festival. On All-Fool's Day street passengers must be on the look-out for mischievous boys, who cry to gentlemen that they have lost their pocket-books, or to ladies that they have dropped their handkerchiefs; and, if attention is paid to the warning, shout "April Fool" and burst into laughter. In Havana it is a common practice, on this day, to serve up eggs, which have been perforated, the contents extracted, and water substituted: the whole being done so neatly as to defy detection. Pretended sweetmeats or other counterfeit delicacies are offered to guests in a similar way. We know a young lady, in New England, who once, on All-Fool's Day, treated the family to a dessert of pancakes, which, served in a peculiar sauce, were general favorites: but the pancakes were principally of cayenne pepper. We do not tell this, however, to put our fair readers up to a similar bit of mischief.

Husbands and Wives.—The author of the little sketch, "Gloves and Cigars," has reminded us, by her story, that the "Lords of Creation" frequently exact sacrifices from wives which they would be loath to make themselves. It is not only in the matter of cigars that husbands indulge themselves; but in a score of other things: yet they make wry faces, even when they do not complain, if a wife spends half as much on ribbons, capes, or other things which they consider unnecessary when the money has to be advanced to pay for them, but which, if they saw their wives without, they would speedily learn to estimate at a truer value. We are no friends to extravagance; but we think self-denial should be practised by one sex as well as the other. Too many husbands divide the little luxuries of life with their wives, on the principle of the old fisherman: "A shad for me and a herring for you, a herring for you and a shad for me."

Our Fashion Plates.—We claim for this Magazine a superiority, in the department of fashion, over all others: and, we believe, this superiority will be admitted by all who may make a comparison. Last month this was the only Magazine which contained a fashion-plate at all. We promised, in our Pros-

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pectus, a plate each month, and we shall keep that promise. For the present month we give a plate containing two figures, adapted to different sections of the country: the first to the North, where comparatively cold weather still lingers, the second to the South, where already summer almost blooms. Our letter-press description, moreover, contains the entire novelties of Paris, London, New York and Philadelphia, for the month of April 1851.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

History of the United States. By R. Hildreth. Second Series. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This volume embraces the narrative of events, from the adoption of the federal constitution, to the end of President Washington's second term. It is written in the perspicuous style of the former volumes, and with a similar rigid impartiality, and accuracy as to facts. Those who desire a clear and succinct record of the annals of our country, and are indifferent to the graces of style, or the pretensions of philosophic narrative, will find, in Mr. Hildreth's volumes, exactly what they wish; but those who desire a work of more pretension, though not perhaps of greater real merit, must wait until Bancroft concludes his history, or some American Macaulay appears. The scholar, the statesman, or the author will, however, possess himself of this work, as indispensable to his library, whether he prefers Bancroft or not. A very large class will even choose Hildreth first, because of his terse and simple style of narrative; for there are many, and good critics among them, who regard attempts to write history brilliantly as a proof of meretricious taste. The publishers have issued this volume, like its predecessors, in a very handsome manner. We should wish, however, to see standard works, similar to this, bound in calf, or half morocco, instead of in muslin, the latter being of too flimsy a character for use.

Mississippi Scenes. By James S. Cobb. 1 vol. Philada: A. Hart.—Mr. Cobb is one of those authors of whom America may be proud, for he not only enjoys rare abilities, but draws on nature, not on books, for his materials, and so paints life *as it is.* The present volume is a series of sketches descriptive of manners in the South West. All classes are embraced in Mr. Cobb's graphic sketches: the wealthy planter, the plantation slave, the fashionable of the town, the rude loafer of some rural district. The author is a gentleman of education, and writes with a polished pen. We are proud to rank him among our contributors; and many of our readers will remember him, we doubt not, as the author of "The Maid of Melas," a thrilling story published, in this Magazine, in 1848.

Jane Bouverie. By Catharine Sinclair. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—An excellent novel, printed in good style, and neatly bound in embossed muslin. We are glad to see our publishers returning to type that does not injure the eyes, and to bound books that can be read without danger of becoming dog-eared.

Parnassus in Pillory. By Motley Manners. 1 vol. New York: Adriance & Co.—This is a poetical satire on the leading American poets, and on many who are by no means eminent. We think we recognize the author as a gentleman of taste and ability; but as he has chosen to assume a masquerade, we shall not betray his secret. He has no reason, however, to be ashamed of the style in which he has executed his task of castigation, though many perhaps, and the sufferers first of all, may consider his labor as entirely "a work of supererogation." There is a manly sentiment in the work which we like especially: the author detests cant and conventionalism as heartily as we do ourselves: and for this we forgive him many hard hits at writers who are our particular favorites. We cannot say we approve much of satires: it is scarcely fair to point out faults, and pass over merits: but, if a satire must be written, and American poets are to furnish the theme, then the present may be considered a fair, as well as brilliant composition.

Lord Holland's Reminiscences. Edited by his Son. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—These are recollections of public men and public events, from the pen of the late Lord Holland, well known as the nephew of Charles James Fox, and as a cotemporary and acquaintance of Napoleon, the Prince Regent, Sheridan, Erskine, Castlereagh, and other eminent men, both in England and on the Continent. The volume is well worth a place in the library.

The Duchess. A Novel. 1 vol. Philada: A. Hart, late of Carey & Hart.—The period of this story is cotemporary with that of "The Signet Ring," in our last number, and, as in that tale, Francis the First is a principal character. In incidents, however, the novel and tale are entirely dissimilar. The chief actors in "The Duchess" are Louise of Savoy and the Constable Bourbon. A more readable novel has not been issued from the press this year.

Josephine; or, The Edict and the Escape. By Grace Aguilar. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is a story of the expulsion of the Jews from Spain. The tale is not inferior to any written by the regretted authoress, and derives additional interest from the fact that she was herself a Jewess, and in this narrative only relates events traditional with her people.

Lord and Lady Harcourt. By Catharine Sinclair. 1 vol. Philada: A. Hart.—This publisher has issued, within the last eighteen months, three of the best novels we have read in that period, "The Initials," "The Brothers," and "The Duchess;" but, in "Lord and Lady Harcourt," he has missed his mark for once. Really this last novel of Miss Sinclair is about the most slip-shod thing of the season.

Lavengro: the Scholar, the Gipsy, the Priest. By George Borrow. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A cheap edition of an odd, but racy autobiography, of which it is impossible to tell how much is fiction and how much fact. The book ends as abruptly as it begins; but we do not hear anything of a sequel.

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Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1851. 1 *vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Philada: J. W. Moore.*—This is the second volume of the series, the first having appeared for 1850. Its object is to preserve, for reference, the scientific discoveries of each year. The work consequently is invaluable to every one forming a library, or even pretending to keep up with the march of knowledge. It is ably edited and neatly printed.

Lewis Arundel; or, the Railroad of Life. By the author of "Frank Farleigh." 1 *vol. New York: H. Long & Brother.*—The author of this fiction is one of the most humorous novelists of England: indeed we place him next to Lever. His present book is even superior to "Frank Farleigh." We recommend it to all who desire a readable novel, and especially to those who have to endure the penance of railroad travelling.

Reveries of a Bachelor. By Ik Marvel. 1 *vol. New York: Baker & Scribner.*—This is a story of the heart, beautifully told, and presented in the guise of a dream. The volume is as exquisite in its mechanical execution as it is delicious in its matter and tone. Ik Marvel is decidedly one of our most original thinkers and graceful writers. We commend his "Reveries" to all.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

Fig. i.—Dress of brown Silk, embroidered up the front of the skirt, which is very full. Corsage plain and high, embroidered to match the skirt. Sacque of the same material as the dress, embroidered to correspond, and made to fit rather closely to the figure. It is made with revers of lappels in front. Sleeves quite short, to be worn with wide under-sleeves. Bonnet of violet colored silk.

Fig. ii.—Dress of light green glace Silk, skirt trimmed with five flounces, which are waved and finished by a ruche or quilling of ribbon. Corsage high, and open in front, and finished by a ruche corresponding with those on the flounces. Linen chemisette and collar. Sleeves three quarters long, and trimmed like the skirt. Bonnet of pink silk, covered with crape of the same color.

General Remarks.—The principal spring goods consist of chene and India silks, and barege de laines. The berege de laines partake of the nature of mouseline de laine and barege, being much thicker than the latter, and somewhat thinner than the former, and much more suitable for late spring wear. The patterns of these and the chene silks are wreaths in rich gay colors. Most of the barege de laines have white grounds. The silks are generally narrow plaids, though some few striped, plain and figured ones have appeared.

Dresses still continue to be made open in front in the vest style, some with revers or lappels somewhat like a gentleman's coat. Generally there is a point behind, or if without this a basque or polka around the waist. Skirts are very much trimmed, either with embroidery down the front as in our first figure, or with a number of flowers, plain, or edged with ribbon slightly fulled on, or embroidered. The sleeves are never more than three-fourths in length, and are generally finished to correspond with the trimming of the skirt or corsage. Wire under sleeves are always worn with these, sometimes confined at the wrist, and sometimes loose like the dress sleeve.

Bonnets still retain their round shape, which is the most becoming we have had for many years. For spring wear, silk, covered with light puffings of tulle, and trimmed with light airy flowers, are popular. But beside these we have black and white lace, and any variety of straw. The cheapest as well as the most serviceable are the colored straws. They are generally of a pretty lead or stone color, and can be trimmed with either black or white for mourning, or with light pink, blue or green, for those who wear colors.

Ribbons appear in still greater variety than the bonnets; they are plain, blue and pink, wide ribbons of most exquisite tints; white with lilac, stone, blue, pink and green stripes, the latter looking very much like the "ribbon grass;" delicate plaids, some covered with wreaths, and in fact every style to suit every taste.

Sacques or Visites have taken the place of the mantilla. They are usually made to fit the figure slightly as in our plate, and sometimes square, sometimes slightly pointed in front and behind. They may be embroidered or trimmed with black lace, ribbon, or dentelle de laine, which is a kind of worsted lace of the color of the sacque. Sleeves always loose.

A pretty variety in needlework has been introduced in chemisettes, habit-skirts, under-sleeves, &c. Rows of lace insertion are employed conjointly with needlework. The rows of lace are put in before the muslin is worked, and the work is so intermingled with the lace as to give a much more light effect to articles of the kind we have mentioned than they ever before attained.

A new style of Bow has appeared, composed of satin ribbon, such as delicate blue or pink, maroon and black velvet; the bow is made as usual, and four or five loops of the velvet are placed upon it in the same direction, and one band of velvet across the knot.

Bands of black or brown velvet, with the addition of diamonds and other ornaments of jewelery, worn either round the throat or as bandeaux for the head, are becoming very fashionable.

The most fashionable shape for small blonde caps is that called by the French milliners the fanchon. It is almost in the form of a half-handkerchief, and is trimmed on each side with sprays or small bouquets of flowers.

Among the importations of novelties from Paris are some morning slippers of silk and velvet, many of which are beautifully embroidered in arabesque patterns. Others, of plain velvet, are very elegant; they are trimmed with narrow fontanges of ribbon of a color contrasting well with the velvet of which the slipper is made. These fancy slippers are occasionally trimmed with lace, and frequently, at the cold season, with a very narrow band of fur. Gaiters are the only shoes used for the street.

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FANNY LEIGH.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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AN EXPERIMENT IN LIVING.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

"DINNER, dinner at once, Martha," said Mr. Fleming, as he drew off his overcoat, to the servant that answered the bell.

"Yes, sir," said Martha, disappearing down stairs, while the gentleman walked into the dining room and took up a newspaper, as he stood warming himself before the fire.

Mr. Fleming had read the newspaper before he went to his counting-house, in the morning, so he soon got tired of his occupation. The dinner did not appear, and after looking at his watch, he gave another thundering pull at the bell. This time it was answered by his wife, a pretty, intelligent, quiet-looking woman.

"Why can't we have dinner?" said her husband, frowning in reply to her smiling salutation—"I have been waiting for it this half hour."

"I did not think it was more than ten minutes since I heard you come in," she answered—"but I will see what detains it."

After a few minutes further delay the dinner was served, and Mrs. Fleming, with fear and trembling, took her seat opposite her husband, who began to carve the dish before him.

"Done to a chip, of course—after keeping us waiting such an interminable time—not one drop of red gravy, though it was as fine a piece of beef as ever came from market. This is too bad, Julia. Yesterday the meat was raw, to-day it is burned to a cinder—and the potatoes, hard as stones!"

"It is very bad indeed," said Mrs. Fleming, looking distressed.

"Very bad! it is intolerable—not to be borne with for a single moment—but it seems to me you can bear anything," said Mr. Fleming, whose irritation was increased by his wife's imperturbability. "Why don't you turn the woman out of the house at once?"

"Because I had a very good character of her, and she is so civil and obliging, that I hope after a little instruction she will do better."

"Nonsense, she will never do better. But it seems to me you have the luck of getting all the bad servants in town, and then are afraid to turn them off. We have not had a decent cook in the house for months."

"No, not since Catharine left us—and yet when she first came she knew but little, but she was apt and patient, and soon learned."

"The folly is in taking people that are so ignorant."

"But there are so few good cooks to be had," said Mrs. Fleming.

"That is the truth, women are seldom good cooks, men are far better. They are better housekeepers too—look at Ned Harcourt—you would never see such a dinner as this on his table."

Mr. Harcourt is very rich, and has a first rate housekeeper."

"No—he sees to everything himself, and says it does not take him fifteen minutes in the day."

"I wish I could learn his secret!" sighed Mrs. Fleming.

"I wish you could with all my heart, but you have no talent for housekeeping. Indeed I am often tempted to undertake the business myself, just to show you how things could be managed."

Mrs. Fleming's face brightened, and there was a wicked little sparkle in her eye as she said—"oh, if you only would I should be too glad!—you will then know something of my difficulties."

"Pooh!—they are all in your own imagination. The way is plain enough—get good servants, provide them with good materials, and give them plain directions, which they must obey. I declare if I thought you would not interfere with me I would begin at once."

"I promise you on my honor, I will not inter-

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fere by word, look or sign with the servants. They shall go to you for everything, and I will be just like a visitor in the house. Oh, it will be too delightful!" said Mrs. Fleming, clapping her hands with child-like glee—"and how long may my holiday last?" she added.

"How—let me see—my busy time will not begin for a month at least, and by then you can learn how little time and thought these things take when they are properly managed. I will begin by clearing the house of this woman—Martha, go and tell the cook I shall have no further need of her services. I will stop at an intelligence office as I go down the street, and tell them to send me a first rate cook by to-morrow."

The wicked twinkle in Mrs. Fleming's eye grew brighter as she listened to this auspicious commencement. "I have a bargain to make with you," she said, "it is that if I find no fault with you when you happen to make a mistake, that you will promise to be equally forbearing with me when I resume the reins of government."

"I promise certainly. But I am sure I never do find fault except when things are past all bearing——"

He was interrupted by the dining-room door being flung open, and there, "fierce as ten furies," stood the discharged cook, to whom Martha had just delivered, with sundry improvements of her own, the orders of the master. Mrs. Fleming, to avoid the scene that was to ensue, slipped out of the room and sought refuge in her own, where she could just distinguish the loud and angry Hibernian intonations, and her husband's authoritative voice in reply.

Though rather frightened, Mrs. Fleming did not regret the turn affairs had taken. She felt that her domestic happiness had of late been fast slipping away from her, owing to the captious, dissatisfied spirit that was growing upon her husband. They had married two years before from the purest and most disinterested affection, an affection tried to the uttermost by the opposition of friends and untowardness of fortune.

Julia Wilton, high-born, beautiful, accomplished and intellectual, was intended by her family to make a brilliant match, and when it was found she had given her hand irrevocably to William Fleming, "a youth to fortune and to fame unknown," the same affectionate family were extremely indignant, and insisted she should sacrifice her fondest feelings to their ambition. Various were the domestic persecutions she endured unflinchingly for his sake, clinging only the more closely to him because she felt he was unjustly dealt with by others.

Fleming on his part was equally devoted, and proved the strength of his attachment by the energy with which he overcame obstacles, which to feebler characters would have seemed insurmountable. The love of both had only strengthened in the ordeal it had passed through, and when at last fortune smiled and friends consent was won, they believed themselves, and were the happiest of mortals.

But it often happens that a spirit that rises under great trials, sinks when it comes in conflict with the minor miseries that make up so large a proportion of the unhappiness of our life. Julia's marriage removed her from a luxurious home, where a striving, active mother, who made her housekeeping the business of her life, and almost the sole subject of her thoughts, had left her at entire liberty to indulge her intellectual and social tastes, and devote her time to her various accomplishments. Her mother's entire absorption in household cares had had the very common effect of leading her daughter to underrate their importance, and while she revelled in the luxury of the thoroughly regulated domestic machinery, she undervalued the skill and talent of the engineer who kept its springs in motion. Indeed her notions at the time of her marriage were very much like those just expressed by her husband—that housekeeping was the simplest thing in the world, and that it would require but a few minutes in the day to regulate everything.

But alas! poor Julia soon discovered that housekeeping in theory was a far easier thing than housekeeping in practice. She had conquered difficulties in science, difficulties in art, and difficulties in love—but to the difficulties in housekeeping she saw no end. She set herself bravely to work, however, and though often discouraged, felt she made some progress in acquiring the knowledge she found so necessary to her, but she never could bring herself to take pleasure in the duties it involved. They were always onerous to her, and when she had wearied and denied herself in their performance, she needed the encouragement and support of him for whose gratification alone they were made.

At first they had laughed together over her ignorance, but as time went on and Julia felt she had gained both knowledge and experience, she was often sorely tried by the greater pleasure her husband took in criticising the failures in her arrangements, than in praising her success. Indeed the former often put him into such an ill-humor, that poor Julia often sighed in secret at remembering how heartily she had laughed at hearing a witty friend assert as the result of her observation, "that a lover could bear a great deal, but that she never yet had seen a husband whose love could stand the ordeal of a badly boiled potato."

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Fortunately Julia had been blessed by heaven with a gentle temper, as well as an excellent judgment. She bore her husband's sarcasms with admirable patience, but it grieved her to discover that instead of welcoming, as she once did, his return to dinner as a period of unmixed enjoyment, she would often feel a sort of fear that all her love could not cast out. She did not, therefore, regret then this comfort she saw would ensue in the experiment he wanted to make, hoping its results would teach him forbearance for the future.

When the storm below had stilled, Mrs. Fleming returned to her husband, and found him walking the room in high excitement.

"Well, Julia," he said, "you did well to beat a retreat before your 'civil, obliging' cook. You should have heard the torrent of Irish billingsgate she poured out upon me."

"I am thankful I did not," said Mrs. Fleming, "but when is she to go? I am afraid to have her in the house with us when she is in such a fury."

"Oh, she will be off at once, and without her wages which I offered her, but she would not touch because I refused to pay her until the end of the month. She threatens to sue me for them! By Jupiter! it is too provoking to be brought in contact with such an abusive creature—but she is the last of that class that shall ever enter my doors—it is indeed high time I should take the law into my own hands." So saying, Mr. Fleming left the house to cool his indignation by a walk to his place of business.

In the evening, instead of the cosy little tea-table his wife always took pleasure in having prepared for him, there was a loaf of bread, a pound of butter, and a cup of weak tea, which Julia declared he should pour out himself in accordance with his newly assumed position. As there was no cook in the house no fault could be found, but they had promised him a first rate one at the intelligence office, so Mr. Fleming lived in hopes of better fare. At breakfast next morning it was worse yet. The coffee was not drinkable, yet wretched as it was, Martha had been so occupied by its concoction, that she had neglected to attend to the dining-room fire. So with chattering teeth, Mr. Fleming forced down half a cup of the detestable mixture with a piece of cold bread, and then rushed off to his counting-house in a thorough ill-humor.

When there he became so absorbed in business that his domestic cares were forgotten, and it was not until he bent his steps homeward at three o'clock, that Mr. Fleming began to reflect upon the possibilities of his getting any dinner. He found the cloth nicely laid, however, and his wife beautifully dressed, ready to receive him with her sweetest smile. She had spent her morning delightfully. First she had taken a good practising on her piano-forte. Then she had finished a pleasant book, and afterward had paid some very agreeable visits. Indeed she had so much that was interesting to tell him, and looked so very pretty, that Mr. Fleming could not get into an ill-humor, even though the only dish that appeared on table was the identical piece of over-roasted beef, which had been the cause of all his privations for the last twenty-four hours. Still, cold beef will keep even an epicure from starving, and Mr. Fleming's dinner hour passed away so pleasantly, that it was with difficulty he could leave his bewitching little wife to attend to an indispensable engagement.

Just as he was about leaving the house, he was accosted by a tall, raw-boned Irish woman, who announced herself as the promised *artiste* from the intelligence office, and Julia could not help listening to the colloquy that ensued.

"Are you a first rate cook?" her husband asked.

"Sure I am y're honor," was the prompt reply. "Haven't I cooked three years for Counsellor Kasey, in Dublin, to say nothing of two years for his honor's worship, Judge M——, in New York, and five years for Senator N——?"

"Well, if you have lived in such excellent places, I think you must understand your business."

"Not a woman knows it better in all the states, your honor. Roasting, boiling, stewing, frying, baking and confections, I understand them all entirely."

"Can you obey orders implicitly?" asked Mr. Fleming.

"Sure I can, your honor."

"Well, that is all I ask—you can come to-morrow morning early," and so the bargain was concluded without a reference to moral character, cleanliness, or any other important requisite.

In the morning, Mr. Fleming left the house with an order to his new domestic to cook in her best style whatever he should send from market. In total forgetfulness of the nature of his directions, he sent home, as usual, a supply for several days, all of which, to his consternation, was served, very poorly cooked, for that one day's dinner.

"The woman must be an idiot," he said, "as well as an impostor, that knows nothing of her business—but I believe an Irish woman would answer 'yes, your honor,' if you were to ask her if she could calculate an eclipse."

"This one knows how to obey orders, however," replied his wife, "yours were very positive."

"Well, we must make out with cold dinner

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for a day or two—meantime I can tell them to send us somebody else."

To Mr. Fleming's surprise, however, when his new official presented herself, looking disgustingly dirty, to receive his orders next morning, she informed him "there was nothing in the house—just nothing but a scrap of the mate and some of the turkey's bones," which on investigation was found to be the truth; the rest of the provision which should have lasted three days having entirely disappeared—probably into the basket of one of Biddy's family.

Mr. Fleming was indignant beyond expression, dismissed the offender on the spot, after paying her two dollars, which she demanded as a week's wages, and sent a dinner from a restorateur's, for which he was obliged to pay two more. The same day he was summoned to appear before a magistrate on a suit from Biddy's predecessor in office, and found himself obliged to pay the sum she demanded, which so irritated him that he vowed he would never have another cook in his house, but provide himself constantly from a restorateur's. This he did for some days at about three times the usual cost of his meals, until Martha proving restive and threatening to leave in consequence of having double duty to perform, a colored woman was procured, who brought a recommendation as a first rate cook, which she really proved to be, and then Mr. Fleming flattered himself everything would go on smoothly.

But though his dinners were now done to a turn, the constant annoyance about domestic matters jaded and irritated him, besides which he could not help missing a certain nicety of arrangement which he had never valued until deprived of it. Faithful to her promise, Julia never interfered by giving a single direction, and the result was that a general air of neglect began to pervade the whole establishment. Things got broken and out of place—rooms were cold and ill-arranged, lamps untrimmed, and gas not lighted at the proper hours. Though suffering from all these inconveniences, Julia never seemed to observe them. She was always in a good humor, sympathized with her husband's self-imposed trials, but never by wood or look offered either reproach or advice. Indeed she enjoyed her exemption from domestic cares as a child does a holiday, and made the most of her leisure by visiting long-neglected friends, and resuming long-neglected studies.

One day on her return home before dinner, Martha met her with a face of terror, and begged her to come down stairs. On entering her formerly well-arranged kitchen, Julia could hardly restrain a cry of affright. Pots, pans and kettles, broken plates and dishes were strewn about in dire confusion; a turkey half raw and half burned to a crisp was before the fire—a costly china dish lay shivered on the hearth, and the oysters it had contained were strewn around it. It was a perfect pandæmonium, and the "first rate cook" lay dead drunk upon the floor!

As Julia was standing in helpless consternation amid the wreck of matter that surrounded her, she heard her husband enter the house. He had not come alone, for certain, as he thought, of a very good dinner, he had on meeting his friend Ned Harcourt invited him to come home and dine with him; and he was running down to his wine closet to select a choice bottle for them to discuss together, when his wife's voice summoned him to her side.

"What shall we do?" she asked, after he had stood a moment surveying the scene in horror.

"Nothing, my love," he replied, with a sort of desperate calmness—"but send off to F——'s and get another dinner as fast as it can be got. Harcourt has come to dine with me, and he shall not leave before I tell him what a deuced fool I have made myself by believing all the nonsense he told me. If you served me right you would not speak to me for a month for bringing this trouble upon you—but you are an angel, and always seem one—and if I ever find fault with your housekeeping again, may I be—divorced!"

So saying, Mr. Fleming kissed and soothed his frightened wife, and then went to his wine closet, in which he found he had left the key some days before, and where the disappearance of six bottles of his choicest wine soon explained the state of affairs in his kitchen.

When Julia had recovered herself sufficiently to present herself before her guest, she found her husband had laughed himself into a good humor over the history of his misfortunes.

"Look here, Julia," he said, "I have just been calculating how much my experiment has cost in money, to say nothing of two weeks worriment that no money can pay for. Two weeks wages in advance, three dollars—Biddy two dollars—dinners from French cook twelve dollars—lawyer five dollars. Breakage at least ten—dinners spoiled and stolen five dollars—six bottles choice wine ten more. Total forty-seven dollars!—why it would have bought you the suit of furs you wanted so much, Julia, and thought you could not afford to get."

"The money has been better spent if I mistake not, my dear madam," said Mr. Harcourt, laughing. "From his own account of matters, my friend here does not seem to have been fully aware till now what a happy, enviable fellow he is. But he will never find fault with your management again, my word for it."

Mr. Harcourt spoke truth. Mr. Fleming never forgot the lesson he had learned; and Julia,

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secure of his approbation, from that time found her housekeeping rather a pleasure than a toil. As to Mr. Harcourt, he actually lost his heart to his friend's wife on the memorable day we have described, but soon after transferred it to her younger sister, who came on to visit her, and who he thought resembled her both in person and character. Since his marriage he often laughingly thanks his brother-in-law for his happiness, and declares he owes it to having listened to his confession of the result of his EXPERIMENT IN LIVING.

I COULD NOT DIE.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

HE led me from my quiet home,
Where I in calm contentment dwelt,
He led me from my mother's side,
Where nought but tranquil joy I felt;
His voice wore flattery's softest tone,
It won my love and soothed my pride,
Ere long I thought that it must prove,
Earth's greatest bliss to be his bride.

And we were wed—I pledged to him
A maiden's pure and stainless vow,
And while the binding words I breathed,
There was no shadow on my brow;
For when I met his tender gaze,
I knew, I felt I owned his heart—
Ah! why did days of trusting joy
So wildly from my soul depart?

I left each other tie for him,
To dwell upon a foreign shore;
With one so worshipped at my side,
Of fate I asked or sought no more;
I cannot tell the deep, deep love
That I unknowing cast away;
Enough that from my dream I woke
To see my cherished hopes decay.

I fancied it a jealous dream,
Tho' long I thought his heart had changed,
I deemed not I could lose it all,
Tho' for a weary space estranged;
I saw him altered stern and sad,
With clouded brow and pallid cheek;
With quivering lip and restless eye,
Yet still forbore my fears to speak.

At length when my o'erladen heart,
With weary doubts and sorrow worn,
Breathed forth its wild impassioned plaint,
And told the griefs it long had borne;
Then fell the truth upon my ear,
And still seems ringing through my brain,
Another love had won his heart;
And I, alas! I loved in vain.

Crushed to the earth, I helpless lay,
When life came throbbing back once more;
The cruel words that pierced my soul,
Some fiend seemed shrieking o'er and o'er;
"And lived you still?" methought I traced
That question in thy wandering eye;
"Yes! yes!" I lived, and knew it all,
Half maddened—"yet I could not die."

The heaviest woe must be endured,
Through daily duties calm I moved,
And strove at best to shun the hate,
Of him by whom I was not loved;
I marked each look—I heard each sigh,
And watched his thoughts in silent prayer;
I read his weak and wayward heart,
With conscience faintly struggling there.

And years past by—and he o'ercame
The anguish of his guilty dream,
But never more upon our lot
Affection's vanished rays could beam;
Cold shadowy phantoms stood between,
And mocking doubts that faith was vain;
The blighting misery I had felt
I deemed might yet arise again.

He sought forgiveness of the past,
That past so fraught with agony;
I granted it with faltering mien,
For better memories dwelt with me!
My cheek would pale beneath his gaze;
Mine eyes no longer sought his own,
And when his voice was soft and kind,
My soul grew sick to hear the tone.

At length there came a sad relief,
He died, nor breathed one wish to live,
But with my hand close clasped in his,
He said in death's last sigh, "forgive!"
God, only God can reach the thoughts,
Know all we suffer and endure,
And He alone had power to know
If that wrung soul in death was pure.

But when I bent with aching brow,
His cold unaltering face above,
And saw its beauty, pale and wan,
I felt he was my heart's first love;
Once, only once I kissed those lips,
I scarce had pressed since life's young morn,
And shed the last sad burning tears
For him whose death I dared not mourn.

No other ear than thine has heard
This weary tale of wasting woes;
And down thy young and happy face
A tide of tender sorrow flows;
But when the world has brought thee grief,
When heaven has heard thy hopeless cry,
Thou'lt say as I am saying now,
"I suffered long, but could not die."

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THE PASTOR AND HIS FAMILY.

BY D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

Beautiful beyond description is the picture which now rises to my view; a picture of peace, of serenity, of the heart's holiest and deepest affection: a sweet domestic scene, with the calm brows of faith and the warm hearts, where the heavenly and the earthly love are mingled: the *heavenly* being predominant. I would sketch the characters of a family who on earth formed a scene beautiful to look upon, and a part of whose members are now united forever in heaven; would gaze again upon those mild eyes whose light has for years been quenched in the grave.

It was a pastor's family. In a fine old mansion, that overlooks the green meadows that lie along our own fair Connecticut, and its bright waters that sparkle like silver gems through trembling leaves and sweeping boughs, the man of God had chosen his home. Proud old trees lift their towering heads above the roof, and the hawthorn hedge winds in graceful curves about the yard and gardens, while choice flowering shrubs and plants spring in tufted masses over the velvety turf that lies about the mansion. It is a fine view, that from the shaded verandah to the westward. Blue hills rise in the distance, and at the close of a summer's day, you may see the golden clouds floating upon their summits, while the waters of the Connecticut at their base glow with living fire, as they wind along through the verdant fields and flowery meadows till lost in the distance. Then nearer, the thick roofs of the village houses that lie at a little distance, half shrouded in foliage, and the hum of voices coming on the wings of the summer winds to that quiet, beautiful home. The minister's family—what a happy group they were. Only once had the hand of death borne a loved one away to the darkness of the grave. That one was a dear, fair boy, whose infant head had been cradled on the bosom of affection, but who went early to join the angel band around the throne of heaven. The years went by, and it was sweet to meet that pastor's mild, benign face in our daily walks—sweet to listen to his persuasive eloquence from the pulpit on the holy Sabbath; passing sweet to mark the look of angel benevolence and purity that seemed ever to draw the gazer's heart toward one so lofty, yet so humble-minded. From a child I remember how I ever looked upon that man as little less than an angel of light. And if in his days of gladness and prosperity the heavenly robe shone with such lustre about his noble form, and the mantle of sweet humility and faith seemed ever upon him, how sacred in our eyes did he become when the shadows of death that afterward lay about his way, made only purer and whiter the light that struggled through darkness and clouds. Most romantic and beautiful is the spot selected for the burial of our dead. Trees that have stood for ages, shade the gentle hill-sides and deep, massy dells, and rivulets go singing and laughing through the wild blossoms that stoop above their edge. Little fountains start up amid the shadows, and throw bright sparkling gems over the greensward, and footpaths and carriage-roads wind about among its groves and towering monuments. A few years ago these grounds were but a wild, uncultivated, neglected spot; but the wildnerness has been made to blossom, and darkness has turned to light. Well is that calm, pleasant Sabbath-day remembered, when amid the multitude who had gathered together beneath those towering trees, the man of God stood forth with uncovered brow and loose locks swaying to the breeze, and consecrated that chosen ground to its solemn and sacred purpose. His poetic, fruitful mind planned much to beautify the new garden for the dead, and to him are we indebted for very much of the charm that renders "Woodland Dell" the attractive place it is. "Sunset Hill" is a gentle declivity overlooking the lowering ground with its founts and murmuring streams, its green graves, and flowers, and shrubs; and a most charming site it is. A tall, proud oak rises above the emerald turf, and on its green leaves the last sunset ray lingers, throwing a smile into the stillness below, and quivering in golden light upon the snowy marble that stands in purity as if guarding the slumberers beneath. It was here to this sequestered, rural place that the pastor's fair boy was borne; and in a few short years the hearse with its velvet covering wound up the shadowy road again to "Sunset Hill," bearing the "wife and mother" to her last deep resting-place. From the minister's heart its dearest earthly idol was torn; yet it was beautiful to see the look of unshaken trust in heaven, of unrepining submission with which he bowed beneath this great and heavy burden. The day star had faded from his heaven, the brightest blossom that had clung about his path had withered; yet, gathering his

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motherless flock about him, he went humbly on his way; breathing hope's soft whisper to the weary and desponding, binding up the wounded heart, and cheering the desolate and afflicted. One dear solace was left him, his daughter, fair, young and beautiful—image of her sainted mother, and upon whose shoulders that mother's mantle had seemed to fall. Oh! what a priceless treasure to that father's heart was she—his youthful, humble, affectionate girl! Her whisper of love fell soothingly upon his struggling soul, and about his bowed neck her fair arms wound softly, endearingly. And her four young brothers—fair, beautiful boys—to them she was to be even as a mother in their clouded childhood and youth. Alas! how often do the soul's fondest visions totter to the ground—how often is the heart left to mourn its dearest dreams overshadowed. The turf on the mother's grave had scarcely mingled its slender blades with the pale flower leaves whose roots had found a bed there, ere by her side slumbered the father's ministering angel, the young brothers' comforter and guide. Suddenly had the hand of death been laid upon her heart; and in the flush of her early womanhood, in the glory of her sunset beauty, the pastor's daughter went from his aching arms to heaven. It was sorrowful to mark his onward progress through a thorny world after this great bereavement; sorrowful, yet most beautiful.

With untiring zeal he yet went about his Master's business; and from his pulpit weekly ascended the tones of his voice in humble prayer or kindly exhortation. Those who looked upon him could have wept to see the holy light that shone in undimmed splendor from his broad, pale forehead, and the look of heavenly love that beamed in his meek eyes; yet they knew not that the heart in their beloved pastor's bosom was beating more and more slowly: that already the angels had beckoned from their home in heaven, and the soul was pluming its tired wings for flight. The kind death messenger came at last, and gently released the panting spirit from its prison-house.

How sadly did the pastor's loving flock gather within the church walls, to pay the last sad tribute of affection to his cold remains; to follow his body to its last resting-place. Up the old familiar aisle, where his feet had so often trodden, they solemnly bore the coffined form, and beneath the sacred desk from which for years his mellow tones had sounded, they reverently placed the dead. Old age and vigorous manhood bowed in unspoken sorrow as the mournful organ-notes swept on the hushed air; and a group of weeping children passed slowly by the shrouded form, leaving upon the coffin lid their tribute of love, bunches of choicest flowers. Slowly up the passage moved a band of mourners; and not one heart in the vast assembly but thrilled with sorrowful emotions, as those four fair boys in tearful grief bowed down beneath the shadow of their great bereavement. One manly form moved on amid the group; one noble brow was darkened even as theirs—the orphan boys. The minister's *twin brother* had come from his distant home to look once more upon the angel face, ere the grave hid those long loved features from his sight forever. And his resemblance to the lost one was striking and wonderful. As we looked upon his mild, sorrowful eyes, and the calm, broad forehead strongly marked by suffering, it seemed that the dead was alive again, and that once more on this changing earth we should listen to his dear, persuasive tones. That gentle, humble, gifted brother has gone also to his reward; for they who loved so well in life were not long divided. By the side of his lost ones on "Sunset Hill," amid the shadows of "Woodland Dell," they laid the pastor's cold form. It was sweet to think as we stood by his new-made grave, beneath the aged oak that had often sheltered *his* head, of the happy re-union of those kindred spirits in a cloudless, sinless heaven. There they slumber calmly, silently—she, the devoted "wife and mother;" he, the worshipped "husband and father;" and they, the fair, bright flowers that rarely withered in their loneliness. There is many a dreamy, secluded dell, many a sunny hill-side, grassy and besprinkled with star blossoms, and whispering streams and laughing fountains, and shaded paths lead onward under sheltering boughs with their quivering foliage, that seems scattering gold and pearls on the mass below, as the sunbeams and moonbeams tremble through the leafy screen; but in all "Woodland Dell" is not a lovelier spot, or one where the thinking soul will oftener turn aside to tarry and dream, than "Sunset Hill," where lie in sweet and quiet slumber, beneath sprining flowers and waving grass, the *pastor* and his loved ones.

I LOVE MY FRIENDS.

I LOVE my friends; the tried, the true,
Those who are never cold at heart,
But when they leave me, bid adieu
As though unwilling to depart.

They never bring unpleasant looks;
But in the sunshine of their smile,
I read delighted, as in books
Of pleasant words, that oft beguile.

B. B.

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MONEY;

OR, THE POWER OF A WEALTHY COUSIN.

BY EDITH VERE.

CHAPTER I.

FAR back from the road, near the city of ——, stood a small cottage embowered in trees and shrubbery. So still and beautiful were all things around, that as one looked he was prone to fancy the peace without imaged the content within.

"Throw open the door—let the pure air of heaven enter," exclaimed the lady of the house, stopping short in her hurried walk, and looking impatiently about her. She was obeyed, and she passed into a side room, closing the door after her with a crash.

"How mean! how narrow!" she murmured, gazing around the small apartment, with a face in which scorn, anger and grief struggled for mastery. The blinds and windows were closed, the sun entering, fell in a narrow, dusky streak upon the somewhat dull carpet and simple furniture, the whole wearing that slightly forlorn look a room little frequented always presents. After a pause she moved slowly to one of the casements and threw it up, admitting a gush of joyous life and beauty. For one moment something like the peace without displaced the emotion on the troubled face, as a burst of sunlight throws a radiance on a storm cloud: the next she turned hurriedly away, saying in a low, bitter tone, "it mocks at me."

Seating herself, she opened once more a note sent her that morning, to read again words which had burned themselves into her heart.

"Madam," it ran, "you have grown strangely fastidious. I do not understand what can be so revolting to your nature in this marriage, so honorable to him who offers it, and, one would think, so pleasing to a fond mother's affection and pride in her beautiful daughter. Are you so enamored of the obscure life you lead, that a change into that circle you once ruled seems intolerable? I never knew you to be so foolish before. Those dependant need not be too delicate. I will be with you at ten. One thing I would suggest, which perhaps may influence you somewhat. If you refuse this offer, I shall not feel called on to give you or my young cousin further assistance."

More and more stormy grew the face of the reader. As she finished the last words she suddenly crushed the delicate paper with violence in her hand, and threw it from her as if it were an adder, "how dare he speak thus to me!—to me, his equal—because he has wealth, and I am —poor—master over me because his unwilling hand doles out my bread—I have no will but his —I am his slave—I must sell my daughter at his bidding—our hearts even are at his control—it shall not be so!—I will be free!" She drew herself proudly up and set her foot with inexpressible disdain upon the note. Suddenly disdain gave place to sadness. She picked it up and read slowly, "'dependants should not be too delicate'—true, I do not dare take from my child her only support—I am too proud to dig, and to beg I am ashamed. It would be better to be a burden on my child than on my haughty cousin—I will consent." As these last words escaped her, a vision of a bright, beautiful face, pallid with disappointment and suffering, rose before her, and unable to endure the anguish it called up, she exclaimed, "can I do otherwise!" Covering up her face the hot tears streamed through her fingers, and her whole frame trembled with convulsive emotion. A slight noise without roused her, starting up she dashed away the blinding tears as one ashamed to be seen yielding to grief, hurriedly tore the note into fragments, and was about to leave the room when the sound of carriage wheels arrested her. It came nearer, it stopped; a crash of steps informed her the visitor had arrived, whose errand her pallid cheek and lip, white as the wall against which she leaned for support, anticipated. She gasped for breath as the bell announced his near presence. With one mighty effort she subdued her emotion, and when he stood before her she returned his greeting with as cold and proud a composure as his own.

"You expected me, Agnes," said the gentleman, in a low, quiet voice, which accorded well with his handsome, but still face. Polished and highly bred, there was no mark of tyrant either in manner or tone, yet the other felt that he ruled her with an iron hand. She bowed and pointed to a seat.

"I have always thought you a sensible woman, my good cousin," continued Mr. Seaton, drawing the chair near, and turning a clear eye upon the lady, which seemed as if it could read her mind at will, "this marriage is certainly one which

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even your daughter, gifted and beautiful as she is, may feel worthy of her. Young Vernon is in all respects her equal. Is it on that score that you object?"

"Not at all," she replied, in a tone as quiet as his own. "I am satisfied the position is a desirable one."

"Why then hesitate?"

"My daughter regards the young man with indifference. I shrink from compelling her to marry."

"Have you any other plan, cousin? Anything more advantageous? If so, I will certainly aid and approve it. You may perhaps forget the conditions of my continued aid."

"God knows I see no way of escape," murmured the unhappy woman.

"My young cousin probably has romantic visions like all youthful minds; but her mother has too much experience in the world not to be aware that we must throw them aside *as* visions. I do not suspect you of romance."

"You have no cause," replied the lady, raising her head, and forcing herself to answer with firmness. "I indulge in no romantic dreams either for myself or her."

"Then why hesitate? On the one hand is position, wealth, consideration, independence, and probably as much happiness as human beings enjoy generally; on the other, obscurity, poverty, slights and dependence. Choose."

What use to express to him her conviction that all, and the worst of these last would be nothing to the terrible responsibility of taking away her child's peace and happiness, that she felt more shame at thus selling her daughter than at the prospect of begging from door to door. It would only move his scorn. She answered after a pause, "I do not hesitate. I choose as a wise, worldly woman should." A bitter smile crossed her lip as she spoke.

"Then you will see young Vernon," said the other, with more eagerness than he usually showed. "Years ago his father did for me the greatest kindness one man can for another. I always desired in some way to repay him, but he gave me no opportunity. When his son came to me and asked me to use my influence with you, I rejoiced I had a chance to prove my sense of obligation. I thank you for giving it to me. I will see him and make all necessary arrangements."

Mrs. Seaton made no reply.

"Where is May?" he asked, after a short silence. As when the wind lifts aside for an instant the shadowy leaves, and permits the sunshine to bathe in light and beauty the cold, still water, so in speaking that name did his immoveable face light up. The mother's anxious heart caught the softening tone, and a ray of hope stole into it.

"Gathering plants for her herbarium," she answered, quickly.

"She loves this pursuit then. She must enjoy it now. I fear she will find little time or inclination for it in the city," he said, still in the same gentle tone.

"She loves the country, her tastes are simple, but little suffices for her enjoyment," continued Mrs. Seaton, more earnestly.

"When the heart is young, life is easily made joyous."

"And wretched also. A strong young heart can suffer fearfully."

"I am little versed in these things," he answered, in his usual tone, "and they have nothing to do with the affair in question."

"Frederic, May loves already."

"Agnes," exclaimed Mr. Seaton, in a tone of intense emotion.

"It is true. She has been engaged many months."

He rose and paced the room a few moments, then re-seating himself, said, in his usual tone, "that need make no difference in our plan. A girlish fancy doubtless."

"May has unusually deep, constant feelings. Hers is no childish regard. My daughter is not like the common herd."

"So every mother thinks, my cousin. There are so many uncommon children, that one wonders at the stupid, common-place men and women one meets. Who is this young lover?"

"Arthur Linton, a law student."

"Has he anything but his fine name?"

"No, he is very poor."

"I fancied so. We must inform him the law must be his mistress."

"Frederic, does not the prospect of their unhappiness move you?"

"I am not romantic. I see much more to afflict me in the prospect of my young cousin starving upon love in a cottage."

Mrs. Seaton clasped her hands together and sank back in her chair. "How you triumph over me," she said, in a tone of mingled scorn and agony.

"Anything you may propose better than our first plan I will agree to with pleasure."

"You speak idly! you mock at me," she returned with vehemence; "you know you have so arranged matters that I am but a puppet in your hands—that I *must* yield to your will—and you have no mercy on me or my child."

"Madam," answered he, unmoved by her violence, "have I your consent to go to Mr. Vernon and say that we will accept his honorable offer? Or shall I leave you free to act as you think

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wisest, and not concern myself in your affairs longer? Remember, Agnes," speaking in a low, still tone, which seemed as terrible to his unhappy listener as the trump of doom, "remember, when I relinquish my part in this, I cannot venture to offer you further assistance."

"Do as you will," came from her pallid lips, yet her eyes, raised to his, flashed mingled defiance and despair.

"So be it. I will see young Vernon and send him to you to-morrow, if it please you."

"Not so soon—give us a little time," she whispered.

"I have no objection to wait a day or two; but remember there must be no retractation."

She bowed her head; her lips moved, but no sound came from them.

Mr. Seaton went to the window, and calling his servant gave him a few directions, then quietly drawing on his gloves turned toward the door, casting a glance at Mrs. Seaton as he did so. She sat motionless as a statue. His few last words seemed to have taken all life from her face and form. Her head drooped upon her breast, her hands lay powerless in her lap. He paused, "Agnes, would it be less afflicting to you——" he checked himself, and a smile as scornful as her own played over his face: Mrs. Seaton lifted her head and looked eagerly at him.

"Would it be less afflicting to you to starve?" he asked, with a strange expression in his eye.

"You compel me to yield," said she, rising, and confronting him with a glance of haughty indignation—"you have made me lick the dust beneath your feet. Be content with this much. Mock not at the bleeding hearts on which you trample!"

His cheek paled. He shrunk back, then suddenly seized her hand and pressed it in both his own, flung it from him and was gone.

She stood breathless, listening, until the last sound of the wheels died away, and then sank into her chair weeping. Every burning tear was like a drop of life blood, and yet ceased not one whit the terrible suffering which devoured her.

An hour passed, and she lifted up her head and went forth, her face, in its stern resolve, no unworthy personification of ancient Nemesis.

CHAPTER II.

SEATED beneath the shade of a spreading oak, May Seaton examined and arranged her flowers, singing meanwhile to herself in a low, sweet voice. Sometimes she paused to woo a bird that glanced toward her with half bold, half timid look, seemingly tempted to obey the gentle summons which called to him. "I wonder why it is," thought she, as her eye followed the flutterer, "I wonder why it is birds do not know I love and would not hurt them. Their instinct should be wise enough be distinguish between friends and foes. Come, bright little rogue, come," she said, softly, as he drew a little nearer.

"Is it some fairy you are wooing to you, May?" said a voice behind her. "Let him go now. I cannot spare one tone or glance."

"You here, Arthur," exclaimed May, starting up quickly, and holding out her hand, "you do not usually come at this hour—how did you know I was here?"

"Intuition guided me. It never fails to lead right to those we love. I can stay but a moment. I came for one look, and then must hurry back to my books."

"Is anything the matter, Arthur? You are not ill, I trust?"

"Nothing has happened. Can you not give your knight sufficiently chivalrous feeling, to think he would not mind a little trouble for the reward of looking, for a few moments, into his lady's eyes?" He kissed her hand playfully and seated himself beside her.

"I give you credit for being the pink of all chivalrous knights," said May, smiling all over her sunny face, "but I know that there is one mistress to whom you are so devoted that you never neglect her for me."

"Thereby showing myself meriting the title you give me. Is it not by courting her smiles I shall win my lady? I value her not so much for what she is, as for what she will one day give me."

"You need not vindicate yourself, sir knight. I am not in the least jealous."

"Do not be, both are woven together and make my life."

"And if one should be taken away?"

"My heart would be like a broken instrument. The dust would gather on the strings, and if a kindly hand touched them it would be startled at the wild dissonance."

"All do not keep their aim in life, Arthur," said May, "and some have no aim at all."

"Those aimless ones, my heart aches for them!" replied he, earnestly, "the value of this life consists in bending its circumstances to our will. Without a settled purpose it lacks all dignity, and the soul struggles amid the iron chains of necessity like Laocoon in the folds of monsters."

"How earnestly you speak!"

"Because I feel the importance of improving every hour?"

"You look pale. I am afraid you study too hard."

"Not one whit. It is no hardship to know a life of toil is before me," he replied, with a cheerful smile.

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"I wish I could work," said May, earnestly.

"Why, so you will by-and-bye. You will have many duties, and some very hard ones. Our sex are fond of thinking that we do most work, but to my mind the daily, hourly hydra-headed cares which come up in a household, are more trying, more wearying, in the long run, than out of door labor. That may be severe, but we can go home and feel that for the time it is over, but a woman's task is never done."

"I am pleased to hear you say so, Arthur. I never heard one of your sex admit so much before."

"All men have not seen what I have, or if so, have not laid the lesson to heart." He paused a moment, and continued in a low tone, "when I lost my last remaining parent I was twelve years old. An age matured enough to observe and remember. I went to live with my uncle. His wife was a pale, delicate woman, who looked worn down with constant fatigue, and such was actually the case. They had a large farm and many men. My uncle was a hardy, vigorous man, and toiling continually himself, thought his wife equal to do the same. They had not much help within doors, and the greatest part of the work my aunt was obliged to do. It was too much for her. I loved her mild, patient face the first hour I looked on it, and, led by my affection, I watched her and saw that she was slowly dying beneath the pressure of care. She never complained, but toiled on and wasted away, and in two years died. Two nights after her death, my uncle, talking with his minister, expressed his wish to be resigned to the will of Providence. I, sitting by, felt all my long hoarded grief and anger burst forth at these words, and I cried out, 'uncle, it was not Providence, but yourself who did this! You killed my aunt with hard work.' A harsh, unfeeling speech, for which the thoughtlessness of my age was but poor excuse, and for which I have been rightly punished."

"Punished, dear Arthur."

"Yes," continued the young man, sorrowfully, "he never forgave me, and soon I was sent away to school. He kept me at a distance while he lived, and at his death would have left me destitute, but that my kind friend, the minister, who always took an interest in me, and to whom I often expressed my regret for what had passed, persuaded him to leave me the small pittance I now live upon. Had it not been for my folly we had been united, dearest, long ago."

"He was a hard old man to be so vindictive for a few childish words."

"There are some things spoken carelessly that are never forgotten, and have untold influence upon the future life. It was so in my case," he added, with a sigh.

"I am glad you told him so."

"We must not forget to make the distinction between one who sins blindly, and one who does so, knowing and feeling it is sin. He loved my aunt. He did not mean to injure her."

"Love her, Arthur! He did not know what love means. He valued her as he would his hard working, faithful horse, whom he would sadly miss for her services, not for herself, when she was gone. It was arrant selfishness dressed up in a garb of affection it had stolen."

The young man gazed at her with an admiring smile, then becoming serious, said, "the lesson of his selfishness and her patient endurance sank deep into my heart. I trust I may never see the like again."

At this moment a bird overhead burst into a sweet, clear song, and with its music the young man's thoughts changed.

"Let us waive this subject," said he, "it is a painful one to me, and I don't know how I chanced to fall upon it, unless it was my somewhat sombre mood inclined me that way."

"What troubles you, Arthur? I never saw you have such a shadow in your eyes when you looked at me before."

"You would chase the darkest shadows away," he answered, with a look of eloquent affection. "Let me tell you my last night's dream."

"Did it trouble you, dear Arthur?" said May, softly drawing nearer to him.

"I am almost ashamed to say how much."

"Let me hear," said she, anxiously.

"I am not so foolish, dearest, as to believe in this or any dream, but as music or a tone sometimes awakens inexpressible feelings in the heart, whose source cannot be traced, and whose influence lingers and lingers, slowly dying away like the sound of bells on the still air, so this dream, vividly impressed on my memory, shadows me and fills me with a certain sadness. One would think me on the bench already, I deliver such a lengthened speech," he added, with a smile.

"I wish you were."

"Why?"

"Because I am longing for the time when all the world shall see your genius, and value you as you deserve."

"Then if the power were in May's hands, I should certainly be a judge."

"And one that would do honor to my choice."

"We lovers look through rose colored glasses, and see wonderful visions," said the young man, smiling.

"We but see the truth transfigured, or it is so in my case."

"May, May, I shall grow too vain," he rejoined, laughingly.

"That is quite unnecessary," she answered,

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in the same tone—"but we forgot the dream. Tell it me."

The shadow stole over his face again as he complied, "I thought we were together in a narrow valley. It was long and rugged, and often times the sky was obscured with clouds, and then again the sun shone gloriously. There were many obstacles in the way, but we held each others hands and did not fear until we came to a lofty mountain. We could find no way but by going over it, and its sides were terrible to behold. While we paused looking in dismay about us, a form, whose face had at once something fascinating and terrible in it, suddenly appeared, and held out its hands to you. You refused and clung to me. It drew nearer and nearer. It laid its hands upon you, and then you suffered yourself to be carried away spite of my struggles and entreaties. A voice cried, 'she is lost to you.' Darkness fell upon me, while in wild wail, like the death cry of a spirit, pierced through the gloom, and I awoke. It rings in my ears yet," he added, with a shudder, while his cheek grew slightly pale.

"It was not like me to go away and leave you in darkness. If I have a hard way to go, I will lean on Arthur, and on him only."

"Arthur feels this," he answered, cheerfully. "The poor student," he continued, in a tone of intense affection, "has a treasure which the proudest might covet, and hereafter he will bear it in his arms, and neither storm nor rugged way, nor any power of evil shall take it from him. Together we will toil and wait patiently, and love one another, and together one day, bow before the all merciful Father."

With a face eloquent with the purest emotions of the heart, the young girl lifted her loving glance to his, and answered softly, "yes! we will journey on together."

"Do you see the shadow in my eyes now, darling?" asked the lover, after a pause.

"All is bright there, dear Arthur."

"So is my heart, and I must back to my books and make up for this sweet delay."

They stood up, but the young girl clung to him, and detained him yet a few moments, while she asked with a sunny smile, "are you sure, Arthur, you have no vision of a goblin taking me away from you?"

"Love casteth all fear out."

"And gives us peace and unshaken trust."

"And courage to labor and wait for the reward I shall one day claim. I shall very soon return, till then God bless thee, my own May."

He went, and as the young girl walked slowly homeward, amid the blissful emotions of her heart was a chord which seemed to sound responsive to the melancholy wail of the dream, and she murmured once or twice, "is anything going to happen?" But as a touch restores us from dreams to actual every day life, so the sight of the cottage banished every foreboding, and she entered with her usual light step.

"Mrs. Seaton told me to tell you, miss, she was in her room, and wished to see you," said the servant.

May nodded, and hurried up to her mother's apartment.

CHAPTER III.

On the day our story commences, Alfred Vernon had been dining with his two intimate friends, Cabot and Fenshaw. Cabot was leaning back in a fauteuil reading a newspaper, yet often casting a quick, penetrating glance at his companions. Vernon sat with folded arms and bowed head lost in thought. Fenshaw was idly toying with the fruit on his plate, and regarding Vernon with a look of mirthful curiosity.

"You don't eat, you don't drink, you don't talk," said he, at length. "If yours is the natural state of a lover, heaven keep me from it! How long do you intend to live on air, my good fellow?"

"Why need you be anxious about me, Fenshaw?" answered the other, rousing himself, and looking with a good-natured smile at his merry associate, "so long as you have a good appetite and find enough to eat?"

"Because I am of a generous nature, and find my meals taste better eaten in company than when alone. My worst enemy cannot wish me a more doleful fate than to sit down at table by myself."

"Why, pray?"

"Such an occasion always brings up a vision of a poor, feeble old man sitting down to his dinner, with only a sour domestic to thrust what he timidly asks for on his plate, and always saying, if you go to call on him, 'ah, it is of no use to talk to me, I can't hear you.' Don't that strike you as somewhat sombre?"

The other smiled absently, and rising, walked restlessly about the room for a few moments. Fenshaw, after watching him awhile, sang in a clear, melodious voice and fine expression "love's young dream." As he ended, Cabot put down his paper, and turning to Vernon, said, "what disturbs you?"

"I am anxious to hear from Mr. Seaton: he told me I should do so in the course of the day."

"Is that solemn old gentleman going to settle the business, Ver?" asked Fenshaw.

"Not entirely, but he promised to use his influence with Mrs. Seaton."

"I thought that lady too ambitious not to at once accept your offer," remarked Cabot.

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"She is a strange woman. I do not know exactly what to make of her."

"I presume she thinks her daughter perfection," said Cabot, with a smile, that was almost a sneer.

"Do you wonder at that?" cried Vernon, with flushing cheek.

"She is the most beautiful divinity that ever blessed my sight," exclaimed Fenshaw, with energy; "by the way, we see very little of her."

"Mrs. Seaton could not afford to live in the fashionable world. Her daughter has been educated in retirement."

"But Mr. Seaton is very wealthy."

"He is only a cousin, not bound to support her."

"There has always been something about that man's movements I could not understand," said Cabot. "He is different from most persons one meets."

"I am very little acquainted with him," replied Vernon, "but he was my father's friend, and has interested himself warmly for me in the affair."

"Do you know, Ver," exclaimed Fenshaw, suddenly, "that the only time I saw Miss Seaton with him, I fancied that the still lordly cousin was in love."

"What are you talking about?—are you in earnest?" said Vernon, almost fiercely.

"It was only a fancy of mine, I dare say," replied Fenshaw, carelessly. "He was certainly excusable if he felt even *his* heart warm a little at the sight of so much beauty, and, by heaven, it did; for when she turned her sweet face toward him and made some inquiry, his own grew almost as gentle, and he made answer in a tone strangely unlike his usual voice, which always affects me like a shower on a cold winter day."

"You are weaving a romance out of air," cried Vernon, impatiently; "what on earth could induce a man thus feeling to do all in his power to marry the lady to another?"

"No one but Fenshaw would dream of such a thing," said Cabot. "Neither Mr. Seaton nor any other man is so disinterested."

"His zeal to serve Vernon shows I was wrong," rejoined Fenshaw.

"What the deuce do you make a man feel so uncomfortable for, when by your own showing you do not believe what you advance?" said Vernon, lighting a cigar, and, at the same time, throwing it from him.

"You ought to have unshaken confidence in your liege love, no words of mine should disturb it," replied Fenshaw, in a tone of solemn gravity.

"She is not mine yet."

"What does your mother say to all this?" asked Fenshaw, after a pause.

"I have not spoken to her yet, but I doubt not she will give her consent to what will ensure her son's best happiness."

"A proper sentimental speech," remarked Cabot, sarcastically.

Vernon blushed. He had spoken as he felt, yet was ashamed; but Fenshaw, who had as warm a heart as it was thoughtless, answered warmly, "he speaks just as he ought under the circumstances. When a man loves shall he try to be cold as ice?"

"I have to forswear all such sentimentalism," said Cabot, "but I mean no offence against those for whom it has charms. Take my words as the croaking of a bachelor, and pity my hard heart, Vernon."

"That I do. It is your loss not mine." At this moment a servant entered with a note. Vernon eagerly took it, and devouring its contents at a glance, his countenance grew radiant with joyful success. "All right," he said, hastily writing a few words, which he gave the waiting servant. "Congratulate me," he exclaimed, once more glancing at the few words of the note, "I shall win my bride." Fenshaw shook him warmly by the hand. Cabot rose and took his hat, saying,

"Come, Fenshaw, come down to Jones' with me and see my new purchase. Vernon does not want you or I now." Vernon attempted no denial, and the young men departed.

Left alone, Vernon threw himself into a chair, and, covering his face with his hands, gave himself up to various emotions. He had seen May only a few weeks before, and, charmed by her beauty, had entreated Mr. Seaton to obtain permission of Mrs. Seaton to visit her. Being well-bred and an agreeable companion, he was gladly welcomed by that lady into her quiet home. May never seemed to observe his growing delight in her society. He was merely a pleasant acquaintance, more her mother's than her own, for feeling somewhat fearful as regarded his success, he from policy devoted most of his conversation and attentions to Mrs. Seaton, whose interest in the world, from which she was parted by what she considered cruel fate, was still unabated. He saw that he was not such an attraction to May as to most young ladies with whom he came in contact, but wearied by flattery and attentions, her manners were all the more delightful. Her indifference drew him from his natural indolence, roused his pride and awakened his ambition to conquer. He thought he had good grounds for hope. His position, his wealth, his handsome person, and, as he flattered himself, pleasing manners, must finally prevail. An only child, vanity and self had obtained luxurious growth. Yet May had given both many blows. Only a few nights before, having taken more than usual

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pains to please, and having engaged her attention as he supposed completely in the lively conversation carried on between himself and her mother, on being asked her opinion upon the point at issue, she confessed with a vivid blush she had not heard what they had been saying. Vernon was deeply mortified: he went away almost immediately, feeling somewhat disheartened. On his way home he met Mr. Seaton, and by one of those chances which sometimes occur, was led on to express the feelings and hopes with which he regarded May, and to his joyful surprise, that gentleman undertook to plead his cause with Mrs. Seaton. He had apparently succeeded.

"Her indifference might have been assumed, it must have been," he thought, turning over in his mind the events of the last few weeks. "Knowing our positions differ much, and I can see how proud she is, she would not suffer one gleam of interest in me to escape her, but she need not feel thus, we are equal; her beauty, her accomplishments would make her a king's peer. How nobly will the position I can give become her. She will be the brightest star in the gay world. Mr. Seaton, nonsense!—why should I give that a thought, is she not almost mine?" and with that celerity which youth possesses, he turned from the shadow and remained lost in pleasing fancies, until the hour arrived for him to meet Mr. Seaton.

In all his dreams there came no thoughts of responsibility. No feeling of the importance of the step he was about to take. No anxious questioning of his heart if it were worthy of hers. No wish to read her inward life truly ere they were united for weal or woe. He adored her beauty, he gloried in the thoughts of giving her such wealth and position as would grace that beauty. He doubted not but that they should be happy, he felt sure he never could cease to admire and love as now. But here his visions ended. Self was the idol after all. He loved himself in her, and the image took such a lovely form, filled him with such delight, that he believed he had admitted a divinity into his heart. He never dreamed it was self glorified.

It was with some trepitude he presented himself before Mr. Seaton at the hour appointed. The latter rose slowly from his easy-chair, laid down his book, and held out his hand to the excited young man. "You are punctual," he observed, drawing out his watch with a slight smile.

"Who would not be if he came on such an errand as myself? Oh, sir," he said, eagerly, "how shall I thank you sufficiently for your kindness to me in this affair? I must thank you for making the happiness of my whole life," he paused, his flushed cheek and sparkling eye more eloquent than all words.

"A young man's feeling," answered the other, unmoved apparently at the gratitude excited, "sit down." The young man obeyed, and he continued, "you think I have done much for you, be it so. Time can alone show whether I have been instrumental in blessing or cursing you."

"Cursing, that cannot be."

"Understand I have aided you, not in any romantic pleasure I feel in leading a despairing lover to happiness, but that I might testify to the son the obligation I feel toward the father. All my life I have wished to do so. It gives me inexpressible satisfaction that the time has come."

"The son feels that all the father did is cancelled. Believe me, sir, in no way could you so effectually have made me debtor instead of yourself, and I thank you in my dead father's name." The tears started to his eyes as he said these last words, and a feeling of sensibility gave to the handsome face a charm it had wanted as he bent forward and offered his hand.

"You look like your father this moment," said Mr. Seaton, cordially pressing the offered hand. "Enough of this, tell me of your plans."

The young man's cheek flushed. "I have thought of nothing but my happiness since I received your note. I have no plans."

"I presume that is the orthodox way of feeling, my young friend, but, unfortunately, you must do more. You have not seen Mrs. Seaton or her daughter yet, remember."

"Ah, my dear sir, when may I see them?"

"Day after to-morrow."

"I cannot wait so long," cried Vernon; "I must see May sooner."

"Indeed, then you wish to lose your delightful happiness."

"Lose it! No, I would grasp it more firmly."

"And find it ashes in your hands; no, sir, you must wait until the time I have mentioned, unless you wish to give up all idea of marriage with Miss Seaton."

"Why must I wait? Tell me that, I entreat?"

"Are you so little of a lover that you cannot believe in your happiness a few hours longer without questioning?" asked Mr. Seaton, coldly. "I do not feel called on to give my reason. I only say so, and warn you, you must obey or repent when too late."

The tone was gentle, the manner quiet, but the young man felt held in iron bands. It were useless to attempt to escape. He answered sighing, "I will do as you advise, but it is very hard to wait."

"I will inform Mrs. Seaton you will wait on

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her on Thursday, if you please. She will appoint what hour is most convenient to herself."

Vernon bowed in acquiescence, but his face was clouded with disappointment. Mr. Seaton saw it, and a scornful smile passed over his lip, but he sat in shadow, and the other did not observe it.

"Now, my young friend, go and converse with your mother upon this affair. It is her due. I have one suggestion to make, however, which will perhaps give you pleasure."

"Name it, sir."

"Do not think me presuming if I venture to request that you will not delay your marriage many weeks. I am desirous of going abroad, and wish all to be done before I leave."

"No effort shall be wanting on my part to bring about the result wished for, be assured, sir."

"I fancy not. I will not forget to write to Mrs. Seaton. Good night. It is done," he muttered, as the young man closed the door. No other words passed his lips, but by his contracted brows, and the huge drops which stood on his forehead, his thoughts were not pleasant ones.

"My dear mother," cried Vernon, hurrying into the spacious apartment where Mrs. Vernon sat musing alone, "give me joy."

"For what, my dear?" asked the old lady, starting.

"Ah, I forgot. I was thinking I had told you all about it," said her son, throwing himself upon the sofa beside her.

"You never tell me much of what you are going to do, and I do not see you very often," answered the lady, with a sigh.

"I am in love, my dear madam, as you perhaps know, with Miss Seaton. I have within the last hour received an intimation that my suit will not be disdained. I am to go there Thursday. It is shameful to wait so long," he muttered, rising, and pacing the room, quite forgetting his mother in his renewed impatience.

"Are you not very hasty, my dear?"

"Hasty," cried he, stopping short, "my dear madam, you are dreaming!—why, I have been waiting, and am I to wait forever as it is?"

"It takes months and years to really know any one properly."

"And so you would have the best part of life go by in waiting. I will not do that; pray have you any objection to my marriage?"

"I wish, my son, you had chosen any other."

"You are altogether too unreasonable, my dear mother," cried he, impatiently. "May is as good and beautiful as an angel."

"But her mother, my dear, her mother is a proud, wilful, impetuous woman, whose vanity was as exacting as her charms were great during the time she ruled the fashionable world."

"It is not the mother I intend to marry. It is the daughter I love," he said, carelessly.

"But a mother has great influence with her child."

"Not when old enough to judge for one's self."

"Too true," murmured the lady, with a sigh.

"You wish me to be happy, I suppose?" resumed Vernon, after a pause.

"My dear, your happiness is my greatest earthly hope. There is nothing I would not do for you."

"I don't doubt it, my dear mother," said Vernon, in a tone of more feeling than he had before used, sitting down beside her and taking her hand. "Imagine May flitting about these old rooms, filling them with light and beauty. She will make us so happy, and I will forsake all my bachelor haunts; and neither you nor I shall ever regret the day I brought home one as bright as a sunbeam."

Mrs. Vernon was touched by her son's words and manner. "Be it so, my dear. Bring her to me, and I will love her for your sake, and bless her if she make your happiness."

"That is spoken from your own kind heart. Thank you," answered her son, kissing her hand with a half-earnest, half-careless air. At that moment visitors entered, and the young man hastily left the apartment.

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Seaton was hurriedly walking the room at her daughter's entrance, but at sight of her she quickly seated herself, looking sadly at May as she threw off her bonnet, and shook back the curls from her sunny face. "Did you want me, mother?" she asked, finding Mrs. Seaton was silent.

"Come and sit down here, May, I have much to say to you." Something in her mother's unusually quiet tone struck the girl, and looking earnestly at her a vague fear fell on her heart. She obeyed in silence.

"Mr. Vernon has been here very often since he first made our acquaintance," said Mrs. Seaton, abruptly—"what do you think of him, my child?"

"I don't know," answered May, carelessly, "I never think much about him. He seems very pleasant and sensible."

"What sort of a husband do you think he would make?"

"Indeed, my dear mother, I cannot imagine. Too indolent to be very much to my taste."

"He loves you, May."

"Mother!"

"Is it so wonderful that he should be attracted by my darling?" asked the mother, looking with

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sorrowful pride on the amazed face raised to hers; "he has asked your hand of me, May."

"I am sorry," said May, after a moment's pause, "very sorry," she paused and looked in her mother's face; there was that there which caused her heart to beat with sickening rapidity.

"He has asked your hand, and I have consented," said Mrs. Seaton, with stern firmness.

"You dare not," burst from the girl's pale lips. She sprang to her feet and bent wildly toward her mother, studying that calm, pale face.

"Listen to me," continued the mother, in a tone of command, which ever swayed all who came within its power; "listen to me. When your father died and left me homeless and destitute, I had no friend or hope of aid. You were only eight years old, too young to understand our extremity. I knew not what would become of us. At this crisis my Cousin Frederic came forward, purchased this small cottage, settled on me a small annuity, and up to this time has been our sole support. I am completely in his hands; without him we should be beggars. This young man is the son of his friend, and for reasons of his own he wishes you to marry him. He will otherwise take from us all we possess. He has forced me to consent, he will compel you also."

"*I never will.*"

"Child, child, there is no alternative between this marriage and starvation."

"Starve, need we starve? I am strong, I will work, anything rather than marry this man."

"What will you do?"

"Anything, I care not what; let us go away from here far into the country, where we are not known, we can find employment."

"I have no money. No friend of whom even to borrow a dollar. You would need beg your bread from door to door."

"I will go to your cousin, he has always been kind to me," exclaimed May, after a pause. "I will throw myself on his mercy, he will not compel me to marry."

"He *has* no mercy. I have pleaded and he mocked at me. His heart is harder than adamant. He glories in his power to crush us."

"Will my mother sell her child?"

"The young man has wealth, position. He is highly educated and well-bred, and he loves you. You are poor, but your beauty and talent fit you for the highest sphere, and your family is old."

"Mother, this does not move me. I do not love him. Dress it as you will, it is being sold."

"Is it more degrading to be a dependant on a husband's love than on my haughty cousin, who flings in scorn every pittance at us? May, you must consent."

"I cannot, I will not. I will go away and beg if I must, I will not thus descend."

"You will leave me to die of starvation. I tell you if you refuse, my cousin will not aid me, no, not if I lay perishing at his door."

"God help us," cried May, wringing her hands, "why are we so poor and helpless?"

"That we may be trodden under foot by those who are rich. Suffer yourself to be upraised. Take the hand offered you in all honor: it is the only way of escape."

The girl sank down and hid her face in the folds of her mother's dress. "Will he have no mercy on us?" she gasped.

"I tell you he will not. Save yourself and me."

"Think at what cost!" The mother's heart stood still at the terrible anguish on the pallid countenance lifted imploringly to her, she grasped the chair convulsively, and all her self control could not smother a low groan. At the sound her daughter sprang up.

"Oh! mother, mother, you *do* pity me, I feared you did not. Take this awful weight off my heart. Spare me at least for awhile." She stretched out her hands to her mother with touching entreaty.

Her mother started up. The interview was becoming too much for her self-command. "Remember I have consented to your marriage, and by this time the young man knows it."

"Have you no pity for me?" still implored the girl, with ashy cheek.

"I cannot help you, I am a bound slave."

"If I were only dead," murmured May. She fell insensible at her mother's feet.

"I wish you were, child of my heart—I wish you were," burst from the wretched woman. She lifted up the pale face and pillowed it on her breast; "not pity thee, darling, God knows how I suffer with thee."

Life came back again too quickly. She looked into the anxious face bending over her and tried to smile, but instead could only weep. "I will go to my own room," she whispered, at length. Silently Mrs. Seaton supported her to her apartment; May sank upon the bed and hid her face in the pillows. Her mother cast one glance of anguish upon her and retired.

How terrible was that long sunny day to the young crushed heart! Hour after hour she lay there, too miserable, too borne down by the tempest to look the present or the future in the face; swayed to and fro by dreadful thoughts like a weed tossed by the angry billows. At times it seemed as if she could no longer endure, and the wild cry, "oh! that I were dead," smote harshly upon the summer quiet. She did not know, it is learned only by experience, that young hearts are as strong to endure as to suffer, for death is such a privilege that it is seldom, but when we can cheerfully live, that the blessed angel kisses the brow grown serene amid tempests.

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Sometimes when calm from the very intenseness of suffering, she endeavored to think quietly, but she would soon sink down overwhelmed by the flood of agony which rolled over her struggling spirit.

When after one of these floods had gone over, she raised her head she perceived the sun was setting. It was an hour dear to her. She rose and throwing open the blind, rested her head upon the window ledge and looked sadly out. It was a still holy evening. The birds were singing good night, and the breeze gently kissed the leaves, which stirred with low murmurs as if they were being cradled to sleep upon its breast. In the distance the river, more azure than the sky, flashed gloriously a farewell to the dying god. Earth was kneeling at heaven's portal with its incense of praise.

One night only, and she who looked forth so despairingly had felt the life and beauty without, but faintly shadowed the joy of her young heart. Alas! all was now as "the accusing face of an archangel." Too vivid the hope of the past contrasted with the gloom of the future. She hid her eyes from the glory about her.

With the dim twilight Mrs. Seaton ventured to enter. She had been sitting all the day long at May's door, not daring to come nearer lest she should lose all her self-command and betray what she suffered, and yet unable to go away. The fading light would hide her countenance, and she knew her voice would obey her will. "May," she said, softly approaching the prostrate girl, "I have some tea for you. Do drink it, you have tasted nothing since morning."

"You fear, mother, if I do not eat I shall not be in a condition to be sold," returned May, in a tone of sharp bitterness, utterly unlike her usual gentle tone.

"Have I deserved this at your hands, my child?" asked Mrs. Seaton, in a tone of mingled grief and anger.

"No, no, dear mother," said May, in her usual manner, "forgive me. I did not mean so, I am so miserable I don't know what I say."

"Drink this, darling, you will feel better."

Anxious to atone for her hasty words, May put the cup to her lips, "I can't drink it," she said, trying to smile.

Her mother put aside the cup, and stood silently bending over her. The poor girl lifted up her head again, and whispered with pale lips, "is there no way of escape for me, for us?"

"None," answered the mother, in a tone of fierce despair, "heaven and earth have no mercy upon us." A low wail burst from her child, and fell like a consuming fire on the mother's heart. She could not endure to look on the drooping form and agonized face, and she fled from them.

"Mother, mother, in this dark hour thou shouldst be a support to thy child, woe for both that thou art in as great need as she!"

As the darkness deepened May flung herself upon her bed, and toward morning sank into a heavy, unrefreshing sleep, and her mother stealing in, kept a sleepless watch beside her. The first rays of the sun awoke May, she started up and looked about her with a bewildered air, till her eye fell upon the anxious face beside her. The light poured full on Mrs. Seaton, and revealed to her daughter that she suffered. She felt her child penetrated her heart, and without a word stretched out her arms, and mother and child wept together. These tears did both good, for when the first violence of sorrow is past, the fainting heart and weary head find inexpressible comfort in leaning upon a loving breast, so impotent to shield from suffering, so mighty to console. No human spirit has sounded the depths of suffering, unless in the desolating calm as in the tempest, it must walk self-supported, and feels that as the darkness has been borne along, so must the awful twilight ere the dawn arise.

"May," said Mrs. Seaton, at length, "I received a note last night, which makes it necessary that I should send this——" she broke off abruptly, and handed a paper, on which these words were hurriedly written:

"I sanctioned your engagement to my daughter—circumstances before which I am powerless force me to withdraw that sanction. She is lost to you. Come to me and I will tell you all."

May's lips grew white, but she said faintly, "send it, my dear mother."

"Will you see him? Have you strength?"

"If I die, I must see him once more." Mrs. Seaton dared say no more, she hastily kissed her and left the room. (TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

Bending to the glassy fountain,
Clear as moonlight o'er the spot,
Smiles a blossom, sweet and star-like,
Know'st thou the forget-me-not?

Shimmering like the azure ether,
When no cloud the zenith seeks,
Lo of truth it is a symbol,
To our hearts, with peace, it speaks.

List, beloved friend. Its leaflet
Speaks, in every line and dot,
And 'tis heavy with the dew-drops,
As it sighs, "Forget-me-not!"

E. H.

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THE TWO ARTISTS;

OR, MARRYING FOR MONEY.

BY LOUISE MAY.

In a fashionable street, in the city of B——, stands a house remarkable for its chaste and picturesque appearance. The large Gothic pillars and elaborate stained windows bespeak the occupants to be those of wealth as well as taste.

Mr. Lorraine, indeed, was both; he was rich, for he married for that purpose; he was a man of taste, for he was an artist; he was well known and respected, but more particularly by some connoisseurs, who, making use of their own words, were so crazy after the arts, they could not allow one day to pass without making a call, to feast on the exquisite light and shadow of some pictures, or the life-like expression of others, the production of their much esteemed and influential friend.

It was after one of those visits that Mr. Lorraine seemed gloomy and thoughtful, and looking around his studio, which was furnished in costly elegance, "it is strange," he said, "the soft light from these windows, must give my pictures great effect. Three years ago the very same pieces that calls forth such admiration now, were offered at a very reduced price; but none could see merit enough in them to purchase. I became discouraged, married, yes, married for what I blast to say, the almighty dollar. But sharp, keen poverty has made many like myself marry for the same. It is that which has put on my pictures such irresistible gloss. Oh! what would I give if I could re-call the last few years of my life. How willingly would I exchange this showy palace for my little room, cheerless as it sometimes was. It was Paradise, to all this splendor accompanied with remorse of conscience. But why do I complain? will not money purchase friends, and ensure influence? will it not cover a multitude of faults for me as well as others? But what of that? It will not bring back the rosy hue of health, to cheeks made pale by constant weeping, and until it will it never can ensure my happiness. But brooding over the past will do no good. I will try what reading will do toward raising my spirits."

And walking to the book-case, the first thing that attracted his attention was a note neatly folded and delicately directed. He had received it the day previous, and being engaged at the time left it unopened until at leisure.

"Another invitation, I suppose," he said, breaking the seal, "but, indeed, that writing looks like ——" he could proceed no further, but was pale and agitated, and burying his face in his hands wept like a child.

In the same city, but in a very narrow street and a miserable-looking house, was a lovely girl by the bedside of what might be called the remnants of a handsome man. It would have been difficult to have judged his age, for he looked like one that grief had made old before his time. He lay with both hands clasped in those of his daughter. A death-like silence pervaded the whole apartment, broken at intervals by a long and painful groan, which was answered in prayer by his youthful watcher.

"Oh! God, spare my only parent and protector," she said, and burst into tears.

"Do not weep, Lucy," said her father, wiping the tears from her eyes. His face was pale and haggard, but his eyes were bright with wild delirium. "Look," he said, clasping her still tighter to him, "do you not see them," pointing to the bare, discolored wall; "yes, there they are, a life-time of labor poorly repaid; they ought to make us rich, girl, but they will not procure for you a crust of bread."

"Oh, yes, dear father, when you are well, and Mr. Lorraine already knows of our being here: he will I am sure do something for us: he cannot forget his old friend and preceptor so soon."

"Has he not deceived and forgotten you, Lucy?"

"Yes, dear father, but perhaps he was not all to blame, I might have deceived myself, but I will forgive him everything that has passed, if he will be kind to you in future. It is true he has had time to answer my note, but something might have intervened to prevent an immediate reply."

"He has brought it himself," suddenly said a voice, which a few years previous would have caused Lucy's heart to thrill with delight; but that time was now passed.

Wiping the tears from her eyes, she confronted one who had broken a vow dearer to her than life. He would have clasped her in his arms and asked forgiveness, but dare not. She advanced toward him with a cold but friendly smile, "you see," she said, "we will not let you forget us;

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but under any other circumstances I would not have taken the liberty to address you. We have already been here some months, and my father being sick, I am obliged to act for both. I have written to several gentlemen that were recommended to me as being admirers of the arts, but with poor success; they came, but when they saw the place, they made no further inquiry, nor did they stop to think that genius may sometimes be found twin to poverty."

"Why did you not let me know sooner of your being here?"

"Charles," said the sick man, interrupting him, and in a feeble voice, "when I heard of your great wealth, and the fame you had acquired, I thought this would be a better place for me; that brought me here. I thought it was all obtained by your profession, not by marriage."

"Oh! do not mention that again," interrupted the visitor, and clasping his old friend's hand, he said, "your daughter is willing to forgive the past. Will you not do the same?"

"If Lucy can forget," said the old man, with a sigh, "her father ought."

"But come," said Lorraine, anxious to change the subject, "something must be done. Give me a list of the paintings you wish to dispose of, and the names of the persons to whom you have written. Just as I thought," he said, looking over them, for they were those of his every day visitors, "I have long thought them friends of sunshine, and should a storm of adversity come, it would, I know, blow their friendship to pieces. They think me rich, judging altogether from appearances; it is well they do: I would not like the world to know that Mrs. Lorraine carries the purse, and that I, school-boy-like, must be satisfied with a sight of it now and then, or a promise of possessing it some day according to circumstances. I married for money, and I feel that I have my reward." Here his soliloquy was interrupted by Lucy inquiring how long a time it would take, and in what manner he thought of disposing of the paintings. "Leave that to me," he said, "I have already remained too long. I will now leave you, and in a few days will see you again, when all shall be settled to your satisfaction."

Lucy being once more alone, hastened to give consolation to her only friend on earth. "Dear father," she said, "cheer up. There is a better day coming." But his only answer was a sigh. The excitement of the day had been too great. In vain she cried, "father, dear father, live to protect your lonely and miserable child:" in vain she bathed his cold brow with her tears. "Oh! where can I find consolation," she said, "but in this," taking the Bible that she had read every day to the one who now lay so lifeless before her. "This was my mother's last gift, with a blessing, oh! who will bless me now?" and kneeling down, she prayed to Him who knoweth all things best; and then she read and prayed again, until she thought she heard her name in a low, but distinct voice. She was not mistaken. Her prayer was answered, "Lucy, my child," he said, laying his feeble hands on her head as she knelt beside him, "receive your father's blessing, I shall soon pay the last debt due to nature. I go to be with Him that will protect the orphan." A slight quiver of the lip, and all was over: his spirit had passed into the hands that gave it.

It is an old saying, but withal a true one, that one trouble never comes alone; and in our trials of this life, we are apt sometimes to feel that we are surrounded by enemies, when hope springs up once more in our bosom, and a sudden light breaks in upon us by which we recognize among those we thought our greatest foe, a true, disinterested friend.

As it wanted some hours of being day when Lucy was left an orphan, she had time to reflect what would be the best course to pursue; and taking from a box some papers which her father had always held sacred from the world, she was in hopes of finding among them something that might direct her how to act; but the perusal was in vain; as her father's death was so unexpected, there was nothing there to give her any information. "Oh!" she said, looking on his cold and rigid features, "what shall I do or where shall I go? For indeed I feel that my cup of misery is full," and sitting by the bedside of the dead, she wept till morning.

She had commenced arranging the scanty furniture of the room, and was about to collect the scattered papers, when she was surprised by a loud knocking at the door, and without any further ceremony or apology for so early a call, a rough-looking man stood before her.

"So you are really here," he said, in a coarse voice. "Well now, that is quite clever. One of my tenant's walked off yesterday without paying their rent, and yours has been due these three days; and as nobody came to see me about it, I expected you were clean gone too."

"Then you are the owner of this house," said Lucy, and her eyes filled with tears as she thought of more trouble gathering around her.

"Yes," he said, "I am the landlord, and you will find that I am one that wont receive tears for pay neither."

"Oh! sir," she said, advancing toward him, "if you have a heart to feel you will pity me when I tell you."

"I don't want you to tell me," he said, interrupting her. "I did not come from home this

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morning, without my breakfast, to talk of pity. I came to get my rent. I can find plenty, any day in the week, or any hour of the day, that will talk of pity; but it is very few I find ready to pay their debts. But tell me, young woman, was it your father that took the house from me? If it was, I should like to see him, to hear what he says about the money," and growing somewhat impatient at her continued silence, he spoke in a still more angry tone. "If you will give me no satisfaction, nor tell me where your father is to be found, I will see what the law will do."

"No, no," said Lucy, imploringly, "I will tell you everything you ask; but do not speak so harsh; oh! treat me with kindness, it will cost you nothing; and God will give you your reward!"

"Well, well," he said, in a milder tone, "perhaps he will." The earnest look of the supplicant had touched his heart. "But what are these?" he said, gathering up some of the papers that lay scattered before him. One particularly attracted his attention. After reading it with profound interest, he took Lucy kindly by the hand, "what does all this mean?" he said. "Come, tell me your troubles; it may be in my power to befriend you."

These few words of consolation gave Lucy new energy. She began her artless tale. More than once did the stern landlord become agitated as she told him what she had endured.

"But your father," he said, interrupting her, "you say nothing of him. This paper," still holding it in his hand, "requires that I should know where he is. So come, come, tell me all; let it be what it will, your secret will be safe with me."

Her father's name spoken with what Lucy thought an insinuation that he had been guilty of some crime, made her feel indignant, and bursting into tears, she said, "come with me!"

He followed her mechanically to the bed, when drawing aside the curtain, she exposed to his view the lifeless form of her father.

"Oh, God!" was all that escaped his lips. Death unlocked all the finer feelings of his nature, that had lain dormant for years. He too had known trouble; death had robbed him of the wife of his youth; and his children one by one, until he was left entirely alone. This brought all vividly before him; and giving vent to his feelings, he wept.

"This makes a child of me," he said, recovering himself, "but you will excuse my weakness; henceforth you shall be under my protection; my home shall be yours if you will accept it; and prepare yourself to leave this place; longer delay, here and alone, may create suspicions, which will give you trouble unthought of now, and this paper," he said, "gives me authority to act. Bound by the sacred ties of fellowship to protect the widow or orphan of a deceased brother. So come, cheer up, I have a sister at home; and although she is neither young nor beautiful, she is good, and in her you will find a friend. And when I, with others, have made every arrangement for his last resting-place, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that while you lament the loss of a parent, we that met him only in death, and a stranger, mourn over him as a departed friend and brother."

When Mr. Lorraine left Lucy and her father, it was with a heavy heart, and as he approached his own home, it became still heavier, for he knew that, according to custom, he would have to give an account of himself, and receive a severe reprimand. He was not disappointed. He had no sooner entered the door, when Mrs. Lorraine commenced in her usual style.

"So you have come at last," she said, "I was just thinking you had forgot you had a wife. I am sure I cannot see what you want out so much. There is not a gentleman in this city who would not have been glad to have stepped into such a home as you did, without cost or trouble; but you need not think of deceiving me, your actions are watched closer than you think, I assure you. My friends already notice your cool treatment toward me, and wonder I allow it after what I have done for you. It is really undermining my constitution, I fear," she said, in a very pathetic tone, "I cannot sustain such treatment much longer."

If this had been the first lecture of the kind Mrs. Lorraine had given her husband, it is likely he would have taken some trouble to appease her anger; but experience taught him the least said was the soonest mended; so, taking a newspaper, he seated himself with a determination to say as little as possible. It soon had the desired effect. After talking, till she was tired, of her own excellent qualities, and receiving no answer, she left the room, closing the door in as noisy a manner as possible, declaring at the same time she might as well talk to the wind. For once that perfect indifference toward her was not feigned; Lorraine had seen the only one he had ever loved, and whom he had so basely deceived, yet was without the means of offering what he felt she needed, pecuniary assistance. "But I will not rest," he said, "until I have done all that is in my power." Suddenly, looking over the paper, he was attracted by an advertisement. It was that of a sale of valuable paintings, some copies, and others, the genuine productions of the old masters. "This, I think, will be an excellent opportunity to dispose of the pictures I have," he said. And without waiting to obtain leave of

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absence, he hurried out to execute the thought most uppermost in his mind; for at a sale like that he knew real artists, in company with good judges and impartial critics, would be found. In his idea he was not mistaken, and he soon found himself in possession of some. Fifteen hundred dollars, the product of the old artist's pictures.

"This, I think, will give them satisfaction," he said, when he received the money, and he set out to call on Lucy and her father. At his door, however, he was accosted by a gentleman, who told him he had been looking for him sometime, to deliver a note which was to be put in no one's hands but his own. Lorraine had no difficulty in recognizing the writing to be Lucy's. She thanked him kindly for his trouble, and informed him of her father's sudden death. She said she would have been entirely alone but for the kind friends who had taken her under their protection, by whose judgment she would be hereafter guided. She concluded by saying he should be always remembered in her prayers, and she hoped that he would enjoy what she felt never would be hers again, happiness.

"Are you the kind friend spoken of in this note?" said Lorraine, addressing its bearer, the landlord.

"I am," he said, "and I am one that always stands by my bargain too."

"May God bless you," was the only answer, and putting into his hand the money, Lorraine walked quickly away.

After the funeral, the first thing thought of by Lucy was to return thanks for the great blessings bestowed on her, and for the kind friends sent to her assistance. If God in his mercy had taken her father from the trials of this world, he had provided her with friends, one of whom she loved as a parent, the other as a dear devoted sister.

Lucy was soon once more happy. Could you have seen her some years after the time just spoken of, as she stood by the side of her new father, for the landlord had now adopted her, you would with me say that she was happy.

"Come, come, I should like to know your objections to this nice young man," said her new parent, one day. "He has been trying to initiate himself into your good graces for sometime past."

"I have but one excuse to make," she replied, "I know you would not wish me to give my hand where my heart is not."

"Then I may take it for granted that you are in love with somebody else," and kissing her affectionately, he said, "will Lucy not make a confidant of her father?"

For the first time she confessed her love for the one who had deceived her.

"Lucy, you have told me all but the name, will it be asking too much to know that?"

"Do you remember delivering a note to a person, and receiving money, which as yet I have never had occasion to use?"

"Why that was Charles Lorraine, who married a widow three times his age; you certainly cannot mean him." He saw from the blush, that it was so. "Well," he said, "if he married for money alone, he was paid in his own coin."

"Why, father, what do you mean?"

"Did you not know that his wife is dead? And she left all the property, but the house they lived in, to a son, whom nobody in this part of the country knew she had. Lorraine could not support the house, and came to me to mortgage it. A few days ago I heard of a good opportunity for selling, and have written to him accordingly. His answer states that he will be here to-night, to make all necessary arrangement."

"And did he not recognize you?"

"I think not."

That night Lorraine came. After settling all preliminaries about the house, he said, "I have a favor to ask, which I hope you will not refuse. Allow me one short interview with your daughter, before I leave this place forever."

It was granted.

But how different was that meeting from the last! Was Lucy to blame for pitying him, when he told her that his friends of prosperity had forsaken him, now that he was poor? Was it unnatural that she should sympathize with one who had shown such sympathy for her?

We will not repeat all the tender words spoken at the interview, suffice it to say, that the purchaser of the house was Lucy's father; and it was made a present to them the day of her marriage. She and Lorraine now live in happiness together; for he has found that it is not riches, but a familiarity of feeling alone that forms that companionship which ought to exist between man and wife. Lorraine, moreover, declares that he has never experienced since he married for love, what he once so much dreaded, a curtain lecture.

ON READING "ODES OF ANACREON."

They may tune the lyre to rosy wine,
To purple grape, or weeping vine;
May sing of nymphs whose wanton glance
Fires the soul in the mazy dance;
But give my lays a thought above
The Bacchanal song, or sensual love;
Breathing a love they never knew,
Pure and fresh as morning dew,
Glowing and warm as Summer's sun,
But felt for one, and only one.

J. E. O.

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THE FASHIONABLE PARTY.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"My dear," said Mrs. Stanhope to her husband, "it is almost time we were giving a party: this is the second winter we have been married, and people look for us to be returning their civilities."

"I don't see why we should give a party because folk expect us to. If people thought I was going to cut off my head, do you suppose I would do it to please them?"

"Oh! but if we go to parties, we must give parties. We shall be considered mean if we don't."

"Money is very scarce."

"But it would not cost much."

"How much?"

"A very little indeed: you don't know how cheap everything is, especially confectionary: you can give a party, now-a-days, for next to nothing."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Mr. Stanhope, sententiously, "and may the time soon come when parties will cost nothing at all!"

Mrs. Stanhope did not exactly like the half satirical tone in which her husband had conducted the conversation; so she paused for awhile before answering, debating with herself whether he was really bent on refusing, for in that case she did not care to risk open defeat by renewing the assault. However, she concluded finally to go on.

"So you will give the party?" she said.

The husband had returned to his newspaper, for this conversation occurred in the evening: he now looked up, and regarding his wife earnestly, for a moment, kindly said,

"Are you really so anxious to have a party, Mary?"

"Indeed I am," she replied. "My acquaintance all look for a party, and will consider me shabby if I don't give one."

"Parties are very senseless affairs."

"We ladies don't think so. Some like the dancing, some the flirtations, some the chance of seeing their neighbors' dresses, some the supper, and all the excitement. I am fond of a party occasionally." And her eyes fairly sparkled.

Mr. Stanhope smiled. "Vanity of vanities," he said, "all is vanity: and parties most so of all things. I must say, Mary, that, of the entire catalogue of pleasures you affix to a party, the dancing seems to me the most excusable; and I don't think much of that, you know, as an occupation for rational beings. However, since you have set your heart on a party, you shall have one, provided it does not cost too much. Let us see your estimate."

The wife sprang up, kissed her husband delightedly, ran for pencil and paper, drew a footstool to his side, and first looking up bewitchingly into his face, began to make her calculations. She showed, in her pretty way, how Parkinson would furnish ice-cream and jellies almost for the honor of the thing; how a small band of musicians could be obtained for a mere song; how she had discovered a horticulturist, just starting in business, who would make up bouquets at half price; and how, in short, all the other desirables for a first-rate party could be procured, by a judicious economist like herself, at an expenditure so trivial that it would be a positive sin not to avail themselves of the chance.

So the party was determined upon, and, the next day, Mrs. Stanhope sent out cards. It was to be her first party, and she was proud enough.

When the evening came, the house was a perfect jam. The pretty hostess looked prettier than ever, for the excitement of preparation had given her a high color, and she wore a new dress of great beauty, the gift of her husband. "For since you will have a party, Mary," he said, "you shall be the handsomest-looking woman at it, if an elegant dress can render you so." It was not, perhaps, etiquette to outshine her guests in this way; but Mrs. Stanhope, as well as her husband, forgot this in pardonable vanity.

The rooms, we repeat, were a perfect jam. The music was excellent. The bouquets certainly looked charming, and made the apartments look charming too. There was a decided throng in the supper-room, so that some could scarcely get in, and this, of course, was the crowning triumph of the evening. Mrs. Stanhope declared, when the company had retired, that she was sure Ellen Harvey had made a conquest of Harry Boswell; and that there was quite a flirtation got up between Anne Powell and Charley Hastings. "Wouldn't it be odd," she said, "if two marriages were to grow out of our party?"

But the husband was sleepy. The whole thing had been, as he expected, an intolerable bore to him. He had not, he mentally declared, heard two words of sense spoken for the entire evening.

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Mrs. Stanhope, however, would talk. She was too excited to keep still. But her husband fortunately maintained his temper, though his eyes winked continually; and, at last, in the midst of one of his wife's eloquent reminiscences, he fairly fell asleep.

The next morning things had changed. Mr. Stanhope arose at his usual hour, a little tired, but otherwise in excellent health. His wife, however, was sleepy, had a headache, and, as she was forced to admit, felt "altogether out of sorts." She had tasted indiscriminately terrapin, ice-creams, jellies, and cakes; and was now paying the penalty of this, as well as of her unnatural exhiliration of spirits. Then she had to set the house to rights, or see it done, which was nearly as fatiguing, especially as she was, what every woman should be, a particularly nice housekeeper.

When Mr. Stanhope came home, at night, he found his wife completely fagged out. She was ruefully looking over the various bills which had been sent in, that morning, for things furnished at the party.

"What's the matter, Mary?" said the husband.

She looked up, nearly out of humor. "Oh! these people," she said, "how they all charge. Here's the confectioner has sent twice as much as I thought we should want."

"Was it not used?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, that's right. Here's the bill for terrapin—whew! enough to buy a horse almost."

"And yet there was scarcely sufficient," said the wife, looking blank.

"And the music—and your cheap flowers," said Mr. Stanhope, glancing over the bills, in turn. "Why, they're all double what you calculated!"

He kept his temper, however, admirably: an example we recommend to all husbands.

But his wife, nervous and sensitive from reaction, could not bear even this implied reproof. She burst into tears.

"I couldn't help it, Charles," she sobbed, "and indeed I never want another party. I'm nearly dead with this headache, without the vexation of those dreadful bills. And besides," and here she sobbed afresh, "sister Jane has been here, and has said that everybody declared I was over-dressed, and that the terrapin gave out, and that the waiters were very shy of the champagne, and that—that," but here the aggregation of disasters become too great for endurance, and she finished in a regular "boo-hoo!"

Her husband put his arm kindly around her, kissed her, and said,

"People are very ill natured, my dear, and confectioners know how to make very long bills; but surely you have not discovered this, to-night, for the first time. Come, cheer up! As to the gossips, never mind what they say: you were not a bit over-dressed; and you looked, I can assure you, prettier than anybody in the room." What a smiling, grateful, happy look she gave him through her still tearful eyes! "And as for these bills," he continued, tossing them carelessly across the table, "they are just what I expected. I knew, from the first, you had miscalculated, so I am not, in the least, disappointed. There now, think no more of it. Go to bed soon, and get a good sleep——"

"And never give another fashionable party," she cried, interrupting him, with mischievous eyes, "is that the lesson you would teach?"

"If you are willing, dearest. As old Franklin said, 'its paying too dear for the whistle.' Don't you think so?"

"I do," she answered, seriously. And, from that day, Mrs. Stanhope was done with Fashionable Parties.

THE GIRLS AND THE FLOWERS.

BY MRS. M. D. MORTON.

A group of young lighted girls
Convers'd at twilight hour,
As they in company had sought
For many a precious flow'r.

Said one among the lovely band,
"All for amusement tell,
Which one of these you would be like,
You love it now so well."

Then Laura chose a full-blown rose,
To her the queen of flow'rs,
Of all beneath a gard'ner's care,
Or those in Nature's bow'rs.

But one prefer'd a flow'r which e'er
Imparted nought but sweet,
To him who would it most disturb,
Or tread it 'neath his feet.

And Clara chose the flow'r so pale
That twines around the tree;
An emblem of such tenderness
Her heart prefer'd to be.

But Lucy, with a modest blush,
The daisy said she chose,
Because 'twas ever looking up,
Above its earthly woes.

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DORA ATHERTON;

OR, THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM."

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 203.

Away, away over the broad Atlantic, to scenes of classic renown and romantic legend, Italy and Greece, England and Germany, the gay Loire and the castle-crowned Rhine!

Paul was again in Europe. Once more he saw the moonlight silver "sweet Melrose," and heard the ivy rustle amid the ruins of Kenilworth. Once more his soul thrilled to its profoundest depths as he listened to the organ peal in York Minster, and his imagination took fire as he gazed over the sterile, but memorable plain of Bannockburn.

He crossed to the Continent. Before the tombs of the French Kings at St. Dennis, he stood reverent and uncovered, republican as he was; for he saw, in those storied monuments, the history of a thousand years of glory. He knelt, at midnight, on the arena of the Coliseum, awed not merely by the majesty of the ruins, but by the mighty recollections of the place; for there, eighteen centuries before, a hundred thousand spectators had applauded, there emperors had triumphed, there Christian martyrs had died. He passed over to Egypt, and stood beneath the pyramids, on the very plain, perhaps, such was his reflection, where the children of Israel had defiled, when they went forth out of Egypt. He wandered amid the ruins of Memphis, where Abraham had conversed face to face with Pharoah. He lived, in fact, in the world of the past, seeking there to find relief for the present; for when sorrows overpower us, we flee either to memory or to hope, blessed comforters both!

Paul was not weak, however, in his repinings. He regarded Dora as lost to him forever, yet as she had been lost in a way that did not lessen his love, he mourned for her with keener pangs even than if she had been dead. This was nature. He believed she despised him for his desertion, which to her must seem without cause: and to be misjudged by one we love, to a right character, is the severest of all pains. Then, too, he was uncertain as to her fate; and this added indescribably to his anguish.

"Oh, spirits of the blest," he exclaimed, one summer night, as he watched the stars shining on the bay of Naples, "if, indeed, as wise men have asserted, ye watch over mortals here below, be my messenger to her, and tell her that I am true still. Sainted father of my Dora, bear to her the deep woe of my soul, whisper to her how I love and suffer!"

Paul, as we have said, was highly imaginative; and he was, on this evening, rapt, as it were, out of himself. His words came from his heart, like drops of blood wrung by agony. For a few minutes he was silent. Then an inexpressible calm stole over his spirit. The sensation of woe had past, and one of delicious pleasure succeeded. It seemed to him, in this mood, as if a voice spoke to him, out of the depths of his heart, assuring him that Dora yet lived, and that, notwithstanding all, she loved him. Have not others had similar experiences?

That summer loitering in storied lands bore rich fruit. To occupy his leisure, and find aliment for a mind, which otherwise would have devoured itself, Paul flew to composition. His book was a record of travel and a revelation of the heart. When he returned to London, in the autumn, it was published; and the sensation it made was great. The critics saw in it the traces of a mind equally powerful and delicate. The public beheld in it freshness, originality, enthusiasm, qualities which the people appreciate far better than critics. Everywhere, from all classes, it met with a warm welcome: and Paul suddenly found himself famous.

He had made engagements, in the spring, to spend a portion of the autumn at Henley Abbey. When he reached England, Lord Henley's family had already left town, so he followed them immediately. An unusually brilliant circle had assembled to participate in the noble earl's hospitalities; statesmen, orators, warriors, savans, each distinguished in his peculiar walk, each with a world-wide fame; yet Paul was not the least striking of them. The events of the last year had transformed him from the idle student to the energetic thinker; and though his taste led him toward the ideal, he was fully competent to

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grapple with the abstrusest questions of government and science. The old liked him for his vigorous and clear intellect: the young were fascinated by his lofty presence and eloquent words.

It was a dangerous trial for a young man, to be thus treated as an equal by the wise, and caressed as a favorite by beauty. Paul had retained the image of Dora sacredly in his breast, while wandering alone, and in classic realms. But would he continue faithful to a vision, for the lost Dora was no more, when flattered by rank, wit, loveliness, and, most perilous of all, female sympathy? Could he withstand the ordeal? He would have been more than human if he could.

We are writing no silly, romantic tale, but narrating a story of the heart; the heart with all its lofty impulses and sacred memories, but alas! its unknown weaknesses also. The perfect are not of this world. The tempter is ever at hand, not as "a roaring lion" always, but disguised more often as an angel of light. It is to the subtle, unsuspected foe, not to the open enemy that the good fall victims. Yet do not utterly condemn Paul till you have heard all.

The Lady Alicia was the youngest daughter of the Earl of Henley, and first arrested Paul's attention by her fine voice. The day after his arrival, it was a Sunday evening, as he wandered through the rooms, he surprised her at an organ, where she was accompanying herself to the anthem which Paul had heard Dora sing, in the little country church. He stood enraptured. The fair vocalist either did not see him, or pretended not to see him, until she had concluded the piece, when she gave a start of surprise, blushed, and rose in confusion. Paul had been profoundly affected. The anthem had vividly re-called the past, and opened anew his wounds. The Lady Alicia, with a woman's fine tact, and few women had tact like the Lady Alicia, saw that something was on his mind; and accordingly she spoke of subjects that she thought would soothe him, raising her eyes to his with frequent glances of sympathy; for the Lady Alicia had fine eyes, and handled them superbly.

Paul was beguiled into being interested. His companion reminded him, by her enthusiasm, of Dora. She really cared but little for music, yet she discoursed of it with an affectation of feeling, which completely misled him. It was no imputation on Paul's sagacity that he was deceived. The Lady Alicia was a born flirt, and so accustomed to simulating a part, that she might easily have deluded those more suspicious than Paul.

"I told you," she said to her elder sister, as they chatted awhile in her dressing-room that night, "that I would bring the handsome young American to my feet. I knew from the dash of melancholy in his look that he loved music, and as one can't play opera airs on Sunday, I thought I would try the organ and a bit of Handel. He has the air of a man, you see, that couldn't resist a St. Cecilia." And she laughed as she spoke, her eyes sparkling with mischief and vanity. "So, perceiving he had set forth on a tour through the apartments, *il penseroso*, I slipped around into the organ room, to which I knew he must come, and, as soon as I heard his grand seigneur footstep, I began my anthem. You don't know how it took," she exclaimed, jumping up, and clapping her hands with glee. "He was at my side in an instant. And when I had done, of course we talked of music; and so of chaunting; and then of the solemn awe of a cathedral; and at this I did quite a pretty little bit of religious sentiment—you should have seen it, Anne—and told him of my charity scholars——"

Her sister laughed.

"*Your* charity scholars. Mamma's, you mean!"

The Lady Alicia pouted her pretty lip, and looked demure.

"I go there sometimes, you know," she said, "and expect to be quite constant in my attendance hereafter; for Mr. Sidney is an adorer of Lady Bountifuls, and, to tell the truth, he is a catch worth having."

And this was the creature who had resolved to enthrall Paul, and whom he thought not unlike Dora! The artful, coquetting Lady Alicia like the true-hearted Dora! Yet, when an unprincipled, scheming woman, and one of tact too, sets out to deceive a frank and noble nature, the task is not so difficult as might be supposed.

From this time forth, Paul, without being aware of it, was the mark for the Lady Alicia's attractions. She besieged him with all the weapons of an art in which she was an adept. Love of admiration was her ruling foible. In the very nursery the Lady Alicia had been a flirt, coquetting with her boy cousins in turn, or rather with all at once. Later in life, but still in early girlhood, it had been her boast to have three young Master Honorables dying for her; and nothing filled her with such glee as to bring them together, and watch their mutual jealousy and rage, which she managed to feed by a dozen little coquettish tricks. Since her coming out, she had spent one season in London, running, according to her private opinion, the most brilliant career of any beauty of the day; for she flirted with all, whether elder sons or young guardsmen, and this in spite of her mother's Argus eyes and constant rebukes; and when admirers were diffident, or dancing partners seemed careless of being admirers, she had always an irresistible glance or smile that was sure to bring them to her side, each fancying that no lady could bestow such a look unless where her

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heart was touched. Ah! they little knew the Lady Alicia.

At Henley Abbey there was no one to put Paul upon his guard. The few young gentlemen visiting there were either ignorant of the coquette's arts, or were willing enough to see another become her victim. The Lady Alicia managed her arsenal of smiles, glances, whispered words, almost imperceptible pressures of the arm, and other weapons of assault all the more adroitly now because her heart, so far as she had a heart, was really interested in what she called Paul's grand seigneur air. She was not without talent, was this little lady, and reverenced genius; and with an instinct of her sex she wished some one to look up to, as an admirer.

There was nothing obtrusive, however, in her attentions. Paul did not suspect her purpose. As she could counterfeit a love for music, so she could also imitate deep feeling: she was one of those extraordinary moral monstrosities indeed who can assume the appearance of profound emotion without even experiencing it, and pretend to a fervor of religious sentiment with souls abandoned entirely to selfishness, vanity, and conceit. As she had talked of her charity children, so she spoke of all that was good and noble. Thus those who did not know her well, and few except her own family did, were enraptured with her enthusiasm.

A few days passed. One morning most of the gentlemen went out shooting; but Paul preferred to accompany Lady Henley, with a party, on a visit to a remarkable ruin in the neighborhood. It had been the Lady Alicia's intention to drive the pony phæton, but when she heard that Paul was to be of the excursion, she suddenly changed her mind and appeared in her riding-dress.

Though few of her sex rode more fearlessly in general than the Lady Alicia, on this occasion she was, to use her own expression, "all nerves." Never had she been known to be so timid. A herd of deer, that dashed across the avenue as the gay *cortege* swept through the park, startled her into a half suppressed shriek; and her eyes, on the instant, sought Paul with an appealing glance, followed by a deep blush, as if fear only had surprised her into seeking his aid, and as if her modesty already dreaded the interpretation he might put upon it. Once at her bridle rein, Paul somehow forgot to leave it. Her occasional starts of timidity, indeed, forbade this; but her conversation, in which so much poetic feeling was mixed with historical and traditional lore in reference to the places they passed, left her cavalier no wish to desert her side. He found himself, long before they reached the ruin, wondering not less at the knowledge of this fascinating young creature, than at her delicate taste and her enthusiasm for the beautiful.

The ruin was that of an old castle, perched on a rocky eyrie; and the principal tower was still standing. But the stone staircase, which led to the battlements, was, in many places, broken; and none of the party cared to risk the difficult ascent, especially as they had all been on the top before.

"What a pity," said the Lady Alicia, gracefully gathering her riding-dress up, so as to exhibit the prettiest of all pretty feet, "that none of you are going up. Mr. Sidney will ascend of course, as the view is too fine to be lost; and with no one to point out the various localities in the landscape, he will miss half the pleasure of the sight. Some of the gentlemen should have thought of our guest, and not strolled off out of hearing." And she assumed an air of vexation. "Really, Mr. Sidney," she continued, suddenly turning to him, "I feel ashamed of our party; so I will go with you myself; though, as I am a little timid, you must bear with me if I scream, should those tottering steps shake beneath us. Mamma will let me go, I am sure—won't you, mamma?"

But Paul interposed.

"Not for the world, Lady Alicia," he said. "If the staircase had a proper balustrade, indeed, I should be glad for you to accompany me; for you seem to know every remarkable spot in the county; but I will remember the most prominent localities," he added, smiling, and it was the first time Paul had smiled on her yet, "and, when I descend, will ask you what they are."

"No," she replied, "I must redeem the lost character of my countrymen. You Americans, I have heard, think us not near so polite as the French."

"I discredit it then," said Paul, gallantly, "only don't venture the ascent."

"But I am not afraid," she answered, raising those large, dark eyes overpoweringly to him. "There really can be no danger. Is there, mamma?" And she turned to Lady Henley.

The latter had sat silently watching this little manœuvre of her daughter. She knew that the Lady Alicia had often ran up those now dreaded stairs with a laugh at their tottering condition; but it was not her business to tell this to the rich and handsome young American, who would make such a desirable match for an earl's almost portionless daughter. So she replied. "Go, if you wish it, dearest: I am sure Mr. Sidney will take the best care of you."

Paul would have expostulated still further; but the Lady Alicia would not allow it. Playfully taking his arm, and looking confidingly up to him, she drew him forward to the foot of the staircase, and urged him up, laughingly slipping

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around to the side next the wall, with the pretty threat that "if they were to fall, Mr. Sidney should at least go first."

They reached the battlements out of breath, the lady having behaved, as Paul thought, very heroically, never screaming, though a loose stone, displaced by his foot, went thundering to the bottom. He had supported her indeed over the most difficult places; but, as the stairs were really very shaky, he was astonished at her self-possession.

She sank on a projecting stone, and taking off her broad brimmed hat, fanned herself with it. Fatigue had made her look more pensive than usual; and she seemed positively beautiful: at least Paul thought so, for she now resembled Dora more than ever, and Dora was still his secret standard of loveliness.

At last she rose languidly, with a "dear me, I'm ashamed to be such a weak creature," and began to point out the different parts of the landscape to her companion.

"That is Walthold Castle," she said, pointing to what seemed only a pile of stones in the far distance, "it was a Saxon erection, and is now but a shapeless mass of ruins. Yonder, on that bit of rising ground, was the village of Grusbuard, which the Danes burned: and there, just beyond it, is the ancient borough of Beltane, where, as the termination of the word implies, the Danes themselves afterward settled. Here, in the foreground, amid that dark woods, is Delancourt Chase, an old Norman appanage; but now the Delancourts are extinct, alas!"

She sighed as she spoke; and, after a pause, resumed,

"It is a sad thing to see an ancient name die out; and I feel it the more acutely because such is to be the destiny of our family. Papa, you know, has no son."

She leaned heavier on Paul's arm as she uttered these words in a plaintive tone, and looked up at him with eyes half humid with emotion. Her companion insensibly pressed that lovely hand to his side; for words, he felt, would have failed to convey his sympathy.

"I wish I had a brother," said she, after a silence of some moments. "I often experience the want of one, when I do thoughtless things. Brother and sister is such a holy relation, don't you think so? Have you a sister, Mr. Sidney?"

Again those large, dark, dewy eyes were brought into requisition, and Paul, as they gazed up, with an almost sisterly confidence, into his, thought that the soul which they represented must be second in purity only to Dora's.

"I have no sister," he replied, with feeling, and a look that thrilled his hearer. "I never had. Nor have I a brother. I am alone in the world, the last of my line."

His companion did not reply for a moment, but, with instinctive tact, drew closer to his side. When, at last, she spoke, it was in a low, confiding tone.

"How like we are," she said, lifting her eyes, full of sympathy, to his. "You are without a sister, and I without a brother. Do you know," she continued, "that I am going to say something, which I fear you will think foolish; but I am frank, too frank my friends tell me; and I always speak what is uppermost, silly as it may be."

She paused here, for an instant, as if afraid to proceed without encouragement; while her eyes drooped before Paul's, and a blush rose to her cheek.

Her companion, at that moment, could think only of the innocent, trusting creature at his side: he felt for her profound sympathy; and he expressed it, in few, but emphatic words, spoken in a low, earnest tone. He would have been wiser than most men indeed, or more callous, to have resisted that exquisitely managed appeal.

"It is so short a time since I have known you," she continued, thus encouraged, "that, were you anybody else, I should fear misconstruction. But it seems to me that I have been intimate with you, not for a few days, but for years; I feel, in your company, exactly as I have always pictured to myself I should feel with a brother: I want to be asking your advice about my conduct, for I know I am often a sad, sad creature, and you have seen so much of the world; in short, I would have you for a brother. Oh! you don't know how I should prize your counsels," she continued, with a fine affectation of enthusiasm. "Men generally are either too backward, or too presuming. Now you," and again those well managed eyes poured a whole flood of coy, bashful tenderness into those of Paul, "are neither one nor the other; but seem like an elder brother, a true, true friend. Will you be my brother?"

In her earnestness she clasped both hands over her companion's arm, looking up at him, with a sweet, untutored frankness that was altogether irresistible. Paul gazed down on what he thought this picture of confiding innocence with strange, yet pleasurable feelings. Had he analyzed them they would have said to his heart that Dora being lost to him forever, this lovely, artless, confiding Lady Alicia was, perhaps, destined to be to him, not what Dora might have been indeed, but something akin to it; and that so, in time, from being an adopted sister, she might become even dearer. But he did not analyze them, and only felt, therefore, a strange delight. It was with a serious

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tenderness in his voice and manner that he said,

"I will be your brother, dear Lady Alicia, on condition that you play a sister's part to me."

"And will you tell me of my faults?"

"I will."

"Fully and fearlessly?"

"I will."

"It will be a hard task, for I am very naughty sometimes." She said this with artless simplicity.

She did not look, Paul thought, as if she could be guilty even of a foible. He answered,

"But, on your part, you must tell me of my faults?"

She opened those large, full orbs to their widest limit: nothing was said, but they expressed, more eloquently than words, her surprise that Paul could think he had faults.

He colored with conscious modesty.

"Indeed," he said, quickly, "I need advice as much as any one; more, far more than you——"

Again that look of surprise, followed by a sad, deprecating shake of the head; and Paul went on.

"You don't know a tithe of my faults. I am haughty, head-strong——"

But now she spoke; and it was with a sigh.

"Ah!" she said, "I wish I was as condescending as you. And yet you call yourself haughty, though you have listened, so kindly, to my silly talk. You head-strong!" And again she shook her head, as if words failed her. Then, suddenly starting, as though something had, that moment, caught her eye, she exclaimed. "But see, they are waving a scarf for us—the luncheon is set out—and I suppose we must go down." And she gave another sigh.

Paul was already sufficiently within the spell of the syren to wish that the signal had not been seen; and, for an instant, thought of imitating Nelson at Copenhagen, and declaring, while he looked away, that he did not discern it. But his companion drew him to the head of the steps, and, almost before he knew it, he was lifting her light form over a slight chasm.

From this day forward the Lady Alicia became more and more intimate with Paul. If she rode out, it was only when Paul was of the party, and, on such occasions, it was remarkable how often her bridle required arranging, or her stirrup shortening; and it was equally remarkable that these accidents always occurred when Paul was the nearest cavalier. If she adjourned to the library for a book, it was generally while Paul was there on the same errand; and, in such cases, she invariably consulted him on the author most likely to be useful to her; it was astonishing, indeed, to those who knew the Lady Alicia, to see what a sudden taste for literature she had imbibed. Her curiosity, also, respecting foreign countries was great: she was never tired of asking questions concerning them; and she was particularly interested with regard to the United States. She declared, in her most animated manner, that republicanism was infinitely the best form of government; and that her *beau ideal* of happiness was the free life of the prairie, where all were alike equal, and where greasy operatives and sullen peasants were unknown.

"What a noble idea it gives one of your institutions, Mr. Sidney," she said, during a conversation of this kind, "to read that the great and good Washington, when President, walked the streets without a guard, lifting his hat to the poorest street-porter who addressed him, as well as to the richest gentleman. How charming, also, to think that Lady Washington never affected any state. And then to remember dear, delightful Dr. Franklin, refusing to wear shoe-buckles at the French court, and adhering to his leather strings."

"You would like, I suppose," sneered a sarcastic young man, one of her former victims, now transformed from a dandy into a member of Parliament, "to live in Arcadia, carrying a crook, tending sheep, weaving chaplets of flowers, and listening to handsome shepherds playing on the pipe."

She gave the speaker a look of ineffable scorn.

"It is easy to turn the noblest aspirations into ridicule," she said. Then, with marked emphasis, she continued. "To play the shepherdess to simple swains is not my ambition, sir: they may lead their sheep, but they shall not lead me."

The retort silenced all further sneers from that quarter; and left her, as she wished, mistress of the field.

On another occasion, Paul, who was an early riser, surprised her in the garden, where, with a pair of thick gloves on, she was assiduously at work, much to the astonishment of the gardeners, who had never seen her little ladyship thus occupied before. Had they remembered that, only the day preceding, one of their number had casually mentioned to her that the American gentleman was accustomed to walk in the garden every morning, and that he seemed very fond of flowers, they would have felt less surprise.

The interview, so accidental as Paul thought, led to a long conversation on flowers, in which the Lady Alicia displayed equal botanical knowledge and sentiment. She asked her companion innocently in what part of the United States the *cacti* grew most luxuriantly, and when, with a smile, he informed her that they belonged to Mexico, rather than to his country, she blushed and hung her head at what she called her deplorable ignorance.

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"But," she said, at last, timidly raising her eyes, "you must excuse me, Mr. Sidney; for neither pa nor ma care much for flowers, to teach me these things: and books written, by my countrymen, about your great republic are so deplorably profound, or pretend to be so, that they never mention such facts at all. You must tell me all about the wild flowers of America, however—oh! I dote on wild flowers."

And then followed innumerable questions, which Paul answered, smiling, well pleased to instruct so ardent an admirer of nature, and one so eager to learn. The chance interview on that morning was followed by many others equally accidental. Frequently also the Lady Alicia's thirst for botanical knowledge led to meetings in the library, that treatises on that subject might be studied, and colored plates of plants examined.

There is always a pleasure, to a man, especially to a young one, in imparting knowledge to a pretty pupil of our sex: and the pleasure is enhanced if the subject is a poetical one, and the lady has herself solicited instruction. The wisest are not able to resist this sort of flattery, the more potent because unsuspected. The superiority it tacitly acknowledges on the part of the teacher is a most dangerous bait to human weakness. It is almost impossible for a bachelor to resist a young, pretty and obedient pupil, with a handsome pair of eyes: and this the Lady Alicia had known ever since she read of Abelard and Heloise.

As yet the Lady Alicia had never turned the conversation on Paul's book of trave's, though every other person in the house had complimented him, with more or less extravagance. She had noticed that he was annoyed by this flattery; and hence her silence. The adulation, she saw, was too gross, and therefore distasteful. For a long time Paul had not reflected on this omission. But it suddenly occurred to him one day; and the more he thought of it, the stranger it appeared, since she was fond of books, reading all the new ones that came out. He arrived at the conclusion finally that she had not been pleased with his volume, and had consequently avoided, with delicate consideration, any reference to it. It shows how far the Lady Alicia had already succeeded in her designs, that this persuasion annoyed and even piqued Paul.

But, one day, having sauntered into the music room, he found an elegantly embossed album, marked with her name in gilded letters, lying open on the piano. Mechanically he turned over the leaves, to amuse himself, for neither she nor her sisters were present, though one of them, at least, he had expected to find there. The book, he discovered, was not strictly an album, but a manuscript volume, containing poems from the most illustrious writers, copied by the Lady Alicia, and evidently her favorites. It was a study to him to trace the peculiarities of her mind, as thus exhibited; and he had no reason to be dissatisfied with her taste, or her poetical sympathies. There were several of Wordsworth's best poems on womanhood, and who has written more truly of our sex? There was "Locksley Hall," and others of Tennyson's gems. There, too, were the choicest of Shakspeare's sonnets, especially that immortal one on the "Marriage of true Souls." Many of Milton's exquisite verses were there also. At every leaf, Paul's admiration deepened.

But how shall we describe his delight, and wonder, when, toward the close, on one of the few blank leaves left, he found a poem of his own; one he had published in his late volume, and which he had entitled "True Womanhood." He had flung it off, that midsummer night at Naples, when the thought of Dora had come over him so overpoweringly; and every line of it breathed the inspiration of her pure and lofty character. It was, indeed, a poet's ideal of womanhood, and Christian womanhood. All that was refined, sympathizing, exalted, heroic, and divine in woman was there depicted.

Paul remembered well the night when these lines had been written. He thought of Dora with a sigh, as one thinks of the dead; and then—is it strange?—he thought of the Lady Alicia. Her copying these verses, with her own hand, into this, her secret repository of treasured poems, was a proof that there was a sympathy in her for the aspirations there breathed; for Paul was too severe a judge of his own compositions to believe that it was the merit of the poem merely which had won it this exalted compliment. He was still gazing, in dreamy delight, on the delicate chirography, when a slight scream startled him, and looking up he saw the Lady Alicia, her eyes fixed in terror on the volume, and her face crimson with confusion and shame.

She snatched the book from his hand immediately.

"Oh! Mr. Sidney, how could you?" she exclaimed.

Paul rose to his feet, as embarrassed in reality, as she was in appearance.

"I—I really," he stammered: and then came to a full stop; for he did not know what to say.

The Lady Alicia was the first to recover her composure.

"It was my fault, after all," she said, with what Paul thought inexpressible kindness, "I should not have left the book here—it was very silly of me," she spoke, brokenly, with eyes averted, blushing rosily. "The whole thing

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should be forgotten—I was on my way to my room, and stopping a minute to search for some music, forgot my album."

Paul had now gained courage.

"It was an unpardonable offence in me," he said. "I should have seen that the volume was private."

"A foolish, school-girl whim of mine," said his companion, embarrassed.

Paul was growing bolder and bolder.

"One, however," he said, "that has flattered me beyond expression, dear Lady Alicia. I cannot be insensible of the delicate compliment you have paid me, by introducing my poor verses into such company."

The Lady Alicia lifted her long lashes, and flashed a look of admiring surprise on Paul.

This embarrassed him again. Could he doubt the sincerity of such a glance as that? To have his verses thus regarded, by one so lovely, pure, and intellectual, was the greatest triumph of his life. And he felt a self-accusing pang, remembering that he had believed the Lady Alicia could not comprehend his book!

If there had not lurked, in the recesses of his heart, a deep and holy memory of the lost Dora, like that which a widowed husband may be supposed to feel in the first weeks of his bereavement, and if this profound and sacred feeling had not, as yet, prevented his thinking of loving another, we fear he would, at this moment, disarmed as he was by the syren's arts, have poured out, unguardedly, passionate words of affection.

But, though already in the meshes of the fowler, he was ignorant of it. He thought not of love, but friendship.

"Indeed," he said, "you flatter me too much: and it is such sweet, insidious flattery! I will not, however, allow myself to be deceived. It is your own purity of heart, and not the merit of the poem, which has obtained for my poor verses such a distinguished honor."

"How can you say so? Indeed, indeed," and she spoke eagerly, as if surprised and hurried out of herself, "I really think them divine—and I have so longed to tell you—but, if you are like me, you shrink from open praise, and I feared to offend you—yet now that you have, by chance, discovered the truth, I will, I *must* say how true, how eloquent I have found your book. And you have suffered too—that I see in it. Ah! Mr. Sidney, you are a great writer, and I am but an ignorant girl; but you have promised to be my brother, and I your sister; and if I could—oh! if I could"—how feelingly she spoke—"do something to allay your grief—women have an instinct in these things—I should be so glad."

She broke off abruptly. Her eyes, which, dilated and earnest, had gazed full at his, now fell in confusion to the floor: the crimson blushes again covered cheek and brow; and her bosom palpitated hurriedly.

Paul seized her hand, transported.

"God bless you!" he cried, in agitated tones. "I have, indeed, had a great sorrow—and you shall know it, some day."

How her eyes thanked him, as she lifted them for an instant, and then let them fall again to the carpet. She answered timidly,

"If I can comfort you—but I'm afraid I've been foolish—so young and inexperienced as I am!"

"You are a woman, and noble-hearted!"

He spoke with enthusiasm, his fine eyes all admiration; and insensibly he pressed that fair hand.

Again the Lady Alicia blushed.

"You praise me too much, my brother," she said, frankly regarding him, but quietly withdrawing her hand. "You will spoil your sister."

Paul became sensible, on the moment, of his inadvertent offence. Yet what could he do to explain it? His eyes fell before hers: he was embarrassed as a child.

But the Lady Alicia came to his relief, with sweet forgiveness.

"I shall not let you forget your promise," she said, smiling kindly, "for, perhaps, the very narration may soothe you. I can, at least, promise you my sympathy."

And so the interview terminated. Would you have believed, reader, any more than Paul, that this whole scene had been planned and rehearsed by the Lady Alicia beforehand; that she had learned Paul's favorite poems from conversation with him; that she had copied them into this volume solely to introduce his own verses toward the close; and that she had left the book where he would be sure to see it, and watched, from behind a French door, for the result? But it is not every flirt who is a Lady Alicia!

The next day, Paul, returning from a saunter through the park, saw a light female figure, in advance of him, which seemed familiar. He would have thought it the Lady Alicia's, but for the extreme plainness of the dress, and from a somewhat heavy basket carried on the arm. Suddenly, however, attracted by the sound of footsteps, the stranger looked around. It was the Lady Alicia after all.

Paul hurried forward. His first movement, on reaching her, was to extend his hand for the basket.

She seemed quite embarrassed, indeed a little annoyed.

"You here, and in this dress," he said, "and carrying a basket! But I see it all, you have been on some visit of charity," and his manly face brightened with admiration.

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"I did not expect to meet any of our guests," said she, artlessly, blushing at Paul's undisguised pleasure. "I thought the gentlemen had all gone out shooting."

She knew that one, however, had not; and hence her appearance in the park, in this sweet little masquerade dress.

"They all did, except me," replied Paul. "But I felt more disposed for a quiet stroll in these fine old woods, than for slaughtering pheasants. Had I known, however, that you were bent on a mission of charity, I should have solicited permission to accompany you. It is a far better employment of time to relieve suffering than to indulge in selfish reverie."

His companion deprecated the implied compliment.

"Is this like a brother, Mr. Sidney?" she said, frankly laying her hand on his arm. "You flatter me, instead of telling me my faults. Indeed you will spoil me. I have only done my duty."

"Yes, but, my dear Lady Alicia," replied Paul, regarding her kindly, "in this world so few do their duty, especially so few who are well-born, petted, and wealthy like you, that your conduct really is deserving of praise."

"Don't say so again," said she, beseechingly, lifting her eyes. "Even if true, I had rather not hear it. It may make me vain and self-righteous."

It was on Paul's lips to say something more complimentary than ever; but he felt that this would be doing injustice to one so sensitive and pure. So he walked, for a few minutes, in silence.

"I have never asked you if you belong to the Established Church?" said his companion, suddenly.

Paul smiled as he answered,

"We have no Established Church in America. But I am an Episcopalian, like yourself, if that is what you mean."

"Oh! I knew you had no church established by law," she replied, archly. "I am not so ignorant as that, for, you must know, I have been reading a good deal about America lately. But I meant were you an Episcopalian? I've a great notion not to forgive you," she added, playfully, "for thinking me quite so stupid as that."

And, as she spoke, she stopped, and putting one little finger to her lips, pouted prettily like a child of six years old. It was done with such apparent arch simplicity, that Paul, serious as he generally was, smiled at the artless air.

"Forgive me," he said, imitating her playfulness, and bending on one knee.

She smiled and extended her finger.

"Rise," she said, "recreant knight; I pardon you this once."

He got up demurely, still in his boyish mood, for the wiles of the enchantress had mastered him entirely.

Suddenly, however, she assumed a look of self-reproach.

"Ah," she said, "how thoughtless I have been—how silly—I told you, Mr. Sidney, I was but a giddy child."

Paul blushed, and felt the reproof, for he had been as silly, he reflected, as herself. Yet, in a moment, he rallied, his good sense coming to his support.

"Nay," he said, smiling, "we must not always be grave men and women: it is wise, as well as pardonable to play the child occasionally."

The Lady Alicia heaved a deep sigh.

"You can say that," she answered, "with impunity, for it is but rarely you forget decorum; and then only when, for politeness, you join with those who break it continually. It was all my fault. This is one of the weaknesses against which I struggle, and for which I asked you to censure me frankly."

Paul was really pained to see this self-abasement.

"Seriously," he said, "you look at this harmless gaiety of yours in too severe a light. I should never have thought," he added, "that you were giddy, if you had not asserted it yourself; and even now allow me, as far as I dare, to differ from you as to the fact."

He smiled encouragingly as he spoke. But she shook her head sadly.

"You spare me," she said, "and I do not deserve it."

"Indeed I say nothing which I disbelieve," replied Paul, earnestly. "But you asked me if I was a Episcopalian?"

"Oh! yes," she answered, her face clearing up. "I had forgot. Are you what we call evangelical or Oxford?"

The fact is Paul's opinions on this point had puzzled Lady Alicia, and as she wished to make a demonstration on his religious side, she was anxious to know the ground before proceeding. If he should prove a Tractarian, it was her fixed resolution to begin embroidering an altar-cloth at once. If he was on the other side she intended to commence the distribution of tracts on a large scale.

Paul answered, in all sincerity,

"I am for neither party," he replied. "I abhor all dissension, but especially dissension in religion. As for my belief," he continued, seriously, "it coincides with Mother Church on all cardinal points; at least as, by the light of Scripture, I read and interpret her creed. Minor matters I trouble not myself about. If candlesticks, genuflexions, or altars facing the east assist the religious sentiment in some characters,

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let such call in these sensuous aids. If other persons wish to worship God in barn-like meeting-houses, and prefer to throw aside even the surplice, it is a matter of taste, and not my affair. Let the heart be right, that is all I ask!"

The Lady Alicia had now her cue; and accordingly coincided with him entirely.

He little knew that, the year before, when there had been no one else to flirt with except a Puseyite curate, the Lady Alicia had talked of the medieval age as if, with it, true religion had died out, and was only being now rescuscitated in the few churches where candlesticks were lighted on the altar.

But we must leave the fair hypocrite to complete the enthralment of Paul, while we return to the meek, the suffering, the true-hearted Dora.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONLY A SMILE.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

'Twas but a smile—a careless smile,
That wreathed the lip awhile in scorn,
Then seemed to pass unnoted by,
As night-dreams at th' approach of morn.

Yet not thus traceless was its course;
It reached a human heart, and there
Left pain, and grief, and heaviness,
More than the spirit well could bear.

'Twas but a smile—a simple smile
That lit the features with its ray,
Then softly faded from our sight,
As gleams of sunshine fade away.

Yet had it power to penetrate
One darkened and despairing heart;
Rekindling there Hope's torch; once more
Its light and comfort to impart.

'Twas but a word—a single word,
Whose sound vibrated on the air
One moment; then forever gone,
E'en echo ceased to whisper, where.

But oh! its import who can tell,
As pointed by sarcastic ire
It pierced and seared the heart it reached,
As by the scorching touch of fire?

'Twas but a word—a careless word,
And spoken in a thoughtless mood:
So trifling, that it scarcely seemed
A harbinger of ill or good.

Yet o'er one heart a blight it cast—
The chilling stupor of despair—
Till perished every bud of hope,
And all was desolation there.

'Twas but a word—a gentle word,
Proceeding from the heart of one
With lips unskilled in art's device—
And spoken in a quiet tone.

Yet in one soul it raised a strain
Of sweet, inspiring harmony,
Whose echo through long years to come
Will thrill each chord of memory.

TO MY BROTHER.

BY CLARA MORETON.

Do you remember, brother dear,
Our childhoods' happy years?
How very many were our joys,
How few our childish tears?
My heart is sad with memories,
Oh! brother, mine to-night—
With memories of those early hours,
So cloudless in their light.

I yearn to clasp thy hand again,
As in the days of yore,
And roam amidst the grand old woods
That crown our mountains hoar.
I yearn to see that bright, fond smile
Which used to fill thy eyes,
When hand in hand we roved the dells
Beneath our Northern skies.

The honeysuckle's fragrant breath
In Spring-time filled the air;
And pale green fern, and flowers sweet,
Were 'round us everywhere.
Soft swept the wind amid those pines—
Serene the sun smiled through
Upon the beds of tangled moss,
And clust'ring violets blue.

Thy cheeks were bright with ruddy glow,
In rings of gold thy hair,
Tossed by the wind, fell o'er thy brow,
A marble statue fair.
And I, with all a sister's pride,
Beheld thy bounding form,
Nor dreamed that love like ours could change
By any clouds or storm.

My brother! still within my heart
Affection lives as true;
I love as well as in those days,
Say, brother dear, do you?

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DUTY. A TALE.

BY R. K. SMITH.

"Why do you dwell so much, dear mamma, upon the necessity of acting from a principle of duty? It seems so cold and severe a word! and it is so much easier and happier to obey you and papa because I *love* you, than because it is my *duty* to do so."

As Lucy Edwardes gave utterance to these words, she fixed her eyes with so fond and earnest a gaze upon her mother, that Mrs. Edwardes looked sadly on her for a moment; but her pale countenance was soon lighted up by a soft, tender smile, such as mothers only can bestow upon their offspring, and she replied,

"May it long be your privilege, my child, to obey your parents joyously and freely as you do now, but, perhaps, in after life, you may remember your mother's word, that affection is never so pure or steadfast as when it is guided and controlled by duty. Duty, not cold and stern, as it exists in your imagination, but tender and gentle amid its high and firm resolves. Duty, such as I trust will be familiar to your heart, when the earlier and more ardent impulses of affection may perhaps have passed away. But I will not enlarge on this subject now, as it seems distasteful to you, my love," added Mrs. Edwardes, while her head sank back upon her couch, as if she were wearied by the effort of speaking.

Lucy pressed to her lips her mother's hand, which she had held within her own during the brief moments of their conversation; and rising from the footstool whereon she had been seated, entered the conservatory, near whose open door, the invalid's sofa was placed, and plucking a sprig of heliotrope, which she knew to be her mother's favorite flower, laid it on the work-table at her side. Mrs. Edwardes smiled gratefully upon her daughter; and Lucy inquired whether she would like some music.

"Yes, let me have one of your beautiful Scotch airs."

"Or my last new Italian song, mamma?"

"Whichever suits your own taste best, my love."

Lucy seated herself at the piano and poured forth a full tide of song, which at other times would have gratified her mother's ear; but the closed eye and hectic flush bespoke suffering too acute to be soothed by mortal melody.

All this while, Mrs. Edwardes had been watched by another anxious eye; for Lucy had a sister, about a year older than herself; and just then, Marion Edwardes was seated at the other end of the drawing-room, seemingly engaged in sketching, but her pencil was held in silent thoughtfulness, while she looked earnestly toward her mother. After a moment's hesitation, she arose and going into the next room, brought back a restorative which she offered to the invalid; a look of grateful love rewarded her consideration, and she inquired in a low voice,

"Is the music too much for you, mamma?"

"Oh, no; don't mar Lucy's pleasure; I am stronger again." But Marion turned round and whispered to her sister,

"I think, Lucy, some simpler melody would please mamma better, for she does not seem well enough to day to enjoy such brilliant music."

"That is just one of your old-fashioned notions, Marion; as if an air of Bellini's could be more hurtful than some ditty which has been sung for ages by shepherds and ploughboys!—but if mamma is suffering, I had better not play at all," she continued; and closing the instrument, rose up from her seat.

Observing that Marion looked grieved, she added, in a contrite tone, "I hope, dearest Marion, you are not displeased with me; I would not vex you for worlds." So saying, she kissed her cheek, and resuming her embroidery, seated herself once more at her mother's side.

This little scene had passed behind Mrs. Edwardes' couch, but she had overheard some of her children's words, and her inquiring eye rested anxiously on them both. The entrance of her husband introduced new topics of conversation, and as she exerted herself to enliven the leisure hour which was always devoted to her, he could not realize to himself that the being, whose soft cheerfulness and harmless wit formed the delight of his home, was about to pass away like a shadow from the face of the earth.

A year had elapsed since the day just alluded to. The sun shone as brightly as ever upon the gay conservatory, whose fragrance had often been so grateful to the drooping invalid. The sound of music was still heard within that pleasant drawing-room. Books and work were, as heretofore, scattered throughout the apartment. But she, whose presence had once shed a calm joy around these household comforts, was gone; and her young daughters looked sad and desolate in

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their sable garments. Yet theirs was the sadness of a spring morning, whose clouds and sunshine are so happily blended together, that one would not give up the tempered brightness of that changeful sky for the brilliancy of the noontide hour. She who was gone hence, had spoken words of peace and hope which dwelt within their hearts, as pledges of their mother's bliss; and her spirit seemed to hover around their domestic hearth, binding together more closely than ever those who were dearest to her on earth. Her widowed husband seemed to centre all his love and all his hopes in his two daughters, who now formed his only household treasures.

Marion and Lucy were at an age which peculiarly needed a mother's care, for they were just springing into womanhood; but all that a father's tenderness could supply was bestowed by Mr. Edwardes, who in each leisure hour directed their studies, shared in their pursuits, and gave them every healthful recreation they could desire. He seemed to live for his children, and they loved him with that devoted affection which is the happiest bond between a father and his daughters. Marion was his daily counsellor and stay, for she united to all the freshness of seventeen, the ripened judgment of a more advanced age; but Lucy was his pride and his darling. Her dark eye rested on him with such fond affection—her child-like playfulness was so bewitching—her voice so full of sweet modulation! Yes, Lucy was her father's favorite, and she knew it.

In the earlier days of his widowhood, Mr. Edwardes had turned chiefly to Marion for comfort, and her silent tears were his best earthly solace; but as his grief became less poignant, he found relief in the society of his younger daughter, whose occasional bursts of sorrow were less oppressive to his spirits than the quiet sadness of her sister.

As time wore on, Marion spoke more rarely than heretofore of her beloved mother, whose image, however, dwelt within her heart, and whose words she treasured up as a storehouse of wisdom and consolation. Lucy, on the other hand, loved to talk with her father of the being so dear to them both; and these conversations tended to lighten the burden of their sorrow, and to prepare them for a participation in other thoughts and joys, connected with the present rather than with the past.

It was a calm autumn evening. The sisters were standing together in a bay window, from whence they watched the setting sun as it sank behind the distant hills which bounded their horizon. Marion's hand rested on her sister's shoulder, and it seemed as though some painful recollections had been awakened by the beauty of the scene, for a tear stole down her cheek, which, being observed by Lucy, she gently kissed away. At this moment their father entered with an open note in his hand.

"Here is an invitation for you, my children, to Mrs. Leslie's."

"Are we to go?"

"May we go?" escaped, at the same moment, from Marion and Lucy's lips.

"Just as you please; for I have no wish to deprive you of any innocent enjoyment. What say you, my grave and gentle Marion?" inquired Mr. Edwardes, addressing his eldest daughter.

"Oh, papa, as far as my choice is concerned," began Marion, but perceiving a shade of disappointment on Lucy's countenance, she added, "let dear Lucy decide; I will do whatever she likes best."

Lucy's features lighted up as she expressed the delight it would give her to accept Mrs. Leslie's invitation, saying that Isabella Leslie was such a charming person that she longed to see her again.

"Well, my little enthusiast, you shall go there; but this is rather an impromptu friendship you have formed for Miss Leslie; you have met but once—besides, she is several years older than you are."

"Yes, yes, papa; but she is so beautiful and so kind, and sings so divinely! I cannot help loving her."

Mr. Edwardes rallied her for a few moments longer, and then returned to his study. Marion looked rather graver than usual; but Lucy was too happy in anticipation of the morrow, to observe her sister's saddened aspect.

The second year of Mr. Edwardes' widowhood had passed away, and the beloved mother of his children was about to be replaced by a younger and more beautiful companion. Isabella Leslie was on the eve of becoming the mistress of Hazlewood. Lucy's heart leaped with joy at the prospect of having her friend the inmate of her home, so that she could enjoy her society without the many interruptions which had of late somewhat excited her impatient disposition. There was but one drawback to her happiness. She could not conceal from herself that the union in which she so fondly rejoiced, was painfully unwelcome to her sister. Marion's calm smile and quiet demeanor might have deceived an ordinary observer; but the eye of affection could detect a struggling heart beneath this peaceful exterior. This discovery would have affected Lucy still more deeply had she not thought it strangely unreasonable of Marion not to share in the ardent attachment she felt for her friend. At times the remembrance that her mother had not desired the acquaintance of Mrs. Leslie's family for her children, would give her a momentary pang; but

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this unwelcome thought was quickly expelled by her determination to believe, that had Isabella's excellences been known to her mother, she would gladly have chosen her as the companion of her daughters.

The bridal pair had returned from their wedding tour, and on their arrival at home Isabella was greeted by Lucy with the same ardent enthusiasm, which had marked her attachment since the first day of their meeting; Marion was there too, and in the cordial welcome she gave her father's wife, no shade of gloom was suffered to overcloud this their first family meeting. Mr. Edwardes was too much engrossed with his own happiness to observe the changing color of his eldest daughter at this trying moment; but the haughty expression of Isabella's eye, as her glance rested on Marion, showed that there was one at least who had detected the hidden feelings of her heart. Isabella was not destitute of many good qualities, but her natural vanity had been fostered by an injudicious mother into arrogance and self-conceit. Alas! how often does mistaken affection check the unfolding of kindly virtues within the bosom of its idol! even like some parasitic creepers which stifle the blossoms of those fragrant shrubs around which they have entwined themselves with an aspect of clinging tenderness.

The sisters were now emancipated from the restraints of the school-room, but their old place of study was still appropriated to their exclusive use; and there, a few hours were daily spent by Marion in reading or in other favorite pursuits. There too, she often sought refuge from petty mortifications which awaited her in the drawing-room; nor did she ever trust herself to rejoin the domestic circle, until she had obtained strength to fulfil cheerfully the new duties which were now allotted to her.

In this quiet apartment she was seated one afternoon, when Lucy rushed into the room, and throwing her arms round her sister's neck, exclaimed passionately, "you are the only one now left to love or care for me, dearest Marion! Oh, how bitter it is to be deceived where one has trusted so fondly—so entirely."

"What do you mean, my love?" inquired Marion, with an anxious look.

"You know, Marion, how I have devoted every thought to my father and Isabella—how I longed for their union—how I rejoiced at its accomplishment. Well, they no longer care for me. I am not necessary to their happiness; nay, my presence seems unwelcome to them; but," added she, rising up with an air of offended dignity—"I will not tamely submit to such insulting treatment. They shall learn that I can exist without them. The world is wide enough for them and me."

Marion, though used to occasional outbursts of her sister's ardent temper, looked perplexed and grieved. After a moment's hesitation, she said, "surely, you are mistaken, Lucy; although papa has, of course, less leisure to bestow on us now than in former days, yet he is very kind; and as for Isabella, it is impossible but that she should love you."

"Yes, with such love as a step-mother may bestow, but not such as I have a right to expect from my chosen friend. And, as for papa, he is so engrossed with his young wife, that I believe, at heart, he cares very little for you or me, although *you* may choose to believe the contrary; for *my* part, I will not be deceived by him or by Isabella either."

"Dear, dear Lucy," said Marion, gravely, "do you remember that he is our father, and that it is our duty to love him, and to love her for his sake?"

"*Duty!* that is so like you, Marion. You are a very wise teacher truly, but you cannot make me love by rule," said Lucy, scornfully.

"Indeed, I did not mean to *teach* you, dear Lucy; but you cannot forget who it was," she added, with a trembling lip, "who it was that taught us that Duty was the highest and holiest principle of life. You cannot forget who it was that warned us how the strongest affection might sometimes waver, if not controlled and guided by a sense of duty."

Lucy burst into tears, and throwing herself anew into her sister's arms, cried out, "ah! my beloved mother, would that she were here again, to pity and direct us."

"We cannot recall her, dearest Lucy, nor, perhaps, ought we to wish to do so; but may we not best cherish her memory by endeavoring to obey all her wishes concerning us?"

"It is so hard! so very hard!" observed Lucy. "You cannot know, Marion, how difficult it is to be gentle and loving to those who are wounding and annoying you; for you are naturally so kind and good that you have no struggle in doing what is right."

"No struggle!" replied Marion, mournfully. "Oh, Lucy! how little do you know of the long, bitter struggles I have had before it was possible for me to overcome painful and rebellious feelings, so as to be able cheerfully to fulfil the duties of my present position."

"Is it possible, dearest Marion? and I knew nothing about it. How cold, how hateful, you must have thought me!"

"No, no. I always felt sure that you loved me, although we seemed unhappily to be estranged for awhile."

"Oh! I shall never, never be like you, my dear, good, Marion," said Lucy, in an agony of grief.

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"Say not so, dearest Lucy; for are we not both equally weak and frail in our best resolutions? and have we not the same unfailing promise of strength to cheer and support us in every time of trial? Only let us ask earnestly for it, and act honestly up to our convictions of what is right, then all will be well, and happy too."

"Happy!" re-echoed Lucy, with an incredulous smile.

"Yes, happy, my dearest sister; for we cannot but remember how often our beloved mother told us, that the path of duty is the way to happiness, even in this present life."

We will now pass over two years of the domestic life at Hazlewood; and, at the end of this period, we find Isabella the mother of a lovely boy, whose birth had made her dearer than ever to Mr. Edwardes; indeed, the little stranger seemed to be a sweet bond of love, drawing the whole household nearer to one another.

Hour after hour Marion would steal into the nursery to gaze upon her new-born brother, and her gentle caresses soon made her welcome to the infant. As for Lucy, her admiration of him was unbounded; and Isabella, whose whole being seemed softened and elevated by the new sensation of maternal love, could not but look kindly upon those by whom her little one was so tenderly cherished.

Alas! a worm was within this early bud of domestic joy. Isabella saw her babe droop and wither at a time when her own failing health rendered her unable to yield all those fond offices of love which a mother best can bestow. Marion supplied her place with untiring devotion; nor was Lucy less anxious to watch over her dying brother; but the ardor of her spirit somewhat disqualified her for the patient stillness which a sick room requires. Marion directed zeal into the more active channel of attendance on Isabella, whose indisposition, combined with anxiety, often made her sensitive and irritable. This was a time of trial to the new-formed principles of Lucy; but, amid some failures and discouragements she gradually learnt the blessedness of forbearing, as well as of acting from a sense of duty. Keeping this high aim steadily in view, she found, moreover, that insensibly her affection for Isabella was reviving, and that it was no longer a passionate emotion, but a kindly, unselfish love, thinking more of others than of herself.

When Isabella came to suffer that bitter anguish which a bereaved mother alone can know, Lucy saw without jealousy that she turned intuitively to Marion for comfort; to Marion, who had borne with Christian meekness her neglect and scorn; to Marion, who had fostered her little one with unwearied tenderness. To her she now sought for sympathy; and it was yielded to her in all its gentle and unalloyed purity, fresh from the fountain-head of mercy and of love.

The first agony of maternal grief was past, and Isabella, unwilling to make others more miserable by indulging in the luxury of solitary woe, had rejoined the domestic circle. It was a cold autumn evening, and the family party were collected around their fireside, at the cozy twilight hour. Isabella had just placed on Marion's finger a mourning ring, in remembrance of the babe who was so dear to them both, and almost involuntarily she pressed the finger, with its precious burthen to her lips.

"Oh, Marion," she exclaimed, "how could I have been so cruel to you; and how were you able to bear so gently with my unkindness?"

"Surely, it was my duty to do so; besides, you never *meant* to be cruel or unkind, dear Isabella."

"Not deliberately, perhaps, but that is no excuse for my conduct, neither can I be so ungenerous as to accept it as such."

"That confession is worthy of you, my noble-minded Isabella," said Mr. Edwardes to his wife; "nor can *I* feel myself guiltless of having somewhat neglected those who are very dear to me; but how can we atone better for past errors, than by acting for the future on Marion's principle?"

"Not mine, dear papa, do not call it mine; it was taught us by our beloved mother, and you know from what high and holy source she drew it."

Isabella drew a deep sigh. "Ah! Marion, what a treasure your mother must have been; would that I were like her."

"That is a wish, which every heart here might well re-echo for itself," rejoined her husband; "but why, dearest, should we not adopt the same principles which were her guide, and seek for the same strength which was her stay? then we, too, shall know the happiness arising from a steady adherence to duty, and which, my children," he added, with a look of affection upon his daughters, "which, my children, I rejoice to think, have already found."

Isabella's glance bespoke a deep though silent acquiescence. Lucy almost sobbed for joy as she threw herself into Isabella's arms, exclaiming, "ah! we shall all be happy again, shall we not, dear Isabella?"

The mother's heart had been too recently wrung with misery to respond cheerfully to Lucy's expectation of happiness; but, while returning her affectionate embrace, she whispered, "we shall, at least, have a home of peace and love."

"And shall we not indulge in bright hope too?" inquired Marion, softly. A gentle pressure of her hand was the only answer given.

Mr. Edwardes sat silently by, gazing upon his

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wife and daughters; his look was one of tenderness and admiration.

That twilight conversation was prolonged until the shades of night fell thickly around the inmates of Hazlewood; and that dull autumn evening, which began with such sorrowful reminiscences, was followed by a long course of tranquil happiness, such as can only be experienced by those whose love has been strengthened by trial, and whose most ardent affections are swayed by the firm yet gentle hand of Duty.

ANGEL WATCHERS.

BY H. B. DURANT.

Earth hath its mysteries,
Round which eternal shadows ever blend,
And life is mantled in a darksome guise,
Mortal can never rend.

Could we have visions clear,
As one of old, touched by the Prophet's hand,
How closely would this world of ours appear,
Linked to the Spirit Land!

We mortals see it not,
Yet, on imagination's soaring wing,
Our souls may warm amid the flowers of thought,
Which from its bosom spring.

Who hath not felt the rush,
Of angel pinions—of a thrilling power,
Steal o'er the heart, within the solemn hush
Of evening's holy hour?

There comes at such a time,
A song of melody we ne'er can wake;
And oh! it brings a longing for that clime
Where earthly fetters break!

We never are alone;
E'en when we bend us o'er the quiet dead;
For there is round us many a guardian one,
With still and silent tread.

They come when ties depart
'Neath death's corroding finger of decay;
And bring bright visions to the lonely heart,
Of loved ones passed away.

When faint, we halt upon
Our pathway o'er life's drear and desert plain—
When strength and heart decline—they brightly beam
And bid us hope again.

They whisper of a rest
That waits our Pilgrim feet, upon that shore
To which our steps are tending—where the blest
Rejoice forevermore!

Unweariedly they go,
Our viewless watchers, down life's fleeting stream;
To greet us, when forever it shall flow
In Heaven's unclouded beam!

NORWICH VALLEY.

BY MRS. S. S. SMITH.

I know not of a lovelier vale
Than those embowered among the hills—
Where Summer flowers their sweets exhale,
By sylvan founts and winding rills.
Between the willow and the thorn
Chenango's silvery waters gleam—
Where merry birds ring forth at morn,
Their music o'er its quiet stream.

Here many a shady, cool retreat
Is woven by the trailing vine—
Whose pale pink blossoms wild and sweet,
Are scattered by the passing wind.
The primrose waves its flowery crest,
Midway adown the winding stream.
And pendant o'er its glassy breast
The trembling water-lilies gleam.

And here, methinks, the clover yields
A sweeter scent each dewy morn—
More brightly gleam the harvest fields,
And greener grows the standing corn.
A richer verdure clothes the mead,
And broader lies the elm-tree's shade,
And whiter seem the flocks that feed
Along thy green and flowery glade.

And here our aged fathers sleep—
Lords of the soil long time a-gone—
Where ancient poplars silent keep
Their watch o'er many a moss-grown stone.
And here my last faint song may swell,
Ere tuned to loftier notes above;
Breathing a kind and last farewell
To Norwich Vale and friends I love!

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EDITORS' TABLE.

CHIT-CHAT WITH READERS.

The First of May.—Who is there that does not welcome the approach of May? Who does not, with all the warmer feelings of his heart, echo the words of the poet.

> "Of all the fair months that round the sun,
> In light-link'd dance, their circles run,
> Sweet May, sweet May, thou 'rt dear to me."

We begin to feel that, however great may have been our indoor amusements, our Christmas festivities, our fireside enjoyments, they are now over; and that the month of flowers invites us forth to contemplate and enjoy the countless charms of Nature reviving from winter's sleep.

The observance of May-day, in the United States, has never been more than a tradition. Our Puritan fathers reprobated the festival as "unseemly" if not "heathenish;" the Quaker settlers of Pennsylvania observed it not; and the absence of villages among the colonists prevented the Virginians from keeping up the old custom. It has been revived, however, in different parts of the country, as a sort of traditionary festival for the young, though it never has been, nor ever can be kept, by a whole population, as in England, in the "olden time." It is to that country, therefore, and to the reign of good Queen Bess, that we must go back to study May-day.

The fair daughter of the lord of the village, chosen by its somewhat partial electors the Queen of May, would then lead the rustic sports, and, light of heart herself, endeavor, for that day at least, to make others as happy and as free from care as she herself was; nay, even the grave citizens of London forgot for awhile their money-getting propensities, and joined in the mirth. Little do they who now, full of thought, wend their way from St. Paul's to that mart of business, the exchange, think how different was the scene presented there some three centuries back! In Cornhill were then to be seen green arbors, and boughs of trees hanging over the streets; while the merry citizens, with their wives, daughters, sons, apprentices, and servants, were dancing round the Maypole, and giving themselves up to all the fun and jollity of the day. While in the villages the tall Maypole, carefully selected from the neighboring wood, cropped of its boughs, but adorned in their stead with thickly-woven wreaths of flowers, stood aloft on the village green, at once its ornament and pride. Round this, to the sound either of the pipe and tabor, or to the more recondite music of the village fiddle, age and youth mingled together in the cheerful dance; grace and elegance might perhaps be wanting, but the absence of these was well supplied by hearty and uncontrolled enjoyment. On this day, too, many a maiden heard, for the first time, love's confession, and, well pleased, yet bashful,

> "Turned away; nor looked again,
> Save as a startling, trembling bird."

The gipsy, whose prophetic powers were then as fully acknowledged as she herself could wish, might be seen gazing into the palm of some innocently credulous fair, whose confusion and blushing face tell how the swarthy-visaged wanderer is promising more joys than ever fall to the lot of humanity; and yet the willingly deluded one fondly believes them true. The pedler, too, once the village merchant and newsman, would be sure to be found; and, as joy opens the purse-strings as well as the heart, soon met with customers for his varied finery, and departed a richer man.

Such, once, throughout the length and breadth of England, were the occupations and the diversions of the first of May. Merriment and holidays seem now more rare; the village green is either enclosed and cultivated, or presents no signs of mirth. Labor and toil have taken the place of sport and pastime, and in the very few spots where May-day is still kept it is shorn of its brightness, and seems but the lifeless shadow of its former self.

Mrs. Stephens in Europe Still.—Our coadjutor in editorial labors, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, is still in Europe. A large portion of the winter was spent in Naples, whither she arrived from Malta, late in December. In February she repaired to Rome, where she was a guest at the dinner, given by the Americans there, in honor of Washington's birthday: it was the first occasion, we believe, on which ladies participated in the festival. After the dinner there was a ball, where dancing was kept up till long after midnight. Mrs. S. remained at Rome until the Carnival was over. She then visited Florence, from which her last letters were written. While at Naples she visited Pompeii, Herculanem and Vesuvius. The six weeks she spent at Rome were devoted to the celebrated localities, ancient and modern, of that city and environs. Her time has been so engrossed, throughout, that only a few hurried lines have been received from her occasionally. We expect her return about the beginning of summer. As she sailed on the twentieth of April, 1849, she will have been absent more than a year.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Theory of Pneumatology. By Dr. Johann Heinrich Jung-Stilling. Translated from the German, with copious notes, by Samuel Jackson. First American Edition, edited by Rev. George Bush. 1 *vol. New York: J. S. Redfield.*—This is a celebrated work on "Spiritual Agencies," long known, by report, to us, but now first appearing in an American dress. The author was a pious German physician, born in the last century; and his present book was written mainly with the hope that it might prove a check to the

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materialism of the age. In it, the good Jung-Stilling explains what he considers ought to be believed, from reason, nature and revelation, respecting presentiments, visions and apparitions. Numerous cases, which the excellent doctor considers well authenticated, are quoted to prove the near presence of the spiritual world, which indeed, according to him, is about us whether we lie down, or whether we rise up. The belief in spiritual agencies is certainly extending, a natural re-action, we think, against the skepticism of the past century. It is important to ascertain, if we can, therefore, what is true, and what is false in reference to pretended spiritual manifestations; for though the "Rochester Knockings" are an imposition, it may be that other things are not. For ourselves, though we believe, as fully as Jung-Stilling in the existence of a spiritual world, we doubt whether it reveals itself at all to mortals. Many, who read his book, however, will form the opposite opinion.

London Labor and the London Poor. Nos. I. II. and III. By Horace Mayhew. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this serial personally visited the different classes of the London poor, and collected the mass of information with which the work abounds. He states that there are five hundred thousand people, in that great metropolis, living from hand to mouth. The morals of this impoverished population are exceedingly loose. Not more than one in ten, of the couples living together, are married; while a still larger proportion have never been inside of a church. The destitution which they suffer is often extreme. Mr. Mayhew, speaking of those who live by selling in the streets, says that three rainy days, in succession, will bring thirty thousand people to the brink of starvation. The work is to be continued, until the author has treated of the three varieties of the London poor, classed as follows:—first, those who will work; second, those who cannot work; third, those who will not work. At present Mr. M. has got no further than the first, which is not yet apparently half exhausted.

Malleville. Wallace. Mary Erskine. Mary Bell. Four Franconian Stories. 4 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—These are four exquisite little stories for children, published in four separate volumes of appropriate beauty. The author, Mr. Abbott, is universally known as a most felicitous writer for the young. In the present volumes he seeks to reach the juvenile mind, by appealing to the moral affections, a wiser and more lasting method, we can assure him, than dry didactics. Every family, in which children are growing up, should have one or more of these volumes according to its means.

Mount Hope. An Historical Romance. By G. H. Hollister. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The scene of this fiction is laid in New England, and the period is that of King Philip's war. The Wampanoag chief is, in truth, the real hero of the story. The work is creditable to the author, both as a well written tale, and as a generous defence of a much abused and unfortunate savage. It is published in handsome style.

The Moorland Cottage. By the author of "Mary Barton." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Though one of the smallest books on our table, "The Moorland Cottage" is one of the best. We do not recall the time when we have read a story more natural, more pathetic, or inculcating a deeper moral. The selfishness of the widow's son, the partiality of the widow herself for the spoiled child, and the meek endurance of the sister, who is neglected by the parent and tyrannized over by the brother, are drawn with a touching fidelity that brings tears into the eyes. The sacrifice of her own happiness, which the heroine makes, in order to save her brother, consequent on her resolution to accompany him across the Atlantic, is a trait conceived from a profound knowledge of the nobleness and devotion of a true woman's heart. Would that all novels had the healthy moral tone of this!

The Celestial Telegraph; or, Secrets of the Life to Come, revealed through Magnetism. By L. Alphonso Cahagnet. First American Edition. 1 vol. New York: J. S. Redfield.—This volume professes to prove the form and occupations of the soul, after its separation from the body, through the revelations of ecstatic somnambulists. The patients on whom the experiments were performed were eight in number, and they had eighty perceptions of thirty-six deceased persons of various conditions. The inquiries lasted through several years. A full description is given of the disembodied souls, their conversation, etc. The work is a translation from the French, and forms a companion to that of Jung-Stilling, noticed above.

The Old Red Sandstone. By Hugh Millar. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Philada: J. W. Moore.—The author of this book is one of the most eloquent writers of the age, as well as one of the boldest champions of Christianity against scientific infidelity. As a geologist he ranks high, a fact which gives great weight to his opinion. The present volume is valuable not only for its graces of style, but for the wealth of knowledge it displays; and will not be laid down, if once taken up, until its perusal is completed. It is issued in a very handsome style.

The Volcano Diggings. A Tale of California Law. By a member of the Bar. 1 vol. New York: J. S. Redfield.—A pleasantly told story of California life, in which the danger of popular trials, without regard to forms of law, is forcibly set forth. The author is a graphic and felicitous writer, whom we hope to welcome again, at an early period, to our table.

Loomis Analytical Geometry and Calculus. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this volume is favorably known for more than one scientific work; and the present will do no discredit to the reputation he has heretofore won. Of its kind, indeed, it is a treatise of rare merit.

Louise de la Valliere. By Alexander Dumas. 2 vols. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A spirited fiction, founded on the melancholy story of La Valliere, and valuable for the graphic picture it gives of court life under Louis XIV. Dumas is one of the few French novelists we can recommend.

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Time, the Avenger. By the author of "Emilia Wyndham." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—In the present volume Mrs. Marsh has not been quite as successful as in her former productions generally. Nevertheless the novel is far superior to the ordinary fictions of the day. Mrs. Marsh, indeed, is to be recommended, before all other story-tellers, for the purity of her writings and their powerful analysis of the heart.

Gentleman's Science of Etiquette. By Count d'Orsay. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is a work of great value, especially to young persons. Though written for the atmosphere of England, most, if not all of its hints apply to society in this country also. There are many little points of behavior, which are indispensable to know, by young men beginning to go out into society, which a book of this kind will render them familiar with.

Petticoat Government. By Mrs. Trollope. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a well-written novel, re-published from the London edition, in a cheap form. Mrs. Trollope is an author of more power than elegance, but her knowledge of human nature is extensive, and her ability to delineate is above the average: hence her fictions are always agreeable.

The Ladies Science of Etiquette. By the Countess of Calabrella. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—What we have said above of Count d'Orsay's Etiquette for Gentlemen, applies equally to this work, which every lady should have at whatever cost. We call attention to the advertisement on the cover.

Stanfield Hall. A Novel. 1 vol. New York: W. F. Burgess.—A neatly printed novel, though issued in a cheap style, and said to be a work of merit.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

Fig. i.—Carriage Dress of lilac brocade Silk, skirt very full, long and plain. Corsage (which is not seen in our engraving) high and open in front, with lappels or revers. Sleeves rather short and wide at the bottom, with a full white under-sleeve. A richly embroidered shawl mantelet of straw colored silk, with a heavy white fringe. Bonnet of white silk, with a plume, and very full puffings of tulle around the face.

Fig. ii.—Walking Dress of striped Chene Silk, skirt very full, with a front trimming of three rows of chene ribbon, with acorn drops placed between. Corsage high in the neck, and made with a basque at the waist, trimmed to match the skirt. Sleeves wide at the bottom, and slit to correspond with the basque. Full white under-sleeves, confined at the wrists by bands of black velvet. Small collar and black velvet neck tie. A Swiss straw hat, trimmed with creise colored ribbon and wheat stalks. This style of hat is becoming quite popular at our watering-places, replacing the unbecoming "sun-bonnet," and being quite as serviceable.

General Remarks.—There is nothing new in the style of making dresses. The basques to the corsages, as in our second figure, are becoming more popular than ever, and the waists are made rather shorter than formerly. Skirts are made full and very long, which latter, however graceful for an evening dress, we consider in shocking bad taste for the street. A stranger might think our ladies had volunteered to do the street sweeping in lieu of the regular scavengers.

The under-sleeves are made very full on a band at the wrist, with a second loose sleeve above, which is generally finished with heavy needlework, or a ruffle of lace, as in our plate. Fringes are beginning to be worn again. There has also a new style o trimming appeared, composed of ribbon, plain and figured, some plaited in the shell style, others in honeycomb, and some plain.

To a lady who objects to wear short sleeves in evening dress, we recommend sleeves descending to the elbow, tight at the upper part, and rather loose at the ends. These sleeves, when finished with deep double engageantes of rich lace, have an exceedingly graceful effect, and for the sake of their elegance are now frequently preferred to short sleeves.

For Riding Dresses there is nothing handsomer or more fashionable than a cloth skirt, with a black velvet body. There is not at present any novelty in the way of making them. The skirts or basquine of the body should not be very long; and if cut out in scallops, it looks better than in a straight line. A dress of this description, we think, almost too warm for summer, though admirably adapted to spring, autumn, or winter wear. Nothing less light, however, than merino or thibet cloth should be worn, even in summer, for a light material will not keep its place even with the best of riders.

Childrens' Dresses are worn nearly as they were last spring. Skirts for little girls are made moderately long, and have the tucks "bunched," as it is termed—that is, having four or five tucks placed one immediately above the other, instead of allowing a space between them. For thin dresses, a full, short sleeve, set on to a band, like an old-fashioned sleeve for infants, is most popular. Pantalettes should come but a very little below the dress. For small boy's wear, white pantaloons, with white or colored jackets made like a shirt, with full back and front, gathered on a band, and high in the neck, with a little collar to turn over, and shirt-sleeves, are the most popular. A black ribbon should be tied under the collar. This of course is only suitable for thin material, as the gathers would make delaine, &c., very clumsy. Many make the pantaloons to come but very little below the knee.

Tissues, bareges, grenadins, broche bareges, and India silks, are to be the articles most popular for summer wear. Lawns are generally striped.

Bonnets still retain their round shape in the face, but the fronts are slightly raised, instead of being in a straight line from the front to the crown. Some of the new bonnets are a little longer at the top than formerly, but they are not considered so becoming. The cap crown bonnet is quite a favorite.

Parasols are of every description. Some lined with white silk, others trimmed with fringe, and some of chene silk, with a wreath around the top and bottom.

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THE GLEANER.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XIX. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1851. No. 6.

GHOST STORIES.

BY C. J. PETERSON.

A faith in supernatural appearances is by no means as uncommon as philosophers would have us suppose. In rude districts of our country the horse-shoe is still nailed at the door to keep off witches; and in more enlightened portions, the success of "Spiritual Knockings" testifies to similar credulity. Thousands, even of the educated, secretly believe in ghosts. We did so ourselves once. Whether our faith in spectres still remains, the following story will resolve.

This belief did not rest, however, on having seen a ghost, or even on knowing any person who had. Nor had we been accustomed to being frightened in the nursery by tales of apparitions, for "Jack the Giant Killer" was the nearest approach to a ghost-story we had ever heard. Nevertheless, at ten years old, the conviction of supernatural agencies was a part of our existence. It had come down to us, we suspect, by "inheritance of blood," from our grim, Norse ancestry. If we had to pass a grave-yard after night, we never did it alone if we could help it. Once or twice we could find no companion, and then how our knees shook, and our hearts quaked!

Perhaps the greatest trial of our life, certainly of our boyhood, was connected with this belief. Our excellent mother—God long preserve her days!—was a housewife with great faith in ventilation, and, except in the dead of winter, daily had the casements of the sleeping apartments thrown open, and shut afterward at dark. It was often our duty to close these windows, when the servants were engaged, and we happened to be about. We did not dare to disobey, and were ashamed even to wish it; but what agonies we suffered! To go up was easy enough; but to come down, there was the difficulty! As long as we could face the imaginary foe, we continued, after a sort, to keep up our courage, though we took care to look straight ahead, and especially to avoid dark corners. But when we turned our back to descend, then it was our heart began to flutter. We generally came down, four steps at a time, expecting every moment, to feel something, we knew not what, tap us on the arm, or behold some grinning, grisly spectre peep over our shoulder and jeer in our face. But to our story.

When we were about ten years old we spent a summer with some cousins in the country. One day, for the first time in our life, a veritable book of ghost-stories fell into our way. We became intensely interested in it. Our playmates had been engaged in boisterous sport all the afternoon, and at last came to drag us forth from the sitting-room where we had hidden. We went unwillingly. Our mind was so full of the strange horrors we had been reading about, that we could not play however; and we began, before long, to tell our little relatives some of the tales from the volume. Our cousins proved to be as credulous as ourselves. Eagerly they listened, and soon tops were laid aside, and the whole four of us were sitting in a group, by the side of an old shed, while we read aloud.

It would have been curious to have heard our commentaries, no doubt, for our degrees of faith varied considerably, and while some believed everything, others questioned the more extraordinary of the stories. The greatest skeptic of all was a little fellow, about our own age, who sat on our right. The most credulous was another cousin, his brother, who cowered behind us. "That was awful, wasn't it?" the latter would say: or, "oh! how horrible, I shall never go into an old house, but what I shall think it haunted." "Pooh!" his brother would reply, setting his mouth hard, "I don't half believe it; and yet," he would say, dubiously, "its told there as if it

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must be true." As for the other brother, who sat in front of us, he was a boy of few words, but from the way he had of furtively glancing over his shoulder, as we read, it was easy to see that he more than half expected, then and there, an apparition "*in propria persona.*"

After we had mentally supped, "full of horrors," on tales of spectres, supernatural noises, and other terrors, we came at last to a story, which, as it related to a murdered child, peculiarly impressed us. Perhaps some of our readers know where to find the ghostly tale; but as we do not, we must rehearse it from memory. The scene was an old house near Edinburgh, we believe, in which an infant had been murdered and buried under the floor: and the tenement afterward let out to parties totally ignorant of the transaction. The new inhabitant was a Mrs. R——, a widow lady, if we recollect. The first evening, as she sat sewing, she heard footsteps in the passage, though when she opened the door, she could see nobody. This was constantly repeated, till bed-time, by which period she had grown nervous and excited. So she sent for the servant girl from the kitchen, and asked her if she had not heard the sounds. The girl replied in the negative, but added there were certainly strange noises in the house. When Mrs. R—— retired she could not sleep for the racket of a child's rattle, which sounded first on one side of her, and then on another, but always in the chamber, and sometimes close at her ear. This was succeeded by the noise of little, pattering feet, of a child crying, and then of a woman sobbing.

When we had read thus far, it had come to be almost dark. The sun was setting on the other side of the old shed, a stray gleam of light struggling through the broken roof, and falling about us; and but for this we should have scarcely have been able to see. By this dim light, however, we read on.

The story proceeded to tell that the servant, who heard similar sounds, soon became so frightened that she left the house. But Mrs. R——, who was a bold woman, and who could not afford to move, procured another girl, who was a stranger to the entire neighborhood. The very next morning, however, this servant also left. She had heard mysterious noises, she said, all night; her name called, though she could see nobody; toddling feet, as if a child staggering around her bed, a cry, sobs, and even groans. The wealth of the whole world, she declared, would not induce her to remain in the house.

Mrs. R——, however, still kept at her post, trying to persuade herself the noises were imaginary. But one night she heard a voice, like nothing human, close to her, crying, "weep! weep! weep!" Then there was a sound, as if some one gasped for breath; and again, in awful distinctness, "weep! weep! weep!" Again came the choking sound, and a third time, "weep! weep! weep!" She rose up in bed, and, with resolute courage, cried out, "what is that? where are you?" but could see nothing. Yet, when she laid down again, there was the same frightful noises, now like a child crying in deep sorrow, now like a woman wringing her hands and wailing.

Nor was this all. In the upper story, or garret, was a door leading out on the roof, which, however often it was shut, was always opened, soon after, by an unseen hand. Once, when Mrs. R——, about dusk, went up into this room to look for some bits of old calico for patch-work, she heard a strange, rushing sound, and looking around, saw a child run from this door to a closet, in which it disappeared. She was so frightened at the apparition that she fainted, and when she came to herself, the closet stood open again, with not a soul in it.

We boys were, by this time, worked up to a pitch of horror indescribable. Our hair fairly stood on end. To our young and vivid imaginations the whole scene was pictured so forcibly that we almost heard the breeze-like rush of the spectre, and saw the haunted door opened and closed by the mysterious hand. The last ray of the setting sun, too, was fading over my shoulder, so that the characters of the book before me were almost undistinguishable. My own nerves shook so that I would gladly have stopped; but I felt ashamed; and, therefore, summoning all my courage, I read on.

The story proceeded to tell that, after this, Mrs. R—— beheld the same apparition she had seen in the garret, come down through the ceiling, at the dead of night, its eyes full of indescribable woe fixed awfully upon her. She had the courage, this time, to adjure it; when it disappeared. The sobbings, the wailings, the pattering feet, the wringing of hands still continued. She never ventured into the garret again, until months had elapsed, when, being in a hurry one evening for something, she ran up, just at dusk, without thinking of the apparition.

"She had just entered the room, however," I read, "when suddenly——"

I never got further, for, at that moment, the last ray of the sun died out, leaving us in comparative darkness, and, at the same instant, a cry wild and unearthly, and different from any thing I had ever heard, rose startlingly upon the silence. A tread too was heard behind us, accompanied by a sound, as if the old door turned on its rusty hinges, and some terrible presence was entering upon the scene.

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We all started to our feet. The book fell from my hands. Two of my cousins took at once to flight; but the skeptic stood firm for an instant; and grasping his arm as a sort of protection, I also essayed to keep my ground. Our courage, however, lasted for only a second. At first we boldly faced around; but our ears had not deceived us: the door was steadily opening, and by some unseen power. Suddenly, through the gap, a pair of wild eyes glowed out of the darkness. We staid to see no more. Each uttering a simultaneous scream, each clinging desperately to the other, we took to our heels, never stopping till we fell exhausted, half dead with affright, in the kitchen doorway.

My good aunt—a tenderer mother never lived—came rushing out, thinking her dear Johnny was seriously hurt.

"Oh! what's the matter?" she shrieked, picking him up. "Where are you hurt, Johnny? Tell your mother, dear!"

The answer came not from Johnny, but from my uncle, as hearty an old farmer as owned broad acres, who now advanced from the barn, choking with laughter.

"The boys are not as much hurt, Molly, as scared," he said, the tears running down his cheek. "They've been reading ghost-stories, under the old shed, as I see by the book Charley dropped in his flight; and Dobbin," meaning his donkey, "happening to bray and poke his nose through the door behind them, they fancied he was a spectre, and that it was all up with them. Serves them right, though," he added, "for reading such trash. But I'll fix that for them," and, without more ado, he tossed the offending book into the kitchen fire.

The ridicule of that day cured me of my belief in ghosts. I never hear people speak of apparitions now, without thinking, by a natural association, of the bray of a Jackass. There may be spectres, or there may not; I do not wish, on this point, to disturb any reader's pet belief; but, for my own part, I can testify that the only ghost I ever saw, and I did see one, turned out a harmless donkey.

A PROPHECY.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Maiden of the pensive eye,
Shall I read thy destiny?
Shall I draw the veil aside
From the future all untried—
Study the scroll of Fate, and see
What there is in store for thee?
Thou art very lovely now,
Beauty's throned upon thy brow;
And thine eye is very bright,
Beaming now with radiant light—
Now with sudden mirth it flashes,
From beneath the long dark lashes—
Now 'tis full of "thought and prayer,"
For the soul is ever there!
Yet thou art not happy, maiden,
And thy heart with grief is laden,
And thy path seems dark before thee,
And a shadow hovers o'er thee—
Thy glad smile hath rarer grown,
From thy cheek the rose hath flown,
Droop not, dear one, I can see
A brighter day will dawn for thee;
Soon the clouds will all depart,
Sunshine will illume thy heart.
Dost thou doubt the tale I tell?
Maiden, thou shalt prove it well!
When long years have fleeted by,
And this form, perchance, may lie
Slumbering in the grave so low,
Knowing nought of pain or woe;
When this hand may clasp no more
Thine own, as oft in days of yore;
When on my lip no smile shall play;
When my voice hath passed away;
When the dust is on my brow,
Think of what I tell thee now!
Dimly as through gathering haze
On scenes of coming years I gaze;
I see thee as a happy bride
Standing by the altar side,
With thine eye with soft light beaming,
And thy white veil round thee gleaming
One there is beside thee there
Of lofty mien and noble air.
Solemn are the vows now spoken—
Vows that never can be broken,
And henceforth thy destiny
Linked with his shall ever be.
I can see, in after years,
In thine eye no trace of tears;
On thy brow no shade of care,
Joy alone sits smiling there,
And thy days glide calmly on,
Till thy "day of life" is done!
Dost thou doubt the tale I tell?
Maiden, thou shalt prove it well!
When the dust is on my brow,
Think of what I tell thee now!

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MONEY;

OR, THE POWER OF A WEALTHY COUSIN.

BY EDITH VERE.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 225.

CHAPTER V.

WITH the swiftness painful apprehension inspires, Arthur Linton obeyed Mrs. Seaton's summons, and was received by that lady with a sinking heart, which found no betrayal in her calm tones and collected manners.

"Madam, in heaven's name, what mean these terrible words?"

"The *truth*, Mr. Linton."

"May lost to me? Do you think I can even dream of giving up my heart's treasure? Never, never!"

"Be calm, Mr. Linton. I have that to say which will convince you that you must yield, as well as myself."

"Lose May?"

"Unless you are calm, you cannot understand what I have to say."

"Shall I be like marble when doubts and fears well nigh distract me? For God's sake explain this maddening mystery. Has May ceased to love me?"

"It would be better for her if she had."

"Not that—then tell me what is to separate us?"

"Then you can listen quietly?"

"Stay then—now, I am quiet," he said, after a pause. "I will not interrupt you."

Clearly but briefly Mrs. Seaton explained the circumstances which led to her dependence upon her cousin, the occurrences of their last interview, and the promise he had exacted from her. During her recital, Arthur bit his lips till they bled, but not a sound escaped him. When she paused, he hid his face in his hands.

"You are as powerless as myself," continued Mrs. Seaton, after a short silence, "and you too must submit. You cannot save May from the beggary which would certainly fall upon her, and even if my word were not pledged, I could not consent she, so delicately reared, should be exposed to abject poverty. You must free her at once, and bear as best you may the evils this curse brings upon you."

The young man's face was still hidden, he was still silent. Mrs. Seaton's heart ached at the suffering she inflicted, but her self-command did not fail.

"I have not succumbed willingly—but my resistance was vain. My cousin has no generosity, no kindness of heart when either comes in contact with his iron will. It was not till all hope was crushed that he wrung from me my consent: but as I have consented, whatever it costs me I will not retract."

Arthur lifted up his head, and now his countenance was calm as her own. "I yield. Your daughter is free. God forbid that I should drag her down to abject poverty and its thousand ills. Those are cruel words but true, when you say I cannot save her I love—you mistake me much, if you believe that I desire to stand between her and the proud position and wealth ready to be bestowed. But remember," and his voice faltered in spite of himself, "wealth and position are no substitutes for true devoted love."

"I know that well. Think you I have no feeling for my child? that I see her heart bleed unmoved? but in the painful alternative offered me I take the most tolerable. And do her not the injustice to believe that she lightly yields your love for another; but love and happiness must perish; for he who has the power to rule our life crushes us beneath his sway."

"No more, madam, no more," said Linton, in a broken voice, "I understand you too well. I cannot see May now, I should only add to her suffering. In an hour or two I will return," and he slowly quited the room like one still struggling under the influence of a dreadful dream.

In an hour or two, as he had said, he returned, and although his face bore the traces of a fearful battle, he had attained the self-command he sought. He had conquered self, and his only thought now was to give consolation and strength to her he loved.

"I am not afraid to see May now," said he, firmly, when Mrs. Seaton joined him. She turned to lead the way, but suddenly pausing, exclaimed with passionate earnestness, "promise me you will not curse me for the suffering I cannot help, which my heart bleeds to see—and oh, do not reproach my guiltless child for the anguish you may suffer."

"Ah, how you wrong me," said the young man, in a gentle voice. "God forbid I should add one

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drop to an overflowing cup. Do we not all suffer together?"

She wrung his proffered hand, and pointing to the door, turned away and began to pace the room.

And now they who so truly loved were face to face, soon to part forever, and yet neither faltered in the resolve to spare the other as much as possible useless suffering. And mighty even in terrible extremity is the power flowing from self forgetful love, mighty to sustain to the last.

"Arthur, I never dreamed I should thus cause you to suffer."

"My own May, that were little, if I could save you from this terrible necessity."

"Arthur, you understand that I yield only *to* necessity. That this wealth they force upon me is nothing in comparison with your love."

"I do not doubt you, dearest."

"Oh! Arthur, we shall lose all that is precious to us."

"Not all, May, come what will; nothing can take away the remembrance of our happy hours and true love. We can never be so desolate but that the memory of these will be precious to us."

"Arthur, I shall be the wife of another. I shall not dare to think."

"Not of me, but of that blessed time when sorrow, and disappointment, and struggle were unknown. This privilege is yours ever, and it will become, not a wild regret, but a glimpse of rest that one day may be attained."

"Never, never, in this surrender of myself I yield all."

The young man pressed his hand to his head, he could not reply.

"Shall we grow used to this separation?"

"We must."

"Would you not rather see me dead, Arthur?"

"I feel there is no comparison. Were you in heaven I might one day hope to meet you—now this is death. I lose you utterly." All his suppressed suffering burst forth in these words.

"My own Arthur, my wild words make you suffer; forgive me, oh, how I wish I had never seen you, then this pain would have been spared you."

"Not all I suffer equals my past happiness."

"What will you do?"

"Work, May, and be patient. I shall have much less to bear than you."

"If I could only feel that you would be happy hereafter; promise me you will try."

He shuddered, but answered still calmly, "this I will promise you, I will not let any opportunity for happiness go by neglected."

"And you will not blame me, Arthur?"

"You must not ask that, May," he continued, with tender earnestness, "remember how truly we have always loved; take with you my blessing and a consciousness that you have been as sunlight on my rugged pathway. Believe that hereafter, as now, every thought of you shall be mingled in my heart of hearts with blessings." He bent down to her as he spoke, and his face, so tender yet sorrowful, was to her troubled spirit like the face of a guardian angel.

And when he had given her somewhat of comfort they parted; he to walk undismayed in solitude, and she to be led a sacrifice to the world's altars, not the less a sacrifice because crowned and proclaimed its queen.

CHAPTER VI.

Trembling in spite of self-assurance, and the consciousness that the desired treasure was at length to be his, Alfred Vernon presented himself at the appointed hour on Thursday. Eager as he was to hear his acceptance from May's own lips, it was a relief to him, when, on entering the parlor, he found himself for a few moments alone. Alone! those walls, what a history of struggle and suffering could they have unfolded; what sighs and sobbings yet filled the air; but those walls were mute; the air brought not to the ear of the expectant aught of the sorrow yet stirring on its wings. It was to him only the room whose narrow confines seemed enlarged and brightened by a pleasant past and a hopeful future.

The door slowly opened, and Mrs. Seaton entered. At sight of her the young man came hastily forward, his cheek flushing like a rose, and his eyes sparkling with delighted anticipation, eagerly extending his hand, he exclaimed, "how shall I thank you, madam, for the happiness you are willing to bestow upon me?"

Mrs. Seaton suffered him to hold her hand, and looking into his eager eyes with a proud, questioning glance, asked, "why not come to me at once?—why did you wait to receive my assurance from another?"

"Dear madam," answered the young man, the color deepening in his cheek, "I saw that your daughter did not, or seemed not, to regard me with favor. I feared by hasty words to banish myself from her society. I felt that all I could offer was as nothing in comparison with the happiness she could bestow on me. The very last time I was here her manner was so truly indifferent I went away filled with despair. I could not endure to break away from all the hopes I cherished, and still almost felt they were vain, till I received such an assurance from Mr. Seaton."

At that name she drew her hand hastily from his, pointed to a chair, and seated herself, striving to overcome the torrent of contending emotions that name awakened. Vernon, surprised at

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her sudden action, paused and looked inquiringly at her changing face, "go on," said she, in a firm tone, as her countenance settled once more into quiet. Vernon really proceeded, being at no time very observant of others feelings, and now doubly absorbed in self.

"I received such an assurance from him that I mightly hope, that despair changed into joyful anticipation."

"Did he dare say my daughter had given her affections unasked?" interrupted Mrs. Seaton, with flashing eyes.

"No, madam, no," he replied, earnestly, "he simply stated to me that Miss Seaton, being very young, probably had no thought of the future, that caring neither for position or wealth, and the advantages both give, not realizing how necessary they are to one so lovely and gifted, her indifference proceeded, not from dislike, but simply from an idea, that, being in different spheres, I was merely passing here a few idle hours, and so never dreamed of encouraging my attentions."

"Was that all he said?"

"That you, madam, who had lived in the world, knew the value of what I could offer, and you would doubtless influence your daughter, and thus effect what I had so much at heart."

She did not answer, she could not. Every word made the haughty woman writhe. The consciousness that her child was not sufficiently elevated in society by her great gifts, that another, her inferior, must raise her, because he had wealth and she was poor, was inexpressibly galling.

"After much thought I ventured to write, gaining courage as I thought of my love, although well knowing that the proudest position is but a graceful ornament her beauty may wear."

A gratified smile stole over the mother's face, the haughty brow unbent, the eye softened. The young man saw these indications of a yielding spirit, and said eagerly, "you will then trust her to me? By heaven, sea and land shall be taxed to afford her pleasure. All the world shall admire the jewel I shall so proudly bear on my bosom."

"I have said she should be your wife," replied Mrs. Seaton, slowly, and at every word her cheek grew pale. "Oh!" she continued, with touching earnestness, as every trace of pride fled the haughty face, leaving only the eloquent emotion of a loving mother. "Oh! cherish her well! remember she is my all. Let me not have the wretchedness of knowing that the jewel was worn but a little while to be thrown aside and lost."

The tone, the tearful eyes touched Vernon as he was seldom wont to be moved. The voluble assurance he would have given a short time before died upon his lips, he could only answer in a tone which trembled slightly, "have confidence in my affection, dear madam."

She rose, extending both hands, said frankly, "I will; and now I will bring my daughter to you."

"One moment, madam. Mr. Seaton requested that the marriage day be named as soon as possible. Will you consent?"

"Every step I feel his iron power over me," she murmured, crushing her hands together, then turning to the young man, she said with kindling cheek and eye, "*that* I must insist my daughter has a right to decide. It is unmanly to hurry matters thus."

"Assuredly, madam, do not misunderstand me. I will joyfully do as she desires. It shall be the study of my life to please her; think not the first evidence of my accepted affection will be to urge anything distasteful. You do me injustice."

"Forgive me," said Mrs. Seaton, with a gentle earnestness, which gave a singular charm to her look and manner, "let me repair my fault by at once bringing my daughter to you. As you both decide I will consider right."

"I never saw one so fiery," muttered Vernon, as she withdrew, passing his hand wearily over his brow, as if his strength had been taxed to the utmost. "Thank heaven, May seems as gentle as her mother is impetuous." Vernon had not studied the brow or lip of the young girl. He did not see there dwelt there a spirit as proud, as fiery, for hitherto it had slept.

Almost immediately Mrs. Seaton returned with her daughter, whose quiet self-possession showed however fearful the contest had been the victory was complete. Yet as when the sun, suddenly obscured by a heavy cloud, casts a shadow over a sweet scene in nature, and fills the beholder with admiring sadness, so in the young face, fair as it was, a light had been quenched, the radiance of a free, joyous spirit had fled forever.

Vernon saw, felt this not. He only saw the beautiful face which nightly haunted his pillow, and felt now it was to be his own, it was more lovely than ever. With ardor he clasped the hand Mrs. Seaton placed in his, and pressed it again and again to his lips.

"I almost fear I am in a beautiful dream," he whispered.

"Would it be a dream to you in reality, Mr. Vernon, if you knew I did not love you?" asked May, earnestly.

"You will not say so, dear Miss Seaton."

"I must, Mr. Vernon. I dare not conceal from you that I have consented to marry you only at the command of my cousin and mother."

He released her hand, the warm flush left his cheek, "am I entirely indifferent to you?" he questioned, with anxiety.

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"I do not love you."

He turned away and paced the room slowly. He was shocked and disappointed. He felt toward her a more self-forgetting affection than he had ever experienced in his whole life. Should he fail in making her love him, how unhappy would both be. He would release her, what was such an acceptance worth; thus feeling he advanced toward her, but to his longing gaze never had she seemed so beautiful. Could he resign all the hopes which had made him so happy? He hesitated, one more glance at her face, and he seized her hand again, saying, "I love you so much I cannot resign you. May, I must teach you what love is."

"I will be your wife, Mr. Vernon, if you will, if you can forgive the wrong I do you in thus repaying your affection with indifference. I feel how unequal we are—this degradation," she added, more to herself than him.

Vernon was troubled by the distressed expression which shaded her face, but he did not understand it, "dear May, on my side is the inequality; what have I that can compare with you, yet I joyfully yield all, and, in my fond pride of my beautiful wife, will forget my own littleness. I shall feel I am ennobled by her. Trust me I will be patient, and love you so well you will find yourself, by-and-bye, wondering where the inequality is. Smile on me, one of your bright smiles, and promise me you will not frown on my efforts to make you happy."

"Do you know well what you have undertaken?" asked she, with a faint smile, "it will be no easy task, I fear."

"My courage rises with the difficulty," cried he, gaily. "Never fear, all the world shall gaze with wonder on my devotion, and envy me my bride."

"So be it," replied May, sighing, "if we both fail——"

"Sweet May, banish such a thought, my love cannot fail."

"I know you are sincere at present, let the future reveal itself as it will. Let us go to my mother."

Vernon looked at his watch. "How unfortunate I am. I have an engagement, made many days ago, and so I must tear myself away. And I may come again and sun myself in your presence whenever I please?"

"Yes, come and go at your pleasure."

"Ah, if I only consulted that I should be always here—but if I must go," he looked imploringly at her.

"Go, break no engagement for me, I do not deserve it."

"How you slander yourself, but I do not heed it."

Light was the heart of the young man as he went his way, but who shall say what were the emotions of his betrothed.

At this same time, Mr. Seaton sat in his easy-chair, with his eyes immoveably fixed on his watch, his face wearing more than its usual quiet sternness. "A gentleman wishes to see you, sir," said his servant. Mr. Seaton turned slowly, and, suppressing a sigh, gave first a careless, then a more penetrating glance at his visitor. There was something in his face which pleased Mr. Seaton, and, instantly rising, he requested the servant to hand a chair.

Arthur Linton, for he it was, did not heed these words, but advancing nearer, he said in a low, firm voice, "I am Arthur Linton."

"And what then?"

"There can be but one reason why I, a stranger, should come to you. I have struggled with pride and self, and have conquered, and now I implore you to hear me for the sake of one dearer than life." He paused, Mr. Seaton sat with his arms folded closely over his breast, not a muscle of his face moved, and the young man continued, "sir, you are no longer in first youth, you may not realize how terrible it is to feel, at one blow, shut out from life's Eden; to find all that we cling to, all sweet hopes and love torn from us; have mercy upon her, let her at least wait until something of the first desolating sense of crushed affection be done away—let her grow accustomed a little to her solitude, ere you compel her to receive another affection; think what a life of masked misery must be hers—what training of the lip to smile when the heart is bleeding—what suffering to feel that she wrongs her nature and forgets self-respect—spare her if only for awhile—be merciful——" He broke off abruptly, for he felt his emotion was fast mastering him; but the other, while he watched every quiver of the lip, every emotion of the changing, agitated face, spoke not, moved not, and the young man subduing himself again, strove to move him by entreaty.

"She is so young, so full of life, so capable of blessing. We cannot tell what may be the effect of thus showing her the darkness, the trial of life. Oh, sir, if you ever loved, remember what would have been your feelings if you saw her you loved torn from you, doomed to misery—and you stand idly by not able to save her. Give us time and I will toil like a galley slave, she shall not long be a burden to you."

"She is no burden to me. I have far different reasons than you suppose for the course I take."

"Have you no mercy?—will you not give us time?"

"*No.*"

"I care not for myself. I can bear my part,

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but May—ah, be not all iron to my entreaty for her."

"A strange love yours must be, young man, that you would rather she should dwell in poverty and dependance for your sake, than be blessed with all wealth can give."

"I think not only of what is needed without, but of what within. I know she will pine and wither in splendid misery—that a cup of cold water with one she loves will be more to her than oceans of wealth."

"It is a pity that a chivalrous knight, like yourself, cannot save her from the hydra-headed monsters your imagination sees."

"I can bear your taunts because heaven has willed that I, through my poverty, should see my dearest affections crushed."

"Did she send you to me?"

"She knows not of my coming; we have parted —I swear I will never more cross her path if but you will spare her now—in a few years she may forget, and love one whom you will approve."

"Young man you plead eloquently, but it is all in vain. By this time Miss Seaton has doubtless forgotten you and accepted Mr. Vernon. I have willed it so, and so it shall be—no more, you cannot change me."

"Iron heart, one day you will need the mercy you refuse to me. I tell you, that if in this sudden crushing of true, pure affection, that bright young spirit grows changed, and warped, and stained, when we meet at the judgment seat, I will point to you as the remorseless cause of the ruin."

He paused not to note the effect of his words, but rushed distractedly from the apartment.

CHAPTER VII.

It is a terrible thing to stand amid the wrecks of life's treasures feeling they are gone from us forever; it is terrible to learn to live without one whose smile has been our sunlight, whose voice has thrilled our heart, whose coming has been the signal for all bright and lovely hopes, and emotions, and aspirations to throng about us, and, fixing on us their smiling eyes, enchant with their glory; it is terrible to slowly learn, to hear the echo which sounds through the heart's lonely chambers when we call on the familiar name; to grow accustomed to silence where was the music of loving tones; to cease to listen for the step; to realize that henceforth a gulf lies between us and what made our life's life; fearful to bear when we have strength from Him who chastens in mercy—but what is it to those, who, leaning on their own strength, find it a broken reed, and seeing above ever increasing darkness, know not whither to turn for aid. Such an one was May Seaton. The tempest had burst upon her head, scattering her life's treasures, and she was desolate. When the first conflict had passed there settled on her spirit an endurance which seemed to mock at itself. She ceased to weep; she maintained a constant proud composure; she shrank from no trial of self-command, or forgot the role in the part she played; but life became utterly worthless, she despised herself, and every day grew more and more reckless of the future. She consented to an early marriage, and eagerly embraced every opportunity to mingle in society, where her beauty and engagement to one of its most favored members, caused her to be courted and caressed, and Vernon, proud of his choice, and feeling every attention she received reflected back upon him, grew every hour more and more in love with himself and his destined bride. Mrs. Seaton looked on in mingled pride and pain; not all her gratified ambition could hide the consciousness that her child was changed; that the gaiety and beauty which dazzled others, were as ornaments still clinging to a ruined shrine. Mrs. Vernon felt doubtful and anxious, but said nothing, knowing she had no power to turn her son from what she deemed a hasty, ill-assorted match.

The marriage day came, and, as if to mock the bride, bright and cloudless. Amid all the paraphernalia of fashionable life, May Seaton and Alfred Vernon joined their lots, and if any guardian angels yet lingered in tender pity around the young girl's spirit, they must have wept and turned their holy eyes away, as before the altar she resigned hope, self-respect, love, memory; but the world looking on rejoiced at the treasure it had won, and cared not at the cost; and the bridegroom, as he proudly received her from the hand of Mr. Seaton, felt that all he desired of happiness was his.

The beauty of the bride, and the wealth and fashion of the bridegroom, drew together a brilliant crowd to admire and welcome the accession of one who looked and moved a queen among the proud, the gifted, and the wealthy, and though some might envy the bride, and others be jealous of her charms, all could not but confess that never was there one who bore her honors more gracefully, or seemed to deserve them so well. We are so prone to look fearfully at one another through masks, that few have the penetration or care to see if the smile which plays upon a lip be sincere, or the gentle tone comes warm from the heart. The old saw, "actions speak louder than words," is going out of fashion, we do not act as we feel, we are afraid, and so we go on deceiving others, and they in their turn deceiving us. Of all those who gazed admiringly upon the newly married, there was hardly one to whom all things wore not a *couleur de rose.*

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"Well, Cabot, don't you begin to wish you stood in Vernon's place, lucky dog that he is?" exclaimed Fenshaw, laying his hand on the other's shoulder. "I think you must admire the bride, for I have been looking at you some time, and have not seen you move once."

"Why do you call him lucky, Fenshaw?" replied the other, still keeping his eyes fixed upon the spot where Vernon and his bride stood receiving the congratulations of acqaintances and friends.

"Because it is a self-evident truth. Young, rich, blest with as lovely a wife as heart can wish, what more can mortal man desire?"

"Do you imagine that Vernon loves his wife, or she him?"

"Most assuredly. What glasses do you wear, Cabot?"

"Not yours, my good fellow."

"I am right glad of it. One would think that in such a scene you might, for once, forget your abominable cynical mood, and be as the rest of us are."

"Dream all is love and happiness," returned the other, scornfully, "no, I will see things as they are in common sense, not in my fancy."

"Pray, what does your common sense see, my wise friend?"

"It sees," answered Cabot, slowly, as if looking through a glass, which every moment brought out some new feature in a landscape he was surveying, "it sees a crowd careless of everything but its own pleasure, blind, vain and frivolous, some thinking, 'now we shall get rich suppers,' some 'what a delightful place to call!' Some ready to cry with envy at the beauty they never may hope to eclipse; some planning ways by which, through these, they may extend their own power and influence, and so on through the whole multitude of men and women here. It sees a mother, half proud, half fearful of her son's choice, a thousand doubts and fears attending the pleasure with which she graciously receives congratulations, and the sincerity with which she answers them. It sees another mother striving to conceal from those around her, how she loathes and shrinks from the pomp and splendor to which she has sold her child. It sees a bridegroom vain of his wisdom in making such a choice as the whole world approves, glorying in his wife because she adds so greatly to his own consequence—delightfully in love with himself, and thinking, poor fool, that he is truly devoted to her. It sees a wife, who this day has put away, at what sacrifice is known only to herself, what made her innocent and free, and stands here now, having wed without love, with the price of her slavery glittering on her proud, calm brow and magnificent dress. And last of all, it sees a man," turning full upon his companion, "who has lived in the world five-and-twenty years, and yet thinks this is really delightful to behold, and envies those who are actors in it."

"I have been too much frightened to interrupt your long harangue, but now you are through, how on earth do you pretend to know all this?"

"I don't pretend to know."

"But how?"

"In the first place, I have good eyes and use them. Instead of going to talk with this one and that, comparing my surmises with theirs, I take a good position and watch faces, and soon learn what I want to know. Men and women are excellent actors; the young bride there is first rate, but there are certain unconscious evidences which one skilled can interpret. Would a happy bride, for example, receive with such perfect composure the congratulations showered upon her? Would she meet, without a blush, the ardent gaze her husband bends so constantly on her face, or endure with such quietude his lover-like attentions? Why does she keep her eyes so carefully averted from her mother? and why does that mother hide herself in the most distant crowd? Yes, I am right, as you will one day see."

"I begin to think you are the evil one himself."

"No, I have not yet advanced to that dignity. I am only his servant; and to prove it, I will show you one whom all my wisdom and skill cannot fathom. See him there, Mr. Seaton. I have watched till I am weary, but his face is as impervious to my gaze as a piece of unwrought marble."

"I am glad of it. It gives me a cold ague fit to hear you. Do you not intend to offer your congratulations to the happy, or rather the miserable pair, according to your account?"

"Yes, I am going now. By the way, Fenshaw, I mean to be a favored cavalier of the lady presently."

"I don't understand you," said the other, sternly.

"Yes, you do, only not rightly. I do not mean sentimentally; only one of these days when she is lonely, and her husband too much occupied with his own pursuits to care what becomes of his wife, she will like to have one stand behind her chair, and bring to her observation things and persons she is too proud, or careless, or noble to find out unaided; I shall hand her to her carriage, attend her to the opera, and in short, be a pattern of unmeaning devotion."

"Had you not better offer your services at once?"

"No, no, Vernon will prefer to do it himself at present. The novelty has not worn off yet. I must be content to wait." So saying, he made

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his way slowly toward the bride, while the other remained lost in thought, till a summons from a lady restored him to his accustomed gaiety.

Levees like all things must have an end, the guests departed, the travelling carriage came to the door, the weary bride was arrayed for the journey, and had taken leave of her mother and Mrs. Vernon, and her husband had taken her hand to lead her to the carriage, when Mr. Seaton, whose relationship had given him the privilege of lingering, stopped them, and begged "he might see his young cousin for a moment alone."

"No," said May, shrinking back, and quitting her husband's arm.

"Dearest May, you are fearful I shall be jealous," whispered Vernon, laughingly, "I'll forgive you this once. I think you had better see him. Remember I owe to him my dear wife."

May saw that Mrs. Vernon's eyes were fixed suspiciously upon her, and she yielded.

"I can't spare May but a moment, dear sir," said Vernon, with a smile.

"I will detain her but a short time," answered Mr. Seaton, gravely. As Vernon closed the door, he hastily advanced to May and tried to take her hand, but she shrank from him, and, folding her arms across her breast, lifted to his a face in which scorn and despair were strangely mingled.

"I can scarcely believe this is the bright young face which has haunted my sleeping and waking dreams," said he, in a tone as gentle as a mother's. "Do you utterly hate me, May?"

"Do you need to ask?"

"I do not indeed," said he, sadly, "but have I not given you much in place of what you resigned?"

"How dare you look me in the face—how dare you speak to me thus! Are you so lost to all a true soul values, that you do not know that once having been forced to fling away its truth, to see its life's blossoms trodden under foot, to wear a smiling face which mocks at the desert around it, all the universe, and all its most precious gifts can be but as vanity? But I honor you too much to suppose you can understand, you who have compelled me thus to descend."

"May, you are greatly changed."

"Did you deem I could be otherwise than changed? You know nothing of the heart, what it suffers or endures, and yet still lives."

His face grew pale, then red, his whole frame quivered with agitation, "do I not?" said he, in a stifled voice, suddenly clasping her hand.

"Unhand me. I hate you."

"And I love *you*. Hear me, this once the burning fire within shall blaze forth and then be buried forever. For years I have watched over you, gave your mother a home, that one day I might call you mine. Cold, forbidding to all the world, I had one spot in my heart whose warmth no mortal knew. I saw you grow daily more and more beautiful, like a rose slowly unfolding tint after tint. No music of heaven could be sweet to me as your voice, your smile, your step. Years rolled on, and I felt the time drew near when I might unfold the history of my long love and teach you a return. Vernon saw and loved you; terrible was the struggle, but he was young, and I thought you would be happier with him, the child of my friend, my only friend. I promised to aid him. I forced your mother to consent, but so great was her suffering that I would have relented had not one circumstance made me iron. She told me you loved another, an unknown boy! and I determined to visit on him the pangs you cost me. He came to me, this lover, and pleaded for you, and at every word I grew more and more resolved he should be as wretched as I—so now you hate me—I hated him—and with jealousy behold my work, my reason why I forced you to marry." He paused, but there was no reply. She stood gazing at him, her eyes glittering like diamonds, her pale lips quivering, her whole frame shaken as when a fierce tempest beats down the flowers. The terrible consciousness that their hearts had been as toys for his revenge and fiery passions, seemed crushing the life out of her.

"I must go away," he resumed, in a husky voice, "never to return—but now that the madness of my jealousy has passed, I would give my right hand to undo what I have done. For God's sake break this silence—speak to me—curse me, only speak!"

"Arthur, Arthur," murmured May; tears came to her relief and saved her from madness. She wept convulsively for awhile, then suddenly dashing the tears away, confronted him again, saying, "I ought not give you this triumph."

"I do not triumph, weep if you will. I would take back the past if I could."

"You are compassionate when you know it is too late."

"I deserve your distrust, I deserve you should hate me, but pity me, forgive me." The cold man was terribly moved.

"Then you forgive yourself?"

He struck his forehead with his clenched hand, "why are you so unforgiving, so ungentle?"

"Can I be otherwise? Did you not come into my life's Eden and crush out all its sweet flowers, and drive me forth desolate? Have you not caused me to bring darkness and solitude to him I loved? Have you not made me a thing to be despised, to be shut out from all that is pure, and holy, and true?—and all to gratify your own revenge, and you believe a few regretful words will repay me for all—you say I am unforgiving,

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heaven knows I have had terrible wrong at your hands. I might pardon what it has cost me, but his suffering, *never, never!*"

He turned away in silence. After a pause he came again to her side, and said in a tone of almost humble supplication, "May, if I have taken much from you, I have given you what the world values more."

She lifted up her face, and its agonized reproach made him quail, "is that consolation?"

"My own May, are you not coming?" cried Vernon's joyous voice. She rose instantly, and with one effort subdued her emotion, drew her veil over her face, and turned hurriedly away.

"One word more, say you forgive me," he pleaded, in a broken voice.

"The husband you have wedded me to calls."

"I am answered," he murmured, leaning against the wall for support, and strong no longer to detain her. The carriage drove from the door. The first act was finished.

The ball room at the fashionable watering-place of ——, was more than usually crowded and brilliant. Merriment and festivity reigned triumphant, and bright faces grew brighter under the exhilirating strains of the music, as graceful forms flew by in the inspiriting dance. A noble-looking man stood leaning against a window, following thoughtfully the dancers as they glided past him. As he gazed, the music and joyous tones seemed to awaken regretful memories, for when a young girl as she passed, turned for a moment her sunny face toward him, her clear laugh ringing out like the carol of a bird, he started with an expression of pain, and turned to leave the hall. His movements attracted the attention of a young man, who quickly hastened to greet him.

"I did not think to see you here, Judge Linton."

A cordial smile chased the sadness from the judge's features, "you think the court-house and the ball room have little affinity. I was ordered here by my physician, and arrived only an hour ago. Being drawn by the sound of music, which always charms me, I strolled in."

"A very brilliant assemblage."

"So I should think, though being a bachelor, I am but a poor judge," replied the other.

"You have not seen the cynosure of all ages and hearts then?" said the young man.

"Of whom do you speak?"

"Of a lady who arrived three days ago. The leader of fashion in the city of ——, whose charms and haughty coldness alternately distract and chill her admirers."

"Does such an one attract *you?*"

"Yes, not because she is all this, but more. She is a woman whose great gifts shine undimmed in spite of her entire devotion to the world and its objects. When I see her I cannot but think that these powers, under happier circumstances, might have been nobly used."

The judge seemed more interested, "is she young or old, married or single?" he asked.

"She has been many years married. The match was made, I believe, by relations, and the usual consequences have followed. The husband is a good-natured, easy sensualist, whose perfect indifference is only equalled by his wife's open contempt. They are never seen together, and his place is supplied by a companion of his, to whose intimacy with the lady no scandal is attached, for he is known to be as cold as an iceberg, and to half despise the object of his unceasing attentions. Ah, there they are now. Truly, when I see Mrs. Vernon, I seem to look on an angel—though a fallen one."

The judge stood motionless as a statue. That haughty face, where scorn and worldliness held undisputed sway, was the object of his first and only love, his lost May—what a gulf parted the young, loving, innocent girl, and the haughty woman who received with disdainful coldness the adulation lavished upon her! Breaking from his astonished companion, he paused not till he gained the solitude of his own apartment, which he soon quitted to turn homeward.

Henceforward the stone was never rolled away from the grave of his buried love. The angel of memory sealed it with her signet of regretful silence.

THE COMFORTER.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

CLAD in the armor of celestial love,
 Forevermore my soul with sorrow weepeth!
A "still small voice" comes down from Heaven above,
 "Weep not, she is not dead, but sleepeth."

For when the Ruler's daughter lay in death—
 (So, for her only son the widow weepeth—)
Christ's love made answer to his fervent faith—
 "Weep not, she is not dead, but sleepeth."

Like that poor widow at the gates of Nain,
 A father for his only son now weepeth!
But Christ's sweet voice is heard above the train—
 "Weep not, he is not dead, but sleepeth."

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THE WISE CHOICE;

OR, MIND AND BEAUTY.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

The beautiful face of Harriet Selden was radiant with pleasure, and you would have known by the joyous glance she cast at her looking-glass, that she was not only perfectly satisfied with the beauty heaven had given her, but that some incident had that morning occurred, to afford her peculiar gratification.

In truth, Mr. Charles Fearing—the accomplished gentleman, who was perhaps as much admired by elderly, sensible ladies for the snug little fortune left him by his father, as he was adored by the young and romantic for his fine personal appearance and elegant manners—Charles Fearing, the keen observer, the high-minded man of the world, had invited Miss Selden to go to the theatre.

Harriet enjoyed what she considered her brilliant triumph so much the more, as Mr. Fearing had moved in the same society with her but a short time, and notwithstanding all the attractions which had been displayed to his eyes by anxious mothers and tender-hearted maids, he had as yet shown no preference for anybody.

But he had invited Miss Selden to accompany him to the theatre—Miss Selden, chosen among the many beauties, who would envy her the distinction! That gay young lady had achieved many decided triumphs, but none of which she was so proud, none which had given her greater joy. Already she saw herself in some conspicuous box at the theatre, with countless eyes fixed admiringly upon her, and anxious opera-glasses leveled by rival beauties at her charms. Ah! how proud she would be, at the side of Mr. Charles—and how pleased would he be too, she thought, to find her beauty the centre of attraction—the bright particular star of the parquette and boxes!

Evening approached. Miss Selden was richly and tastefully attired; her complexion glowed with unusual brilliancy; her eyes beamed with the light of a joyous spirit; and her happy heart beat with wild sensations of pleasure, at the thought that she had never before appeared to herself so beautiful.

At seven o'clock a carriage stopped at the door, and Miss Selden, from the banisters above, heard a well known voice pronounce her name.

"Go down to the parlor, Maria," whispered Harriet to her cousin—"tell Mr. Fearing I will be ready in a moment."

Maria was a girl about Harriet's own age—that is, not far from eighteen—but, although they had been accustomed to associate together as cousins from their infancy, no two cousins were ever more dissimilar in their tastes and inclinations. Maria was as indifferent to the vanities of the world, as Harriet was to the more serious duties of life. Moreover, Maria was not at all pretty—indeed, Harriet, much as she loved her cousin's generosity, and relied upon her judgment, thought her so plain that she was sometimes ashamed to be seen with her in society. Too good-hearted to suspect the existence of this foolish pride, Maria went frequently into company with her cousin, quite satisfied to see her the centre of attraction, and never dreaming that, as long as she envied her not the admiration she commanded, Harriet could once think her presence disagreeable. Maria, who happened that day to be on a visit to her cousin, had been assisting her to dress for the theatre; and now she hastened to the parlor, to carry her message to Mr. Fearing.

"You here!" said Charles, familiarly extending his hand. "I did not expect to see you. And I am taking your cousin away from you when you are on a visit——"

"Do not think of it," interrupted Maria, with a pleasant smile. "I am very glad to have her go, and have no doubt but I shall enjoy myself without her."

"I think of a better arrangement," rejoined Mr. Fearing. "Now you must not object to it, for I shall insist upon having my way. You shall go with us. It is rather late in the day for an invitation, you may say—but if I had known you were here, I should have invited you before. Come—not a word—you are dressed enough already—isn't she?" added Charles, addressing Harriet, who that moment entered the room. "I hope you are well this evening, Miss Selden—indeed you are looking finely. I was saying to your cousin that she will mortally offend me, if she does not go with us to-night—that is, if you have no objection."

"I am sure—I have none," murmured Harriet.

"Then you must certainly go," insisted Charles.

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"I know I have heard you say you care little for theatres, as they are generally conducted—but let me say to you that Macready plays Hamlet to-night—and it is probably the last time any of us will have an opportunity of seeing him in that character."

The temptation this held out was too great for Maria to resist. Immediately an ardent desire to see the great actor impersonate the sublime conception of Shakspeare, took possession of her mind. She saw not the shadow of disappointment on Harriet's brow, nor once thought her cousin could be displeased; but quite carried away with the anticipation of a rich intellectual feast, she gratefully accepted Mr. Fearing's invitation.

However, if Maria did not see the frown on Harriet's brow, it did not escape Charles' observation. As much amused as perplexed, he regarded her closely, wondering why she should dislike to have her cousin accompany them; for, high-minded as he was, he had no conception of the vanity which could cause a girl to be ashamed of a companion plainer than herself. Could he have read Harriet's thoughts, he would have found her saying to herself—

"All my pleasure is spoiled now! Why did Maria accept an invitation, which was extended to her only for civility's sake? *He* could not have supposed she would go when he proposed it. I wonder at her. She ought to have consideration enough to know, that it will be no triumph for me, if I do not go alone with him. People will look at us, and ask in whispers which of us Mr. Fearing is paying attention to. Oh, it is too bad!"

And Harriet almost cried with vexation. She scarcely spoke to her cousin on the way; and when they arrived at the theatre, and Charles, as if through inattention, placed Maria on the seat between them, all her beauty was overclouded with an expression of displeasure and disappointment.

The curtain had risen; but the great actor had not yet appeared; and Maria was not so much taken up with Horatio's sentiments touching the ghostly wonders which occurred—

> "In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
> A little ere the mightiest Julius fell"—

that she could not see her cousin's vexation. She whispered a word to Charles, and they changed seats immediately—the latter vainly endeavoring to repress a smile, as he sat down by Harriet's side.

Already the eyes of several persons whom she knew were fixed upon Miss Selden; a number of glasses in various parts of the house were leveled at her face; and receiving smiles and salutations from certain fashionable theatre-goers, of whose attention she was secretly proud, a glow of pleasure chased away the shadow of disappointment.

Mr. Fearing, too, bent over toward her, and smilingly addressed her; so that her heart began to warm with joy, when—alas! he turned to say a word to Maria, and Harriet's eye resting for a moment on her cousin's good-humored face, and plain, but neat and tasteful attire, her brow became once more sadly overcast.

But Harriet's feelings were variable as the vane which turns in every wind. Conscious of being an object of admiration and interest, the first smile she received from the opposite boxes restored her spirits, and as long as Mr. Fearing forebore conversing with Maria, she appeared radiant with pleasure.

The scene changed. Hamlet appeared, greeted with enthusiastic applause; and thence forward, until the termination of the first act, Charles and Maria were too much absorbed by the stage, to annoy Harriet with their private comments on the performance.

As soon as the curtain fell, Charles turned to the latter, and inquired how she was pleased.

"Very much," replied Harriet. "I didn't like the queen's dress—did you? Ah! there is Mr. Howard coming to us! Who is that with him? Miss Bradbury, I declare! I thought that affair was broken off."

And Harriet directed her lorgnette to the opposite side of the house, while Charles, with a queer smile playing about his fine lips, turned away.

"Well, how were *you* pleased, Miss Hobart?" he said, addressing Maria.

"Don't ask me yet," she replied, with a thoughtful smile. "The impression of what I have seen and heard is so strong upon me, that I am afraid you would laugh at my enthusiasm if I should freely express my feelings. It is frequently the case that when we see a tragedy represented, some trifling stage accident, or an instance of overacting—which we can tolerate well enough in comedy—throws a coloring of absurdity over the whole, which excites our sense of the ludicrous in the most serious part, and thus spoils the whole. But I have observed nothing of the sort, thus far, and, for the first time in my life, I have really enjoyed that awfully sublime scene between Hamlet and the Ghost. It is quite necessary that the part of the Ghost should be sustained with dignity and grandeur, or we laugh at his majesty in spite of ourselves. But excuse me—I am discoursing to you on a subject which you understand much better than I do—and Harriet has something to say to you, I think."

Charles turned to hear what Miss Selden had

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to say; but almost immediately he addressed his conversation again to Maria.

"She only wished to call attention to the fact that Mrs. Martin is carrying on a flirtation with one of her old beaux," said Charles, with a peculiar smile. "I really believe your cousin cares more for the people who have come to see the play, than for the play itself."

"That is generally the case with great theatre-goers," replied Maria.

"True," said Charles. "I have observed," he added, after a pause, "that the same vanity takes some to the theatre and the opera which draws others to church. If it were not for the desire to see and be seen, which is so natural to us all, actors, opera singers, and preachers would receive a slimmer patronage than they enjoy."

To this sentiment Maria replied in her usual charitable, earnest way, charming her companion with the originality of her ideas, the purity of her mind and feelings, and the ease and naturalness of her manners. Their conversation was interrupted by the rising of the curtain; but it was resumed at the close of the second act; and Maria began to comment upon Macready's interpretation of Hamlet's character, with an unpretending simplicity which delighted Charles.

Thus the evening passed, until the tragedy was brought to a close. Mr. Fearing was surprised to find himself so much taken up with Maria; and several times he was obliged to make an effort to address words of civility to Harriet, in order that his neglect of her might not appear too marked. But Harriet's conversation pleased him not; and he finally gave his attention almost exclusively to Maria.

As for Harriet, she was sometimes quite happy, and sometimes very miserable. Why Mr. Fearing was so much attracted by her "homely cousin" she could not conceive; and it was a humiliation rather than a triumph, to be seen at the theatre, under such circumstances, with that much admired man. And when the play was over, and the hour of pleasure past, the remembrance of all the silent admiration she had received, could not counterbalance the humiliating reflection that she had been slighted in the presence of others, and that Maria—plain as she was—had been preferred to her.

More than half the night, Harriet wept with vexation—while Maria, unconscious of having been instrumental in embittering her feelings, slept soundly and sweetly by her side.

On the following day, Charles met a gay acquaintance, who was quite enthusiastic about the beauty of one of his companions of the preceding evening, and begged the favor of an introduction.

"By the way," said Mr. Elwood, "you are not particularly interested there, I suppose."

"No," replied Mr. Fearing, with a smile. "I confess, though, I was at first violently attracted, and I actually made up my mind to marry her—if I could. But she is too gay for me."

"But, candidly, what do you think of her?"

"I think she is very beautiful," replied Charles, laughing. "I will introduce you, and you can judge for yourself."

Mr. Elwood judged for himself accordingly; and formed a more exalted opinion of Miss Selden, whose beauty dazzled him so that he could discover no fault in her character. From that time he paid her marked attention, and in the course of a few months offered her his hand. Harriet, angry and vexed as she had been at Mr. Fearing's total neglect since the memorable night at the theatre, now felt consoled; and flattering herself that he could not but feel a pang to see her become the wife of his friend—who she declared was the handsomer man of the two—she graciously accepted the offer.

Charles smiled good-humoredly when he heard of the engagement, and only said—

"Poor Elwood!"

Meanwhile Mr. Fearing, who remembered with peculiar satisfaction the impression Miss Hobart had made upon his mind, resolved to cultivate her acquaintance. The more he saw of her, the more he admired her amiable nature, her earnest feelings, the purity and individuality of her mind. In short—for why should this simple narrative be prolonged?—he conceived a deep and lasting affection for her, and married her about the time Mr. Elwood made Harriet his wife.

One day last winter, these two gentlemen met, and had some conversation about their experience of marriage.

"I don't know that it has made much difference with me," said Elwood. "I am as gay as ever. In short, the only thing I regret is, people know me as a married man—and so my flirtations are at an end."

"But are you not really happier than before?"

"Well—no, I can't say that I am. I have matrimonial cares enough, but very little of what is termed matrimonial bliss. For instance—I thought, before marriage, that it would be delightful to have a quiet retreat from the turbulent gaieties of life—that is, a home with a wife to make it happy. But my wife is never contented to remain at home. She thinks as much about making a sensation in society, and having admirers as a maid of seventeen. But I suppose this is always the case."

"Not always," rejoined Mr. Fearing, with a complacent smile. "For example, I now enjoy what you call a quiet retreat from the turbulent

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gaieties of life. I don't know but I enjoy society as much as ever; yet I am so happy with my wife and child."

A shadow crossed Elwood's brow.

"My wife thought she could not bear the care of our child," he said, ruefully, "and so we put it out to nurse."

"How could you?" exclaimed Charles.

"Oh, it was not my notion."

"Well, I'd like to have anybody propose such a step to Mrs. Fearing—just to see her angry, once in my life," laughed Charles. "Although she has acquired a most perfect control of her temper, that would be too much for it, I am afraid."

"By-the-bye," said Mr. Elwood, "our wives are related—what is the reason they never visit each other?"

Charles knew that Harriet could never forgive Maria for marrying him, nor him for marrying Maria; but he only said—

"Mrs. Elwood can answer that question better than I can; for I am sure Mrs. Fearing would be very happy to see her—and I would be glad to see you both. You remember we visited you twice, without receiving even a call in return. Can't you come and dine with us to-morrow?"

Mr. Elwood promised; but he did not fulfil his engagement, for his wife raised insurmountable objections; and to this day there is no communication between the two friends.

TO MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

BY MRS. S. S. SMITH.

Lady, the soft South wind is gently blowing,
Cold Winter's reign has passed from earth and sky!
Thine own blue streams again are freely flowing;
The westering clouds are tinged with softer dye!
Will not the Spring, that wakes to life the flowers,
And clothes with swelling buds the beechen-tree;
That fills with singing birds the woodland bowers,
Recall thee homeward from beyond the sea?
Thou hast left records of sweet thoughts inwoven
With music strains, whose sweet bells softly chime:
Transformed with tender light, and interwoven
With starry gems, wrought in the heart's deep mine.

Rare gifts are thine—which from thy genial nature
Receive sweet nutriment, like flowers that bloom
Beneath the watchful eye of the Creator,
Whose balmy odor cheered my lonely room,
Where in dim twilight passed the Summer hours
Of many a year, with slow and leaden feet—
Until I seemed to feel the budding flowers
Grow o'er my breast—wafting their odors sweet
On soft May breezes, that with gentle murmur
Came lightly tapping at my window-pane—
Weaving bright garlands for the joyous Summer;
Dancing with lightsome tread across the plain.

There sat by my bedside a gentle maiden,
Who with soft accents, read from out a book—
Whose winsome strains recall'd my soul from Aiden,
And my weak frame with kindling rapture shook—
Once more I heard the limpid fountain gushing
Beneath the hill, where oft in days long flown;
The sighing night breeze thro' the pine trees rushing,
Breath'd in mine ear its low and plaintive moan.
And the loud murmur of the streamlet dashing
Adown the rocks while bounding on its way—
Blent with the drowsy hum of insects flashing;
Their tiny wings above its rainbow spray.

Thine was the strain, dear lady, that enthrall'd me
With its sweet picture of life's sunny hours!
And thine the radiant vision that recalled me
To this dull earth, from the Elysian bowers!
But ah! those haunting thoughts that ever mingle
Their flitting shadows in the gifted breast—
Where many voiced waves doth intermingle
In a low melody, whose deep unrest
Oft fills thy dreamy eye with pensive sadness,
Like theirs whose sight hath pierced the inner vail.
A low deep under-tone of grief and madness,
Wrung from crush'd hearts, haunts thee with spirit wail!

Still the gay world feeds on thy vernal fancies,
Like honey-bees that sip the flowering thyme!
So thou but weave those bright and gay romances,
Cull'd from the storied page of many a clime;
They reck not of the wealth thus freely given!
Scattered like way-side flowers throughout the land.
Thy sweet thoughts "breathing less of earth than Heaven,"
Leave on the heart their influence pure and bland!
While now amid Illyria's classic bowers,
O'er many a marble fount and ruined shrine
Thou lingerest, as amid the Alhambra's towers,
Or wandering 'neath the palms of Palestine:

'Twixt whose broad leaves the stars gleam down in splendor,
Like jewels set upon the brow of night!
Where the soft Pleiades and Hyades tender,
With Orion, and Proeyden, blend their light.
Or on the Ocean's breast, where bright waves leaping,
Rejoice in might!—the boundless and the free!
Heaven have thee, lady, in its holy keeping!
And guard thee safe on land or on the sea.
Soon thy green woods fill'd with triumphant singing,
Shall beckon thee across the rolling main:
While thy glad heart with hope and joy is springing
To greet thy friends, and native land again.

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DORA ATHERTON;

OR, THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM."

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 240.

SINCE that passing glance of Paul, on the quay, Dora had often thought of her absent lover.

There had been that in his face, indeed, which had awakened her sympathies, notwithstanding his base desertion; a look of secret sorrow, which, she thought, was irreconcileable with the idea of guilty abandonment.

"He has been compelled to give me up," she said to herself, "by his father, and he feels regret, perhaps remorse for his conduct. He loves me yet!"

It was with something of exultation she thus reflected. But soon other thoughts suggested themselves.

"Yet he vowed to remain true, come what might! It was weakness then that induced him to surrender me." And a perceptible smile of contempt wreathed her lips. But immediately she continued, "no, perhaps I do him injustice. He may have reflected anew on his duty to his parent, and have shrunk, on such reconsideration, from open disobedience. It is that which causes his look of sadness. In the struggle between filial piety on the one hand, and affection for me on the other, his health has given way, and he has gone abroad to recruit it. Paul is not a coward; he never could be one: he has not deserted me because he fears the loss of wealth."

Thus it was that Dora began to think of her absent lover with less bitterness; and gradually, from partially excusing him, she passed insensibly to thinking even kindly of him.

He was always present to her imagination now as the conscientious son, who had sacrificed a sacred love on the altar of duty: and regarded in this light, his memory was inexpressibly dear to Dora. Not that she did not often sigh as she thought of the sacrifice; not that she did not sometimes even doubt whether he was right. But she looked on him, with all this, more leniently than at any time since her father's death.

One summer evening, when she laid down her work, at twilight, her thoughts turned to Paul with irresistible power. She fell into a reverie, which was full of delicious happiness. Gradually the assurance of his truth pressed forcibly upon her. As she looked up to heaven, and saw the stars come out one by one, it seemed to her as if some invisible presence infused sweet comfort into her soul; and finally, so vivid became this impression, that she started up, with the strange feeling that this presence was actually in the room. A cold shiver ran over her: but immediately she grew re-assured; for it now appeared to her as if this spiritual presence, unseen but felt, was that of her lost parent.

"Father!" she cried.

Was it his well known voice, or her own imagination merely, that, in answer to her passionate addresses, said, "daughter, be of good cheer. Paul loves you still. Bear the cross yet awhile, and God will bless you in his own good time."

Whether fancy or reality, whether a wild dream or a whisper from heaven, those words of consolation were never forgotten, and, in many an after hour of trouble and even agony, soothed, comforted and re-assured her fainting soul.

Meantime a change had taken place in the little household of Mrs. Harper. Susan had suddenly announced that some country relatives had sent for her to spend the summer with them: and with no greater delay than was necessary to pack up her wardrobe, she departed.

"Its odd though," said Mrs. Harper, when Susan had gone, "that she did not say when she would return. One never heard her talk of these relations before, nor has she now told us where they live: and Susan generally used to tell all she knew, and sometimes more. I wish she had accepted Butler. I'm sure he has either been refused, or has been frightened, by her manner, from proposing. Have you noticed how strange he has acted for the last few days?"

"I have," said Dora.

In fact, Butler had scarcely been himself during the two days between Susan's announcing her intention and her departure. Both evenings had been spent at home: and his eyes had followed Susan continually. Sometimes she and Dora remained in the parlor, and when this was

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the case, he would come and sit by them, joining awhile in the conversation; but suddenly, as if unconscious of what he was doing, he would break off: or again he would rise and pace the room; or he would seize his hat, go out for awhile and return as unaccountably. Sometimes he would sit, in a dark corner, peering at Susan, who meanwhile chatted with all, in the highest spirits. Indeed she seemed to be more gay than ever before. She had a smile for every one, except Butler, whom she treated with marked contempt.

"Poor fellow," continued Mrs. Harper, "he seems almost distracted. If Susan had known when she was well off, she would have been glad to get a husband like him. However, I suppose this invitation, from her relatives who overlooked her so long, has set her crazy."

Susan had been gone more than a week, yet Butler did not shake off his moodiness. Whenever he was at home, he was absent minded; and, if spoken to, answered irritably; but he was now almost always out. He neglected his work, spending his time walking about the streets, as if to dissipate his thoughts. The kind landlady grew concerned for him. She feared he would take, like others, to intoxicating drinks as a relief; so she watched him narrowly, but found no confirmation of her suspicions. However late the hour at which he came home, and she always managed to have some excuse for being up, he was sober, though evidently harrassed at times by mental and bodily fatigue.

One night, however, he did not return until long after midnight. Mrs. Harper had dozed and waked a dozen times, in her arm-chair, when suddenly the door-bell rang. Sleepy and vexed, she rose up, snuffed her dim candle, and went to let Butler in, resolved to berate him roundly for his late hours.

But when the door was opened, and he strode past her, there was something so haggard in his looks that she felt afraid to speak. She believed, indeed, that he was at last inebriated; but for once the landlady, herself generally the terror of offenders, dared not say a word.

Butler staggered in, his cap pushed low on his brow. By the faint candle Mrs. Harper saw a dogged, fierce, and desperate expression in his eyes that made her blood run cold. She stood close to the wall to let him pass, expecting to see him ascend immediately to his room.

But, after he had reeled forward a few steps, he stopped. By this time Mrs. Harper had closed and locked the door.

"Oh! Mrs. Harper," he said, brokenly, every muscle of his face working, "I have seen her—it was as I feared—God of heaven she is lost forever!"

His look and attitude were so wild, his tones so heart-broken, that Mrs. Harper saw, at once, that her suspicions were wrong, and that something dreadful had occurred: something dreadful to Susan apparently.

Her hand, her whole frame trembled, and the candle nearly fell from her grasp.

"What is it? You frighten me. Don't look so, dear, dear James."

She said this with a tremulous, eager voice, for the workings of his countenance appalled her. It must be something awful, she knew, which had happened, to convulse that iron nature thus.

"I wish I was dead," he cried, with sudden vehemence, striking his forehead with his clenched hands, "I would die willingly if I could kill him first——"

"James!"

He turned fiercely upon her.

"Yes! kill him," he hissed, between his teeth. "Murder him, if that suits better."

He seemed so like a madman, as he said this, that Mrs. Harper retreated, from before him, in affright.

But he followed her up, his eyes flashing insanely.

"Murder him, I repeat," he cried, hoarsely. "Has he not murdered her, soul and body, doomed her to shame here, and perdition hereafter; and is death, a bloody death too good for him? Oh! I wish I had him here—I wish I could have reached him to-night—I would have sent his profligate soul to hell forever!" And he clutched his hand, as if holding an imaginary dagger.

The landlady had now retreated into the parlor and set the candle down on a table, which she interposed partially between her and the phrenzied man. She began to have a glimmering of the truth; and was paralyzed with horror.

"In the Lord's name, James," she said, her voice shaking, "tell me what has happened. Is it Susan?"

He glared at her like a wild tiger for an instant: then he replied savagely, striking the table with his fist,

"Yes!"

But he had scarcely spoken, when a revulsion of feeling came over him, and he added, keeping his face in his hands,

"Oh! God, she is lost forever."

The mantel-piece, against which he leaned, shook with his convulsive sobbings. Mrs. Harper had seen many varieties of emotion, but nothing like this. Both in its rage and sorrow it terrified her; for it seemed superhuman.

She stood, for some minutes, watching Butler, awed and terrified. Her companion appeared to have no control over himself. Once or twice

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he struggled to be composed; but it was in vain: the sobs broke forth anew in spite of him: it was as if a demoniac was being cast out, struggling to the last.

Finally, Mrs. Harper, her heart melting with pity, ventured to approach him. She laid her hand soothingly upon his shoulder.

"James," she said.

He winced and shrank away: but immediately, as if ashamed of this, removed his hands from his face. He still kept his back, however, toward the landlady.

"The Lord will give you strength to bear this blow," said she, with tears in her eyes.

Butler started as if he had been shot: then wheeled around, and looked at her intently. That rugged face was seamed and scorched with the fiery tracks of such tears as manhood only sheds: those deep-set eyes blazed, lightning-like, beneath the wet lashes.

"Do you mock me?" he cried, fiercely, after gazing at the landlady, as if he would read her very soul: but, seeing that her looks expressed only heartfelt commisseration, and not scornful irony, he went on, in a different tone. "Oh! Mrs. Harper, I believe now in a God; and terribly has he avenged himself on my incredulity. I told you once I was equal to any misfortune; but I spoke in impotent pride, for I am not: the oak, that is shivered by the tempest, is not weaker than I am, when God levels his thunders at my head." And, as the picture of his misery rose up before him again, a second paroxysm seized him. Sobs shook his voice while he proceeded. "To think what a hard life she had—and how, oh! how I loved her—Mrs. Harper," he cried, seizing her hand passionately, "you don't know how I loved her! And now she is lost, lost forever. Think of her—think of it all—caressed for a little while by her profligate seducer, and then," he set his teeth hard, "flung on the highway like a wilted rose that all may tread her down. The devils in hell laugh to see it. There is no hope for her—I feel there is none—others might return—but not she. It was her vanity that led to all this—I always knew it was her weak point—but I never thought it would end thus." And his sobs broke out afresh. In fact, during this whole scene, his mood was not the same for any ten consecutive seconds. "Oh! dear Mrs. Harper, won't it be so? You shake your head. But you needn't try to comfort me, by saying what you don't believe. No, no, she has passed through the gate from which there is no return; and the fires of eternal woe already blaze in the distance."

As he uttered these words, he shuddered with horror, so vivid was the picture his imagination had conjured up.

"You speak too hopelessly," said the landlady, breathlessly, taking advantage of the pause. "Perhaps you are mistaken——"

"Never," interrupted Butler, energetically, looking up again. "I have made too sure of that. I saw him dogging her and Miss Atherton before——"

"What," exclaimed Mrs. Harper, and, at the supposition, hope went out forever, "it is not young Mr. Thomaston?"

"Yes!" he answered, savagely. "God curse him!"

She clasped her hands and looked to heaven.

"Oh!" cried Butler, "pray for her—I cannot pray as yet. Try to intercede for me. The Almighty knew he could strike me nowhere so surely as through her."

"Hush," said Mrs. Harper, "don't, don't talk so. You almost blaspheme. Besides, Susan has had all this in her own weak heart. Sometimes I feared something like it: but never believed it would be half so bad."

She was weeping aloud, a sob between almost every word.

Butler began to walk the room with hasty strides.

"And you tell me nothing can be done?" he said. "She must be lost forever. Couldn't you go to her and try to bring her back to virtue? You know what the end of all such things are."

"Yes, alas!" said the landlady. "Lower and lower every year; first sin in silks and then in rags; now a splendid lodging; by-and-bye the watch-house; with no solace, as the victim nears the goal, but gin or opium."

"Oh! my God," cried Butler. Then, stopping in his excited walk, he lifted his face to heaven and exclaimed, "Lord Almighty, I believe. But mercy—have mercy on her! Save her, though you destroy me."

Mrs. Harper waited till his agitation had in part subsided: then she said,

"But where did you see her? You have given me no details."

"At the theatre. I have suspected it ever since she went away, even before she went indeed. She spoke so vaguely of her relations, that I pressed her on the subject—some secret instinct prompted me to it, I believe, for I can account for it in no other way—and she evaded, contradicted, grew embarrassed, till finally I told her that I thought she was uttering falsehoods. Then she grew angry; and would scarcely speak to me, as you perhaps noticed, for the rest of the time she staid."

Mrs. Harper nodded assent.

"After she left, a strange suspicion seized me. To satisfy myself I spent most of my time, day and night, in public places, where, if my fears

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were true, I would be likely to meet her: in the fashionable streets, at places of public amusement, on the accustomed roads for persons who drive out of town. But, till to-night, I never once saw her. I was beginning to think my suspicions wrong, to feel easier in mind, when, at the theatre, this evening, she came into a private box with this profligate. She was dressed magnificently: all laces and silks: and he, the double-dyed scoundrel, tempter, devil, destroyer, how he smiled, and whispered, and leaned over her—oh! I could strike him dead, if I had the power—no, God help me, I would not do that!—I am too great a sinner myself, for have I not denied heaven, and, perhaps, by my scorn of a retribution to come, helped to soothe her conscience, and give her over to her enemy? Lord have mercy upon me."

"There—don't take it so to heart," said Mrs. Harper. "Its done, and can't be mended. You are not to blame, believe me, dear James. If anything could have saved her, it would have been your love."

"No, no, it was this cruel life; the miserable wages and incessant toil."

"The Lord forgive them," said the landlady, "that keep the poor, weak creatures at the point of starvation, and finally force too many of them, who are not upheld by religion, into evil courses, as the easier living of the two. But," she quickly added, fearful lest she should be misunderstood, "it was Susan's fault, in part, also. She was vain, foolish, credulous, indolent; it was this that made her fall. I have no doubt she looks back with scorn on her laborious life here; but she will yet find, deluded girl, that the wages of sin are death."

"God help us all—God help us all," said Butler. "Pray for me, Mrs. Harper—pray for Susan—pray that she may repent even on a deathbed."

He seized her hand in both of his, and looked imploringly into her eyes.

"I will," she answered, almost choked for utterance, the tears blinding her sight.

"God bless you," he ejaculated, passionately, and wrung her hand: the next instant he had fled the room.

Butler's chamber was directly above Mrs. Harper's, and when she ascended, she heard him walking overhead. All through the night, as often as she woke, and she slept brokenly, she heard still that heavy and sorrowful tread.

When Dora heard of Susan's guilt she burst into tears.

"Alas! poor Susan," she said.

"Poor, weak Susan!" answered Mrs. Harper.

"Ah, Mrs. Harper," replied Dora, "don't be too severe upon her. Perhaps, if she had been born to ease and luxury, this would not have happened."

But the good landlady replied sternly,

"Every lot in life has its temptation, and poverty was hers."

Dora was silent for a moment.

"You are right," she said, at last: and then she sighed.

"It was slothfulness and vanity that ruined her," said Mrs. Harper; "as I often feared. Yet better had she starved than have fallen. 'Fear not them which kill the body, but rather fear Him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.' We cannot serve two masters, and Susan has made her choice."

"And you think it would be visionary," said Dora, hesitatingly, after a pause, "to seek Susan's reformation?"

"Since we could not keep her from going astray, we cannot recall her to the path of duty: at least not yet. She would only laugh at us. You cannot gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles. Susan must first discover how hollow are the oaths of seducers, and how hard are the wages of sin: and, that, poor girl, she will find soon enough. Verily the way of the transgressor is hard; but the path Susan has chosen is hardest of all."

"Oh!" cried Dora, with generous enthusiasm, "I wish that I was rich, that I might do something to save from this horrible pit, weak creatures like our poor Susan. Christ himself pardoned the Magdalene——"

"God bless your kind heart," interrupted Mrs. Harper, "but I fear the task would be hopeless. However there is no telling what might be done, if women would unite earnestly in the work. But now, instead of extending a hand to save their sisters from the gulf, too many, even of those who call themselves Christians, drive the poor victims over the brink by beating down wages already too low."

"If I ever become rich," said Dora, "I will try what can be done."

Mrs. Harper looked at her admiringly, and replied, "you are an angel, and if any one can do it, you can."

The knowledge of young Thomaston's agency in Susan's disappearance rendered Dora's connexion with the clothing store even more disagreeable than before, especially as the son had lately become associated with the father, in business. Since Susan's departure, Dora had been compelled to visit the store again. Fearful of meeting the profligate, she sought employment from other establishments; but work was now scarce, and she could find no encouragement. Necessity, therefore, compelled her to return to her old employer's.

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For some time she saw nothing of young Thomaston. But one day, late in October, when she carried back some work, he confronted her at the door of the establishment.

Her heart beat fast. She, however, summoned all her self-command, and advanced up the store, taking no notice of the insolent smile with which he greeted her.

When she had concluded her business, and turned to depart, she saw that her persecutor had disappeared; and with a lightened heart she left the establishment.

As usual Dora had chosen, for her walk, that part of the day, when it being yet too light for candles, and too dark to sew, she could go out with the greater economy of time. Her heart fluttered a little as she left the store, fearing the profligate might be waiting for her; but it was not with fear. Loathing, detestation, even hate, if one like Dora could be said to hate, were her sensations toward this bad, vulgar man; but as she would have shuddered at a foul snake, so she shrank now from the presence of this detestable betrayer.

The evening was beautiful, and Mr. Thomaston not making his appearance, Dora, re-assured, enjoyed the loveliness with a zest all the greater for her confinement during the day. A slight shower, just before she started, had passed over the city, and the air was full of the fragrance of flowers and wet grass, which, at such a time, impregnates even the atmosphere of a town, bringing up visions of mossy brooks, scented violets and new-mown hay.

Dora was walking leisurely along, her spirits rising even to buoyancy, when, on turning into a bye-street, a sharp, quick tread sounded behind her.

She knew instinctively whose it was. In fact, Susan's betrayer had been dogging her, on the opposite side of the street, all the way from his store. With a sudden resolution, as he addressed her, she turned boldly upon him.

"Sir," she said, "if you don't cease this insolence, I'll call the police."

"Hush!" said he, deprecating her fury by a look—"have you no curiosity to hear of Susan?"

Dora made no answer. Fallen as her late companion was, she yet longed to learn something respecting her. Perhaps she was ill? Perhaps repentant? Yet our heroine loathed the betrayer too much even to ask him. Her interest and anxiety, however, were perceptible in her eyes.

The profligate smiled, with grim satisfaction at the success of his stratagem.

"We will talk of that presently," he said. "But, first, a word with yourself——"

Dora's eyes flashed indignantly, and she turned half aside, as if to go.

Her companion, however, put out his hand and took hold of her shawl.

Instantly, as if an adder had stung her, she sprung back; her face blazing with scorn, anger, and outraged modesty. She even raised her hand, in the first impulse of the moment, as if to strike him dead at her feet.

So threatening was the gesture, so indignant her whole air, that the profligate stepped quickly to one side; and, even in the dim twilight, Dora saw that he turned as white as a grave-cloth. At this sight a contempt as utter as her anger had been high, took possession of her, and she turned from him with a sneer, walking with rapid steps away.

Her pursuer stood, as on a former occasion, thunderstruck for a moment. In spite of two several repulses, in spite of Mr. Harper's fiery eloquence, he had brought himself to believe that Dora, sooner or later, would listen to his miserable vows. Base himself, utterly base; knowing nothing of womanhood but in its degradation; and persuaded, from his success with Susan, that others who toiled like she did, would also accept his infamous propositions, he had convinced himself that, if he made another overture to Dora, it would be received at once. He had even flattered himself that Dora envied Susan her success—vain and contemptible fopling as he was!

In truth, ever since he had first seen Dora, this despicable profligate had loved her, or fancied he did, for a soul so vulgar and wicked could not really experience a true affection. He had, therefore, persecuted her with his addresses. Foiled in his base purpose, he had waylaid Susan, who, he more accurately judged, would prove less inflexible; for he had noticed the simper of vanity with which, when he had impudently touched his hat to her, she had betrayed her gratification. The silly admiration of Susan for all he said and did, joined to her pretty person, had pleased him for awhile; and he had finally persuaded her to leave her friends and place herself under his protection. But he already began to tire of her. Moreover, Susan, silly even as regarded her own interests, could not help talking of Dora, whom, in truth, she almost idolized, in her weak way: and thus his downcast, but not extinguished passion was aroused once more.

He had resolved accordingly to make another trial; and, for the reasons we have stated, he had really believed in success.

As on the former occasion he rallied, after a moment's astonishment; and, as then, rage succeeded to his late feelings; only now the rage was so intolerable that it almost smothered him.

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He dashed forward on a run, and was soon at Dora's side.

She heard him approach, and stopping, faced him, with dilated form. Brave, high-hearted girl!

But before she could utter a word he broke forth,

"I ruined your mate," he said, his face livid with passion, and looking, in the dim light, more like a fiend, as Dora thought, than even imagination could depict, "because you rejected me; and I will have, by ——, other revenge before I am done."

He had advanced his face almost to hers, hissing the words between his teeth, like a serpent in its rage.

But Dora's lofty spirit was now fairly roused to the utmost. She threw back her head, her fine eyes darting lightnings, and, with her small hand, in which was now concentrated the strength of a man, she struck her insulter a blow, full in the face, that sent him reeling from her.

And that was her only answer! For an instant, like an enraged lioness, she stood motionless, regarding him steadfastly: then, with a proud, defying curl of the lip, she turned and walked away.

He did not dare to follow her. He was cowed completely. Yet his soul burned with all the fires of hell nevertheless: rage, shame, revenge fanning and feeding the flame. He even might have rallied and followed her, but that, when he first saw clearly, after the blinding flash was over that followed the blow, he beheld her several pavements distant, and, close by her, a policeman, sauntering toward him. This man, as he passed Dora, eyed her curiously, which the defeated profligate saw. Alarmed lest the officer might have seen the interview, and might choose to arrest him, the libertine turned quickly, darted around the corner, and sought refuge in a cigar-shop, two doors off, where a snug back room, used for smoking, afforded, he knew, an unsuspected retreat.

Little did even he, however, imagine the consequences that were to flow for that night's work. Little did Dora either. She had noticed the policeman also, and at first, had thought to ask his protection, but had finally, in the fearlessness of her spirit, decided that it was unnecessary. Better, oh! better if she had.

On reaching home, Dora made Mrs. Harper her confidant at once.

"The villain!" said the landlady. "Not satisfied with destroying Susan, he must persecute and insult you. My dear child it will not do for you to go near the store any more."

"I fear not," said Dora.

"The base scoundrel," exclaimed the landlady, her anger rising. "He thinks because he is rich that he can do what he pleases. But, thank God, though he may triumph in this world, there is one coming where he will get his reward."

"I suppose," said Dora, with some anxiety, "I shall have no more work from the establishment."

"Never mind, dear," replied the landlady, "you will not suffer. Why can't you, indeed, give up this sewing at once, and help me about the house? You are not very strong, but we'll manage to do. You confine yourself too much: you are pale; and your chest must hurt you, I know——"

"No," interrupted Dora, "I will go on, at least for awhile. Thank you kindly, Mrs. Harper."

She knew that the good landlady was little able to support her in comparative idleness; and though she felt her health failing, and feared further insult, she resolved heroically to persevere.

"Well," said Mrs. Harper, "you must not go to the store any more."

"I am not rich, and can't keep a lacquey," said Dora, with a smile.

"But you can send," said Mrs. Harper, "there's a little lad here, who runs errands, we'll get him to go for you." And so it was arranged.

Meantime the autumn months came and went. Butler continued as unsettled, as reserved, as irritable as ever. His was one of those natures which trouble hardens, for the time, instead of softens. He was sullen, angry, defiant. Yet, under this, the germs of a radical change in his views, and in his character were vegetating silently, and slowly. As he had told Mrs. Harper, on that night of agony, he no longer disbelieved in Providence; and often, in his secret chamber, he struggled, in supplication, for strength to bear his trial.

Yet often also his wild nature almost hurried him into crime, allured by the tempting bait of revenge. Once especially when, in the evening, he came unexpectedly across Susan's seducer, in a lone street, he could scarcely master the devil within him, which prompted him to fasten upon his enemy then and there, and not leave him till life was extinct. "Strike now and show him that, if richer, he is weaker than you: let him learn, in blood, that a poor man cannot be wronged with impunity:"—thus whispered Satan. But another voice also was heard at his ear, "vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," were the words; and they seemed actually spoken, by some person at his side. He started in amazement, and looked around: but no one was there. The warning, however, saved him from being a murderer. Was it an unseen spirit? God only knows!

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"I cannot endure this any longer," he said, to Mrs. Harper, one day. "These temptations make me tremble for myself. Without the aid of heaven—left to fight with Satan alone I should imbue my hands, I know, in blood—and, even as it is, I sometimes fear the Evil One will catch me unawares. Oh! I comprehend now what John Bunyan felt. Besides this place is hateful to me."

Mrs. Harper did not discourage him from leaving the city; but said what she could to hasten his departure. She saw that this volcanic soul was at the crisis of its fate, and that to remain might, as Butler feared, prove his ruin.

So the day was fixed for his departure. As he was to go in the evening train, Butler devoted the morning to calling on his few friends. He had promised to return to dinner, but did not come, of which, however, Mrs. Harper thought little. Dora had set apart that afternoon, after a week's almost incessant labor, for a ramble in the country; and, when she started, she left her adieus for Butler, in case she did not return before he departed.

"Tell him," she said to Mrs. Harper, "that I hope to see him come back, in a few years, a famous artist."

All that afternoon Mrs. Harper waited in vain for Butler. As evening drew on she began to be alarmed; but, about half an hour before the train departed, he made his appearance.

He seemed heated and excited as if he had walked fast and far. There was barely time to get down his luggage, and call a porter, before it became necessary for him to depart.

"Good-bye," he said, to Mrs. Harper. "You will not see me for years, if ever. Hereafter I shall have no love but for Art." He moved away a step; then came back; and taking the landlady's hand, added with emotion, "pray for me—you don't know how much I want your prayers—perhaps, after all, I am an outcast, predestinated," and he smiled grimly, "to eternal ruin. God help me!"

He spoke incoherently, and was again going, when Mrs. Harper, remembering Dora's message, detained him to mention it. She thought its praise might soothe him.

"Miss Atherton is an angel," he said. "But I saw her at——," and he mentioned a public promenade, on the outskirts of the city. "She told me I would be a great artist. We walked a bit in the fields and woods together. Ask her, too, to pray for me—I did not, when I saw her, feel that I was so heaven-abandoned a wretch as I am. Surely prayers from one so pure as she will be heard."

His broken sentences and wild looks alarmed Mrs. Harper. Could he be intoxicated? No, she knew he was not: his very earnestness forbade the idea. Before she could express her thoughts, however, he wrung her hand, and darted away on a run, without once looking back.

But the events of the day were not over. Two hours had passed since Butler's departure, and Mrs. Harper had long been alarmed, in turn, at Dora's non-appearance, when the parlor door was pushed rudely open, and a neighbor rushed in breathlessly,

"Oh! Mrs. Harper," she said, "what does all this mean? Young Mr. Thomaston has been carried home dead, murdered, and your Miss Atherton has confessed to the deed. My Jim saw the crowd at the court-house, as they were carrying her in. They caught her in the act."

Mrs. Harper rose to her feet, pale as ashes, but with an inflexible face.

"I don't believe it," she said, indignantly. "Yet, God help me," she added, bursting into tears. "What if he has been insulting her again." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

STANZAS.

BY O. C. WHITTLESEY.

Would ye the glossy gleams of hope
  To you their radiance impart;
And princely peace, and jocund joy,
  Soft revels keep within the heart?
Then always unto others do,
As you would have them do to you.

'Tis this, the only might, can make
  The rugged paths of nature even;
And only key that can unlock
  The boundless treasury of Heaven—
The ample antidote of strife,
And brightest benefit of life.

Grouped in the grotto of true love
  The geniuses of gladness lie;
The "pearl of greatest price" resides
  Within the ark of charity—
This only can suffice to start
A peaceful current in the heart.

It brushes from the bank of time
  The litter of repugnant tears;
And makes life lofty loom, as 'twere,
  A temple of transparent years.
Then let our spirits ever be
Wedded to love and charity.

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FALSE PRIDE.

BY ESTHER DUFRONDE.

It was Christmas Eve. But the sounds of revelry and mirth which were wont to be heard in the old farm house of Paul Somers were hushed in sorrow; for the voice of her who sung the sweetest, whose eyes beamed hope and joy to her grey-haired parents, and whose laughter spread mirth in the Christmas carol, was wanting.

Of three children, two were married, and had removed with their families to another state, and Mary, the youngest, was residing with a wealthy lady in Philadelphia, whose earnest solicitations and brilliant promises had succeeded in prevailing on the old couple to allow her to adopt their daughter as her own. They regarded a superior education and other privileges she would enjoy as the summit of human happiness, and when their thoughts would rest on the trial of parting, they were soon banished as selfish. The young girl too added her solictations, for she saw, in dreams of the future, that wealth which would enable her to accomplish her dearest wish of placing her parents beyond the reach of want. Mary was accordingly the acknowledged heiress of Miss Ailmers. She was now in her seventeenth year, a period of life when sensibility is keenly alive; and although her love for her parents remained untarnished, she preferred visiting them instead of allowing them to visit her; for she feared (alas! for her weakness) to expose herself to the ridicule of her fashionable acquaintance, by acknowledging before them her plain father and mother.

The old people looked forward to her visits with child-like eagerness, and all the means were employed within their humble sphere to enhance her pleasure; but as time passed, these visits became few and far between, months sometimes elapsed, and then a year rolled by; a year which stamped a heavy impress on the brows of the aged pair. A presentiment of diminished love would sometimes intrude itself; but the thought was too agonizing to be supported, and many excuses for her absence were framed. Christmas, however, was near at hand, and then she would surely come: and they would induce her to remain with them, for they doubted not she would heed a mother's tears, and a father's prayers, nor leave them in their loneliness to totter, unsupported, to the grave.

But Christmas came without Mary, and the lonely pair, made more lonely by beholding the festivities which surrounded them, heaved heart drawn sighs as they gazed on the smiling faces which passed their dwelling on their way to the neighboring village.

"But look ye, Paul!" suddenly exclaimed his wife. "Who can that young gentleman be, who is making such haste toward our house?"

"Some one who has lost his way, or perhaps it is the unknown proprietor of the new house on the hill, or——"

He was interrupted by the entrance of the person in question, who advanced toward them with an air of familiarity, and they were unable to disguise their astonishment as he earnestly shook their hands.

"Why, my good friends, what is the matter? Do you not remember Charles Morton, the little boy who always stopped to take your Mary to school?"

"Yes, yes, and a good boy he was too. Perhaps you are the gentleman who put him in a store in Philadelphia, when he lost his father," said Paul, in an inquiring tone.

"Oh, no," exclaimed the young man, "I am not he, I am Charles Morton himself."

"Charles Morton!—can it be?" cried Mrs. Somers. "Yes, Paul, it is he. Look into that face. Years have passed since he went away, and he has now grown to be a man. But, Charles, are we not excusable for forgetting you, when you have allowed so long a time to pass without coming to see us?"

"Yes, my boy," added Paul, "we, as well as your other old friends about here, thought you had been called long since to give up your stewardship in this world."

"It would have been more strange had you recognized me," replied Morton, "for of the seven years that have passed since I left you, only two have been spent in Philadelphia. Three I have passed in India, exposed to the enervating influence of the climate, and travelling occupied the remaining two."

"But Charles."

"I know what you would ask, Uncle Paul, (for so I must still call you) you marvel at my good fortune, and wonder where I obtained means. I left you in sorrow, and knew not whither I was going, or whether kindness or unkindness would be my portion; but heaven protected the houseless orphan. I went into the employment of Mr.

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Grant as an errand boy, in which station I remained a few months, when the lowest salesman became an invalid; I exerted myself to supply his place, which I did so much to the satisfaction of my employer that he allowed me to retain it, and about a year afterward his health becoming very precarious, his physicians advised him to travel; he took me as a companion and assistant, and since our return has placed me in a lucrative office: it would be in vain for me to attempt to express my gratitude toward such a benefactor."

"God bless you, Charles, you have not forgotten us. May you continue to visit us," said Mrs. Somers, with a deep sigh.

"Not much danger of that, my good people, for I expect to come and live among you, and pass many happy hours with you again. Yonder new house on the hill belongs to my wife, whither we shall shortly remove with her father, my benefactor."

Charles enjoyed their surprize a few minutes, and then inquired after Mary, his old playmate.

"She too has gone to the city," said Paul, unable to hide his painful emotion. "We have not seen her for a year."

It was now Charles' turn to be astonished. He looked inquiringly for a solution of the mystery; but feared to give utterance to his thoughts lest he might lacerate hearts which he perceived had received a wound.

But they told him all. In return he encouraged them to hope, promising to use all his endeavors to remove the barrier which the laws of society had placed between Mary and her parents. On his return to the city, a few days after, Charles called at the house of Miss Ailmer, where every thing appeared in commotion, as if preparation was being made for some grand event. He remained a long time in the drawing-room waiting Mary's appearance; servants were passing to and fro, some bringing in magnificent bouquets, others filling vases, and one was turning wreaths of white roses around the marble pillars which supported the lofty ceiling. He felt discouraged in his undertaking, whilst contrasting this mansion of luxury and splendor with the humble residence of the farmer, and even thought Mary in some degree excusable. Whilst indulging this train of thought, he heard the sound of footsteps and peals of laughter in the hall, and the next moment two ladies and a gentleman of foreign aspect made their appearance. Charles was unprepared for such a reception, and was thrown into a state of confusion on reflecting that his business was private, and that a request to see Mary alone, perhaps might create suspicion; but now no alternative remained but to request an interview with her. But his embarrassment was greatly increased when the youngest of the ladies replied she was the person whom he desired to see, and would be happy to hear what business he could possibly have to transact with her, at the same time casting a confidential glance at the gentleman on whose arm she leaned.

Charles replied that he had a few words to say to her privately on an important subject.

"Oh, well, say it now then, for I have nothing, or will hear nothing which these friends cannot hear." But her face crimsoned as she spoke, and she looked so imploringly to Miss Ailmer, at the same time endeavoring to conceal her confusion from the gentleman, that Charles apologized for intruding at this particular time, rose to withdraw. Miss Ailmer and Mary were well pleased with the prospect of so speedy a termination of a visit, which they were both convinced appertained to her parents and her home: but the Count de Langrave, for as such the gentleman now introduced himself to Charles, demanded to know the purport of his visit in an authoritative and insolent manner, which the proud spirit of Charles could not brook. He replied that his business was not with him, but with Miss Somers.

"It is with me then," was the reply of the count, "for before sundown this day she will be my wife; so, my young chap, what say you to that?"

Charles could scarcely restrain his indignant feelings, but he thus addressed Mary,

"If what I hear is true, of course he is your confidant, and the weighty business with which I am commissioned is merely a request from your parents to come and see them."

This was said jeeringly, as he had no doubt it would be laughed off, not thinking of the possibility of the count's ignorance of Mary's birth. But what was his consternation on beholding Mary pale and agitated with dreadful emotion, almost fainting; Miss Ailmer red with fury: and the Count de Langrave all amazement, gazing from one to the other.

"What is the meaning of all this?—some devilish trick is being played—look ye, young chap, where are you from?"

Charles did not allow him to finish his inquiries, but handing a card, added he might fix any time which best suited him to afford satisfaction.

All must have been arranged satisfactorily by Miss Ailmer and Mary, for a few days after the Count and Countess de Langrave, with Miss Ailmer, left for Europe, where they expected to reside, with the prospect of visiting their friends in America every few years. Charles was at a loss to know how to communicate the dreadful intelligence to Paul and his wife, but he resolved to go immediately and inform them before they should hear it through any other channel. But

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his task was not so difficult as he had anticipated, for Mary had written them an affectionate letter, although she placed an immoveable barrier between herself and them, they seemed heart-broken but resigned, and murmured not.

Two years rolled by, Christmas came again. Paul Somers and his wife were seated in their lonely home, endeavoring to support each the others heart. Neither mentioned the name of Mary. In her father's house hers was a tale untold. We said it was Christmas, ay, and the day was drawing to a close, and no friend had stopped in to cheer them, not even Charles Morton and his wife. "But," said Paul, "something has happened, they have not forgotten us, I know. I will just go over and see as soon as I see a friend passing who will assist me up the hill, perhaps this is one coming now! Oh! no, what a wretched horse, poor thing! and the wagon, surely it will soon come asunder. It is coming here. Good God, what does it mean? Father of mercies, what do I see? Mary! oh, no! Mary is it thee, my child?"

"Father forgive me—mother forgive me," and she fell senseless into the arms of her father. Tears were poured forth and prayers breathed. They thought not whence she came or how, she was with them, that was enough. A loud knock at the door, accompanied by an oath, reminded them of her forlorn situation, when the man who had brought her demanded his money for bringing the luggage so many miles. That evening her tale was told. Her husband proved an imposter, and after impoverishing Miss Ailmer under false pretences and using artful means, left them, unprotected, soon after they arrived in Europe. Miss Ailmer had taken up her abode with a wealthy uncle in Scotland; and Mary, after enduring the keenest remorse, had succeeded in reaching her home through difficulties which would make the stoutest heart shrink to narrate. Again came the yearly festival. Look ye into the little grave-yard: three spotless stones are there side by side, bearing the names of Paul Somers, Rebecca Somers and Mary de Langrave.

I LOVE THEE NOT.

BY SARAH WHITTLESEY SMITH.

I love thee not, altho' thou art
As beautiful and bright
As yon sweet orb that sparkles thro'
The sombre veil of night.
I met thee when thy soft dark eyes
Were languishing with care,
And loved thee when thy quiv'ring lips
Breathed out a whisper'd prayer,
That God would shield thy youthful head,
And guard thy lonely way
Thro' this dark wilderness of woe,
To Life's eternal day.

I sought to turn thy dark'ning thoughts
To Hope's sunlight and joy,
Lest chilling frost's untimely blight,
Should Heaven's fair work destroy.
I woo'd thee when the light of Love
Was beaming on thy brow,
And wreath'd in smiles, thy lips, as sweet
As those that grace them now.

I won thee when none other came
To cheer thy saddened heart,
And thought I'd won a priceless gem,
Whose worth would ne'er depart.
Vain hope! a gayer rival came,
And dimmed the ardent glow
That lighted up my heart with joys
It ne'er again can know.
Since Truth hath fled thy once pure breast,
Now stained by Treachery's blot—
Altho' with radiant beauty blest,
False one—I love thee not!

YOUNG CHILDREN.

BY FRANK WALTERS.

Oh! I love the young children that cluster around
The parent, the fond parent's knee,
And there's light and there's hope in the young mother's heart
As her infant goes forth in its glee—
But shall joy, or shall sorrow, shall weal or shall woe
Light or darken her pathway along?
Oh! how often we see the young floweret lain low,
And her hope but a shadow, a song—
Yet again when her infant shall ripen in years,
When the world and its cares press around—
When her heart is too full to give vent save in tears,
Then her trust a sure anchor has found.

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THE THREE MINIATURES.

BY CORNELIA CAROLLA.

While spending an evening with an aged friend, the conversation turned on miniatures.

"Permit me to show you my collection," said she, producing several affairs of the kind.

I examined them one after another, with comparative indifference, until only three remained. These she had drawn toward her until the others were laid aside. She opened one, and gave it to me.

"Beautiful! exquisite!" I exclaimed. "Surely this cannot be a portrait?"

"It is; and not more beautiful than the original was at the time when it was painted," replied Mrs. Burr, with a sigh.

The miniature was that of a young lady, apparently seventeen or eighteen years of age. The features, complexion, costume, and attitude, taken alone, were perfect; but it was not in these that the great charm of the picture consisted:—it was in the spiritual expression which the artist had so happily portrayed: deep, holy, calm happiness was imprinted on every feature.

The voice of my friend aroused me from the reverie into which I had fallen. Fancy was already depicting the history of this beautiful creature.

"She must have been good and happy," thought I; "her parents thanked God daily for the blessing He had given them in such a child; her companions felt themselves elevated and etherealized by association with her; her lover, or husband——" here fancy was put to flight by the voice of Mrs. Burr.

"Here is another, taken several years later," said she, giving me the second picture.

A start of surprise testified my astonishment. The features were the same; but the mouth had a more decisive expression. The delicate nostrils betrayed a haughty pride, not to be found in the first miniature; the eye had lost its holy tenderness, and over the whole was cast an indefinable expression of anguish. The costume, too, exhibited as great a change in the wearer's taste, as the face did in her feelings. In the first picture it was exceedingly simple; in the second, the dress was in the most magnificent style. The attitude, too, was rather that of an imperious queen, than a gentle, loving woman. Time alone could not have wrought such a sad change. Stronger feelings than the first portrait indicated had evidently exerted their power before the second was painted.

"How many a throb of anguish her heart has felt," thought I, "ere the change was wrought which stifled its warmer, happier sensations. How many tears those eyes have shed before that cold, haughty expression displaced the happier light of early hours. How many bitter words have arisen to those lips, to give them the expression they now wear."

"Here is another," exclaimed Mrs. Burr, laying the third one before me.

Another change, and one quite as perceptible. The proud expression had passed away, and one of deep, heartfelt sorrow, chastened and subdued by holy influences, supplied its place. She now wore a widow's weeds. Everything betokened the hand of affliction.

"These pictures have a history," said I; "have they not?"

"They have," replied Mrs. Burr, "and I will relate it—but tell me first, how do you read them?"

"The first," said I "bespeaks love and happiness. The second, pride and misery. The third, sorrow, purified and chastened by the heavenly hand of religion."

"You are right," replied Mrs. Burr. "Listen. One bright spring morning the bells of Christ Church rang a merry peal; for that day, within its walls, Lucille Liston, one of the fairest of Philadelphian maidens, and Ralph Keyser, her betrothed, were to be united in the holy bonds of marriage. The sun never shone on a happier wedding. For once, and it very rarely occurs, two persons were to be married with the full consent and good wishes of all who knew them.

"The noisy bells ceased. The organ pealed its solemn anthem as the bride was led slowly up the aisle toward the altar. The prayers were read: the service performed by the aged minister—the responses given, the blessing invoked, and Lucille was the wife of the chosen of her heart.

"An hour later the bridal party started on the accustomed tour, and friends, drying their tearful eyes, declared that 'there never was a lovelier bride, nor a more worthy bridegroom.'

"A life commenced under such favorable auspices ought to have been a happy one, and for several months the joy of the young couple remained unclouded. The bridal tour was finished,

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and they were installed in their future home. For a few weeks their Paradise was undisturbed. The winter's festivities then commenced, and their new position in society compelled them into the world; but the sacrifice which they were thus obliged to make at the altar of custom, added still greater zest to their delight in the happy home hours which they enjoyed at their own fire-side.

"Months glided away in this sweet dream, and Ralph Keyser and his bride were models of domestic felicity. Lucille was very happy—happier than her wildest dreams had divined. Her husband seemed faultless: he was affectionate, amiable, and devoted; what more could she ask? His foibles were yet to be brought to light. At last the knowledge came.

"Ralph was weak-minded, extremely sensitive to ridicule, and easily controlled by the opinions of those around him. He dearly loved his wife, but when his devotion became a subject of jesting comment among his friends, he felt a cowardly shame of what should have been a source of pride. He was rallied about his absence from the club, and he returned to it; on his constant attendance on his wife, and he neglected her; on his insensibility to the charms of other women, and he resolved to silence *that* cause of social reproach.

"Lucille bitterly felt the change, although at first she could not comprehend it. Her visions of quiet hours in their happy home seemed about to be destroyed. Her husband no longer regretted the demands of society, but eagerly satisfied them; and she was soon convinced that he was happier abroad than at home.

"'It is well enough for lovers to dream of quiet evenings with their future brides,' said he, in answer to some of her remonstrances; 'but when one is really married, and the happiness that seemed so great in prospective is in his grasp, he scarcely appreciates it. Besides,' he continued, smiling, 'I am too proud of my little wife to prohibit others from beholding the beauty I adore.'

"Lucille made no reply, although his words wounded her more deeply than she cared to confess, even to herself. A short time later she found fresh cause for apprehension.

"Previously to her marriage, Ralph had frequently extolled the beauty, grace, and wit of Mrs. Waters, the wife of one of his intimate friends. When Mr. Waters died, and his widow secluded herself during the period of her mourning, he had rarely mentioned her. A few months before their marriage that lady returned to society, where she soon become a belle. Indeed she boasted that none whom she wished to subdue could resist her powers.

"Married at an early age for wealth alone, to a man much older than herself, Mrs. Waters grieved but little when he died, leaving her the uncontrolled mistress of his fortune. The fair widow, however, affected great devotion to his memory, declared her intention of never marrying again, wore a widow's long veil, with the most becoming mourning, sighed heavily, cast down her eyelids until the heavy lashes nearly touched her cheek, and looked extremely sad and very interesting.

"This was continued for a year, and at the expiration of that time, Mrs. Waters returned to society, still, however, retaining the slight mourning so becoming to her beauty: indeed she declared her intention of wearing it.

"Hitherto Ralph had been so devoted to his wife, that he escaped her fascination. But now, when he foolishly considered devotion to another a proof of manliness, the fair widow seemed a proper shrine for his worship, and he determined to throw himself at her feet.

"An opportunity soon presented itself. He was standing near his wife one evening, when Mrs. Waters was announced.

"'There is the beautiful widow,' he whispered.

"Her eyes followed his admiring glance, as a woman of the medium height, finely formed, of most surpassing loveliness, gracefully advanced across the apartment. Her massy raven hair was drawn back in wavy bandeaux, and confined in a simple knot behind: one single ringlet had escaped from confinement, and rested on her snowy neck. A black velvet dress closely fitted her exquisite figure, while her neck and arms borrowed additional whiteness from the contrast with the jet necklace and bracelets that she wore. Her eyes were shadowed by their long lashes when she entered; but when she was near the centre of the room the eyelids were slowly lifted, and the full glory of the magnificent eyes shone unveiled as she glanced around the crowd. A murmur of admiration greeted this pretty piece of acting which seemed so natural, when the eyes again sought the floor.

"Lucille followed her with her eyes until she sat down, and then turned to address her husband: he was gone! A few moments later she saw him among the crowd around Mrs. Waters. That lady received him in the most flattering manner, and he hovered near her during the whole evening. Lucille thought of his late coldness and neglect; of the admiration which he once had expressed for Mrs. Waters; of what she had heard of that lady's coquettish propensities, and she trembled lest he should fall in the hands of the siren.

"'He loves me,' murmured she, 'and I wrong him by my unjust fears.'

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"Days and weeks glided on, and Ralph Keyser still lingered near the widow, who already numbered him among her admirers.

"'A great conquest,' thought she, 'when he has so beautiful a wife. And he so lately married!'

"Little did she heed that poor young wife's misery:—in truth she could not comprehend it. Her own heart was capable of no deeper pang than that of wounded pride, and she could not sympathize with the agony of such a warm, loving, confiding soul.

"The young wife wept bitterly in her loneliness over the wreck of her hopes. For with her fond love, her perfect faithfulness in word and thought, she, alas!—was jealous! In vain she strove to destroy the 'green-eyed monster' who reigned daily and nightly in her heart.

"'Could *I* have wounded *him* thus?' she asked herself. 'Would he act in such a manner if he really loved me?'

"Her first great trial had come! it was bitter and grievous.

"Months passed away, and Ralph was still devoted to Mrs. Waters. His conscience reproached him when he saw his wife's cheek grow pale, and he felt that he had caused her unnecessary suffering; but he dreaded ridicule, and continued in his course, striving to excuse himself in her silence, which, he endeavored to think, arose from indifference.

"Lucille's feelings gradually changed. At first she grieved over what she fondly hoped was but a temporary hallucination; but when time brought no change, indignation supplanted sorrow; delicacy prevented mention of his faithlessness to him, and pride forbade expostulation: so she continued to suffer.

"Years rolled on. One bright spring morning Lucille sat alone in her exquisite boudoir. The light stole dimly through the rich curtains. The fairest perfume of flowers floated through the room, and the distant song of birds, and the murmur of a fountain, fell soothingly on her ear. How could sorrow exist in such a fairy land? But even here it was a guest, for the beautiful mistress of this charming apartment sat, with clasped hands, and bowed head, in deep, sad *reverie*. No tears dimmed her bright eyes; but her cheek was pale, and her lips painfully compressed.

"'And to-day is the anniversary of my marriage,' she murmured. 'Had my future fate been foretold on my wedding day, I should have laughed at the thought of such a doom! Who could have believed that *his* heart would have proved unfaithful; that *he*, my noble bridegroom, would have become what I so much despised—*a male flirt!* He vowed at the altar to love me, and me alone; how has he kept his oath? Mrs. Waters stole his heart from me, that one more captive might grace her train, and it was only when scandal tarnished her fair fame that they abandoned their coquetry. Peace fled when he met her, and has since been a stranger to my mind; but, thanks to my pride! my secret was concealed: I have kept it, and will keep it even until the grave hides it forever. He never shall know my ardent—my unfathomable love!'

"She arose and left the room.

"The relative positions of Ralph Keyser and his wife remained most melancholy. He really loved Lucille, and when, in the early part of his married life, he repaid her love with neglect, he did it heedlessly—without reflection of the probable consequences. He had won a treasure which a monarch might have envied him; one, too, which, had he prized it, would have clung to him in sickness, or in health; in joy, or in sorrow; in affluence, or in poverty; still he recklessly neglected the jewel he had obtained, and was only aroused to its value when it seemed lost to him forever. And then, instead of striving to regain it, he sat down to deplore his loss. When cold politeness supplied abounding love in his wife's manner toward him, he felt how great, how sad a change his silly selfishness had wrought. He knew his fault, but pride prevented his attempting to correct it.

"'She has ceased to love me,' thought he, 'or she wishes to humiliate me. In either case I cannot succumb.'

"Lucille was greatly changed. Her warm heart seemed frozen. Her manner was cold and stately. Her words were carefully measured and rigidly chosen. She seemed like one,

> "'Who walks with the living,
> Yet is of the dead.'

"Her dress was always rich and elegant; her mansion abounded with all that wealth supplies, or art invents to pamper luxury; but it scarcely seemed her home; she was so indifferent to its attractions. Rare birds and flowers, of which she was once so fond, surrounded her; but their songs and fragrance arose unheeded. Blossoms rarely bloomed in her dark hair. Such emblems are only worn for one, and that one neglected her. The gems which supplied their place were the world's envy, but she scarcely knew she wore them. In fact Lucille Keyser, the once happy, loving woman, had become a beautiful automaton, apparently possessing but two feelings—pride and scorn.

"Ralph saw the change, and grieved over it; but made no attempt to remove the cause of his sadness.

"In the routine of life they rarely met alone;

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indeed they sedulously avoided each other. Consequently no opportunity for reconciliation presented itself, and as both were too proud to seek it, they continued in their accustomed course, and treasured up their misery.

"Thus stood matters," continued Mrs. Burr, "when the second miniature was painted. Lucille gave me the first a few days previous to her marriage; the second was also taken for me. When it was finished she wished to compare the two, and I carried them to her house. I entered unannounced, and proceeded to the library, where I expected to find her. She was not there; but Ralph was sitting by the table, with his face buried in his hands, and a package of letters open before him. At the sound of my footsteps he raised his head, and, as I turned to retire, he exclaimed:

"'Nay, do not go. You expected to find Mrs. Keyser—pray, be seated, and I will send for her.'

"His paleness, and the misery imprinted on his countenance startled me.

"'Are you ill?' I exclaimed. 'I will ring for assistance.'

"'No, it is unnecessary,' he hastily replied; 'I have been reading some old letters, and they have affected me. But pray, be seated; I will send for Mrs. Keyser.'

"'Pardon me for interrupting you,' said I, 'but Mrs. Keyser requested me to bring her miniatures, that she might see them, and told me that I would find her in the library.'

"'Miniatures—of whom—Lucille?' he eagerly exclaimed. 'Will you permit me to look at them?'

"I placed them in his hands. He opened the first, and a cry of agony burst from his lips, which was echoed by some one near him. I turned, and there stood Lucille, pale as marble. He sprang to his feet and caught her in his arms as she fell, fainting. I applied restoratives, and in a short time she recovered.

"'Lucille—my beloved—my wife—can you forgive me?' exclaimed Ralph, as he kissed her brow and lips.

"She smiled and threw her arms around his neck. I retired to the drawing-room wondering what this strange scene could mean. I knew the great change that had taken place in Lucille since her marriage; but had not learned its cause. She and her husband lived on the same terms as others in their circle, and although knowing as I did their early love, it astonished me, I thought they merely accommodated themselves to custom.

"I awaited the result with impatience.

"An hour later they entered together. The traces of anguish had faded from Ralph's face, and it was beaming with joy; Lucille had laid aside her icy manner, and was again what she had been in earlier years.

"'We owe you an explanation of the scene your miniatures occasioned,' said Ralph, 'and I will give it at once, without reserve.'

"He then related the history which I have just given you.

"'I have always regretted my fault,' said he, in conclusion; 'but a false pride prevented me from making reparation for the injury I had inflicted. Sometimes I determined to ask her forgiveness; but she seemed so coldly indifferent to me that I feared a repulse. This morning while looking over some old papers, I found a package of letters which she had written to me previously to our marriage. I had just read them when you entered, and the sight of a portrait of her as she was when they were written, completed the work of remorse.

"'Her presence at that moment, and her agitation, banished the pride and fear that so long had separated us, and I only remembered the wrong I had inflicted. After you left us mutual explanations ensued, and we are again united.'

"I offered my congratulations, and left them to enjoy their new-found happiness alone.

"Their after years were happy; they had encountered experience and learned to profit by it. 'Bear and forbear; forget and forgive,' became their motto. They knew that the brightest portion of their lives had passed away, and strove to gild their remaining hours with the sunshine of mutual love.

"At length Ralph died—calmly, peacefully, and with a bright hope of everlasting happiness.

"'Weep not, dearest,' said he, with his dying breath, 'our separation will be short; our reunion blissful,' and he sank away in a peaceful sleep.

"Lucille seemed inconsolable at his loss; but faith supported her. The latter years of her life were devoted to the duties of a Christian, and many a heart was made 'to sing for joy' by her active benevolence. When she died, for alas! she *is* dead, it was with the happy consciousness of duties performed, and a firm hope of a life eternal beyond the grave.

"This miniature," continued Mrs. Burr, taking up the third picture, "was taken about a year after her husband's death. It is quite as faithful a likeness as the first; indeed I prize it more highly than either of the others, for I loved her even more fondly in her latter days than in her youth."

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THE PIC-NIC.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

"And so Emily Saunders is going on our pic-nic to-morrow," said Mary Howell, with a toss of the head, as she sat gossipping with several of her acquaintances. "Well, for my part, I've a great mind to stay away. A school-teacher is no company for me."

"The next step will be," said one of the group, "that our kitchen girls will be associating with us."

"I wonder who asked her?" inquired another.

"I don't know," replied Mary Howell; "brother Frank told me——"

As she spoke the parlor door opened, and a handsome young man, about five-and-twenty entered, exclaiming, "what is it you have to say about me? Good day, ladies. I heard my name as I passed through the hall, and stepped in to see what treason could be plotting. So many pretty girls cannot get together without mischief."

He laughed as he spoke, and his fair auditors laughed too; for Frank Howell was a general favorite, being as rich, amiable, and talented as he was good-looking.

"We were plotting no treason," replied his sister, "but wondering who had invited Emily Saunders on the pic-nic to-morrow."

"It was a friend of mine," said Frank, promptly.

"Who?"

"Ah! there you must excuse me. All I can say is that, like myself, he is one of the managers, and has full authority to ask whoever he pleases. But what is the objection to Miss Saunders?"

"She's nothing but a school-teacher," retorted his sister, contemptuously.

"Oh! that's it, is it?" said Frank, and there was a bit of sarcasm in his tone, as he proceeded. "A school-teacher is not refined enough for my fine lady of a sister—is too ignorant, I suppose, and can't converse as well as her companions. It is too late, sister mine, to prevent her going, but I can tell my friend the state of the case, and, as he is desperately in love with Miss Saunders, perhaps he won't regret being compelled to monopolize her for himself. Of course none of you, I suppose, will speak to her."

"No, no," said several voices, whose owners did not care to sink in Frank's opinion, and who saw that he was, in part, the champion of Miss Saunders, "no, no, that would be rude. We will be civil to her certainly."

"But she will not be welcome," said Frank, looking around the circle, "that is plain to perceive. However, ladies, as the invitation has been given, I am glad to see that there is no disposition to insult her. It's rather odd though that, in this republican country, an amiable young lady is shunned by her sex, because the misfortunes of her family have compelled her to teach school for a livelihood."

"That's all very well for a stump orator when he is canvassing to be elected to Congress," replied the sister, "and you, though a physician, have an ambition that way, I suspect. Only don't practise beforehand on us. You wouldn't seriously have your sister intimate with a girl who worked for her living."

"And why not?" said Frank, his fine eyes flashing. "Is it any more disgrace for a woman to work than for a man? I honor the woman, who supports herself, if poor, far more than the one who becomes a tax on relatives."

"That sounds very grand," said his sister, with a sneer, "but how can a girl, who spends her time in teaching, be either accomplished or refined?"

"Very often," replied Frank, warmly, "they are the most truly accomplished and refined of their sex. Mrs. Judson, once Fanny Forester, was a school-teacher, and who can question her refinement, accomplishments, or worth? Hundreds of others might be named also. The life of idleness in which most wealthy and fashionable ladies indulge, is not, allow me to say, half as well calculated to develope the higher qualities of your sex as teaching school and suffering privation. I doubt if anybody, man or woman, is good for much till they have been proved and strengthened by the trials of life; and the gossipping, dawdling existence of a fine lady offers no such opportunities. My friend, I think, has chosen wisely to select a self-sustained and energetic, yet refined and intelligent woman like Miss Saunders. He will, when he marries, have a wife, not a plaything." And, with these words, he bowed all round, and left the room.

His hearers were in a consternation. Such sentiments they had never before heard urged

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so boldly; and many, who courted Frank's good opinion, regretted that they had allowed their antipathy to Miss Saunders to be seen. The conversation accordingly grew tame; one by one the fair gossips dropped off; and, before long, Mary Howell was left alone.

It was just after sunrise, on the following morning, that Emily Saunders stood before the looking-glass, in her small, yet neat little chamber, completing her toilet for the pic-nic. Her dress was a virgin white, and she was placing in her bosom a moss-rose bud, the morning gift of her partner for the day, who was waiting below. A blush was on her cheek, for it was the first token she had ever received from the gentleman in question; and the modest girl, who had never yet acknowledged to herself the preference she felt for him, was in a flutter of surprise and pleasure. Her agitation compelled her to remain longer before her glass than she had intended, but having finally composed her spirits, she tripped lightly down.

All that Frank had said, the day before, in her favor, was more than borne out by the truth. Her father had once been a merchant and considered rich, but the dishonesty of others had ruined him, and soon after he died of a broken heart. The mother was not long in following. In this crisis Emily showed what a heroic woman can do. She resolved to support, by her own exertions, her little brother and herself; and this though some cousins, her nearest relatives, offered her a home. But she knew the tender had been grudgingly made, and her spirit was too high to accept unwilling charity. Accordingly having heard that the school at Chesnut Village was vacant, she had applied for the situation, received it, and removed from the city.

Though most of her friends, moved by narrow prejudices, deserted her, there was one who did not. This, strange to say, was a gentleman. He had known her, when she was a courted heiress, and when he, a comparative stranger in the city, where he was pursuing his studies, had been a guest courteously welcomed at her father's house. He was now a successful young physician, the idol of every circle in which he moved; but he did not forget his old acquaintance. In fact the dignity and courage with which she met misfortune exalted her infinitely in his estimation. He visited her before she left the city, and, as an old friend, solicited the pleasure of occasionally writing to her, a request which she could not, or did not refuse.

In reality, though there was nothing of love in these letters, they soon became infinitely dear to Emily's heart. The noble frankness with which her father's old acquaintance stood by her, when every one else selfishly neglected her, touched her inexpressibly; and, before she even suspected her danger, she was deeply in love. The idea of his marrying her was dismissed at once, when she came to discover her weakness. Many a bitter tear that discovery taught her.

But within a few days her heart had been filled with strange hopes. Her correspondent had come down to Chesnut Village on a visit, had called on her, and had given her an invitation to the pic-nic projected for the first of June. And now, on this morning, he had brought a moss-rose bud, fresh with dew, and sent it up to her, while he waited below. He was, she knew, too sincere to deceive her, and surely he was aware of the meaning of the sweet token. What wonder that she blushed and was embarrassed, when, on entering the little parlor, her visitor rose with a smile, which was succeeded by a grateful glance from his fine eyes, as he saw the appropriation she had made of his gift.

He came forward with an enthusiasm unusual to him, and taking both her hands in his, said,

"You look like an angel, Emily."

He had never spoken, in this way, before; and Emily, confused and agitated as she was, stole a glance at his face, to see if he could be in earnest. There was no doubting the meaning of that look. Love, devoted love shone out of those fine eyes, from the very soul of the speaker.

"Yes," he continued, stealing his right arm around that slender waist, while Emily, trembling with happiness and surprise, was fain to lean on him for support, "yes, dearest, you look like an angel, and are one; and if you can stoop from your height to love one so little worthy of it as me, what bliss will be mine. I have loved you almost since I first began to write to you, but would not impose on your generous permission to correspond, to reveal my sentiments. I had asked to write to you simply as a friend; and to have written as a lover would have been a breach of my implied promise. So, as I could not endure suspense any longer—as every letter I received from you exhibited more of your rare qualities of head and heart, I came down here to know my fate. You are silent. Am I then to despair?"

In fact, though Emily had, at first, leaned on him for support, she had, recovering her strength as he proceeded, raised her head from his shoulder, and, with his last words, had even glided from his embrace. But the tone of deep sadness with which he concluded moved her to pity. She laid her hand on his arm, and looking up smiling into his face, said,

"Frank!"

It was enough. Frank Howell, for it was he himself, as the reader has perhaps suspected all along, Frank Howell, we say, saw sufficient in

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those eyes and in that smile to assure him that he need not despair; and putting his arm around her again, he not only drew her toward him, but kissed her, though reverently as a brother would kiss a long-lost and recovered sister.

Suddenly the old widow, with whom Emily boarded, looked into the parlor to announce that the coffee was ready.

"I thought Miss Emily ought to have a bite, sir, before she set out," said the old lady.

"Thank you," said Frank, "it was very considerate, you take good care of this dear creature, I see," he hardly knew what he said, and was continually on the point of betraying himself. "Your coffee is very fine. Do finish your cup, dearest," this was said to Emily, who blushed, and reproached him with her eyes. "But now we must be off. I declare it is striking six o'clock, and we shall be the last on the ground."

The widow saw them depart, and then stepped into her next door neighbor, where, to the wonder of all, she retailed the lover-like expressions of Frank, winding up by declaring that "he was going to marry her dear Miss Emily—she was sure of it—and certainly a sweeter wife he could not get, nor one more worthy of him, rich and handsome though he was." The neighbor hurried, in turn, to tell her acquaintances; and thus, before night, all the village heard that Dr. Frank Howell was going to marry the school mistress.

Meantime the pic-nic went merrily off. On their way to the fine old woods, in which the party met, Frank told Emily that he wished to keep their engagement secret till the ensuing day. "You will meet my sister here, and I wish her to see and know you, before she hears of our being affianced. It will embarrass you too much to have the announcement to-day."

"Yes, yes, dear Frank, wait till to-morrow. You'll spoil the day's pleasure if you tell all."

The decided language of Frank, on the preceding afternoon, had created a reaction in Emily's favor. The sensible portion of his hearers, on reflection, had seen the folly of their prejudice; and even his sister, who was an excellent creature in the main, though a little spoiled by flattery and fashion, was sorry for having expressed herself so decidedly. When all the gentlemen but Frank had arrived, it became evident that he had meant himself, when he spoke of a friend; and there was no little consternation among some of the fair guests. His sister, at first, was annoyed to find that Frank, on his own confession, was more than half in love with a school-teacher; but as she loved Frank dearly and valued his judgment highly, she always came round in the end to his opinion, and, on this occasion, did not depart from her general rule. In short, by the time Frank arrived, Mary was prepared to be not only civil to Emily, but to like her if possible.

We need not say that Mary did like Emily. No one could help liking the sweet girl, unless prejudice closed the eye of reason. Before the day was half over, Frank had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing his sister and betrothed walking, with their arms around each other, Mary evidently charmed with her new acquaintance.

It was a happy, happy day. The spot had been judiciously selected, in an open bit of forest land, through which a lucid stream, fresh from the neighboring hills, wound in and out between borders of verdant turf. The company soon broke up into pairs, some wandering off alone, some sitting by the brook, and others grouped in little bands here and there. When the dinner hour came, all gathered together again, and while the ladies sat on the grass, and were served, the gentlemen unloaded the hamper, or leaned on their elbows helping their fair partners.

That evening Mary Howell, when she reached home, heard of her brother's engagement; and to the surprise of the narrator, who had expected to see her quite indignant, answered,

"Frank has a right to choose for himself. He and I are alone in the world, so there are no parents to please, and as for me I have met Miss Saunders to-day, and already love her as a sister. She is worth a score of the mere butterflies of fashion, with whom, I say it with shame, I have consorted too much. But I will make her my model hereafter, and try to be more worthy of the esteem of the good."

And she kept her word. When Frank carried his beautiful bride to the city, Mary accompanied them; and soon, with such a bright example of womanhood before her, became cured of her faults. In turn she married a rising young lawyer, and is now, with her sister-in-law, one of the leaders in the most refined set of the metropolis.

"FORGET AND FORGIVE."

There's a well-spring of love, where angels oft sip,
And in its sweet waters their pure fingers dip;
And stir in its broad brim the green lily leaves,
That whispering murmur, "Forget and Forgive."

The crystals that gleam in the silvery stream,
Are bright as a seraph's most Heavenly dream;
And the moss-buds that lave in its sparkling wave,
Say softly, my dearest, "Forget and Forgive."

'Tis down in an alcove of beauty and love,
Where the olive tree shelters a white-winged dove;
And the Pilgrim who seeks his thirst to relieve,
Will find it is labelled "Forget and Forgive." M. R.

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FAVORITE WILD FLOWERS.

BY D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

Ye are here at last, sweet flowers,
I've roamed in the shadowy grove
With a sigh through the bright Spring hours,
To catch your first glance of love.
I've knelt to the deep, rich moss
With its glimmer of green and gold,
To see if your azure leaves
Were not hid in its velvet fold.

I've bent to the laughing rill
That went singing in its glee,
To see if its voice of love
Were not breathing, flower, of thee;
And among the lilies white
That drooped with their shining dew,
I've looked for a form of light,
For an eye of meekest blue.

I stooped to a violet's bed,
Where a fragrant sigh gushed up,
And a radiant light was shed
O'er the frail and golden cup:
And I thought to find thee there,
Thou lowly and lovely thing—
For the fairest with the fair
Should nestle with trembling wing.

But the violet and the rill
Were breathing no word of thee,
And the moss upon the hill
Beamed with flowers less dear to me.
Then I sought a sheltered nook
Where the sunbeams rarely play,
Except with a farewell look
At close of a Summer's day—

Where deep green vines love to cling
In a wreath above thy head,
And the softest breath can fling
A sweet perfume o'er thy bed—
Where gleams of the deep blue sky
In the thick leaves seem to rest,
Giving azure to thine eye,
Throwing glory o'er thy breast.

Yes—I found thee there, sweet flower,
With a sudden, joyous start;
For thou hast the strange, strange power
To move and to melt my heart!
I have borne thee to my home;
Thou'rt here, thou'rt here at last,
And a throng hath with thee come—
Bright memories of the past!

Not strange that ye thus should throw
Your tendrils around my soul—
Not strange that ye thus should bow
My spirit to your control!
Was your fragrant breath not shed
O'er a beauteous brow and cold,
That lay in its coffin-bed,
With its waving hair of gold?

Did your leaves not nestle down
To a chill and pulseless breast,
Whence the pure, meek soul had gone
To its bright and Heavenly rest?
And did not a hand of snow,
Tiny and frozen by death,
Lay heavily on your brow,
And press out your fragrant breath?

Ye whispered so softly there
Of a glorious home above,
As ye lay in her golden hair,
With your look of patient love;
Ye withered so meekly too,
On her still and icy breast,
With your leaves of palest blue,
As ye shared her grave's deep rest!

Thou'rt loved like her, dear flower,
And I dream her soul in thee
In the balmy Summer hour,
May smile in its love on me!
That I see the soft sweet gleam
Of her radiant, Heaven-blue eye,
And hear her tone, as thy breath
In fragrance is wafted by.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

Oh! could I range Apollo's bowers,
With loftier bards, as glad and free,
I'd cull the buds of loveliest flowers,
And weave them in a wreath for thee.

Then round thy brows of spotless whiteness,
My simple chaplet I would twine—
Methinks its buds of starry brightness,
More beautifully then would shine!

To thee may gloomy care and sorrow
Ne'er chequer life's delightful scene,
But oh! may each returning morrow
Be happier than to-day has been!

This, this I wish for thee, but gladness
Unmix'd with ill dwells not below;
Each mortal drinks the cup of sadness,
And thou, fair maid! must taste it too.

F. C.

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EDITORS' TABLE.

CHIT-CHAT WITH READERS.

GREAT PREMIUM OFFERS.—We would call the attention of our fair readers to the fact that, with the July number, a new volume of our Magazine will commence, presenting a favorable opportunity for them to renew their subscriptions if out, or to persuade their friends to subscribe. In the prospectus, published on the cover, will be found extraordinary inducements, especially for single subscribers, a dollar's worth of standard books being offered, in an addition to a copy of the Magazine, to every person remitting two dollars to the publisher. As this is not intended to be a permanent offer, but will cease on the first of September, no time should be lost by those desirous of availing themselves of such a chance. Any person whatever, who will get up a club, shall be entitled to the same premiums. The works offered are all of a standard character, and generally such as every female ought to possess: where this is not the case they will be found useful to brothers, husbands or fathers. So liberal an inducement has never been held out, nor can we be repaid except by large accessions. But these we confidently anticipate, not merely on account of the premiums themselves, but also in consequence of the increased merit of the Magazine. We are now spending money more lavishly than ever on our embellishments; and intend to do so throughout the year. In the fashion department we have no real rivalry, as is freely admitted by all, the "Ladies' National" being the text-book in this respect, and indispensable to every lady who would know "what is worn." While the press unites to proclaim that the literary matter is unequalled.

The July number will contain the "gem" plate of the year, and will be ready somewhat earlier than usual. We will send a specimen of it gratis to any person desirous of forming a club. The earlier remittances are made the better. If clubs come in before the July number is ready, we will send the June number for nothing, as a sort of luncheon to keep our new friends in good humor while the more splendid repast is preparing.

HYACINTHS FLOWERING IN WATER.—Mrs. Loudon, in a late number of her London periodical, gives some directions as to the treatment of Hyacinths that have flowered in water, which may be useful to our readers. She says that the process of forcing the Hyacinth is very detrimental to the plant, and that the injury is often fatal. The reason bulbs flower so finely in water in heated rooms, is, that the substance of the future development has been treasured up during the previous season, with all the advantages of sun and rain in the open air. A Hyacinth in water has expended all this store of organized matter in the production of the flower, and has been prevented from recruiting its forces, by the artificial position in which it has been placed. As a rule, therefore, you should consider the roots as sacrificed when they have been thus forced. They may, however, be turned to some account, if treated carefully. Take the bulbs from the glasses when the flower is withered, and plant them in the open borders in light soil, about six inches deep, being careful not to injure either the roots or foliage. They will then produce a feeble flower perhaps, next spring, and in a year or two, with care, the offsets may make good plants. An enfeebled bulb will often make abundance of offsets. Of course, these remarks will apply as plants have been more or less forced. In a greenhouse, a Hyacinth in water will suffer less than one in a sitting-room.

NEW AND USEFUL RECEIPTS.—To mend tortoiseshell, bring the edges of the pieces to fit each other, observing to give the same inclination of grain to each; then secure them in a piece of paper, and place them between hot irons or pincers; apply pressure, and let them cool. Take care that the heat is not too great, or it will burn the shell.

When velvet gets plushed from pressure, hold the parts over a basin of hot water, with the lining of the dress next the water; the pile will rise in a short time and assume its original beauty. This is a valuable hint to those ladies whose velvets are English, and whose habits are sedentary.

To make flaky crust, wet half a pound of the finest flour, dried before the fire, with as much water as will make it into a hard stiff paste; roll it one way. Divide six ounces of butter into little bits, and put it on the paste with a knife at three different times; and be careful always to roll it the same way.

Diamond cement for glass or china is made by dissolving a quarter of an ounce of isinglass in water by boiling it to the consistence of cream; add a tablespoonful of spirits of wine; use warm.

An excellent wash for the mouth is made of half an ounce of tincture of myrrh, and two ounces of Peruvian bark; keep in a phial for use. A few drops in a glass of water are sufficient.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The House of Seven Gables. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 1 *vol. Boston: Ticknor, Read & Fields.*—When we had read the first twenty pages of this romance, we felt inclined to dissent from the prevalent opinion of the press, that it was inferior to "The Scarlet Letter." As we proceeded, however, we were forced to acknowledge that our cotemporaries were correct, and that "The House of Seven Gables" was, as one of the ablest of them characterized it, only another "Twice Told Tale." In short, though supe-

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rior in the finish of some of its details, the romance, as a whole, is not equal to its predecessor. Nevertheless it is a work of genius. No living American author but Hawthorne could have drawn such a character as Clifford, described such a quaint old house as the Pyncheon Mansion, or imagined such a wild, half unearthly legend as that connected with the wizard's curse. The fault of the book, indeed of all Hawthorne's books, in a moral aspect, is the sombre coloring which pervades them, and which leaves an effect more or less morbid on even healthy minds. The only really loveable character in the book is Phebe, who comes, like a gleam of summer sunshine, to the old house and its legendary horrors. The volume is very elegantly printed.

French Without a Master. Spanish Without a Master. Italian Without a Master. German Without a Master. Latin Without a Master. By A. H. Monteith. 5 vols. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—These are five books of the greatest value. To persons desirous of studying either French, Spanish, Italian, German or Latin, but who do not find it convenient or possible to employ a teacher, the volumes, or such of the five as they may require. are indeed priceless. Mr. Monteith, by a happy faculty of explaining the fundamental principles of a language, smooths for the student much of the difficulty of acquiring a foreign tongue. Any person, in earnest to acquire French, German, Italian, Spanish, or Latin can, by aid of the proper volume, render himself or herself capable of reading the language in a comparatively short time, without the assistance of a teacher. To individuals living in the country a series like this is of great importance. The books are handsomely printed, in a style suitable to their standard character.

Louisiana. By Charles Gayarre. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—In this superbly printed volume we have the romance of Louisiana's history, from the expedition of De Soto up to the middle of the last century. Mons. Gayarre writes in a graceful manner and with unbounded enthusiasm. His description of the sea-fight between Iberville and the British fleet is an instance of the latter, as his pretty love-tale of Crozat's daughter is of the former. The early annals of Louisiana abound with incidents that rival and even surpass fiction, and of these our author has availed himself with consummate skill, so that his work is fascinating beyond description, and that without violating truth except in a few comparatively indifferent details. The fate of the Natchez Indians, as related in this volume, is full of mournful pathos. We might point out other interesting portions of the work, but the crowd of books on our table compels us to conclude.

The Irish Confederates. By H. M. Field. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The fatal rebellion of 1798, in which Ireland lost so many heroes, was never more lucidly described than in the present volume. Sketches of the prominent actors, drawn in a graphic style, add to the interest and value of the work. A portrait of Thomas Addis Emmet graces the frontispiece. The volume is handsomely printed.

Poems, by Mrs. E. H. Evans. With a Preface of her brother, T. H. Stockton. 1 vol. Philada: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.—The author of this volume is one of our most meritorious female poets, graceful in her imagery, forcible in style, and impassioned in sentiment. The writer of such poems as "Consumption," "The Land Far Away," "The Home," and others of similar merit will long be remembered, as Byron beautifully expressed it, "in her land's language." We regret that our space, this month, forbids that extended notice of these poems which they deserve; but, if time and health permit, we may, in our July number, string a garland composed from them. The volume is most elegantly printed.

The Kitchen-Gardener. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—If we lived in the country, and had that greatest of all luxuries, a kitchen-garden, from which we might obtain vegetables really fresh, instead of the wilted articles sold as such in city markets, one of our first proceedings would be to furnish ourselves with this necessary volume. It is in fact a complete *vade mecum.* Whatever is proper for the kitchen-garden, how it should be cultivated, and all other things important to be known upon the subject are here set forth, under appropriate heads, and in the clearest language. The book is very beautifully printed.

The Commissioner; or, De Lunatico Inquirendo. By G. P. R. James. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—There is more novelty in this fiction than is usual with James; while in point of merit it is inferior only to his very best. The Commissioner is a very gentlemanly agent, who comes down from the moon to inquire into the sanity of we earth-worms, and who finds, of course, that most of us are mad, some on one hobby, some on another. A pleasant love-story, a little improbable here and there, but winding up happily, runs through the volume.

The Autobiography of Captain Congar. By Rev. H. T. Cheever. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The autobiography of a man, who, for fifty years, was a Mariner and Shipmaster for the port of New York, would be sure to be interesting, even if so skilful a pen as that of the Rev. Mr. Cheever had not been called in, to arrange the story artistically. A more interesting book has not been issued for many a day. Its religious tone especially is commendable.

The Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution. No. 13. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Mr. Lossing's engravings for this serial are as superior as ever, while the letter-press maintains its absorbing interest. No family, in which there are children, should be without this work; for the story of our country's sufferings and woes is the first, after that taught in the Bible, which should be instilled into the youthful mind.

The Illustrated Shakespeare. No. 27. Boston: Sampson, Phillips & Co.—This number contains the tragedy of Hamlet, and is illustrated with a charming engraving of Ophelia. The serial is fast drawing to a close. We urge again, on all admirers of Shakspeare, to possess themselves of this cheap and beautiful edition.

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A Greek Grammar for the use of High Schools and Universities. By Philip Buttman. Revised and Enlarged by his Son, Alexander Buttman. Translated from the Eighteenth German Edition, by Edward Robinson. 1 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The fact that this Grammar has reached its eighteenth edition in German is a decisive proof of its merits; for the Germans are, beyond doubt, the best Greek critics and scholars of the age. Mr. Robinson has very materially increased the value of the work. His translation of an earlier edition of the same Grammar, eighteen years ago, which was received with so much applause, is entirely eclipsed by the present version of the last and corrected edition.

Poems. By W. P. Mulchinock. 1 *vol. New York: T. W. Strong.*—The author of this volume is a young poet of high promise, long known to the readers of this and other magazines. He has here collected his fugitive pieces, and now makes his bow in a book, for the first time in his life. We compliment him, not only on the merit of his verses, but on the elegant style in which his volume is got up. We should be pleased, if we could find an early opportunity, to call attention, more in detail, to the various beauties of Mr. M's poems.

Wild Sports of the West. By William Maxwell. 1 *vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—The publisher has issued this popular work, which has long been out of print, in a style of considerable merit. The "Wild Sports" is, perhaps, the freshest, if not the best of Mr. Maxwell's fictions. A more readable book could not be desired on a summer afternoon. To the sportsman especially it will prove fascinating beyond description.

The Complete Florist. 1 *vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—Ladies fond of cultivating flowers will find this book of the greatest assistance to them. It has been prepared by a distinguished gardener and is full of valuable information, so much so indeed that it may be regarded as a text-book upon the subject it discusses. The volume is printed in clear type on stout white paper.

Nature and Blessedness of Christian Purity. By Rev. R. S. Foster. 1 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This excellent work is worthy of the largest circulation. To members of the Christian Church, whatever their denomination, we cordially commend it. A portrait of the author adorns the volume, which is very handsomely got up.

Beechnut. A Franconia Story. 1 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Another of Mr. Abbott's delightful stories for children, printed, illustrated and bound with the usual elegance of this series.

London Labor and the London Poor. No. IV. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This serial loses none of the absorbing interest, which, in our last, we described as characterizing it.

Recollections of Curran. 1 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—One of the raciest works we ever read, full of anecdote, bristling with wit, and invaluable to the student of oratory.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

Fig. i.—A Dinner Dress of Pink Tissue, skirt trimmed with three flounces, each flounce finished with three rows of braid. Corsage low and plain, trimmed in front with three bows of pink ribbon. A sash with broad long ends, tied in front. A white sacque of worked muslin, with a double frill around the bottom. Pagoda sleeves with a double worked ruffle, looped up on the inside with a pink bow. Hair dressed in the style now so prevalent, being drawn back from the forehead, with a loose curl behind each ear.

Fig. ii.—Walking Dress of Green Chene Silk, skirt trimmed with three flounces, woven in patterns to match the dress. Black lace shawl, trimmed with a very wide fall of rich black lace. Straw bonnet with a cap crown, and trimmed on the left side with graceful straw flowers. Face trimming of the same.

There is nothing new in the style of making dresses. For very warm weather, those made low in the neck promise to be popular. A very small cape can be made of the same material as the dress, and this has all the advantages of a high-necked dress, whilst a variety may be made by sometimes wearing a white cape or chemisette. Flounces are still very much worn, but the most elegant morning dresses are generally trimmed, *en tablier*, in some of the various sorts of embroidery or soutache most in vogue. The *corsage* is still worn open to display the embroidered chemisette of fine muslin or Valenciennes lace. Basques, of material which either corresponds or suitably contrasts with the dress, are still much worn. Epaulettes or caps are not very fashionable, though some few dresses have lately been made with them. The sleeve tight at the upper part and loose at the end is still the only style worn for silk dresses. Trimming of any kind is but sparingly employed. Bouillonnees of silk the same as the dress, or fontanges (drawn ribbon) are the most fashionable.

The full hanging sleeves bid fair to have a long reign. The under-sleeves are sometimes quite open, but more generally partially confined at the wrist with a deep frill, either turning up from the wrist, or falling over the hand. It may be remarked, *en passant*, that every modification of the present sleeve is more or less becoming to the hand, showing a white and delicate one to the greatest advantage, and taking from the apparent size of a large one.

Small Mantelettes of silk, white embroidered or dotted muslin, plain barege, &c., will be much worn, as well as scarfs, mantillas, and shawls of black and white lace, though the two latter are more costly than the former. The drawn bonnets of crape, though frail, are exquisitely beautiful and fresh looking. They, as well as straw, are nearly all made with the cap crown, and but comparatively little trimming is worn on them.

Morning Caps combine richness of material with simplicity of style. They are composed of embroidered muslin and lace, and cut with a peak toward the forehead; they often have thick bunches of loops of many colored narrow ribbon, falling over the ear, and are fastened to the hair with ornamental pins.

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