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TO THE

THIRTY-FOURTH VOLUME.

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STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The Village School.
Fashions for July, colored.
The New Baby.
Fashions for August, colored.

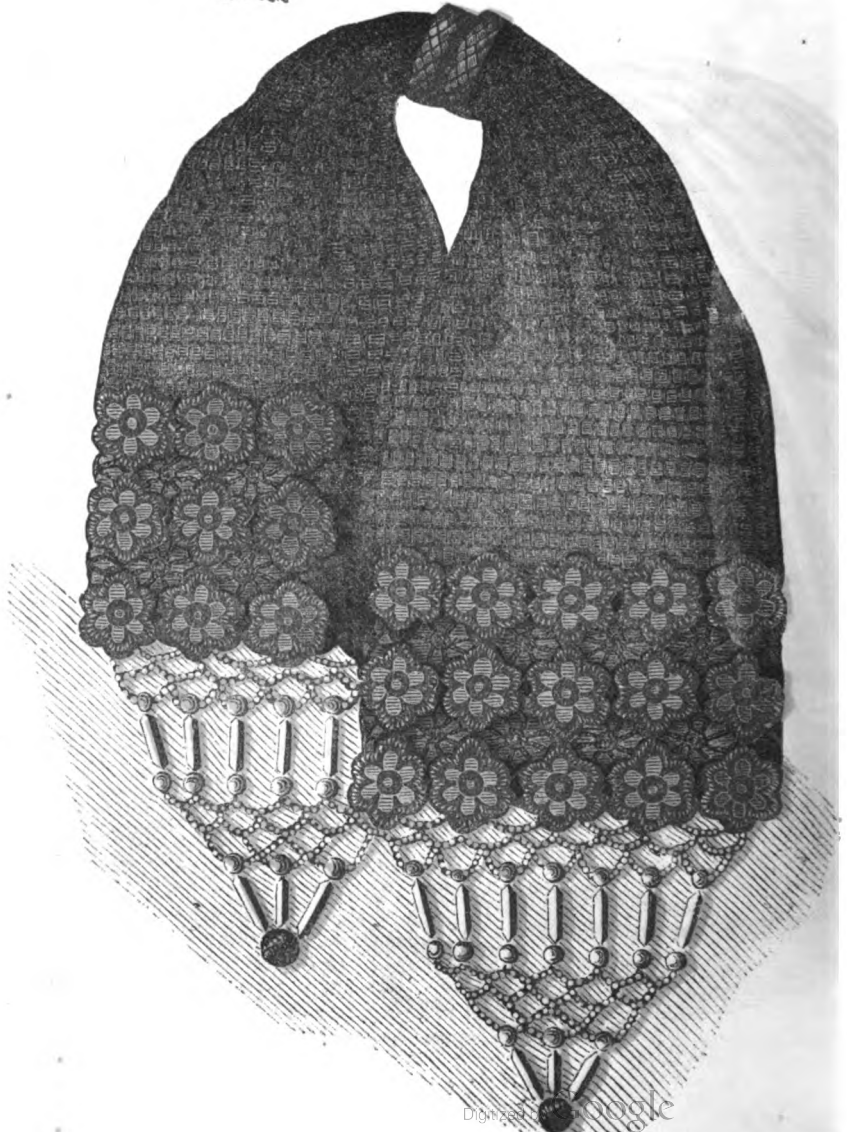
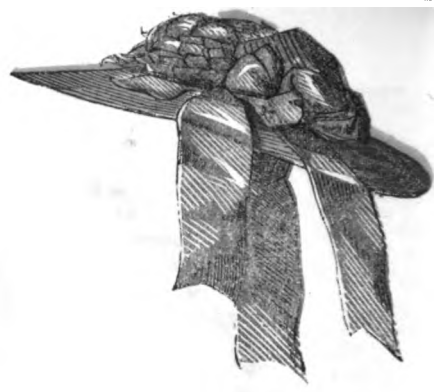
Open Your Mouth and Shut Your Eyes.
Fashions for September, colored.
Children in the Wood.
Fashions for October, colored.
The Mother's Dream.
Fashions for November, colored.
Fashions for December, colored.
The Water Lily.
Fashions for December, colored.
Pattern for Chair Cover, &c.
Title-Page for 1858.

ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

July Number, Sixty-Two Engravings.
August Number, Forty Engravings.
September Number, Forty Engravings.
October Number, Fifty-Nine Engravings.
November Number, Fifty-Five Engravings.
December Number, Sixty-One Engravings.

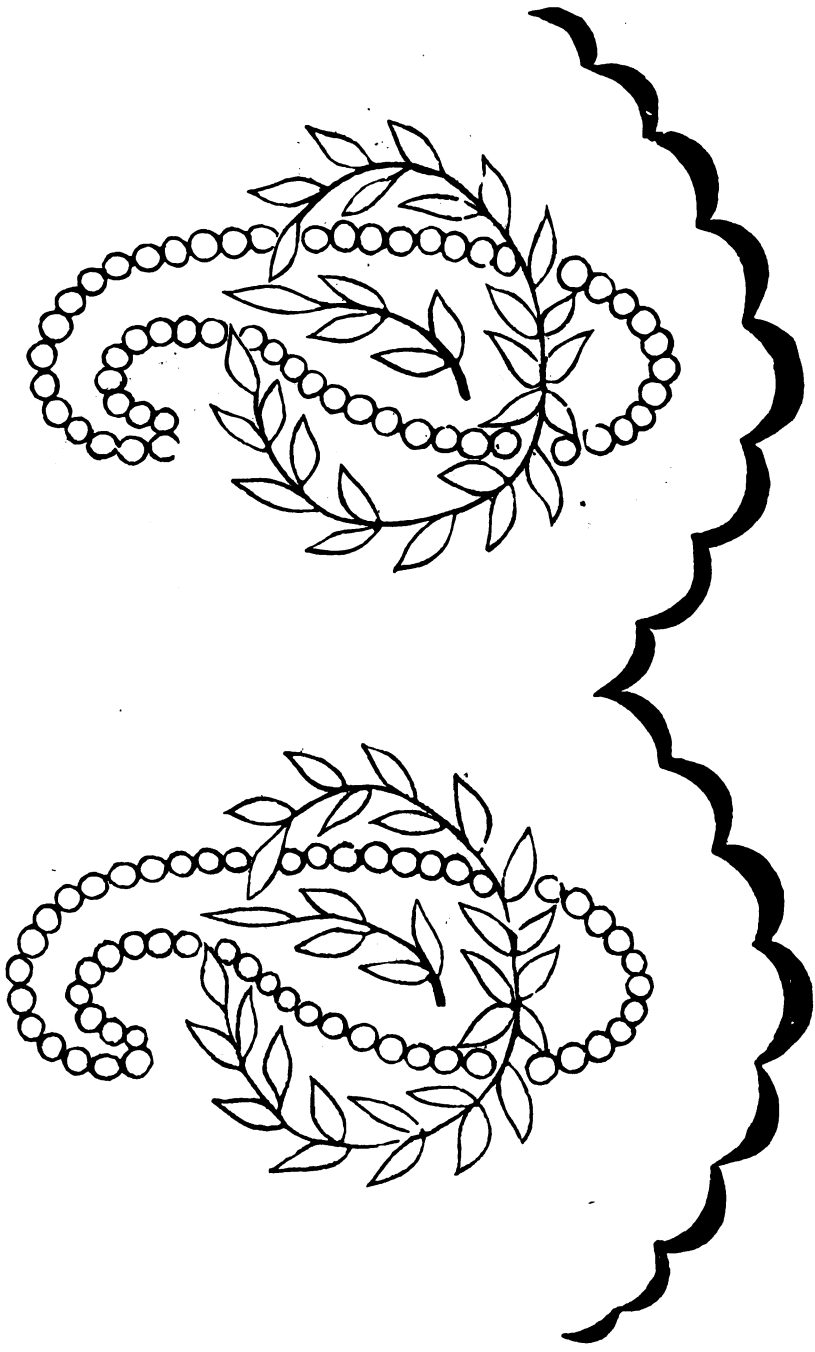
MUSIC.

And are You Sure the News is True?
Souvenir a Pologne.
Rose of the Prairie Waltz.
The Lass O'Gowrie.
Grand March.
The Day has Gone.

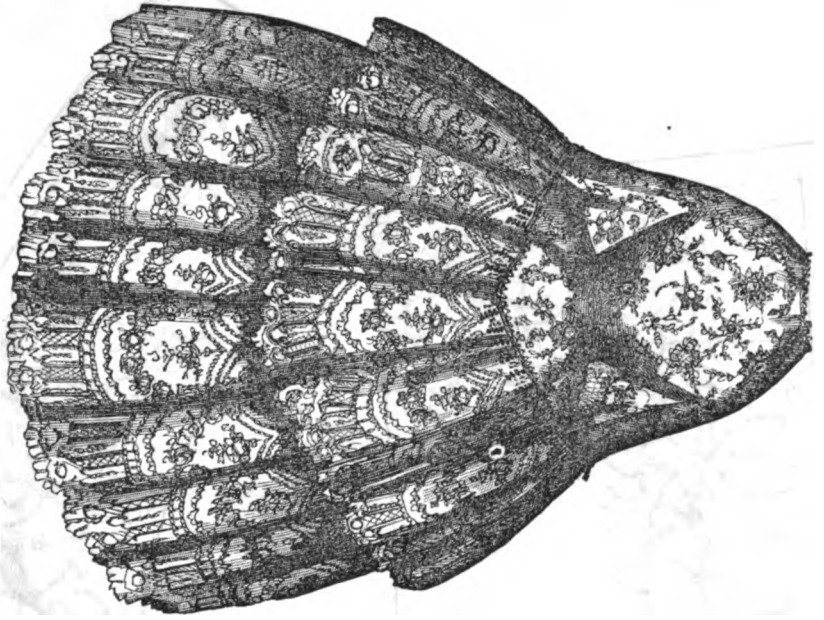




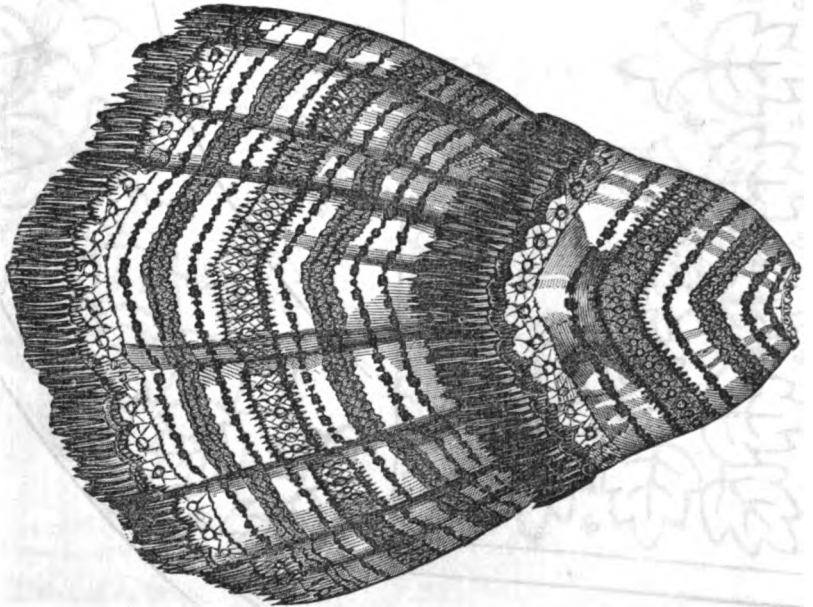
COSTUME FOR WATERING-PLACE.

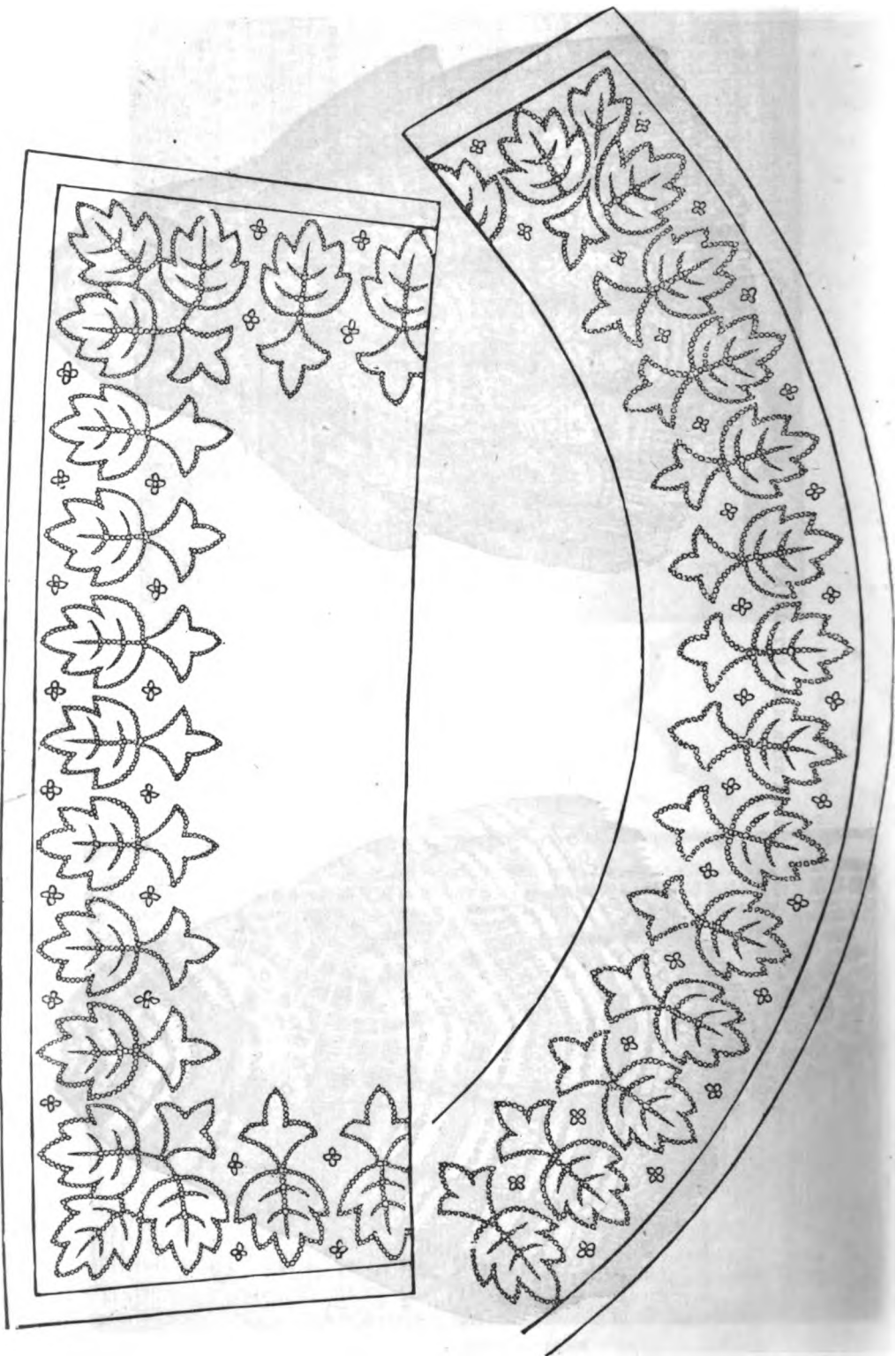


BOTTOM OF PETTICOAT.

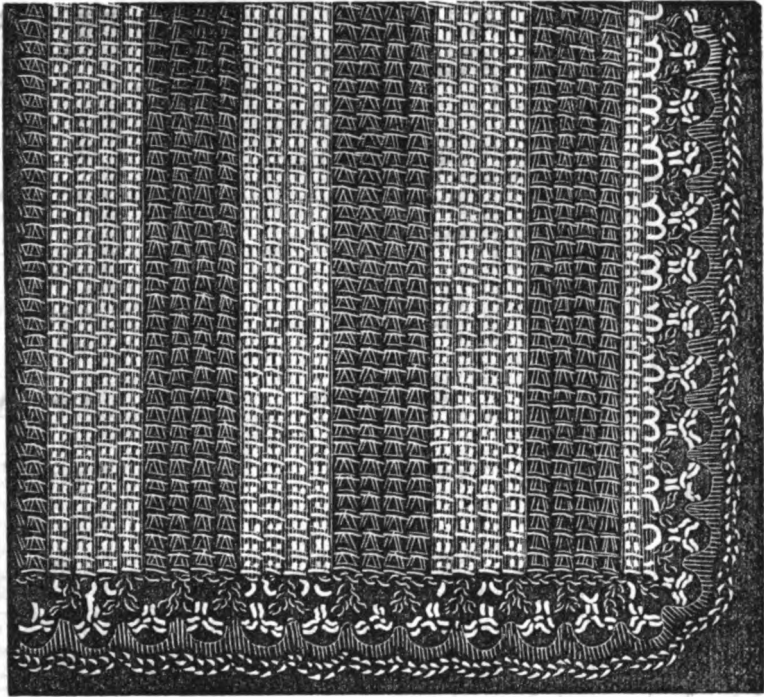


LACE MANTILLAS FOR SUMMER WEAR.

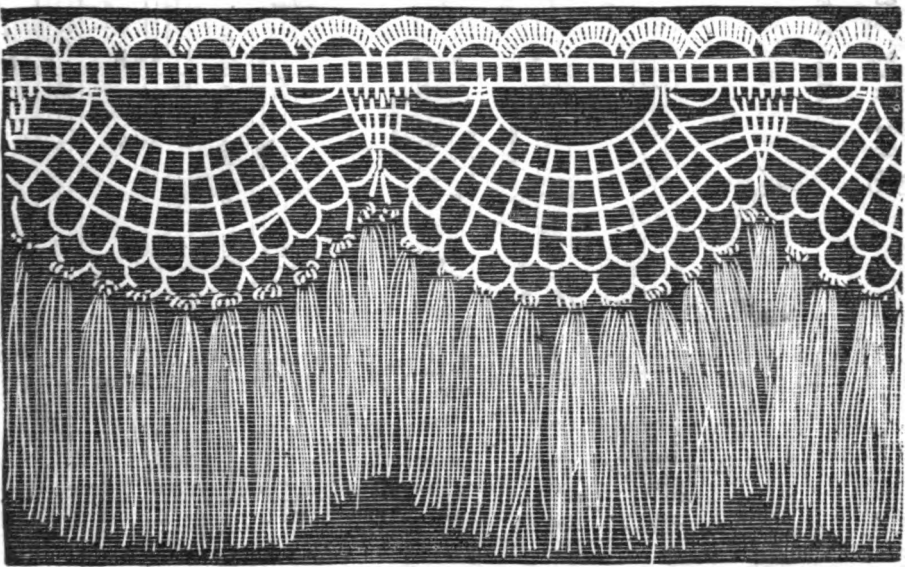




COLLAR AND CUFF.



BABY'S BASSINET COVER.



ESCALLOP SHELL FRINGE.

And are ye Sure the News is True?

AIR, "THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE."

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

Musical score for the first system, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo markings are **MODERATO** and **ANIMATO**. The lyrics are: "And are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's weel? Is this a time to think o' wark? Ye". The piano part includes dynamic markings *mf* and *f*.

Musical score for the second system, continuing the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "jands, fling bye your wheel. Is this a time to think o' wark, When Co-lin's at the door? Rax me my cloak, I'll to the quay, And see him come a - shore." The piano part includes a dynamic marking *mf*.

For there's nae luck about the house, There's nae luck at a'; There's lit - the ples - sure in the house, When our gudeman's awa'.

mf

And g'ie to me my bigonet,
 My bishops' satin gown,
 For I maun tell the baillie's wife
 That Colin's come to town.
 My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
 My hose o' pearl blue;
 'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's baith leal and true.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

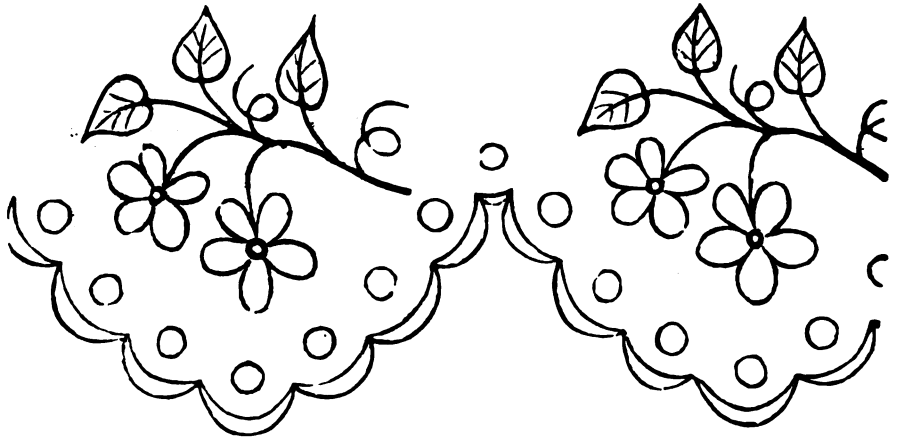
Rise up and mak' a clean fireside;
 Put on the muckle pot;
 Gi'e little Kate her button gown,
 And Jock his Sunday coat:
 And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
 Their hose as white as snaw;
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's been lang awa'.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

There's twa' fat hens upon the bank,
 They've fed this month and mair;
 Mak' haste and throw their necks about,
 That Colin weel may fare;
 And spread the table neat and clean,
 Gar ilka thing look braw;
 For wha can tell how Colin fared,
 When he was far awa'.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
 His breath like caller air;
 His very foot has music in't,
 As he comes up the stair.
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright daisy wi' the thought—
 In troth, I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
 That thirled through my heart,
 They're a' blawn by, I h'e him safe,
 Till death we'll never part:
 But what puts parting in my heed?
 It may be far awa';
 The present moment is our ain,
 The neist we never saw.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
 I h'e nae mair to crave;
 Could I but live to mak' him blest,
 I'm blest aboon the lave:
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright daisy wi' the thought—
 In troth, I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck, &c.



PATTERN OF SKIRT.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.



PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1858.

No. 1.

AN HOUR IN A BALL-ROOM.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

I WENT to the ball. My hair was dressed with moss-roses. The effect was very beautiful. That conceited Mrs. Marsh was there—all rouge—all false—entirely made up.

*"Oh! wad some power the giftie gie her
To see hersel' as ithers see her!"*

I met pretty Mrs. Lossing there. She is a fresh, beautiful creature, but she flirted desperately. Her husband, poor fellow! he is jealous—I fear not without cause.

An old major complimented me on my appearance. It is so laughable to see an aged dandy! His frilled shirt and grey hairs—his finger-rings and wrinkles—his perfumed handkerchief and shrunken form—his white waistcoat and pumps; ha! ha! And there's his sister! a love of juvenility runs in the family. She can't be far from fifty—yet, shade of delicacy! she wears her dresses low in the neck, and her sleeves the breadth of a new cent piece. She rouges and pads. Every tress on her head is paid for, and her teeth are false. Once or twice my curls got caught in her artificial flowers.

Changing my slippers in the drawing-room I overheard the following.

"It's abominable, George! You've danced with her three times, and followed her like a shadow, while I've been alone most all the evening. Little flirting wretch! I hate her."

"Now, my dear, don't make a fool of yourself."

"A fool of myself!" (spitefully,) "wouldn't you have been glad to keep me at home, this evening, hugging the hearth-stone? But I'd have come if my head had split open just to thwart you, cruel that you are. Oh! go, by all means—go, by all means; see, she is looking for you."

Another case of jealousy, thought I.

"I'm so tired!" and little Cordelia Heartly smiled languidly as she spoke to me, aside, while

her brother was leading her from the drawing-room. "And, to crown all, Harry keeps scolding me for coughing. I'm sure I can't help it—I wish I could," she added, drowsily, sinking down on the luxurious cushions.

"What made you come, Delia? You look sick," I said, gently.

"Oh! I can't tell"—smothering a yawn—"unless I get tired of the house. I've only been there half a day, too!" she continued, with a slight laugh and a spasmodic cough, "for I was at Ellen Gray's party last night till three this morning, and stayed with Ellen till two this afternoon. Let me see; I've been to one, two, three—why! I've been to a ball or a party positively every night this week!" and she sank back more languidly and closed her eyes.

"Delia, Delia! oh! here's the child. Come, darling," said her mother, panting as she hurried toward her, "that splendid fortune, Augustus Boynton, wants to be introduced to you. I overheard him say to Harry that you were the most beautiful girl in the room. Come, come—pray exert yourself a little. Somebody else will secure him; everybody is crazy after him—oh! come, daughter—he said you were so beautiful!"

Delia's eyes lighted up, sparkled for a moment, then she grew suddenly languid again, and coughed out, "Oh! mamma, I can't, indeed I can't, I'm so tired of dancing—and maybe I shall cough in his face; it comes so suddenly."

"Pooh, pooh! that cough is only a whim of yours, child. Oh! Delia, you are ruining that lovely dress," (heartless contrast.) "Come, here's my vinaigrette. I declare you are so obstinate! Such another chance you may never have!"

Her mother whispered something that seemed to restore her animation, so getting up and smoothing her rich dress, she bent down—coughed with all the force she could muster, and thrust her handkerchief in one corner of

the lounge. I happened, accidentally, to see it afterward, and was shocked more than I can tell at the sight of a spot of fresh blood. That poor, young victim!

Delia will never be married. Delia will fill a spot in the church-yard before another year.

"You will kill yourself," I whispered, when I met her again—her cheeks were unearthly red; I never saw her look more beautiful. I was startled at her reply in calm, low tones,

"I mean to."

I caught her hands. "Delia, you're not in earnest?"

"You knew they had sent Willie off!" Willie was a clerk of her father's.

"Yes, but you certainly would never have married him."

"I would have died for him," she exclaimed, wildly, though in an undertone, and clutching at my hand so that she left the finger-marks in red spots. "I shall die for him. They drag me round, night after night, and I cough and cough, and cough, night after night. I know what ails me," she continued, in a reckless manner—"I'm just coughing my way to the church-yard; and I don't much care what becomes of me, body or soul."

Poor child! more to be pitied than blamed. They have crushed her heart—sent away a noble young man whose only crime was poverty. They think to secure her a splendid match—they will wake up to their folly alas! over the coffin.

But not all mirthful, foolish, or sad, was this pleasure-loving company. There was fairy Mabel Summers—betrothed to the man of her choice, and the handsomest gentleman in the room—beautiful, distinguished, rich—she flashed on the sight a creature of joy and beauty.

There were Louise and John Grant—so beautifully devoted to each other! Better that, though they drew the attention of many—better that than the heartless indifference of some married people I beheld. There were present also, old grandfather Wynne and his wife—dear old souls! to look on and enjoy the scene—though they would never have come but for the sake of their little pale grandchild, Geraldine, who is never allowed to go alone with her gallant to parties of pleasure.

As for myself, I came home with a bad headache—and almost as bad a heartache. The face of Delia Hartley is ever before me. I wish I could but save her.

SONG.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

Upon thy dear bosom reposing
How swift the sweet minutes go by!
While Pleasure's soft fingers are closing
The curtains of Sorrow's sad eye.

Forgotten is each recollection
That ever awakened a sigh;
Enclasped in the arms of affection
'Twere happiness even to die.

Oh, would we could live on forever
In such a pure Heaven of bliss!
Will Time be so harsh as to sever
Our spirits from rapture like this!

Such moments so laden with pleasures
How long they will live in our hearts!
Such moments are love's hoarded treasures
From which recollection ne'er parts.

How brightly the future is gleaming,
Tinted over with colors divine!
I am almost afraid I am dreaming
Such rapturous blisses are mine.
I'm asleep in a garden of roses,
How sensuous is their perfume!
May the bliss that my dreaming discloses
Never cease till I rest in the tomb.

THE LITTLE BEGGAR.

BY MINNIE MONTOUR.

I AM alone—no friend is near
To watch me as I weep;
Or wipe away the scalding tear,
Since mother went to sleep!
She lies beneath the marble stone
Placed at her head and feet;
And now her child is all alone,
Since she has gone to sleep!

I sit upon the cold, cold mound,
And as I sit I weep;
But ah! 'tis vain—the dreary ground
Gives not up those who sleep!
My mother's gone! now I must beg
My food from street to street;
For now there's none to buy me bread,
Since mother went to sleep!

WIND AND WEATHER PERMITTING.

BY MISS CARRIE E. FAIRFIELD.

"HALLO! Charlie, stop a minute! I have a word to say to you. What are you always in such a hurry for?"

"Why how are you, Jack? Glad to see you, old boy. Hope you are well."

"Well! yes, of course I am. Did you ever know me to be sick? I don't run myself to death about these confounded dirty, narrow streets, to make myself the lean, asthmatical, dyspeptical-looking individual that you are. 'Gad, how you stand it these hot July days I don't see."

"The city is rather uncomfortable in such a spell of weather as this; but then I'm a business man, and a family man, you know, and can't always leave just when I like to."

"Well, I'm neither, thank fortune, and I can come and go when I please. And that reminds me—I am going out on a cruize, next week, in my new yacht. Tom Jenkins, and Bill Massie, and two or three others of your old cronies will be along; and there is just one berth left for you. What do you say?—will you come along?"

"Thank you, Jack: nothing would give me more pleasure, but——"

"None of your 'buts' to me now: I know what you are going to say; all those excuses about business cares, wife is lonesome without you, and baby has got the measles, I have heard them a thousand times; I tell you, Charlie Trueman, you are killing yourself with close application, and breathing this nasty, impure air. Come out with me a week and try the rough fare of old Neptune, and I'll send you back with a color on your cheek, and a light in your eye, such as your wife hasn't seen since the days you came a courting. It'll do you good, man; it'll do you good, try it once."

"I know it would do me good, Jack. I never see you but I envy you your fresh color and your hearty looks; but then if you had the care of a family, Jack, you'd know the difference."

"Oh! 'hang care; it killed the cat;' twenty families wouldn't alter me a jot. But here you are, ten years younger than I, and tied down to a regular tread-mill round of duties. Wife, baby and the store; I tell you it is making an old man of you before you have seen your prime. Break loose for once, do; and see how it seems. If it

don't do you good, I'll never ask you to try it again."

"Well, Jack, I believe I will. When do you start?"

"Next Monday morning at high tide. Be on hand, now, without fail. I'll expect you."

"I'll be with you, wind and weather permitting."

With a cordial shake of the hand the two friends parted; Jack Benton hopeful that he should once more enjoy the company of his old chum; and still more rejoiced in the prospect of seeing him enjoy a few days of relaxation from the severe labor and application to which, like too many other of our business men, he accustomed himself—and Mr. Trueman, with the reflection of honest Jack's earnest and cordial greeting still glowing at his heart; yet more than half doubting whether the pretty idea of a week's freedom from care, and a taste of real, earnest sport and enjoyment of nature could ever be realized.

Their next meeting was in Jack's room, the Saturday evening before the anticipated cruize.

"Good evening, Charlie Trueman," exclaimed Capt. Jack, as his acquaintances delighted to style the master of the pretty yacht Syren. "Glad to see you; it isn't often that I am honored with a call from you steady, home-loving family men. I suppose my rooms don't look quite as cosy and inviting as though they were rigged up a little oftener by a feminine. Landladies are a different sort of sail from wives, you know. Sometimes I'm thankful for it too: they sail a good deal steadier in the eye of the wind than your light, fancy-rigged craft. Women are very well in their way. I make it a point never to quarrel with them; but I never want to owe them any obligations that I can't pay in good, hard bullion. So long as I keep my distance and am prompt in all my money matters, I never find any difficulty. But about our cruize. You'll be on hand early, I hope?"

"I'm very sorry, Jack, but I am afraid it won't be convenient for me to go."

"Not convenient? Why I thought all that sort of thing was settled; you gave me a promise, old boy; and Charlie Trueman didn't use to be the man to break his word for a little

inconvenience. You'll have to give me a better reason than that before I'll let you off."

"Well, the truth of the matter is, you know, Jack, I hadn't consulted my wife when I told you I'd go. You know I said, 'Wind and weather permitting.'"

"Yes, I know you did," said Jack, dryly; "it struck me at the time there was something in the words I didn't quite understand. So it seems the weather was a little squally when you got home, was it?"

"Why not exactly that, Jack. Mary is one of the best of women, but they are all a little notional, you know, and she don't like to have me go anywhere without her. I went off for a day's shooting in the country once and got cold, and was sick a week for it: and ever since then she has been dead set against my going anywhere for pleasure unless she could go too; which of course wasn't to be thought of in this case."

"Thank the Lord, nobody's daughter is in any such tribulation on my account," said Capt. Jack. "But how is it, Charlie, about her going in the country? Seems to me she generally goes off somewhere, don't she?"

"Oh! yes, she has never failed a summer yet, since we were married, of spending at least six weeks in the country."

"You go with her, of course?"

"No. I haven't time. I generally get out to see her about once a week. But you know I can't leave business in business hours."

"There it is again. I tell you, Charlie, what between your business and your family, you are no better than a slave; not a whit better. I wouldn't give a straw to choose between your condition and that of a full-blooded African in a rice field. Your wife is a nice little woman, I know her; but she is notional, Charlie; notional as the very deuce; and it is high time she had some of these airs taken out of her. She'll be the death of you in five years more. Just see how you have altered in the last five years. A man that hadn't seen you in that time wouldn't know you. Positively he wouldn't. I don't want to raise any fracas in anybody's family, but just wait till I get back from this trip, and if I don't show that little wife of yours her folly, then I'll own myself mistaken."

Capt. Jack went on his cruise, and Charlie Trueman staid at home; I am not sure that several times in the course of that week he did not go down upon the Battery, and look off upon the blue waters and flashing white caps of the bay; and with his mind's eye follow the "Syren" cackling jauntily before the breeze under the

skillful guidance of her merry captain; and I am not sure that the thought of Mary and the children, whom indeed he dearly loved, and a prosperous business, to which he devoted himself with indefatigable energy, prevented his drawing a deep sigh; and half envying Capt. Jack his freedom from care, his warm, honest soul, and his merry yacht life. But Mary was a little inclined to jealousy, and he must smother both the sigh and the thought which gave rise to it before he reached home.

One evening, very shortly after the return of the Syren from her cruise, Capt. Jack called at Charlie Trueman's.

"Good evening, Charlie—good evening, Mrs. Trueman; hope I see you well. Well, Charlie, I called to report myself after the last cruise. Had a glorious time, old fellow; the best luck fishing I have ever had yet; it was such a pity you couldn't have been along. Never mind, there's a chance for you yet. I'm going to start out again to-morrow morning, and this time you must go along," and he brought down his hand upon Charlie's knee with an emphasis that was really startling.

Charlie ventured some objections.

"Not a word, sir; not a word. I've let you off once, but this time I'm going to be obeyed. A week of fisherman's luck will do you good; don't you say so, Mrs. Trueman?"

Thus appealed to, Mary, whose brow had visibly darkened, gave an extra flirt to her sewing-work, coughed a little, and finally replied,

"It may do very well for you, Mr. Benton, who have no wife and children to be lonely in your absence, to be off a week at a time yachting; but for a man in Mr. Trueman's situation I must say I think it would be very foolish, not to say cruel," and Mary sighed and looked down upon her work with very much the air of an injured woman.

"Nonsense, Mrs. Trueman; just as if a smart, little woman like you couldn't get along without your husband two or three days; why bless you, madam, what do you do when you are in the country?"

"Oh!" said Mary, with a slight "hem!" "that is very different. But I never did approve of men going off by themselves on pleasure excursions. I think the refining influence of female society highly necessary to keep them from becoming rude and boisterous."

"Ahem!" ejaculated the captain, "I suppose that remark is immediately intended for my particular benefit. Nevertheless, I must say, that if I were a woman, I never would marry a

man whom I could not trust out of my sight. Here is your husband now, a man without an evil habit in the world; why all the persuasions of an angel couldn't tempt him to take a glass of my old Madeira; and yet you cannot trust him three days out of the refining influence of female society. I own we men are bad enough, but I can't see how such a system of discipline and espionage is fitted to improve either our self-respect or our morals."

"Charles is very correct now," replied Mary, solemnly, "and I hope he will always remain so; certainly as long as he shows no inclination to frequent scenes to which he cannot introduce his wife, I shall have no fears for him."

"Oh! well, that is easily enough arranged; suppose we make it a family party and take you all along. There is a nice little cabin in the yacht, which will be entirely at your service; and there will be no one else on board except the mate and cook, both steady, sensible fellows, who mind their own business. I wonder I hadn't thought of it before. I certainly shall take no refusal."

Mary looked things unutterable at this proposition, but Charlie seconded it with his utmost earnestness, and Capt. Jack had so many answers for all her objections, and insisted so strongly upon the benefits which would arise to them all, that she was at last forced to keep silence, while her husband pronounced that at ten the next morning they would all be at the pier, ready to take passage for a three days' sail in the Syren.

A peculiar smile flitted over Capt. Jack's face as he stood upon deck, the next morning, and watched the alighting of Mr. Trueman and family from the hack which had brought them to the pier. There were two children, a boy still in his nurse's arms, and a lively, little chatterbox with blue eyes and fair ringlets, two or three years the senior of her baby brother. The whole family, including sundry baskets and carpet-sacks, were soon safely stored away in the neat little cabin of the Syren.

"Make yourself perfectly at home, Mrs. Trueman," exclaimed Capt. Jack, "all my guests have to learn that lesson. I never use any ceremony on board. You'll find you've got into a real bachelor's den."

"I should think so," said Mary, "by the smell of tobacco smoke. In mercy's name, captain, why don't you open the windows and ventilate this room. Why the smell of smoke won't get out of it in five years."

"I think it is a great chance if it does, Mrs. Trueman; that is if I own the craft so long. I

always take a smoke after dinner myself, and sometimes when we have a pretty jolly company on board, the fog gets so thick down here that we have to bring in candles to see the chandelier by: fact, upon my soul! But then I don't perceive anything peculiar this morning. I had the cabin thoroughly aired for an hour before you came."

Mary remained in the cabin till baby got asleep, and then taking little Ettie by the hand went up on deck. The yacht had already cast loose from her moorings, and was pushing ahead before a fine breeze. They were already half way to the Narrows, and the scene was delightful. Charlie and Capt. Jack stood by the tiller engaged in an animated conversation, which, as it seemed to be mostly concerning regattas and prizes and club suppers, Mary cared little to join. So she walked forward to the bows and busied herself with answering all Ettie's delighted remarks. They had passed Fort Hamilton, and were standing directly out to sea, and Mary was beginning herself to feel the exhilaration of the air and the motion; but presently she became sensible of a rolling and tossing which was not precisely agreeable. Her head grew giddy, a peculiar and indescribable faintness came over her, and she began to wonder whether she wasn't going to be sea-sick.

"I say, Mrs. Trueman," called out Capt. Jack, who spite of his gossip with his old chum never lost sight of his lady guest, (victim I had almost written,) "seems to me you are getting pale. Aren't qualmish any, are you?"

"I do feel a little faint," replied Mary. "Maybe I'd better go below."

"Here, Dick," called the captain to his mate, "stand by this helm a minute, while I attend to Mrs. Trueman. I'll have you all right in five minutes, madam;" and after gallantly assisting her down the steps into the cabin, he produced a decanter of brandy, and pouring out a tumbler half full, handed it to her.

"Just take that right down, madam, and it'll steady your stomach in three minutes' time. There's nothing like good old Cogniac for a qualmish stomach; do you see how smooth it is? Why, madam, it is just precisely like oil on the waters to such a set of unsteady nerves as I see yours are."

"Brandy!" exclaimed Mary, "oh, never! I can't drink it. I never took so much in my life, it'll kill me."

"Nonsense, madam: the merest nonsense, it'll do you good. There's nothing like it for sea-sickness."

Mary grew momentarily more giddy, and

fain at last to do something—drank about half the brandy, and lay down upon the sofa. Sure enough it quieted her sea-sickness; but a burning cheek, and bloodshot eyes, and a heavy, stupid feeling, bore testimony all the afternoon to its stimulating effects.

Charlie, meanwhile, was enjoying himself hugely. He had been trailing his fish-line all the morning, and had the satisfaction of sitting down to a dinner of his own catching.

"Take a piece of this black-fish—do, Mary," he urged, "it is delicious."

"Thank you. I have not any appetite this evening, Charlie, and besides, you know I am not fond of fish."

"Not fond of fish!" exclaimed Capt. Jack. "Is it possible? Why, I thought everybody loved fish, especially when it came dripping right out of the brine. Well, this is bad, for we fishermen depend mostly on Neptune's pork barrel for our supplies. Nevertheless, it may be that my cook can get you up some more delicate dish. If you can make out a dinner upon vegetables, and whatever may come in for dessert, I'll have it attended to at supper-time."

Mary begged the captain to give himself no trouble, as she did not feel the least appetite.

"No appetite, hey? Well, that is queer, too. I never knew it serve a man so. Look at your husband there! I'll venture to say you never saw him lay in a heartier dinner than he will to-day. By about to-morrow or next day, I expect the way the ship stores will suffer will be a caution. But then, I suppose women are more delicate. I don't know but I ought to have thought of that before I asked you to come along. There's Ettie, though, she seems to be enjoying herself. She's got the real girl in her. She'd make a wife for a sea-dog any day. Say, little one, shan't I wait for you?"

Fortune seemed to favor Capt. Jack, for towards evening the wind increased to a gale, the sky became overcast, the sun sank luridly in the west, and all the omens betokened a wild night.

"You are very fortunate, Charlie," said the captain, as he reconnoitered the weather with his glass. "Old Nep has got up one of his prettiest demonstrations for you to-night. By midnight we shall have a grand chorus, with thunder and lightning accompaniments, and such extras in the way of scenery and powerful acting as Max What-do-you-call-him never thought of. Talk about your Italian opera troupes, and your foreign prima donnas, the whole screaming concatenation of them cannot hold a candle to old Nep, when he gets fairly waked up."

The captain's words were verified, and long before twelve the yacht was scudding under bare poles before a stiff gale.

"You have no fears for our safety, I suppose?" said Mr. Trueman to his host.

"Fears! no indeed; the winds might as soon attempt to swamp a Mother Carey's chicken as the little Syren, when it blows off shore. It may drive us out to sea a few leagues farther than we had intended; but it's all in a lifetime, you know, my boy; our cargo isn't likely to depreciate in value if we don't get into port just at the right moment."

After that, Charlie had no further fears, and the grandeur of the scene delighted him. Not so poor Mary, sitting alone in her cabin, for Capt Jack assured her that he needed her husband's assistance upon deck, with the roar of the tempest in her ears, and her children crying at her side; her fears magnified the danger a thousand fold, and she wrung her hands in actual distress. The nurse, an ignorant Irish girl, was on her knees all night, telling her beads, and mingling with her prayers wild cries for help, and inverted blessings upon all who had been instrumental in getting her into such a scrape. "Bad luck to them all, intirely!"

"Oh! it's a terrible gale, madam," she exclaimed, in answer to Mary's entreaties to be calm. "In all my six weeks' voyage across the wather, I never seen the likes of it at all, at all. Shure an' it'll be by good mercy that we iver see the shore again."

As may be imagined, this did not tend to soothe Mary's fears. Presently, however, Bridget's tune changed, and "the most awful sickness intirely" came over her. She retched, and vomited, and groaned, and called on St. Pathrick, and St. Payter, and all the saints in the calendar for help. Poor Mary, who could not keep her feet one moment upon the floor of the cabin, attempted to assist her, but it was very little she could do, and the hatchets were fastened down, so that she could call no help from above.

"Shure and wasn't it brandy the captain give ye when yerself was sick?" groaned poor Biddy, "and didn't I see him put the bottle in the little cupboard forinst the door?"

After a dozen efforts, Mary was successful in reaching the door of the cupboard, and producing the bottle, gave it to Biddy, leaving the doses to be proportioned by her own discretion. The consequence was that Biddy's distress was soon over with, and she lay snoring heavily upon the floor of the cabin, rolling to and fro with every lurch of the vessel.

Morning dawned, at length; the squall was

over, and the gentlemen descended to enquire after the comfort of Mary and the children.

"Oh! such a night!" said Mary. "Hasn't it been terrible? Is the danger over now?"

"Danger!" laughed her husband, "there hasn't been the least danger any of the time. It has been a splendid night. I should have called you up to see the storm, only I knew the rain would wet you through. I wouldn't have missed the experience for five hundred dollars. I just begin to understand the fascination of the ocean. Zounds! if I hadn't a wife, I believe I'd be a sailor myself."

"But hasn't it been a terrible storm, and haven't we come near going to the bottom?"

Both the gentlemen laughed her fears to scorn, and when she recounted the trials of the night, and pointed to Biddy's helpless form, Capt. Jack was nearly convulsed with laughter.

"Well, well," said he, "just to see the difference between men and women. Here were Charlie and I having a glorious time on deck, smoking our cigars, and laughing at the storm, never dreaming but that you were comfortable enough below, while all the time you were nearly going into fits, and making yourselves and each other as miserable as possible."

"Well," said Mrs. Trueman, "I have only one request to make, and that is, that you will put me on shore as soon as possible. If you enjoy such things, I haven't a word to say. You may stay here a week if you like, but I and my children will keep on shore hereafter. Won't you take us home as soon as possible?"

"Certainly, madam, certainly," replied Capt. Jack, "It is a pity though to cut Charlie's sport so short. Why, he is only beginning to enjoy himself."

"I have nothing to say about him," replied Mary, "he may suit himself, and I won't say a word; only put me and the children on shore, it is all I ask."

Capt. Jack complied with the request so readily, as almost to leave room for the suspicion that he was happy to be rid of his fair guest; and Mary, true to her word, consented to her husband's return with the Syren without a murmur; nor could she deny, when he came home at the end of the week, that he was vastly improved in health and appearance.

After that, he accepted frequent invitations to sailing parties from Capt. Jack, and was never obliged to make use of the proviso, "Wind and weather permitting."

MY LITTLE BOY.

BY L. DAME.

I LOVE at eventide to muse,
 A down the river's side,
 And dream that by me skips along
 My little boy that died.
 Again I hear his merry laugh
 Ring out upon the air,
 And see the rose-tint of his cheek
 Gleam through his golden hair.
 When home returning from my toil
 I reach my cottage door,
 Methinks I hear his little feet
 Come pattering o'er the floor,

And while with half-formed words he tells
 Some childish tale of glee,
 A voice within my heart responds
 To his sweet melody.
 I see him at his mother's knee
 Lispering his evening prayer,
 As when with little folded hands,
 He seemed an angel there.
 Alas! 'tis but a passing dream
 From which vain joys are shed,
 And leaves me conscious of the truth—
 My little boy is dead!

LINES.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

Oh! wherefore muse on banished days,
 And wherefore should we always sigh?
 Let's sip the cup that's sparkling now,
 Nor ask for goblets that are dry.
 The past was pleasant in its time,
 It brought us roses faded now;

But are there not some blossoms still
 Can make a chaplet for our brow?
 There's golden memories in my heart,
 More dear than any present joy,
 And yet the present's natch that's bright,
 I would not with vain tears ally.

THE MAGIC OF WORDS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

PETER CRANDALL was not an ill-natured, cap-
tious, or fault-finding man, and yet the home of
Peter Crandall was not a happy home. Very
little sunshine streamed in across the threshold.
Was it his wife's fault? A visitor, who saw her
in her usual mood, might, if his conclusions
were made from first impressions, lean to this
opinion. She inclined to fretfulness and impa-
tience; and often scolded the children when her
husband could see little in them to blame.

The Crandalls were poor. Mr. Crandall was
a mechanic, and earned only mechanic's wages.
Mrs. Crandall was the mother of five children,
the oldest of them thirteen years old; but their
narrow income left nothing to spare for the hire
of a domestic, and so all the work fell upon her.
She was toil-worn and toil-weary at the dying
of each day; and the same, although not to an
equal extent, might be said of her husband. He
had more strength for his work, and, therefore,
could endure greater fatigue. He had the ad-
vantage, too, which was a most important one—
of freedom from causes of nervous excitement,
and the inevitable exhaustion that followed. He
labored on at one kind of work, uninterrupted,
all day long; while she was subject to perpetual
and annoying interruptions, incident to her posi-
tion of mother and housekeeper.

Between Peter Crandall and his wife there did
not seem to exist much affection. They never
spoke loving words, nor manifested, except on
rare occasions, any pleasure at meeting, or any
mutual interest. The little courtesies of life were
something unknown in their cheerless dwelling.
Rude, boisterous, quarrelsome, the children grew
up, bringing discord into the house that was un-
comfortable enough without that disagreeable
inmate. The mother scolded and punished in
anger; but saw no good result of her discipline.
The father sometimes scolded in concert; but
always felt an unpleasant sensation afterward,
as if he had been doing something wrong.

And so the years went on, and the sunbeams
came not across the threshold into their dwell-
ing. Occasionally Mr. Crandall obtained a brief
glance into some other homes; and as the pleas-
ant vision passed, a sigh would disturb his
bosom. Light and warmth were there.

Something was wrong in his own home; that

he had felt for a great while—and he did not
wholly blame his wife. But the exact location
of the wrong he could never clearly perceive.
In the beginning it was different. Then there
was warmth in the heart, and sunshine in the
face of his wife. But it was in his memory,
marked day after day as a dial records the ad-
vancing shadow, how the brightness of her face
diminished steadily, until all was eclipsed. Ah!
If he had dreamed of the cause! But Mr. Cran-
dall was not a man who looked inward upon his
own life—not a man who considered his actions
in their effects upon others. He was, moreover,
a silent, undemonstrative man; rarely expressing
his feelings. He gave few outward signs by
which any one could read his heart. Here lay
the origin of the trouble at home—the beginning
of the eclipse that left his little world in almost
total darkness, when it should have been broad
noonday. It was not enough for Mrs. Crandall,
in the earlier years of their wedded life, to know
that her husband loved her. Her heart asked
for more. She wanted loving looks and loving
words also; and for lack of these, its green
things withered and its blossoms faded. Having
told her in the beginning that he loved her;
having afterward married her in proof of his
declaration; and having ever since worked daily
for the sustaining of his home, and keeping her
as far above want as it was possible for him to
do, Mr. Crandall saw no reason why he should
be all the time passing compliments. He couldn't
do it. It wasn't in him. He would have felt
ashamed of it as a weakness!

And so, almost from the beginning, he failed
to give those little outward signs of affection—
those pleasant tokens of kindness so grateful to
all. When his wife said, as was often the case,
during the first year that succeeded their mar-
riage, "Thank you, Peter," and smiled grate-
fully in return for some little act of kindness—
or expressed pleasure when he came home from
his work at evening, drawing her arm around
his neck and kissing him—or told him how lone-
some she felt all day, and what a light his com-
ing brought into their little home—Peter Cran-
dall felt a glow of pleasure in his heart. But it
did not come within the range of his imagination
—dull at best—to conceive that like words from

him would be to the spirit of his wife like dew to the thirsty ground. And so he never expressed pleasure at meeting; but rather affected, from a kind of false pride, a certain coldness, as though it were a lack of manliness to act differently. No matter how many little attentions his wife might show him—no matter what she prepared for his return, nor with what dainty skill she cooked the evening and noontday meals, he never praised; and rarely gave even the meagre reward of expressed gratification. But if things went wrong—if the coffee was bad, or the bread sour, or the meat burnt in cooking, he was sure to speak out; and not always in over choice words.

As Mrs. Crandall began to fail in outward signs of affection, Peter perceived their withdrawal as the gradual failing of sunshine, when clouds gather over the sky in filmy veils that deepen into obscuring curtains. But the cause was to him a mystery. He felt as of old to his wife; and worked for her as cheerfully as in the beginning. The home-feeling was as strong as ever; and, after withdrawing from the outer world, when the night-shadows fell, he had not the beginning of a desire to go abroad from his humble sanctuary, shorn as it was of a chief attraction—the smiles, and loving tones, and words of his changing wife.

From this inauspicious beginning went on, steadily, the unhappy change. The coming of children, which, on their advent, was like the falling down upon them of sunbeams through suddenly rifted clouds, increased instead of diminishing the unpleasant aspect of things in the house of Peter Crandall. If the mother's heart had been cheerful and strong—if her husband had not shut out the light it needed to keep its green things unwithered and its flowers in bloom—this would not have been so. The cheerful spirit would have given life to the body—would have filled every nerve with vital force, and every muscle with strength for daily toil. But the children proved more a burden than a comfort. There was, in their home, so little sunshine, that few green things flourished in their hearts; and the opening of a flower was a rare occurrence. But thorns to wound, and weeds to offend were there, and hourly they seemed to gain a ranker growth.

How it was in the home of Peter Crandall will be clear to every one now. There are, around us, thousands and thousands of such homes, all the chambers of which are made dark or cheerless, for lack of the "small, sweet courtesies" of life, so cheaply given, and so magical in their effect.

One day, Peter Crandall was sent by his

employer, to do some work in the house of a customer. This work happened to be in the family sitting-room, in which were four children with their mother. The lady spoke to him politely when he came in, and the children treated him respectfully. He had been at work only a little while, when his attention was attracted by a request from the mother for one of the children to go up stairs and bring her some article she named. We say request; for this was the form of words uttered. The child went instantly, and was back in a very few moments.

"Thank you, dear," said the mother.

Crandall turned and looked at the child. Her countenance was tranquil and happy.

"Jane, I will take these scissors, if you please?"

Crandall looked again. It was the mother who had spoken. One of the children was sitting on the floor, busily engaged in cutting out pictures. But she started up instantly and brought the scissors to her mother.

"Thank you, dear," was the mother's acknowledgment of the service, as in the former case.

"Will you want them long?" asked the child.

"No, dear; only a few minutes. Then you shall have them again."

The child stood patiently by her mother's side until the scissors were out of service, and then received them.

"Thank you," she said, as she took them from her mother's hand, and then danced back, singing, to her place on the floor where the pictures lay.

All this struck Crandall as beautiful, and he sighed as the harsher image of his own home intruded itself. While yet at work, the husband and father came home. His presence was hailed with delight. Every child had something to show or tell him, and he entered into the feelings of each, praising their little achievements, and approving wherever there seemed a chance for words of approbation. It was the same toward his wife. She spoke of some direction she had given to Crandall.

"That was right," he answered; adding, "How thoughtful you are!"

A pleased smile went over the wife's countenance.

"You forgot your pocket-handkerchief this morning," said the latter, handing a white linen handkerchief to her husband.

"So I did. Thank you, dear!" And he received the handkerchief with as polite an acknowledgment in manner as in words.

Many other little instances of home-courtesies

were observed by Crandall, who left the house, when his work was completed, with a new impression of life stamped upon his consciousness. The image of that pleasant home was fixed on his mind like a thing of beauty. He had dreamed, faintly, of such homes—or read of them in books; but the reality was now before him. The husband and father, whose presence had brightened that home, he knew, in a general way, as a thriving man of business, who came, frequently, to the establishment where he worked. His face wore, generally, a grave aspect—a little sour he had thought. He had not given him credit for much kindness of feeling; and was, therefore, the more impressed by what he had seen.

The sweet, musical way in which "Thank you, dear!" had been said, reciprocally, by mother and children, many times, and on all occasions of service rendered, no matter how small, had found an echo in his mind, where it was continually repeated, until, "Thank you, dear!" as he mused at his work, came almost to his lips in vocal utterance.

When Crandall went home at nightfall, he was still dreaming over the picture in his mind, and the words, "Thank you, dear," were still echoing there in a kind of low music. He was very much subdued in feeling—almost sad; and there was an air of languor about him, as he came into the room where his wife was at work getting supper ready, that she observed as something unusual.

"Jane, take your father's coat and hang it up," said Mrs. Crandall, to her oldest daughter.

The girl obeyed, but there was no affection in her manner, as she moved, in a listless sort of way, toward her father, and reached out her hand for his coat—Mr. Crandall gave her the garment, saying, "Thank you, dear."

The words were spontaneous, not of design; and spoken with a tender utterance. He was but repeating the tones that were still sounding in his memory.

What instant life seemed to quicken through the child's frame! She gave one glance of surprise into her father's face, and then stepped away with the coat like one well pleased to render a service.

Mr. Crandall was surprised at himself; and, for an instant, half ashamed of what he had done, as if it were a weakness.

"Will you have a glass of water?" asked Jane, coming back to her father.

"If you please."

Mr. Crandall wondered at his own reply almost as much as his wife and children wondered. A

cold, abrupt "yes" or "no," was his accustomed answer to nearly all questions.

With what light feet did Jane trip from the room. In a twinkling she was back, with a cool glass of water for her father, who, as he received it from her hand, said, "Thank you."

To the child, all unaccustomed to such an acknowledgment for any service, these two little words were felt to be a sweet reward.

The father's altered manner and way of speaking, was perceived by the children as well as by their mother; and, as if by magic, the whole sphere of their lives seemed changed.

"Shall I bring down your slippers?" asked Jane, returning to her father.

"Yes, that's a good girl," he answered, "my feet are aching in these heavy boots."

As Jane left the room with springing step, Mr. Crandall commenced drawing off his boots. They were no sooner laid upon the floor, than two little fellows caught hold of them, each desirous of an approving word as a reward for service rendered their tired father.

"I'll put one in the closet, and John the other."

"What brave little men!" exclaimed Mr. Crandall, really pleased at heart, and manifesting his pleasure in the tones of his voice. "I'm a thousand times obliged to you."

Jane returned with the slippers in a few moments, and stooping down, drew them upon her father's feet. When she raised up, with cheeks glowing and eyes dancing in a new light, Mr. Crandall thought her face looked really beautiful.

"Thank you, dear." The words came, now, really from his heart.

Mrs. Crandall looked and listened, wonderingly, while a strange glow pervaded her bosom. What could be the meaning of all this? What new spirit had come over her husband? In a quiet, pleased way, the children gathered around their father, one climbing upon his knee.

"What have you been doing all day, Jimmy?" asked Mr. Crandall of the child.

"Playing," was the simple answer.

"Have you been a good boy?"

"Not all the time," answered the child.

"I'm sorry; Jimmy must try and be a good boy all the time. What have you been playing?"

"Oh, everything. Horses and dogs, and turning up Jack, as mother says."

Mr. Crandall laughed out at the reply, saying, "You turned up Jack mostly, I suppose."

"Well, I guess I did."

Mr. Crandall laughed again. The spirit of good-nature was transfused into every heart. Even Mrs. Crandall, usually in a fretted state of mind, felt its genial influence.

"Jimmy's been a right good boy to-day," said she, in an approving voice. "His turning up Jack hasn't amounted to much."

Mrs. Crandall was moving busily about, all this time, preparing supper. Jane, who never willingly gave her mother any assistance, and who was rarely called upon because she grumbled whenever asked to do anything, now said,

"Mother, can't I help you?"

"Yes, dear." That "dear," which had fallen so unexpectedly from the lips of her husband, had been echoing in the mind of Mrs. Crandall ever since, and now it came into utterance quite as spontaneously as in the case of her husband. "Yes, dear, you may finish setting the table, while I dish up the supper."

Wondering almost as much at herself as at her husband, Mrs. Crandall, after seeing Jane move with a pleased alacrity about the table, went into the kitchen and soon had all ready. Quite enough to satisfy that appetite had Mrs. Crandall prepared; but her thoughts turned upon something else—something that would give her the opportunity to ask him if she should not get it for his supper. "Yes, dear." How she was longing for the words uttered in the gentle, loving way they had a little while before been spoken—but for her ears alone. At last she turned from the fire, and going to the door of the room, said very kindly,

"Shall I boil you a couple of fresh eggs for your supper, Peter?"

"Yes, dear, if you please."

How the wife's poor heart, which, for years, had lain almost dead in her bosom, leaped with a joyful impulse! What a light flashed over her countenance, making it beautiful, as of old, in the face of her husband. "Yes, dear, if you please." Not even in the voice of Grisi or Lind, would her ears have found such sweet music.

At the supper-table, Peter Crandall praised the coffee, and the fried potatoes, and said the eggs were just what he wanted. Mrs. Crandall looked happy, and was happy. With the vanishing of their father's usual morose silence, and their mother's sour looks and fretful tones, the children's spirits, changing like the chameleon, and taking the hue of things around them, rose into

new, better, and happier states. Contention ceased; and there was something like an emulation of kind offices among them, instead of a selfish grasping of whatever the heart desired.

Suddenly the eyes of Mr. Crandall opened. Even while he was wondering at the magical change produced by a few kind words, a full revelation of the truth came to his mind. A new leaf in the book of his life was turned.

Thought turned once in the right direction, Peter Crandall pondered this new fact in his inner life history—the magic of kind words—and going back to the very beginning, reviewed his own conduct toward his wife and in his family, almost day by day, up to the evening when by the power, almost of a single word, the whole scene changed, and quite as suddenly as we see it, sometimes, in a pantomime. He saw his error—saw and felt how unjust he had been; how cold, and even cruel in his coldness. Very carefully did he guard himself afterward; and very prompt was he in observing all the little social courtesies toward his wife and children which are so beautiful to see, and so sweet in all their influences. The green things flourished again in the heart of his wife, and the flowers bloomed there as of old. The children learned to emulate the kind words, and courteous acknowledgments for all little services, that soon became a habit with their father and mother; and into the kind words spoken, kind feelings soon flowed. It was the beginning of a new order of things in the home of Peter Crandall; where, in good time, the desert blossomed as the rose.

Words appear as little things in themselves, but they have great power. The magic of kind words is wonderful! Try them, ye silent Peter Crandalls, who have fretful wives and contentious children. Try the effect of a little wholesome praise on your tired, unhappy, over-worked companion, and see if it doesn't brighten her pale face as if a whole flood of sunbeams had been poured upon it. Try it with your children, and if you have in you the heart of a true man, you will be so pleased with the effect, that you will keep on trying, until you will scarcely recognize your own household.

LINES.

BY E. E. LAY.

WHAT tho' the casket of the deathless mind
Be not in costliest drapery enshrined;
What tho' the form be clad in plainest dress—
Would ye esteem the soul within it less?

Ye vainly judge, who only judge by sight,
A heart impure or stainless, wrong or right;
Cease then by looks alone the soul to scan,
But try the spirit by a nobler plan.

THE RECOMPENSE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It was a June morning, as fair and fragrant, as jewelled with dews and melted with sunbeams, as was ever born of a night. On the west side of the State road, about a quarter of a mile from the village of Mid Haven, stood a small, old-fashioned, white brown cottage, with two silver poplars in the narrow front yard, flashing out like spangled green tents every time the wind blew among the boughs.

At the back of the house was a garden, not very large, but tastefully illuminated with flowers—pinks, and roses, and sweet Williams, while flourishing fruit trees and vegetables told their own story of thrift and cultivation. At the back of the house stood a young man, or boy, somewhere about eighteen years old, nailing to the boards a kind of frame, made of narrow slats and cords, for a young grape vine to clamber on.

He wore a dark pair of pantaloons, and no coat, and his light straw hat was set jauntily on his head. He had a well developed figure, and a sunburnt, but good face. It was very far from handsome. I should barely like to call it fine looking; but there was character in the moulding of the firm mouth, and the flashing of the eyes.

Occasionally as the youth worked he whistled the fragments of some old home tune, but in most of the time he looked grave and thoughtful.

"Ah, Rufus, you're getting on nicely with the frame," outspoke a pleasant voice, and a young girl stood in the kitchen door shaking a tablecloth. There was a strong family resemblance between the brother and sister. The girl was hardly beautiful, but she was really very pretty, with a soft rose blush breaking into the clear brown of her cheek; brown lashes, too, covered a pair of soft, brown eyes, and around her mouth were set half a dozen little dimples, through which smiles were always flashing.

Altogether, she looked fresh, and healthful, and happy, and just what she was, a country girl of sixteen.

"Yes, Mary, I'm getting on very nicely with my work. I shall have it done before I go to hoeing this morning."

"Mother says she knows we'll have a good

harvest this year, 'cause the spring was so late, it's a sure sign."

A slight incredulous smile hovered over the youth's grave mouth.

"Ah, I know you don't believe in signs, but I do. See here, I want you to get through so as to go to singing-school to-night: we're going to have a grand time. Now, do say you'll go with us."

"I can't, Mary, for I promised to recite my Latin lesson to the teacher. You know I have to get hold of him when I can."

There was a most becoming pout among the dimples, and on the cherry lips. "I don't see what in the world you want to be poring over that musty Latin for, eternally. What good will it ever do you—you, who'll be a farmer, of course?"

"What, if I don't choose to be a farmer, though?"

"Why, Rufus, there's no other way, you know. All we own in the world is this little piece of a farm father left us, and there's nobody but you to take care of it. You must be a farmer!"

"But what if I say I won't be one," and the youth lifted up his face to his sister as he said the words, and his mouth was locked up into such a look of resolution, and his eyes flashed out such a fixed light, that you felt that boy's "won't" was irrepalable; that he would compass it, no matter what obstacle lay in his pursuit; that, so surely as he lived, he would triumph.

"Rufus, you are a very strange boy," said his sister, looking at him with something unacknowledged of this feeling. "I wonder what you do intend to make!"

"Something you shall not be ashamed of, at least."

"Well, I don't know what'll become of mother and me, if you leave the farm. It's all our dependence."

"You'll get married some time, you know, and then the happy individual can take the farm off my hands, and welcome."

The girl's cheeks were the color of the eastern sky two hours before. "Oh, Rufus, I should think you'd be ashamed to talk so. I don't expect ever to get married."

"I don't think Joe Granger happens to be of

that same opinion," bending very intently over his nails.

Now the girl's cheeks were the color of the western sky at sunset the evening before, as she flattered the table-cloth, and tossed her head.

"Nobody cares what his opinion is, any way. I'm sure I don't, and I should advise him to keep it to himself."

Rufus Long hummed a tune significantly. It was particularly irritating.

"Any how, I shall tell Lizzie Dwight that you are a book-worm, and prefer Latin to singing-schools and girls' company."

It was the youth's turn to blush now.

"You may tell Lizzie Dwight just what you please, I'm sure it's no concern of mine," he said, gathering up his nails, and throwing down his hammer on the bench, for the frame was fastened to the side of the house.

A few words will furnish the history of the brother and the sister: Their father was a plain, honest, God-fearing New England farmer. Five years before, while they were both children, he had been called from them, and the sexton said "the turf had never been turned over the grave of a better man."

Mrs. Long was a feeble but very energetic woman. She still supervised the cultivation of the small farm, until Rufus became old enough to take much of this on himself.

But his mother never quite comprehended his character and aspirations, and though she was too fond of him to place any obstacles in the way of his studies, she would have been quite contented to have had him follow the footsteps of his father.

And while Rufus and Mary Long stood chatting together that fair June morning, another brother and sister sat together in the sitting-room of their fair city home.

The former might have been twenty-four, the latter was not more than fourteen. She had a dark, handsome face, and a rather slight, but graceful figure; she was light, with a faint gold hue in her hair, dark blue eyes, and a face that ranged through great varieties of expression.

The young man seemed rather restless, and there was a half troubled, half moody expression on his face, as he sat there running his eyes over the damp columns of the morning paper.

At last the girl looked up, and out of the window, against which a weeping willow swung its long boughs. "Oh, Alvyn, isn't the morning beautiful?" she said, "we ought not to stay in the house another minute."

"I know it, sis, but somehow I don't feel the least like going out."

"You haven't got the 'blues' again!" a mental epidemic to which the young man was peculiarly liable.

"I suspect—what have you there, Wealthy?" The girl rose up, came round to her brother's chair, and placed a steel engraving of Milton in his hands.

It was a most exquisite picture, representing the poet in his early boyhood, wearing a mantle of black velvet. There was a marvelous, seaphic purity about the boy's face, and an almost heavenly peace and sweetness informed the large, deep eyes, and lingered about the mouth.

It was a face that seemed, even in its childhood, absolved from every expression of evil; you almost expected to find a halo about the high forehead, around which fell the clustering hair, and it seemed as if the face was a poem and a prayer, tender, and sweet, and sublime.

"Isn't it beautiful, Al?" asked Wealthy Reeves, bringing her face down close to the picture, for she was rather short-sighted.

"Yes," looking at the engraving intently. "It is beautiful. Where did you get it, Wealthy?"

"Well, I sold that gold pencil aunt Martha gave me, and the medal I won at school, I wanted the picture so."

"And now you want me to get you a frame for it."

She laughed out a quick, happy, girlish laugh.

"Ah, you're a Yankee this time, Alvyn."

"Well, I'll see about it, but it's very hard to get any money now-a-days."

She leaned over him with a soft tenderness in her dark, mystical eyes. "Poor Al! I'm sorry you've got the blues. Has anything happened to trouble you?"

"Nothing that I can tell you. Wealthy, I wish this minute I was no older than that boy, and just as good as one feels he is, looking at him."

At that moment the bell rang, and a few minutes later there was a summons for Alvyn; a summons to the bedside of John West, who lay dying not far off that fair June morning.

"John West, John West," muttered Alvyn, as he rose up. "I'm sure I've heard his name."

"I think he was an old friend of father's."

"What can he want of me?"

"Oh, Al, don't stop to think now: only hurry away. How hard it must be to die this beautiful summer morning!" and tears choked up the words in the throat of Wealthy Reeves.

Alvyn and herself had been fatherless ten years, and motherless two. Mr. Reeves had failed in business a year or two before his death, and left his family little beside the home he had

built them, which was a pleasant granite cottage in the suburbs of the city.

His wife had a few thousands, which with strict economy had supported the family during her life, and defrayed her son's expenses through college.

He had intended to enter on his professional studies, when the somewhat sudden death of his mother materially altered all his plans. The young man found their pecuniary resources quite exhausted, and he was obliged at once to seek some situation to procure a livelihood for himself and sister, of whom he was very fond.

He procured a situation as book-keeper in some large, wholesale establishment, and though his salary was not large, still he managed to retain their home, and one domestic who was much attached to his family; but Alvyn's disappointment seemed to have soured his disposition and darkened his life.

He was not a strong character, or altogether a fine one, and would most likely be one of those very large class of men that are what circumstances make them. His situation was not altogether agreeable, but I do not think it was merely an intense hunger after knowledge so much as his pride that was disappointed.

Still Alvyn Reeves was a man that a mother and sister might have felt very proud and fond of. He had many fine social gifts, but without, as is often the case, any great length or breadth of intellect.

Half an hour later, the young man stood by the dying bedside of John West. It was in a grey, rambling, old-fashioned house, upon whose roof the storms of three-quarters of a century had beaten.

The dying man lay in the front chamber of his dwelling, and about him stood several distant relatives, who looked curiously at Alvyn as he entered.

The dim eyes of the invalid wandered over the youth's face as he approached the bedside, and then Mr. West gasped, "Leave me alone with the young man for ten minutes: I have a private message for him, that I cannot die without delivering."

Alvyn at once divined that the relatives were reluctant to do this, by the sharp, distrustful looks they fastened on him; but the basest of men can hardly refuse the prayer of the dying, and the three gentlemen and two ladies left the room.

Mr. West signed to Alvyn to look the door, and as soon as the latter had done this, he asked, "You do not know me, young man?"

"No, sir. I don't recollect that I ever had the honor of meeting with you."

"Well, I knew your father, and once I had the pleasure, which I have not often had in my life, of doing him a favor; and he promised me at that time, that if it ever lay in his power to serve me he would do it. I remembered this pledge when the doctor yesterday told me that I could never rise from my bed again, and now, young man, are you willing to take upon yourself the promise that your father, if he were alive, would surely reclaim?"

"I will take it," said Alvyn Reeves, solemnly, for a great awe stole over his soul as he looked on the cold, gaunt features of the dying man.

"Well, God will reward you for this, but what I say must be said to you quickly.

"Thirty years ago a man saved my life. I hardly know whether he did me a favor, for I should have gone into eternity with fewer sins to burden my soul than I shall carry there now, but he has not that to answer for, and he risked his life to save mine.

"It was in the town of Mid Haven, and there was a terrible freshet there; I had gone out in the evening with several others to see the river, which had risen rapidly to an unprecedented height. It was within a few feet of the bridge where we stood. Suddenly the abutments gave way, there was a swaying to and fro, a terrible upheaving of planks and timbers, and the next thing I remember I was in the surging, boiling stream. Twice I rose: the third time, just as I was going down, a man's hand grasped mine, and at last he succeeded in drawing me to the shore, himself completely exhausted, and I nearer dead than alive.

"Well, I meant to reward that man with something better than thanks, but as soon as I recovered I was summoned hastily to the West, and engaged in speculations there forgot him.

"But the memory of that deed has come back to haunt my dying hour, and I cannot leave the world in peace, carrying with me the thought that he is unrewarded.

"Young man, I can look only to you to help me at this time," and the muscles of the man's white face working with pain and the weariness of speaking, he fastened the imploring glance which dying eyes sometimes wear, on those of Alvyn Reeves.

"Oh, sir! tell me what it is! I will do anything to serve you," answered the latter, greatly moved.

"May God make your dying hours easier than mine for that speech!" was the fervent response. "Bend your ear down close to mine, for there may be listeners at the door. I have given all my property to my relatives, but it is not so

large as they imagine, and as I have been delirious through much of my illness, they would certainly dispute any will I should now make on the ground of insanity; they, who I honestly believe, would have left me to perish like a brute if it were not for the thought of my money, which has brought them here to watch with hypocritical faces my dying pangs. But it is not for such as I to accuse others of selfishness.

"The day before I was taken ill, I drew six thousand dollars in gold from the bank, intending to invest it in real estate; but God said, 'To-morrow thy soul shall be required of thee.' The money is in the upper drawer of that bureau, young man, in a small mahogany box. Will you bring it to me?"

And Alwyn went to the great, old-fashioned chest of drawers, unlocked it, and brought the mahogany box to its owner.

The old gentleman took it, and lifting his head grey with more than three-score years from the pillow, he said, "In this box are just six thousand dollars; you'll not need any key, for the owner will break it open. Now, young man, place your hands in mine." And Alwyn placed his hands in the cold ones of John West, and the latter said to him, "Promise me on your word and honor, and by the memory of this hour, and the thought of the one that is coming to you, that you will give this box and its entire contents into the hands of Richard Long, of Mid Haven, the man that saved the life of John West thirty years ago, or into those of his heirs."

"I promise you with my word and my honor," was the solemn reply of Alwyn.

"And may God do to you as you fulfill your pledge," murmured John West, the old bachelor, as his head fell back on the pillow; and then there was a quick knock at the door, the ten minutes had expired.

Obedient to a sign from the old man, Alwyn placed the box in his coat pocket, and admitted the relations again. They flocked in with ill-restrained curiosity and impatience, and applied various restoratives to the invalid, but his conversation and the emotion it induced had evidently greatly exhausted him.

Alwyn feeling himself now an intruder, at once took his leave, and ten minutes later the soul of John West too took its leave, going slowly out on that river under whose grey arches no barque hath ever returned, along whose still shores the lights that are set, and the signals that are hoisted, never gleam down to mortal eyes—the river upon which, sooner or later, all lives must sail out—the River of Death!

"See here, Al, you know we're to close up

to-morrow, on account of the death of Mr. Dill's child," said the principal clerk in the firm of Wells, Dill & Co., as he paused a moment before the desk where the latter was bending over his books.

Alwyn and this young man were warm friends. He looked up from his page with a smile, "I know it, Ross, and I'm glad enough to have a little respite from these tiresome figures."

"Well, 'spose we take a ride out into the country, and have a jolly day of it?"

"I can't, Ross, much as I'd like it. I've got to go to Mid Haven to-morrow."

"To Mid Haven—why that's fifty miles off. What in the world takes you there?"

"On business of a private nature for an old friend of my father's. I can take the morning train and get back before midnight."

"Well, I'm thoroughly vexed about it, Al. Of course you know your own business best, but I had some of a private nature with you too."

"You had? Well, they're closing up now, and it's two hours to dark yet. Suppose we go out in the Park and talk it over to-night, for I shan't have an hour of to-morrow to call my own."

Ross tapped his boot a moment meditatively with his slender cane. "Well, I 'spose I'll have to make a virtue of necessity and talk the thing over now: only make haste, Al, for it'll take some time."

So the two young men left the great, stone store, and went out among the cool shadows of the Park, where the birds sang among the boughs overhead the sweet lyrics of the country, and the fountain struck up its shafts of silver spray.

"Al, how much do you think your old home would sell for—six thousand?" suddenly asked Mr. Ross of his companion.

Alwyn looked surprised. "No, not more than four; but if we desired it the property couldn't be disposed of, as it was so arranged in the will."

The brow of the other clouded. "Too bad—too bad, and to let that fine chance slip," he muttered.

"What in the world do you mean, Ross?"

"Mean! why I mean, Al, that the finest chance has just turned up for you and I to become rich men at a single stroke, instead of drudging all our lives over a miserable salary, that fortune ever opened to anybody. I thought we could secure it for twelve thousand dollars at the lowest calculation. You know my mother has about three, and I managed to screw a couple more on extravagant interest out of my old miser of an uncle; and I thought you and I

might secure the chance by hook or crook. But I guess we shall have to give it the 'go by.'"

"But you haven't told me what this chance is," queried Alvyn, much interested.

And then Mr. Ross went on to state to his friend the opportunity that had recently been offered to him, to speculate in some real estate, owing to some commercial embarrassments of the owners.

The property was in the suburbs of the city, and would be sold for a mere song, although in a few years it could not fail to realize less than two hundred thousand. The young man continued to expatiate with all the eagerness and positiveness of youth on this golden prize, which only secured would make their fortunes. He soon enlisted Alvyn's interest in the matter, and they continued their walk and conversation until the night fell heavily upon them.

"Ah, Alvyn, we might be lucky fellows if we could only get the money," said Mr. Ross, with a sigh, as they parted.

"Ah, yes, if we could only get the money," echoed Alvyn, and then he walked homeward meditating on this thing, and while he meditated the devil entered into the head of Alvyn Reeves.

Every man has dark abysses in his soul that he never dreamed of, and if he of whom I write had looked into his own that moment, he would have shuddered and turned away. But the thought haunted him as he entered his home, and when Wealthy came and laid her soft cheek against his, and wondered at his late return; it haunted him too on that night when he went to his room; and at last this thought, this dark, haunting, fearful thought took him to the drawer where he had deposited the mahogany box.

He lifted it up and looked at it with a new regard and interest. "How lucky it would be," he murmured, "if I owned all that is inside of you!"

"It would make me a rich man in my youth, and there'd be no more toiling and slaving at an uncongenial business, but I could breathe free for the rest of my life. How I wish my father had been the man that rescued John West from the river that night, instead of this Richard Long, that nobody knows anything about!"

"Here's Wealthy, too, the little puss could have all the pictures and books she wants, besides a new piano—she said the other day she was ashamed to ask anybody to play on our old cracked concern.

"Ahem! I wonder if this Richard Long needs this money as much as I do? Nobody knows I've got it, and if I was to use it I might be able

to pay him in a year or two interest and all, but that wouldn't be honest, I suppose, though there's no particular harm in talking about 'might be's.' I must go to Mid Haven to-morrow, of 'course' I must."

That night Alvyn Reeves dreamed that he placed the mahogany box in the hands of James Ross, and that it grew up suddenly into a large tree, whose trunk was silver, whose boughs were gold, and whose blossoms were pearls and diamonds, and all rare and precious stones.

Then he woke up suddenly and sighed to himself that it was all a dream, and after that his slumber was broken, for the mahogany box haunted his soul.

It was a gloomy, lethargic sort of morning, and when Alvyn spoke of going to Mid Haven, his sister looked up from her coffee, saying quickly, "Ah, Al, you're not thinking of going off there to-day? I know it'll rain."

Somehow Alvyn caught at that, and he went to the window after breakfast and thought to himself, "I really believe it will rain, and I shall have a hard time of finding this Richard Long in a storm. I've a good will to put it off until some pleasant day."

Half an hour later the clouds broke up into a light grey. "I really believe it's going to clear off, after all," murmured Alvyn Reeves to himself; "but," looking at his watch, "there's no use of my thinking of getting off to-day. The cars start in half an hour, and I shouldn't have time to shave myself."

Then he strolled down town, and met James Ross, who was still more excited than ever in view of this land speculation. Alvyn became thoroughly convinced that vast fortunes were to be realized out of it, and at last inquired of his friend whether, could he obtain the money for this investment, it would be possible to repay it in a year or two?

James Ross was perfectly confident that the matter was beyond the shadow of a doubt to any reasonable man, and finding from this question that there was some hope of Alvyn's obtaining the funds, he pursued the theme more eagerly than ever.

At last Alvyn hesitatingly admitted that some property had fallen into his hands through an old friend of his father's, but in such a manner that he did not feel he had any right to use it, unless he could raise the entire sum to repay it in a year or two.

James Ross was too much excited to notice his friend's manner, or to entertain a suspicion that the money rightfully belonged to another person. He pursued his advantage, and did not

leave Alvyn until he had given a vague promise to do what he could.

The young man returned to his dinner in that bewilderment of mind, which usually accompanies a great soul conflict between good and evil.

The man who has looked farthest into his own heart will be inclined to be most charitable to others. That old Christ prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," may well follow us out from our cradles to our graves, and he that triumphs and "overcomes" in this great battle of life, is usually most pitiful to his brother, because he knows how sharp and terrible is the conflict.

Oh! Alvyn Reeves did not see the "witnesses" that ranged themselves on each side of his soul, as he sat there that summer noon and communed with himself.

Two hours the struggle lasted, and, with their shining wings, and their faces lighted with radiant triumph, the angels drew close to the young man's heart, they had almost crossed the threshold, but—

He went up stairs, he took the mahogany box from his drawer, and with slow steps went down stairs, and then with desperate ones he hurried to James Ross, and it was told in heaven, and written in the book that shall be unsealed, that Alvyn Reeves was a thief.

Eight years had passed. It was a winter's night, cold, and very clear with a golden illumination of stars, and blazonry of northern lights. In one of the front chambers of a large and fashionable hotel, sat four persons: one was a pleasant-looking old lady, in black silk dress, and lace cap; and the others were, a young man with a dark, thoughtful, scholarly face, and a lady, young, and with a bright, lovely expression that was more attractive than a considerable degree of beauty, as she bent down her head to the wooings of the sweet babe she held on her lap.

"It's almost seven," said the lady. "Baby'll be good, and stay with the nurse, while mamma and grandma go to hear uncle Rufus lecture. Oh!" lifting her hand suddenly, "isn't it too bad, Joe wouldn't come?"

"Yes, my dear Mrs. Granger," laughed the thoughtful-looking young man, "it's too bad your husband should be obliged to stay at home and measure off tape and ribbons, while his wife runs off to the city to see her brilliant brother spread himself. Well, he can never know what he's lost."

"Now, see here!" retorted the vivacious lady, "I won't have you making fun of my poor husband, Rufus Long, if you are a genius and a lec-

turer! He's the best man in the world, not even excepting yourself."

"I've always endorsed that opinion ever since he took the farm off my hands, for which most unselfish act I paid him off with the hand of Miss Mary Long."

"Come now, children, do talk sensible; you're always joking each other," interposed the pleasant faced old lady.

"Well, you know, mother, Mary's never quite forgiven me, because I would be a scholar instead of a farmer."

"Haven't I though?" answered the sister, and now her face was almost beautiful, as she lifted it suddenly, and flashed upon her brother a glance, full of pride and love.

"Forgive me this time, Mary, and I'll never say so again," and he leaned down and kissed her very tenderly.

And just at this time another brother and sister stood together in the parlor of a pleasant home in the suburbs of the city. You will recognise him at once, for the handsome face of Alvyn Reeves has not changed much in these years: except that its expression is more cynical and troubled than when we saw it in its early manhood; and looking at him, you feel, somehow, that the years have not passed pleasantly and smoothly with him—that there is, somewhere, a fountain of bitterness and unrest in his heart.

The parlor is very tastefully furnished, its predominating color being crimson and gold color. Pictures brighten the walls with the faces of genius, and the landscapes of the tropics; and valuable books, and a costly piano, indicate the æsthetic tendency of the owners.

"Are you quite able to go out this evening, Wealthy?" inquires the young man.

"Oh, yes, quite. Ah, I've gotten entirely over my cold. There, how do I look now in your new furs?" and she turned from the mirror and smiled before him.

He might well have been proud of her, as she stood there, her small, graceful figure enveloped in black velvet and sables. Yet, Wealthy Reeves was hardly beautiful. Her broad, overshadowing forehead—her dark, blue, variable eyes—the thin, pale features—the large, fine mouth, would scarcely, in repose, have won the commendation of an artist.

But every one who knew her well, felt the charm of her face, with its infinite varieties of expression—with its outflashes of laughter, and its tender shadowing of sadness. She was rather shy and reticent with strangers, and was very fond of books and studies, many of which were of an almost masculine character.

But those to whom she opened the caskets of her soul, had gleams of rare and wondrous treasures, and to know Wealthy Reeves, was to love her tenderly and forever.

"Well, I never saw you looking better than you do to-night. How becoming those furs are to you, sis!"

"Yes, and how kind you were to remember me with these, on New Years'! Ah, Al, you are the best brother a sister ever had."

And she looked at him very tenderly as she stood there drawing the kid gloves over her fair hands.

He was a brother, kind and tender as ever a sister had. Whatever sins might be laid to his charge, his fondness for that delicate orphan girl would always shine a beautiful and steady light over all that was weak and wicked in the character of Allyn Reeves.

"Come Al, get your hat and shawl. It's quite time we were starting."

"Do you know who is to lecture, to-night, sis?"

"Mr. Long, I think, is the name. He's a young man. What makes you start so?"

"Nothing, I didn't know that I did."

An accident occurred at the hall, on the evening of that lecture, which seriously injured several people, as a part of the gallery had given way.

Wealthy Reeves sat under this, but as the hall was much crowded, her brother was obliged to take another place. A beam had struck, stunned, and most likely would have killed the young lady if the force of the fall had not been checked by the lecturer, who sprang from his desk, and struck the falling column aside.

"You have saved her life, sir, my precious sister's. How can I thank you?" said Allyn Reeves, two hours later, as he stood in his parlor with Rufus Long.

"My dear sir, you do not owe me any thanks. I can only thank God that I stood near enough to rescue her. But you do not apprehend that she was in the least degree injured?"

"Not at all, the doctor and she herself assure me so, though she is very much exhausted with fright. What a terrible scene it was!"

"Terrible!" and both the young men shuddered.

"It was so unfortunate, just in the middle of your lecture too."

"Oh, that is too small a consideration to be named now; but here is my card. Will you allow me to inquire about your sister's health to-morrow?"

"We shall both be delighted to have you do us that honor," and so the young men shook hands very cordially, and separated.

Allyn Reeves returned from the front door to the light in his parlor, and read the card, "Rufus Long, New Haven."

"He threw it on the table, and strode up and down the room, and his white face worked fearfully. "So," he muttered, "my sin comes back to curse me. Would to God I had never done that deed!"

That old speculation of his had in no wise proven as profitable as he anticipated; yet, occasional sales of the land, as it rose in value, had enabled him to supply his home with every comfort and elegance.

He still retained his old situation of book-keeper, and, with an increased salary, had become somewhat more reconciled to it, though he had never seen the time when he could conveniently right the wronged, by returning the property of which he had defrauded them.

The intention which he cherished of doing so had always been a narcotic to his conscience; but, of late, he had not frequently thought of this matter, until the sight of Rufus Long had aroused his memory and remorse.

The next day Rufus Long called, Wealthy was able to see him, and personally expressed her thanks. This, at once, removed all social barriers between the two young people, and their conversation diverged to other subjects, and there were many upon which they could sympathise.

Rufus Long remained a long time, and the pale, sweet face of Wealthy Reeves, lighted by the magical lights of her soul, haunted him all that day.

For the next three months he called very frequently at the residence of Allyn Reeves, and a new bloom was sown in the cheeks of Wealthy Reeves, every time she heard the sound of his footsteps in the hall. Have I not said to know her was to love her?—and Rufus Long did know her, as no other man or woman on earth did.

One day the brother and the lover met alone in the parlor of the former's house, and Rufus said to Allyn—and his voice wavered through the words, as a man's is apt to once in his life—"I have offered to her all that I have to give, my heart, my hand, and a name untarnished by one act of my life; I could not add to this now a fortune, but we are both willing, husband and wife, to wait together for this. Will you give me your sister, Mr. Reeves?"

For a few moments there was silence, then Allyn sprang suddenly up, "I will answer you in three days from this time," he said; "but now, I am choking, choking!" and he hurried

out of the room, out of the house, and left his astonished, dismayed guest alone in the parlor.

Three days later the two met here together again. The small mahogany box, around which clung such a history, stood on the table between them, and for a long time Alwyn Reeves talked with his guest, in a low tone, with a lowered head, as though every word were a pain and a shame unto him, and his auditor listened with blanched face and wonder-struck eyes.

At last, in conclusion, Alwyn rose up, and taking the box, said, "So, that very day on which you asked for the hand of my sister, I had the opportunity of disposing of my share in this land, at a price which would just pay you interest and all the money which was your rightful due. I resolved to do, and have done it, and my Wealthy, when she goes to the altar with you, will go there the sister of an honest man—of a man who, having done wrong, has done what he could to repair it—and who, out of his own experience, can testify, that there is no peace to the wicked. Here, Rufus, is the money;" and

there was rejoicing in heaven over the soul of Alwyn Reeves.

The young man drew back, and there were tears in his eyes. "No," he said, "you have given me another, a better gift, you may keep the money!"

"Never!" cried Alwyn, striking his clenched hand down vehemently on the table, "a single dollar of it would burn into my soul, like a coal of fire. Take it for your sake and Wealthy's, Rufus." And Rufus took it.

Afterwards, this subject was never alluded to between the young men, and, in a little while, Wealthy Reeves became the most blessed and happy wife of Rufus Long: but there was a passage in the lives of her brother and her husband that she never read. Years afterward, too, Alwyn Reeves became an honorable and prosperous merchant, a beloved husband and happy father; and it may be, that the memory of the sin of his youth, made his whole after life higher and better.

Unto all of us, "oh, God, be pitiful!"

THE TWO GRAVES.

BY L. ST. JOHNS.

SLANTING shadows lie across,
Shadows of the yew and willow,
Where the summer breezes toss
White rose leaves upon her pillow—
High the sculptured marble shaft towereth over all.
Birds of spring, and birds of summer,
Tune their sweetest plaintive lays,
While the never-ceasing murmur
Of a brooklet softly plays—
Loving dear ones daily pray by the mossy tear stream pall.

Where the prairie winds blow roughly
Many, many leagues away—
Nought but prairie grasses wiry,
To cast a shadow all the day,

Save the wing of screaming wild-fowl, or a scudding cloud a sail.

There the wolf howls nightly requiem,
The serpent rattles o'er his head;
Burrowing owls hoot harshly round him,
Strange music for the lonely dead—
They who wait the wanderer's coming wait with watchings pale.

They who walked in life together,
Hand in hand and heart with heart,
Now sleep—one calmly as the other,
Though many, many a league apart;
One so wildly pillowed, one hedged about with love and art.

MAUD ADAIR AND I.

BY J. H. M'NAUGHTON.

ONE year ago we were sixteen,
Maud Adair and I;
With dapper tread we tript the green,
Maud Adair and I;
But Maud Adair is lying low,
She left poor me three moons ago,
We ne'er shall meet again below,
Maud Adair and I!
One year ago, with hand in hand,
Maud Adair and I,
We roamed the sunny hill and strand,
Maud Adair and I;

But one sad eve with tearful eye,
She whispered sweet a low "good-bye;"
We'll meet again up in the sky,
Maud Adair and I!
How happy were we, and how true,
Maud Adair and I!
Like elm and ivy upward grew
Maud Adair and I.
Oh, be thy spirit ever near
To whisper softly words of cheer—
While God doth guard, what can we fear,
Maud Adair and I!

TORMENTORS.

BY A. L. OTIS.

THE Tormentors didn't all go out with the Indians. By no means! We have an active race remaining, and a friend of mine, who is the victim of one set, has taken daguerreotypes of those she suffers under. This was an effort of pure philanthropy on her part, that others may know their enemies under the skillful disguises which they assume of friend, lover, relations, and self.

MR. VRUM.

Mr. Vrum is a "one-idea" man—so he thinks himself a genius. As his one idea can only express itself through the medium of a French horn, his genius may be supposed to be a blessing unacknowledged as such by his wife; especially as he claims prerogative of having, and cherishing, the infirmity of some great geniuses—a trying temper.

Whenever he makes a false note, some one beside himself is to blame, and he turns to snarl at his wife, or send his child out of the room.

He longs to impart his art to others. He must have a disciple to domineer over. In an evil hour his wife consents to learn of him, and he becomes her teacher. Thenceforth she is a slave to his call—cakes in the oven, coffee in the Etna, bread in the pan must be left instanter, and go to destruction, for nothing on earth is so important as music.

When she cannot understand his long musical terms and phrases, he cries,

"Is such stupidity possible?" and leaves her to find out his meaning for herself—to sharpen her intellect. Does she make a false note?—a sudden start and emphatic ejaculation paralyzes her fingers. She cannot proceed for trembling, and he finishes the lesson by saying that he had rather work hard all day than drudge at teaching. With a whine he sighs out that this comes of an intellectual and musical organization being mated with—well, he will have forbearance!

When other music-mad professors come to perform with him, woe to his wife, children and guests! They must be mum, noiseless, and voiceless for four hours or so, on a stretch. He likes to be heard and appreciated, and bad luck to those in his power who disappoint him! If folks have not the good taste to prefer his music even to their own thoughts, they ought to be made to like it for their own good, and he proceeds accordingly.

Mr. Vrum is looking forward to the time when his son will display musical genius. But I think the holy horror the child has imbibed of him and his horn, would overmaster, kill, and bury out of sight the genius of a Beethoven!

THE MISSES MANCIPATE.

They pride themselves upon outraging good taste, which they call "fashion and folly," not perceiving any difference between these three things. Not content to live out their independence modestly, they boldly demand your admiration for their eccentricity.

"We like to be in the stable and kennel. No mawkishness about us!"

"We need no man to manage our affairs. We can bargain and trade as well as any one."

"We may dress as we please—in Bloomer or not—we can afford to laugh at remark."

"We are not weakly to be turned from our course by the advice of friends."

Is this independence? Well, they think so, and they force acquiescence in this belief upon all with whom they come in contact—at the point of their tongues. Poisoned weapons, who can withstand?

MR. VANITAS.

He goes to visit a friend—stays a month at his house—makes himself generally at home by every kind of interference in his domestic affairs, and believes he has placed that friend under everlasting obligations to him for the pleasure of his society! He obligingly favors his hostess with his company all day long. Does she bid him not put himself to the trouble of such constant attendance—he replies, "Oh, he would sacrifice anything for the ladies' pleasure," so chivalrous as he is!

He will insist upon being floor-manager at his hostess's little dancing parties, and will be so obliging as to give instructions in the art of graceful carriage to the lady guests, assuring them that there is nothing so pleasing to himself and other gentlemen as grace, and if they cultivate that, their aim in life will be answered by their attracting favorable notice. Pretty attitudes, he says, are "so attractive in women," and he kindly spends hours showing them into what clumsy ones they can put themselves—if they try hard enough. He feels like Apollo. He thinks others see an Apollo in him.

There is nothing this man will not attempt to do, or teach, and nothing, I may say, that he will not fail in, except in raising a laugh at his own expense in the first week of his visit—impotent anger in the second, (for he is hint-proof,)—woe-begone despair in the third—and wild hope of a speedy and blessed deliverance in his fourth. The fates snatch him away at last. Thanks be to them!

MISS CROAK.

This dear creature's solicitude about her friends' welfare is excruciating. She accuses them of being ill—they deny it—she convicts them, and reiterates, until dejection overcomes them, and they yield themselves a feeble and unresisting prey to the headache she prophesies. "They must lie down." They don't want to—but they do. They just doze in the first bliss of conscious slumber, when she opens the creaking door to say,

"How are you now? Oh, I have waked you! I am so sorry! Can't I do something for you? A cup of tea, or strong coffee? a hot brick? a bottle? a flannel? a mustard plaister? a wet towel? another shawl? a foot-bath? At least a shake of the pillow! But dear me, I'm rousing you! Try to sleep—do."

The creaking door closes, and the patient drops off from the fret of answering into the calm of unconsciousness—when the door creaks again, and she comes once, twice, ten-times, with fifty fresh offers and apologies! "Oh, cruel kind!"

MRS. BUGABOO.

She is a lady of a very active mind in imagining dreadful things. What a comfort she is to her friends! Her husband has a store down town, and every morning there is a tender parting scene.

"Must he go? Must he run such fearful risks? He may meet a wild bull, or a mad dog. He may be garotted—he may be crushed by a falling house—he may be run over. Every time he returns he has been "miraculously restored to her," and must manifest sufficient joy for the occasion.

He wants a little sport in September. "Go shooting! Oh, fearful suggestions of the Evil One. No, indeed! She should die with fright if he only handled a gun." And indeed she has taken the precaution to spike his favorite fowling-piece with an old nail, and has put the gun-powder under the pump. If he will go—he will find her stiff and dead upon his return home, and will be forever after haunted by the remembrance of his barbarity. Her fears are too violent to be disregarded, and her husband is a prisoner.

He comes home tired and wants his fireside comforts. Run up stairs for his slippers as his boots are muddy? Risk her life for a little mud, or for the ease of slippered feet? Isn't it after dark? Perhaps there may be a robber in every closet, and under every sofa and bed, ready to catch her by the feet if she heedlessly approaches them. No, it wouldn't be silly of them to do that, for they would, of course, have taken care to inform themselves of the habits and customs of the family, beforehand, and they must know her voice always fails her in any danger! No, it's not foolish to fear robbers, and he needn't try to persuade her to do without her hatchet, (with which she threatens his life almost every night, mistaking him for a burglar,) for she couldn't sleep without knowing it to be under her pillow. And as for her watchman's rattle—it is very ill-natured of her neighbors to object to being roused now and then, on false alarms, because some day she may sound a true one! What if her family are afraid to stir at night lest the efficacy of her hatchet should be tried upon them? It is as well to keep them quiet, for the alarm of hearing anybody up in the night would be the death of her. No—she don't exactly believe there is a band of robbers stationed outside the front door every night, ready to burst in—but there might be, for all she knows! And the grocer's man, or the gas-men, who come into the house now and then, may examine the locks, and return at night to make use of their knowledge by picking them.

She thinks it behooves everybody to sit still after nine o'clock at night and listen for burglars. She constantly gives the alarm of danger—she hears clashing swords—and though this time it is only cleaning knives in the kitchen, some time or other it may be swords indeed! Well—if her husband had rather be run through at once, than strain his ear for years, she hadn't, and she should think a whole life's anxiety and listening well repaid, if she detected and escaped a robber at last by it! Akin to Mrs. Bugaboo is

MRS. FUSSY,

Whom, however, we can consider in but one or two of her most prominent aspects.

To go riding is a solemn occasion with her. Everybody in the carriage must give up conversation and look out for accidents. She devotes herself faithfully to that, expects as much of her friends. The unfortunate gentleman who drives, (she never rides with professional drivers, considering them frightfully rash and dangerous animals,) must mind his p's and q's. He must

have at least a yard's space between the wheels of her carriage, and those of any one which passes them. If the horses go out of a jog-trot, she will seize the reins, or more likely only one of them, and the more the obedient beasts turn, the harder she pulls it, exerting herself meanwhile to keep them tractable and calm by her screams.

Is the carriage to be turned?—let her out! No danger—a wide road! What nonsense! She had rather stand in mud ankle deep than run the risk.

What are those uncomfortable rolling stones in the bottom of the carriage? Only to throw at dogs, if any should spring out at them. It is such a comfort to be provided against emergencies. Never mind the damage to toes.

Hush! Wasn't that the railroad whistle? Stop the horses. Let no one speak. All strain their ears. She must get out and run forward to peep up and down the track. The cars passed half an hour ago, but that is no reason why they shouldn't pass now that she can see. The twentieth time she had been out of the carriage that day! Well, she would cheerfully get out fifty times for the sake of enjoying her ride in safety.

On a journey by railroad, she generally has to

stand, because she cannot decide which is the safest place to sit. She has to balance nicely between the risks of being smashed by a collision with a train coming toward her, or run into from behind by one overtaking her. One fate or the other she is sure awaits her, and makes up her mind to it with groaning and trembling.

If her husband has a headache, she is sure it is a symptom of small-pox, yellow fever, or cholera. He will surely die. Let her prepare for the worst, and learn betimes to resign her dearly beloved to his untimely grave.

Has she a finger-ache, heaps of medical works are consulted; for as doctors don't make enough of her pains and aillings, she scorns them. Every day her symptoms point to some new and fearful disease, under which she suffers tortures, until she reads the description of another malady, when behold—she has that, and is almost sinking under it. She has fifty incurable illnesses a year, and her friends are almost tempted to hope that some of them may prove fatal.

There—that will do for once.

Do you ever see the reflection of any of these tormentors, dear reader, when you look in the glass? If you do—beware of them—they are your worst enemies.

EFFIE.

BY LILIAS M.

VINE-wrought shadows flock the casement
As the zephyr sways each leaf;
Woo-wrought shadows, dark'ning o'er us,
Fill our hearts with bitter grief;
Mingling with the pine tree's sighing,
Dirge-like, wail the sad wind-tones,
While each throbbing heart, replying,
Poureth woe in sobbing moans.
Twilight's mantle, slowly drooping,
Wraps the world for tranquil sleep;
Darkest gloom each heart encircles,
We can only watch and weep;
Weep and pray—for darling Effie
Lies hushed like one who dreams;
Heeding not earth's deep'ning shadows,
Light from Heaven around her gleams;
For the pearly gates are opened,
Angel forms are fitting through,
Effie's spirit, filled with rapture,
Joys to catch the glorious view;
Yet fond eyes are watching o'er her,
Loving hands, with earnest clasp,
Fain would win her back from Heaven,
Clinging close with trembling grasp.
Effie dearest, o'en the angels
Woo thee not with love so deep!
Effie purest—our Evangel—
Leave us not alone to weep!

Heeds she not our bitter wailing,
Hears she not the anguished moans,
For bright angels, hovering o'er her,
Strike their glad harp's sweetest tones.
Brow and cheek are paler growing,
Faded is the red lip's hue,
Seems she like a stricken blossom
As we gaze with tear-dimmed view;
Yet a holy smile is gleaming,
Heaven-lit, o'er her lovely face,
Never more may earthly sorrow
On her cast its woeful trace.
Darling! tho' all life seem dreary,
Though with thee all joys depart,
Yet no longer will we bind thee
Weaving earth-cords round thy heart.
Fare-thee-well, our own sweet Effie,
Rose-buds white around thee lie,
Crowned with lilies we will leave thee,
Golden crown thou't wear on high!
We will tread our lonely pathway,
Lending oft a helping hand
To the pilgrim bands that wander
Onward to the Heavenly Land.
Effie dear, the path is gleaming,
Earthly shadows fade from view
In the glorious light that's beaming
Through the gates now open'd for you!

CATHARINE LINCOLN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM VOL. XXXIII., PAGE 451.

CHAPTER V.

"MADAM—Mrs. Lincoln!"

"Hush, Janet, not that name—not that!"

"And why not, I should like to know—will they even try to take your own lawful name away from you? Shame on them, for a set of mean, sneaking——"

"Don't, Janet! Remember my husband is dead, do not say anything that reflects upon his memory."

"It wasn't him—oh, no, I'll never believe it! Girl and woman I lived a many years in Robert Lincoln's house, and I know that the man who was so good to my lone mother fresh from the old country, couldn't do a thing like that. He was set on, I tell you, mistress, worked up to it by somebody; there's a plot somewhere, but if ever I find it out, as sure as my name is Janet Brown——"

"He believed me innocent, they were the last words he spoke!"

"Bless him for that! He had his faults, but he was a good man, was Robert Lincoln, and I know he couldn't long have had a doubt of you, his pride and blessing."

The lady lay back against the pillow of her chair, and a sudden movement of the head sent the long masses of pale brown hair, which took a hue like threads of gold in the sunlight, over her face, half concealing it from the sight of her companion. The sickly pallor about the melancholy mouth increased, and a shadow crept over the mournful eyes, which sank as if she would have shut out life and consciousness forever.

It was a low, scantily furnished bed room in an upper story of the old house, to which the homeless wife had been driven upon the night succeeding her husband's death.

The appearance of the room betrayed the poverty of its owner, but everything was scrupulously neat, and there was a painful attempt to make the room look cheerful and bright. The floor had been scrubbed until it looked clean and white, a narrow strip of rag carpet extended from the bed to the fire-place, where a small fire burned cozily. The rafters overhead were

white-washed, and a muslin curtain, carefully patched and darned, but which had once been finely wrought, as the half-worn embroidery showed, was gathered over the window to shut out the view of the wretched street below. A chest of drawers stood in one corner of the room, the top covered with a worn napkin, upon which were arranged the few treasures the poor woman possessed—few and humble enough they were, but from the cracked china teapot and cups down to the little broken wooden doll, they were prized by Janet Brown as the most costly articles of luxury never were by more wealthy possessors.

An old rocking-chair was drawn up near the fire, and in it sat Mrs. Lincoln supported by pillows, pale and exhausted, but with an eager expression in her face, which betrayed the fever within that gave strength to her worn-out frame. Her slender hands were clasped over her knee in an attitude habitual with her, and which gave a drooping, despondent air to her whole person, more painful than any audible expression of suffering.

"Mr. Morris does not come," she said at length, "can he refuse me even that?"

"Hark! there's a loud knock at the door down stairs—I'll run and look."

She hurried out of the room, and Mrs. Lincoln staggered to her feet, and moved feebly toward the door.

"He's come, he's come," exclaimed Janet, rushing back, "I heard them tell him I lived up stairs. Just go out into the other room and see him, I'll slip down the back way so as not to disturb you."

Mrs. Lincoln gathered up her feeble strength, and tottered into the outer chamber just as the old man entered. She could not speak—could only stretch out her arms with an imploring gesture, which Mr. Morris did not heed. He looked suspiciously around the room, glanced at her dress, and unconsciously his heart hardened a little.

"You sent for me, madam," he said.

"My child," she gasped; "tell me where she is?"

There was something so wild in her manner that it hardly looked like grief—it seemed rather as if she had determined to dare all sooner than relinquish a single claim.

“Where is May?” she repeated, passionately. “You have no right to keep her from me—you shall not do it! Give me back my sister.”

“Some explanation appears necessary upon this point,” returned Mr. Morris, unable to determine what feelings actuated her, and in spite of his justice, somewhat prejudiced by the accusations which had been poured into his ear since he last saw her.

“What explanation? I want my child—my sister.”

“You know that before your father’s death the child was legally adopted by my nephew!”

“Well?”

“No one else had any control over her——”

“I had,” she interrupted, “she was mine!”

“At all events,” he continued, hardened by her passionate tone, “in your husband’s will she is taken from your care.”

“Oh, no, no!” she shrieked, “not that, anything but that!”

There was an agony in her cry that made itself felt; Mr. Morris’ eyes softened for an instant.

“It is so written.”

“But it cannot be—he believed me—he would have given me my child again! No one on earth had the right to keep her from me—where is she?—tell me, let me go to her!”

“This violence is out of place, madam, it would only tell against you before the most unprejudiced.”

“Violence! Can I be calm when they are tearing out my very heart-strings? You are a good man, they say, an upright and a just man—oh, do not torture me to this extent. Give back the child.”

“It is out of my power, madam; the will strictly forbids it.”

“Then I will contest that will!” she exclaimed; “it is an unjust, cruel will—my husband would have revoked it if there had been time!”

“Oh, madam!” returned the old man, “respect at least that husband’s memory and your own reputation.”

“I will have my sister, there is no law strong enough to keep her from me.”

“Listen to me, madam,” said Mr. Morris, motioning her to a seat. “I have no harsh feelings toward you, but I desire to do justice on every side. Your husband made that will believing it right to cast you off forever.”

“But he knew that he was deceived—before he died he knew it.”

“Alas, madam, we cannot tell! At all events the will is made, and you cannot alter it. Your character has not been injured by any report of the facts, and if you remain quiet no scandal will arise, but the instant you go into court to contest that testament everything must be revealed.”

“But there is nothing—the charge was false, false!”

“But can you prove it? God grant that you may be able!”

“Prove it?” she repeated, in a bewildered tone. “Did I not prove it to my husband on his death bed—he believed me?”

“But have you nothing beyond this?”

“What could I have?”

“Then you are indeed to be pitied!”

“I do not understand you! But we are only wasting the time—take me to my sister at once—I tell you that there is no reason why she should not be with me.”

She rose again from her seat as if she would have hurried away in search of the lost darling.

Mr. Morris looked at her, perplexed and unable to form any decision; he compassionated the expression of wearing anxiety in her face, but it was impossible for him to decide whether it was the anguish of a wronged and suffering woman, or the madness of remorse mingled with a hard determination to brave everything, and carry out the ends for which she had labored. His nephew’s words came back to his mind—the promise which he had made by the bedside of that dying man to deal gently with her, to screen her from all consequences of her fault if she were guilty, to protect and do her justice if she ever proved her innocence.

“You must listen to me, madam!” he said. “You cannot go to your sister, by your husband’s will you are forbidden ever to see her.”

She was looking at him now—her brain had freed itself from the mist of agony and fear—she listened and understood, making him a sign to proceed when he paused, standing there white and cold as if his words were slowly chilling her to marble.

“But there is a clause by which you are to have her again, if you ever prove those charges to be false.”

“And who is to decide?” Still in the same singular tone.

“That decision rests with me, my nephew bequeathed it as a dying trust.”

“And you will not believe me—you are what the world calls a good man—and you refuse to do this?”

“My own convictions can have no weight, madam, the evidence must be clear and conclu-

give as if I were seated on any judge's bench in the court room. Bring this evidence—prove those letters to be false—trace them to their author, and your rights will all be restored to you."

Her head sank, she pressed her hand over her eyes in a vain endeavor to think—to find some clue.

"All is over," she shuddered, "all is over!"

"The income which comes to you by right, as the widow of my nephew, will be regularly paid," pursued Mr. Morris, hearing only an echo of remorse in that moan, "it is sufficient to make you almost a rich woman——"

"And you think I would take it?" she interrupted, with something of her olden pride. "Ah, you do indeed believe me degraded when you propose this! I will not accept it—I have a right to my husband's entire fortune, or to no part of it."

"It is settled upon his adopted daughter."

"Then keep the whole for her—I ask no money—what could the wealth of the Indies do for me now?"

"But you must live, madam——"

"Not on that pittance doled out to me in commiseration of my helplessness, sir—I would die ten thousand deaths first! Do not believe me so fallen as that—at the worst, I have a friend who will work for me, struggle for me, and at last die with me," she continued, as Janet's honest face and strong will came back to her memory.

Mr. Morris turned away with a shudder of disgust, which she did not heed.

"Remember, madam, you are addressing the uncle of that dead man—do not insult him through me!"

"I tell you I will never touch a penny of that money," she returned, mistaking the tenor of his words, "by the labor of my own hands will I earn my existence rather than that."

Mr. Morris rose to go with sterner feelings toward the woman than he had ever before felt.

"The first instalment of your income will be duly paid by the administrators of the estate," he said. "For your own sake I advise you to remain perfectly quiet; any scandal which may arise only ruins you, and more than that, blights the existence of that child whom you profess to love so fondly."

"The child," she muttered, "the child!"

"I say this in all kindness, and it is this feeling which prompted me to offer you immediate assistance——"

"Do not insult my helplessness," she interrupted, while the inherent pride of her nature

broke over the pale face, "I am a woman and unable to defend myself, but at least respect the dignity of your grey hairs."

"You have misunderstood me," he said, moved to admiration instead of anger, by the nobility of soul which spoke in her look; "I am a just but not a cruel man. I shall now bid you farewell—at any time, and in any place, you will always find me ready to award you justice, if you can bring me proof that you have indeed been wronged."

He moved toward the door—she stood for an instant paralyzed by the thought that all was over, no hope, nothing left but the reality of her despair. His hand was on the lock before she could utter a sound, then her white lips parted.

"One word more! Let me see the child once—only once! I will bring no disgrace upon her—I will do nothing to cast a shadow upon her future—let me see her once more."

"I have no power to grant your request; she is not under my care, and the will so strictly forbids any intercourse between you, that those who have the control would not dare permit it."

She made no answer, did not seek to detain him, or hear the few words of farewell he uttered as he left the chamber. The door closed, but she did not move, standing there motionless, her white face raised, and her eyes gazing at vacancy with a fixed, blank stare.

The door of the inner room opened softly, and Janet Brown crept into the chamber, trembling with fear for the effects of that interview upon her mistress. The lady did not stir or betray a consciousness of her approach. The faithful creature hurried toward her, terrified by the expression of those rigid features.

"Mistress!" she whispered, "mistress!"

Mrs. Lincoln did not move—those strained eyes never wandered, and no shade of softness came over the blank countenance.

"Mistress," she repeated aloud, in a frightened voice. "Speak to me, my own darling—tell me what it is!"

Still there was no answer, and the woman caught her arm in terrible fear.

"Do speak to me—it's Janet, your Janet, who loves you like her own child! Don't look so—don't try to bear it—only cry, do cry! I love you—you are not all alone—I love you."

"You love me, you love me!" she shrieked, and the frightful tension of her nerves so near to madness gave way. She fell into the arms of her attendant with a burst of hysterical grief, the first time she had wept during all those fearful days. Janet Brown drew her close, and laid the weary head against her own true heart,

sobbing aloud also in mingled sorrow and thankfulness.

"Don't try to stop—it'll go in your tears, you will come to yourself—cry, do cry!"

Before that passionate outburst was quieted, Janet had led her into the bed room and laid her softly on the bed, bringing every remedy that suggested itself to her quick thoughts. The wretched woman could speak at last, but the words came in broken sobs which seem to rend her very heart.

"She is gone—Janet, she is gone—I can never see her again—never! They have taken her—everything—name—child—oh, Janet, Janet!"

"Only wait, only be patient!" pleaded Janet.

"Patient, patient! I have nothing left—nothing to look forward to—why should I be patient?"

There was a fever beating in her pulses which Janet could not quiet; but she knew that illness, perhaps death would ensue, if she did not obtain some rest, for the poor lady had passed whole days and nights without repose. Janet found some laudanum among her little stores, and gave her a few drops to swallow, she darkened the room and sat down by the bedside, till the violence of the paroxysm should be past. At length Mrs. Lincoln grew more calm, her broken murmurings ceased, and she sank into a deep slumber, which was almost like death.

All that evening the faithful creature watched beside her suffering mistress, weeping softly sometimes as she regarded the pale face and thought of all the suffering in store. Late in the night, Mrs. Lincoln woke parched with thirst, but after drinking the cooling draught which Janet presented, sank again to sleep.

It was late in the morning before she again opened her eyes, very weak, but with the fever which had consumed her for days entirely gone.

"You are better," Janet said, bending over her, "you are better, thank God!"

"Have I slept so long—is it afternoon, or is the night over?"

"You have slept it through, and when you get dressed and have a cup of coffee you will be quite yourself again."

"My head feels so confused, Janet! Wasn't some one here?—did I not have news?"

"Yes, dear, Mr. Morris—"

"Oh, I remember now! I hoped it were all a dream."

"Don't think about it just yet, mistress, you will be stronger by and by."

"I must think—what I have to do must be done at once! Janet, I must know where my sister is—you must find her out."

"Don't, dear, it will only make all worse—wait a little."

"No, no, I must find her at once! I will not speak to her—they shall never know that I have seen her, but I must look at her face once more."

"But where can I go?"

"Oh, I don't know, I don't know! Nobody will help me—nobody!"

"Stop," said Janet, "there's James that lived with Mr. Lincoln."

"Yes, he spoke kindly to me that day—I remember him."

"I'll go to his wife and find where he is."

"I will go too, Janet, let us start."

"I had best go alone, I won't be long."

"I must go with you! Call a carriage, Janet!"

She rose, and tried to walk, but her limbs sank under her, and she would have fallen to the floor if Janet had not caught her in her arms.

"You see, mistress! Now just drink this coffee, and lie still, I'll be back in no time."

There was nothing else to be done, and Mrs. Lincoln obeyed passively. Janet was ready in a few moments to depart, promising good tidings on her return.

"Only lie quiet, that's my good bairn," she said, and with a murmured prayer hurried away in search of something which might bring comfort to her loved mistress.

Mrs. Lincoln lay there during her absence, taking no notice of the flight of time—only waiting, waiting—yet conscious that there was no hope.

Janet returned at last—she heard her step without, and rose up in bed as she entered, looking the question she had no power to speak.

"I found James himself, mistress, he's here."

"Here! Let me see him. Have you learned anything?"

"Nothing that is like a hope," sighed Janet.

"I must see the man; help me up."

The woman assisted her to rise, and led her out into the chamber where the man was waiting. He started at the sight of her changed face—that face he had seen melancholy and proud, but never with a pallor of anguish like that.

"What can you tell me?" she exclaimed.

"Do you know where my sister is?"

The man hesitated to speak, awed and moved by that voice.

"Tell me the worst—I can bear it. Who has taken her?"

"I don't know, ma'am, I couldn't hear."

"But where has she gone?"

"To Europe," returned the man, slowly, for

the separation seemed to him almost like that of eternity.

"Europe!" she exclaimed, with renewed energy; "Europe! But with whom—can't you tell?"

"Not at all, only know the housekeeper said she was going immediately."

"And that is all you know? I thank you, James—you are a good man! Leave me! You have given me some hope—I can bear it now."

The man went wonderingly away, and when he had left the room Mrs. Lincoln sat for a moment in silent thought. Suddenly she turned toward Janet—

"Will you go with me to Europe?" she asked.

"To Europe, mistress!"

"Yes, if she is gone there I will have nothing to keep me here, at least I may find her and be near her."

"But it isn't certain——"

"Yes, she has gone, I am sure of it! I must follow, Janet, I should go mad to think the ocean was between us."

"But it costs a deal, mistress, and you are gentle bred!"

"Oh, I have money, Janet! not the dower—I could never touch that—but money which belongs to me, which did not come from him."

That little treasure—it seemed so small once. She had reserved it for the child, with the thought that something might one day occur which would render it useful—how she thanked Heaven for the impulse which had caused her to do it!

"Will you go to Europe with me, Janet?"

"I'll go to the world's end—I've no cause to stay here—I've nothing left—nothing but you—yes, I'll go, mistress, I'll go!"

"Yes, we will go and search together for the lost one. Let us start at once, Janet."

"But the things—the preparations?"

"Never mind—get me a newspaper, somewhere."

Janet went down stairs to borrow one of the man, and Mrs. Lincoln began pacing the room, forgetful of her weakness, in the tenacity with which she clung to that new found hope. She caught the paper eagerly from Janet's hand when she entered, and turned to the column of advertisements.

"It sails in two days—the packet—we will go then, Janet!"

The woman did not offer any opposition, but listened to the details which Mrs. Lincoln hurriedly gave.

"We must hasten, Janet, there is no time to lose! I can go out now, I am strong. The

money—the passage—everything must be made ready."

"If you've a hope now, mistress, you'll not despair again! Cling to the bright thought—don't give way, it'll give you strength to bear up any way."

"Hope! what have I to do with hope—nameless—forsaken? At least I shall be near the child—oh, they cannot prevent that! Hasten, Janet, hasten—we are going to Europe!"

She had at least found an aim, and to a nature like that woman's, it is only its lack which can produce utter prostration of the mind. She put off her despair—she flung back the crushing memories of the past days—she dwelt only on that vague idea—at least she should be near the beloved one—they could not deprive her of that blessing!

Walter Seaford stood on the wharf, near the departing steamer. A carriage stopped and a lady descended, followed by an attendant—it was the face which had haunted him for days.

He stood immovable—saw her ascend the side of the vessel—stood there while the bells rung and the confusion of parting increased.

All was ready—the wheels began to move, and the steamer rounded out into the stream.

Seaford was watching always that form standing on deck, not looking back on the land she was leaving, but afar over the waves, as if some great desire lay beyond and she were going forward to meet it.

For the moment, he would have given half his life had she but once glanced toward him—given him a sign of recognition. None came, the vessel bore her swiftly away, and was soon only a speck in the distance.

"Europe!" he exclaimed, rousing himself from his trance, "she has gone to Europe! For me this same weary life—will there never come a change—never? She did not see me—would not know me!"

He broke off abruptly, and walked slowly back through the crowded streets to the solitude of his chamber. Never in his life had he felt so restless—so utterly alone; yet unable even to himself to render account of the emotions which agitated him. A wild craving for change arose in his heart, but a long probation lay between him and the excitement of the wider existence for which he so pined.

But amid all his painful reflections, his anxious aspirations for the unknown which lay beyond, that face rose before his sight, and he could not realize that they had met and parted so hastily.

"It's almost out of sight, mistress," said Janet Brown, looking back to the receding shore, "the

city looks no bigger than a cluster of birds' nests."

"I hope so—oh, I hope so, Janet! Tell me when the last glimpse has disappeared—I will not look back, no bad omen shall follow me to the unknown land I am seeking—but tell me when it is gone, I shall breathe easier then."

There was silence again for a time, Janet was looking back upon the dimly perceptible streak in the distance, but Mrs. Lincoln gazed still over the broad ocean into which they had swept.

"It's gone, mistress, quite gone!"

"We are safe, then. Hark, the wind is beginning to blow—we shall have a storm—oh, Janet, does my very presence bring evil to all who approach me?"

"It'll not be a storm, see how bright the sun shines."

Mrs. Lincoln made no answer, leaning forward upon the railing of the vessel and looking over the blue waves. So she drifted out into that broad ocean as she had drifted forth upon the sea of life, and in all the wide world, as on that narrow ship, there was none to watch or care for her save that faithful attendant by her side.

CHAPTER VI.

THE golden glory of a spring sunset brightened over the old house where this story opened. Six years had passed, leaving no trace of all that had been in those great halls, no shadow from grief or death to cast a gloom around.

Upon the vine-shadowed colonnade in front of the dwelling stood the youthful heiress of that vast estate. Six years had borne May on toward girlhood, but her face still retained the spiritual beauty for which she had been so remarkable in her childish years. Her hair fell over her shoulders in a shower of bright ringlets, where the glory of the sunlight seemed reflected, and her deep violet eyes had a shy, innocent look, like those of a young fawn just startled from its covert. She was leaning over the railing, one hand clinging to one of the marble pillars which supported the verandah, the other reaching down to pluck some of the early summer roses that clambered in wild profusion to the very roof. There was something so unstudied and natural in her position, every movement was so full of grace, that the most indifferent eye could but have remarked and been charmed by it.

"Did you ever see such beautiful roses?" she said, turning toward a lady who stood regarding her a little way off, "look, Mrs. Davenant—such a lovely color."

"They are earlier than they were last year,

are they not?" said Mrs. Davenant, taking the flowers which she offered.

"Oh, this is such a nice spring, everything is growing so fast—who knows," she added, laughing in her pretty, quiet way, "but I may be coaxed into growing myself."

She was such a little fairy of a thing, and had such a charming, womanly way with it all, that it lent an indescribable charm to every look and word. May had been unlike most children all her life. Some vague remembrance of early sorrow lay like a shadow about her, and the solitude in which the latter years of her childhood had been spent, without playmates of her own age to teach her the unrestrained gayety which is one of the usual characteristics of that season of life, had naturally given her a quaint, sedate manner, which at times lightened into bursts of glee and merriment, that made the old house ring as if a whole nest of summer birds had flown through it.

After the death of her adopted father, and the days of excitement and grief which succeeded, May had been very ill; for weeks and weeks they watched over the couch where she lay consumed by fever, neither recognizing or addressing any one about her, but with an incoherent cry upon her lips for the sister, from whom she had been so mysteriously separated, and the kind parent who had loved her with an entire fondness seldom bestowed by a real father upon his child.

When life and consciousness came back, and she began slowly to recover from that terrible fever-dream and after oblivion, the events which had previously transpired seemed only like a strange vision. She comprehended that Mr. Lincoln was dead, and when she again asked for her sister, they told her that she was not cold and buried like her dear father, but as much lost to her as if the grave indeed separated them. With the singular instinct which children possess, she questioned no more, unable to understand what those mysterious words might be intended to convey, but confident that she only brought pain to those around her by the mention of her sister's name, and therefore forbearing to allude to it.

Mr. Jeffrys had brought her back to that old house where her early years had been spent, and there she dwelt in its beautiful seclusion, tenderly guarded, and fondly loved by those in whose care she had been placed. She had a warm, affectionate heart, which clung to all who evinced any signs of attachment for her, and so she glided on through her childhood shielded from care or pain, every wish gratified, and every desire granted, till her life seemed bright and joyous as that of some beautiful princess

in the fairy tales which were her chief delight during those years.

Mr. Jeffrys came at regular intervals to visit her, often during the summer season making his residence there for whole weeks together, and May perhaps loved him more unrestrainedly than any living creature had done for years. The winning manner which he could assume at will, was always exhibited to the little girl, and from the first his influence over her was unbounded. Taught by her governess to revere and esteem him beyond any other human being, he had been elevated in her mind to a position from which it would have been difficult to displace his image. If less childish now, May was not less constant in her attachment for Mr. Jeffrys. The days upon which he was to visit the house were festival days to May, in comparison with which all others sank into insignificance; days on which she brought out her fairy beauty and her brightest flowers in their most exuberant bloom. His room could be arranged by no other hands than her own, decorated and filled with blossoms until it looked like some Catholic shrine which blind devotees had adorned in honor of the saint within, and whose marble image was not much colder or more impassive than the worldly guardian. But to May he changed in his whole manner—whether even the ice about his heart thawed beneath her smile, or because he desired to strengthen by every possible means his influence over her, it would have been impossible to tell, but certainly in her presence he evinced more softness and sympathizing kindness than one would have believed to belong to his nature.

"These red roses," May was saying to her governess, "are the flowers that my guardian likes best"—she always pronounced the words "my guardian" with a sort of emphatic, absolute sense of her own right to claim him entirely. "Perhaps he will come in a day or two to see me."

"If not, you can easily send the roses to him, May," replied Mrs. Davenant, "he will be pleased with that."

"Yes, he likes me to remember him, he says so—dear guardian, as if I ever forgot him for a moment! Do you think he will be here soon, Mrs. Davenant?"

"This week, probably, you may hear from him to-morrow."

"Hark! I hear horses—can that be Mr. Jeffrys?"

"I don't hear carriage wheels," Mrs. Davenant said, listening an instant, "and he never comes on horseback."

"Who can it be?" said May, shading her eyes

with her hand, and looking down the avenue. "Why, it's Robert Morris, I do believe," she continued, as the rider appeared through the trees. "Yes, it is, Mrs. Davenant, it is Robert Morris!"

The boy caught sight of her eager face and waved his cap in a gay salute. May drew back a little ashamed of her own eagerness, but there was a glow of girlish happiness in her cheeks and eyes which would not be restrained.

"You see I am come," exclaimed the boy, riding up to the steps, and springing off his horse. "Take care of him, James," he said to the servant who approached, "I rode very fast."

He hurried up the steps and grasped May's hands, and gave Mrs. Davenant a respectful greeting.

"Are you glad to see me, May?" he asked.

"Very glad, Robert, I am always glad," she replied, with her truthful simplicity. "I did not expect you, though."

"Of course you didn't, I always come when I am not expected—I do everything in that way—I like surprises."

"And you are very certain of giving us a pleasant one when you come, Robert," Mrs. Davenant said.

"Thank you, ma'am, I am glad you like me to come, for I am never quite happy anywhere else."

"Did you see my guardian?" May asked.

"No, I called at his house, but he was not in. I have only been home a few days."

"We thought you were still South," said Mrs. Davenant; "we had not heard from you."

"Oh, I wanted to astonish you! Why, May, you are growing tall, I do declare, and your hair is longer than ever."

"You have grown black," she said, laughing, "I should think you had been in Guinea instead of South Carolina."

"Who wants to look like a girl? I'm sure I don't—I like to be dark, it looks healthy."

"Oh, you like to look like a man—I know your failings, Robert."

"Do you? See, Mrs. Davenant, she is beginning to persecute me already—how dreadfully ungrateful you are, May!"

"Don't be angry this time and you shall have some tea—are you hungry, Robert?"

"I am so glad to see you that I don't know, but perhaps I am a little."

"We'll have it out in the arbor—mayn't we, Mrs. Davenant—it's so nice and quiet?"

"Just as we used to do when we were children," said Robert; "don't you remember?"

May laughed and went into the house. Robert

seated himself by Mrs. Davenant's side, who smiled kindly down at him, for he, in spite of his boyish spirits, was a great favorite with the quiet, placid lady.

"Did you enjoy your journey, Robert?" she asked.

"Oh, immensely, ma'am, but the coming back is the best part of it. May looks more like a fairy than ever, don't she?"

"I never saw a fairy, Robert, so I can't say—she is so good that she always seems lovely to me."

"And to everybody—May is too good—that is her only fault."

"Hardly that; even May is not quite perfection."

"Then nobody is," returned he, warmly; "that's all I know."

He had such a frank, generous face, and it lighted up so pleasantly when he spoke, that Mrs. Davenant felt her heart yearn toward him—poor, motherless youth, so very boyish, although he was fast growing into a young man. But he had one of those fortunate natures which are really fitted for this hard world—good, sterling sense—shrewd, clever talent, which would make him a prominent man—not a particle of genius, and none of the over sensitiveness which goes with it—but a kind heart overflowing with generous impulses, which was better than all. Full of faults, but of a kind which only endeared him to those around, and with an energy and force of character which would in good time develop his faculties into strong and healthful vigor. There was nothing unnatural or precocious about him—a good student, but liking frolic better than his books. There was only one feeling which had gone beyond his years—that was his love for May—and he did love her without even acknowledging it to himself—it seemed so natural that he hardly thought about it—only knowing that he was never quite content except in her company and when listening to her voice.

He was a singular contrast to the youth described in an earlier portion of these pages—night and morning could not have been more unlike. The one was a boy, finding his happiness in the pursuits and pleasures of his age—the other had no childhood, and no spring of life—tortured by wild dreams and mad hopes, of whose brightness his poetic intuition taught him the falsity. Oh, they were a contrast, but Robert Morris, though not a genius, would make by no means an ordinary or a common-place man, and the coarser mould in which his nature had been cast, was much better adapted to this earthly sphere in which we dwell, hemmed in

and fettered by bonds which many never feel, than the delicate organization of Walter Seaford.

"Tea is ready," said May, returning to the verandah; "come out into the arbor—you shall both be my guests! Here is your shawl, Mrs. Davenant, I thought you might need it."

"You are always thoughtful," said Mrs. Davenant, smoothing down her fair ringlets; "you may not be a fairy, but you are a dear, good girl, and that's a better thing!"

"Who said I was a fairy?" she asked.

"That romantic young gentleman yonder."

"Oh, Robert, you might as well have called me a dwarf!"

"I romantic!" exclaimed Robert, too indignant at the charge brought against him to heed her remark. "Why, Mrs. Davenant, there is no more romance in me than in a stone—is there, May?"

"I shall not defend you, be certain of that—you called me a dwarf!"

"What a horrible no such a thing! Did you do that too, Mrs. Davenant?"

"Miss May's brilliant imagination originated the idea," replied Mrs. Davenant, laughing more gayly than she often did—those two bright young creatures were so blithe and happy, that the sight of their buoyancy would have reflected a gleam of sunlight upon the most care-burthened heart.

"Come down to the arbor," said May, "or you will have cold tea—the dwarf forgives you, Robert."

"Oh, May, I said you were a fairy."

"You might as well have said I was a witch at once—you shan't have but one lump of sugar in your tea, Mr. Morris, by way of punishment, and you couldn't have a worse, I know—I haven't forgotten how you always used to put your fingers in the bowl and steal second lumps of sugar, sir."

So merrily laughing, they went down the winding paths of the garden toward the summer-house, while Mrs. Davenant lingered a little behind, serenely smiling in the sunshine of their unclouded happiness.

"Now, Robert, you shall sit by me on the green root sofa, Mrs. Davenant shall have the rustic chair, and we will be so very comfortable—if my guardian were here—"

"Now, that's not polite," broke in Robert, "do for once be content with seeing me."

"Well, so I am; there—take your tea, I have put in the extra lump of sugar to show that we are reconciled."

They jested and made merry as the happy of their age should do, and Mrs. Davenant looked

on with smiling satisfaction, no restraint to their mirth or enjoyment.

"Oh, I had quite forgotten!" exclaimed Robert, suddenly. "Wait a moment, May!"

He drew out of his loose sack a small package, and untying it held up a couple of neatly bound volumes.

"New books!" said May; "I wanted something to read."

"Yes, but listen—'Poems, by Walter Seaford!'"

"Give me the book—do! Another volume of poems! isn't it astonishing, Mrs. Davenant?"

"They were published in England," said Robert, "but a friend sent me an early copy. They beat his other books all hollow—oh, he's very famous now—he's written a play that had great success—only fancy it."

"Just to think I never saw him, and he so intimate with my guardian," said May; "but he hurried off to Europe while I was away."

"Well, we've got his poetry at all events," returned Robert, "it's better than he—such an odd fellow as he was."

Then they opened the book and began to read. May's cheek glowing with enthusiasm, and Robert himself looking excited and moved.

"But it is so sad," May said, almost below her breath; "oh! how unhappy he must be."

"But a despondent, reckless misery unworthy of a man," said Mrs. Davenant; "he must have suffered though, poor fellow."

"If you want gloom, hear this," said Robert.

"Have I no place in life? Oh, God of light,
I struggle on this dim, chaotic shore—
Send down one gleam amid this fearful night,
And give a trust in man or Heaven once more.

Repel this fatal gloom where madness lies,
And leaves me shrinking 'neath its fevered breath!
Is there no spell in watching angels' eyes
To still the horror of this living death?

In vain! No hope amid this earthly tomb—
No answer to the anguish of our prayers—
No power to pierce the Future's hidden gloom,
And know if chaos dwell beyond the stars!

Peace, troubled soul—oh! suffer and be still—
Mark in the fading form how fast youth flees!—
Look on that nearing grave so lone and chill—
The woe is past—thou dost but drain its lees!"

"Oh! don't read any more," exclaimed May. "I can't bear it, it's so sad! I must ask my guardian what troubles him—I did once, and he said his digestion was bad, that he would eat all sorts of trash, and out of that came the poetry—fancy what a speech!"

"There may be more truth in it than you imagine," returned Robert, while he and Mrs. Davenant laughed heartily at her look of profound horror. "Don't you think poets have to eat?"

"Oh, I don't know! but I am very sure Mr. Seaford is unhappy."

"Mr. Jeffrys says a bilious man always is," said Mrs. Davenant; and then the two children—for they were little else—laughed again—not that they were unsympathizing or slow to feel—but from very light-heartedness.

They read on again till May was weeping from a vague sadness, and Robert closed the book indignant with any man who could bring tears into her eyes, even by his poetry.

"Here is another book, May—a novel, that is dividing popular favor in England with Seaford's poems. 'Resignation,' by Catharine Graham."

"What a singular name!—but as sad as possible."

He opened the book and read on until the gathering twilight rendered it impossible to distinguish the words. Then they entered the house, and continued the perusal of that book, which filled May's whole soul with the interest fiction possesses for the young. They read aloud by turns, and Mrs. Davenant sat listening—so the evening swept on into night, and the full moon glided slowly up into the heavens, as their young hearts were gliding toward the zenith of the invisible life to come.

CHAPTER VII.

PACING up and down his solitary room, restless and impatient—the old fever burning in his eyes and lighting up the weary face, was Walter Seaford!

Three years before, he had left America, had wandered far, won fame and distinction, but the nameless desire which desolated his boyhood was still unquieted. The dreams of the past had given place to the reality of life, but he found nothing new, nothing which he had not before understood by those mysterious intuitions which are the blessing or the curse of natures like his. The fresh laurels with which they crowned his brow only cast another shadow over his heart. Praise never once dazzled him into forgetfulness of the wearing pain within—and Walter Seaford, famous and the idol of the day, was as utterly alone as the dreaming boy of six years before.

Of all these things was he meditating as he paced his lonely chamber. The moonlight lay without hazy and beautiful, the soft spring wind blew in at the casement, and the hum of a great city was borne faintly up with a musical murmur like the flow of far off waters. The solitude at last became intolerable—he wanted to hear voices—gay music—and hastily changing his

dress, he went out into the thronged streets of that brilliant Parisian world.

"Seaford, is it possible? Why, my dear boy, I thought you had become a regular case of mysterious disappearance—I have looked for you everywhere except in the newspapers and *la morgue*—those I intended to search in the morning! Delighted to find you alive, gloomy-browed as ever, and entranced by this everlasting Favorita."

Walter was standing in one of the stalls of the Italian Opera, where he had strayed for want of amusement, and turned with quick gaiety to answer his friend. In a moment his thoughts had fled—the prima donna burst into a flood of song, giving him an excuse for silence, but the melody was equally unheeded. A thrill passed like a magnetic shock through his frame, and by its revelation he knew that some event of importance was at hand; for foolish as it may sound, there are natures so susceptible to those mysterious influences which find a source in some unknown law of our being, that they are thus affected by the approach of those who are to exercise a control over their destiny, whether for good or ill.

Seaford glanced across the house—his eyes rested upon a box nearly opposite—he beheld the face which he had twice seen, years before, but which had haunted him like a prophetic vision. Often had it risen in fancy before him, sometimes as palpable as now, and for an instant he could have believed that it was only the work of his excited imagination.

"Do you see that woman in white yonder?" whispered his friend.

Seaford was breathless beneath the startled bound which his heart gave. "There, in that box—you must know her—you remember my powers of magnetism—I tell you that she is akin to you! One of your countrywomen—you have read her books—the first was published anonymously—Ingola."

It was the romance Walter had so loved, with which he had always connected that woman's memory!

"Who is she?" he asked, in a tone which sounded indifferent and cold.

"Mrs. Graham—Catharine too—isn't she like one of Shakespeare's heroines stepped into the real world? She interests me strangely, as she does every one who comes near her. Such eyes! one might think she were constantly awaiting some one who never came, the sound of a voice which would never reach her ear."

"True, true, for it never comes," muttered Walter, "never!"

"Let me present you, I know her very well—now, that's a lie, for she is ice to everybody! At all events we exchange bows and polite, frozen speeches—I want you to know her."

"Another time," said Seaford, hastily; "not now."

"But she so seldom goes out, you may not have another opportunity for weeks. I wonder I never mentioned her to you, I knew there was some one with whom you ought to be acquainted—it was that woman—come."

"Let me alone, do!" exclaimed Walter. "Go away, Duval, or we shall quarrel."

Duval looked at him—he understood Seaford's nature better than any other human being had ever done, and the strange far-sightedness of his magnetic powers gave him the ability to sympathize with and forgive that impetuous manner. He turned away in silence, perplexed, yet certain that some revolution was going on within the breast of his companion, and prepared to wait until the first violence of the shock should have passed, before he renewed his study of that peculiar character, which had for a long time so deeply interested him.

Seaford turned again toward the box where he had been gazing. There it was still, that face, in its spiritual quiet, beyond any mere beauty that he had ever beheld. Her eyes were fixed upon the stage, but Seaford remarked the expression of which Duval had spoken. She did look like one who had awaited for years the coming of footsteps and the sound of a voice—awaited them in passive wretchedness, with no power to arouse herself from the engrossing desire.

How Seaford's heart went back to that lonely evening ride of the long ago, when the sight of that face first sent a glow to his heart like the transitory breaking of sunlight over dark waters. Every painful memory of his past life welled up on the troubled tide—every unquiet aspiration, every restless dream—then he looked again upon that broad forehead, where the bands of hair lay like waving light, and the tumult in his breast was stilled as if by magic power.

Duval turned toward him at the conclusion of the aria, and wondered at the change in his face.

"What has come over you?—you look——"

"How do I look?"

"I can't describe—I am no poet, only a painter! You look as if you had found a new hope."

"Ay, a new hope," murmured Walter, and the whisper thrilled like music across his heart, "a new hope."

"I say, Walter, what has happened?—tell me,

what is it? Are you only dreaming?—a poetic fancy perhaps.”

“Perhaps,” faltered Walter, and the light faded from his eyes, the glow from his cheek—there had come the thought—if it should prove only a dream, a delusion like the rest,

“There, it is gone now!” exclaimed Duval.

“Gone, gone!” repeated Seaford, turning his gaze upon the silent occupant of the opposite box.

“You must be mad,” said Duval; “do sit still, anybody would think I was speaking of some person in the house.”

“You did say gone—gone!”

“Of course I did. I mean your face—the bright happiness—the new found hope.”

“Is it gone, Duval?”

“Quite gone—call it back again. Ah, now I see it—where are you looking, Walter, what is it?—whom have you seen?”

“Nothing—no one! My face isn’t a book open for every one to read who chooses. Mind your manners.”

“I shan’t—I choose to look! Open to read—I should say not! Egyptian hieroglyphics would be plain print in comparison with the mysterious revelations in your face. You trust no one—you suffer and will not speak—even to me, and yet I think you like me better than any one else.”

“You are a good fellow, Duval—I do like you, but we won’t be sentimental here, if you please—I hate scenes.”

“Ah, now I know you like me, because you say *tu* instead of that cold *vous*—English freezes me—one must talk to all alike in your language.”

He looked again toward the box upon which Walter’s gaze had been riveted.

“See, see,” he said, “there she is still! You must know that woman, she is like you, she might be your sister, the same inexplicable expression and manner!”

“Hold your tongue, Duval!”

“Come with me, I am determined to present you, and having made up my mind will take no refusal. See, she is looking this way—she raises her glass—one would think she recognized you.”

“More likely she recognizes you; didn’t you say you were acquainted with her?”

“No, no, it was you she looked at—I know it was you.”

Strange, but even in that moment Seaford hesitated! The interview of which he had so long dreamed was at hand, yet he trembled—some premonition from the future seemed to moan in his ear. He felt that the whole course of his life was to know a change—that all coming time would be colored by the events which should grow out of that meeting.

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He stood irresolute upon the threshold of that new existence, which spread away into the very depths of his life—trembling, but not so much for himself as her—he feared that his own wayward destiny might cast its shadows upon all whom he approached, and to have brought happiness to that woman he would have turned aside from her path forever, even though he trampled his own heart down in the struggle.

“Come,” said Duval.

The voice of his friend, sounding low and indistinct upon his troubled sense, like tones heard from afar; “The curtain will rise soon, and then it will be too late—*allons, mon ami, je vois une lumiere de ton ame dans ses yeux, allons.*”

“*Allons!*” he repeated, with reckless passion. “When I die, Duval, write my epitaph—not unworthy, but mad.”

The warning was gone—the chill at his heart lost in the new glow of happiness which pervaded his whole being with its glad excess.

CHAPTER VIII.

“Don’t touch that everlasting pen to-day, mistress, I am sick of the sight of it.”

“You ought not to abuse it, Janet, we are growing quite rich through its assistance.”

“And you are wearing yourself out, mistress; surely we’ve got money enough now to live here quiet and nice, since you’ve given over flitting about.”

“Ah, Janet, I have nothing now to induce me to wander farther—you know well, that never in this world shall I find that which I sought so long.”

“I didn’t mean to make you think of that, mistress—don’t get sad, oh, don’t!”

“Do not fear, Janet, the thought that my sister is dead brings me no pain; it was only the knowledge that she was living, and that I could never see her, which maddened me; now I know that one day we shall meet where no human power can part us.”

“Ah, you are an angel, mistress, darling! Now let me lay these papers all away, and don’t touch them again this morning. See, here is a book—the verses you like to read so much—take this while I go out.”

Catharine suffered the kind old woman to remove the sheets of manuscript, and when she was alone sat idly holding the volume the attendant had placed in her hand, but making no effort to read. Something of the old unrest had gone out of that face, there was a patient, melancholy sadness in the lineaments, but the fever and passion of grief had faded, leaving neither

gayety nor happiness, but an unmurmuring submission beautiful to look upon.

Her sister, the little child so watched and cared for, so eagerly sought and wildly mourned, was dead—these were the tidings that came after two or three years spent in fruitless search. After that she sank down wholly, prostrated by a terrible illness, which was the result of toil and wearisome journeyings to and fro, whenever there seemed the slightest possibility of obtaining information concerning the dear one. For weeks the angel of death hovered about her couch, and faithful Janet Brown watched upon the other side; human love and tenderness were for once rewarded, and Catharine recovered.

She had labored faithfully, and only as those who tax body and soul, devoting all her earnings to that search for her lost sister. Several works had been given to the world, attracting much attention from their singularity and the genius displayed in their pages, and the popular favor thus gained had furnished her with sufficient means to live at least with comfort and elegance.

But the child was dead—she had nothing to struggle or hope for more! At length, another and not less important aim presented itself—that doubt which rested upon her past—upon the name which she had cast aside, choosing to work one out for herself—could she live to clear it—could the mysterious plot but be unraveled and laid bare! For this she now toiled and bore on; not so much for her own sake, as to leave no stain upon the memory of her dead husband in the minds of those to whom the misery of that time had been revealed.

Was there still another reason now—had life suddenly caught a gush of sunlight which never brightened it before?

A month had passed since her meeting with that passionate-souled poet, whose lays had so long thrilled her heart with their fervid eloquence—a month in which had been concentrated a whole life of rest and happiness to the fiery heart of that youth who had so long sought in vain the likeness of that ideal form which reigned supreme within his bosom.

Was it of these weeks that she dreamed, sitting there in her silence, with those earnest eyes seeming to look far beyond the present scene, to catch a glow from the tranquil beauty whereon she gazed?

There was a low knock at the door, and unannounced, Walter Seaford entered the chamber. That month had changed him greatly; the worn, tired look about the eyes was gone—the proud, impatient curving of the mouth had softened into a smile, which changed the whole expres-

sion of his face into one of even child-like sweetness.

“I did not think to find you at home,” he said, in a voice whose softness a casual acquaintance would hardly have recognized, “so I came in to wait for you—even to wait here is a great pleasure to me.”

Catharine smiled dreamily, and a faint shade of color stole into her cheeks.

“I have been in doors all morning,” she said, in her clear, distinct tones; “I meant to have written, but Janet positively forbade that, so I have been reading I believe—”

“Dreaming, you mean?”

“How do you know that?”

“By your eyes. I can see the bewildering fancies playing there still.”

“And you—what have you been doing since last evening?”

“Wondering if last month were all a dream, and if I must at length wake again to the suffering which went before.”

“Never, I hope,” she said, gently; “never again.”

“No, at least I shall have the memory of these weeks to look back upon, even fate cannot deprive me of that.”

“Fate is often kinder than man, I am not afraid of her—it is only the agency of human beings that I dread.”

“Those I defy!”

“Because you have never been placed in a position where one man could take your whole future destiny into his hands and fling it out wheresoever he willed, and you powerless to struggle against the misery forced upon you, unable even to point the source from whence it came.”

“I cannot understand that—it is one of those mysterious allusions which you make at times but never explain—I will not have you sadden yourself on me this morning! I wonder if you know how much happiness you have given me during these weeks!”

“Have I indeed? You make me very happy when you tell me that I yet possess the power of giving pleasure to any living soul, Mr. Seaford.”

“You promised not to call me by that cold, formal name—say Walter!”

He sat down on a low ottoman at her feet, with that winning childishness of manner which he could assume at will, but which had nothing unmanly in it.

“Walter,” she murmured; “it is a pleasant name, I do not wonder you like to hear it.”

“It sounds very sweet to me when you repeat it,” he replied, not in the tone of one paying a

compliment, but raising his eyes to her face full of beautiful revelations, to which no language could have given expression.

"What a feeling of quiet and peace there is in a spring morning like this!" she said, glancing out of the window where the sunlight lay golden and warm.

"I never felt it before these last weeks," Seaford replied; "spring has always been peculiarly sad to me—I was more restless and impatient than during any other season."

"But now?" Catharine said, as if she understood that which he would have added, and was pleased with it, "but now?"

"Ah, now, all is so different! As I sit here at your feet, the very sunlight seems to warm my heart as it never did before; but my sunshine is within this chamber."

That peculiar light which in moments of enthusiasm illuminated her countenance, flooded it with its soft glow as he spoke—no one could have called her plain in that moment, and to one that saw and understood the purity of soul which shone broad and lambent in her clear eyes, she was more than beautiful.

"You are Shakspeare's Catharine," he said, smiling up at her till the sweetness of her face seemed reflected in his own; "you seem to stand so wholly apart from the world that I never think of you as breathing and moving by the same petty laws which shackle the rest of us poor mortals here."

She shook her head, but not sadly, there was a spell in that quiet scene which kept her heart from going back to the harrowing memories that had made her wretchedness during all those years.

"You were to read to me this morning," she said; "have you forgotten your promise?"

"Do I ever forget? It is only a fragment from my new tragedy—I want your advice and assistance."

"I who have never written a line of poetry—the idea of my advising you!"

"You have never written a page which was not teeming with it! I don't consider that language must be divided into a certain number of feet and lines in order to be poetry."

"I am glad you think so—I was afraid it was only another of my heresies which gave me the belief. But come, I must not be cheated out of my reading. Take this easy-chair—poets should have lofty seats."

"It becomes a throne since you have sat in it," he replied, sinking into the chair from which she had risen. Catharine sat down on the ottoman by his side, and making a pretty gesture as

if imposing silence upon herself, motioned him to proceed.

So he sat and read to her those burning poesies, while her face was as a glass in which he saw mirrored every varying emotion called up by his tones. All that pleasant afternoon he read from those newly written pages, which had taken a more lofty flight than anything that had gone before; pausing at times to look down into the beautiful eyes from whence his soul had drank the inspiration which prompted that poem, and listening to the broken words of appreciation which were often murmured amid her tears—tears that had no bitterness or grief in them, but which found their source in the enthusiasm and tenderness awakened by his lines.

He ceased at length and closed the volume, waiting for a moment in a silence which Catharine did not strive to break.

"Shall I complete the tragedy?" he asked, at length; "is it equal to my last one?"

"You feel, you know that it is immeasurably superior—you could not leave it unfinished if you would."

"It is superior," he replied, "because I have caught my inspiration from a higher source—I thought of you as I wrote, and in the intervals of my labor I have sat down in the sunshine of your presence until my whole soul was kindled with it."

She was silent again, but the moss-roses blooming on her table wore no richer bloom than that upon her cheek.

"You feel this, Catharine, you know what you have become to me—you know how I have sought you for years, how my soul pined for the meeting which fate had so long denied. I felt as if I had not yet begun to live, as if the suffering and unrest of all those years were only a wild dream, from which I should awaken when any voice could reach my heart that would have power to break the spell—"

"I know that feeling," she murmured, "I know it well!"

"Always when I awaited that voice I seemed to hear the utterance of your tones, that ideal shape that haunted me took the likeness of those features seen only for a moment, but which stamped themselves indelibly upon my heart."

He paused for a moment, but the power upon his soul would not allow him to remain silent—he must give release to the pent-up feelings which swelled like sunlit waves within his bosom.

"That past seems—I can hardly realize that it was I who thus suffered and struggled! Tell me that I shall never be condemned to return to

it—promise me that you will keep me from that terrible agony which was like madness.”

“If I have any power to bring you peace it shall never come upon you again,” she replied, in a low, steady voice, which was like an inward prayer; “never again.”

“Bless you for those words, Catharine! During these weeks I have lived so wholly in their happiness, I have scarcely ~~old~~ ^{lost} you of my past.”

“The past,” she answered, and her clasped hands began to tremble, “the past!”

“But you know how I have suffered, and you will not condemn me! Speak to me, Catharine, assure me that this is indeed the real life—tell me that you love me.”

“Your words have wakened me,” she said, in a changed tone, and the light went out of her face, leaving it pale and cold; “why did you break the spell with that terrible word? I too have had a past—a past of which you know nothing, but I can be silent no longer.”

“Tell me only that you love me—”

“Hush, Walter—that past, that past!—will that gulf separate us?—will—”

“There is no gulf so deep,” he interrupted, “that my great love cannot bridge it over—no cloud so dark that the sunshine beyond will not disperse it.”

He rose from his seat and would have taken her to his heart, scarcely heeding the almost terrified expression of her face.

“Catharine,” he murmured, “my Catharine!”

Before she could answer or stir from her shrinking attitude the door opened, and without warning some one entered the chamber; the sound aroused them—each looked toward the door—Walter started forward in amazement, but Catharine sank back in her seat, pale and rigid as if some ghost of past suffering had suddenly started up before her—there in the door-way, calm and impassive, stood Mr. Jeffrys!”

“Is it possible?” Seaford exclaimed, after the first instant of surprise, and going toward him with his hand extended. “Can this be you?”

“I believe so,” he replied, returning his greeting, but with his eyes fixed upon the woman who seemed suddenly frozen to silence. “I am sorry

to have startled you—sorry that my appearance should have disturbed any one.”

“Mrs. Graham,” Walter said, turning toward her, “this is my guardian and best friend—Mr. Jeffrys.”

Mr. Jeffrys bowed low, but the smile on his face seemed to wither everything on which it fell. Catharine did not stir—she was gazing forward in blank dismay. Seaford looked from one to another in silent questioning, lost in astonishment at the singular scene.

“Walter,” Mr. Jeffrys whispered, “you must go with me at once—do not hesitate—you have a heavy stake in this.” He took up Seaford’s hat and gently pushed him toward the door. “I am very sorry that Mrs. Graham does not remember an old acquaintance!”

“Old acquaintance!” gasped Walter.

Catharine struggled to her feet—as of old the indomitable pride swept across her face.

“I remember you,” she said, in a distinct, measured tone, “I remember you!”

“Hereafter I shall hope to be allowed to renew that acquaintance,” he continued, with the same smile. “Seaford, I am sorry, but important business depends upon your haste.”

“One moment,” exclaimed Walter, “I will join you in an instant—go on.”

“I fear I must be rude enough to insist—your presence is necessary, and the moments are precious—I am sure Mrs. Graham will excuse you!”

She made no answer—she was looking forward again with that dreary, expressionless gaze.

“Mrs. Graham—Catharine!” exclaimed Seaford; but Mr. Jeffrys laid a firm hand upon his arm.

“Mrs. Graham will pardon your unceremonious departure,” he said, very quietly.

That voice made her shiver from head to foot, as if a chill blast had swept across the spring air.

“Go,” she said, “go, Walter!”

“I shall see you again very soon, very soon!”

Mr. Jeffrys drew him away, while Catharine sunk back in her seat, those white lips murmuring still,

“Go, Walter—it is forever!”

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BEAUTY AND LOVE.

BY C. L. THOMPSON.

GENTLY—gently falls the snow,
Gently robing earth in white;
So the folds of Beauty flow
O'er the soul, like robes of light.

Gently—gently flowers grow,
When the snow has passed away,
So Love's flowers will ever blow,
When Youth and Beauty both decay.

THE YOUNG AMAZON.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"KATE, if you think I am going to admire your rueful face in silence any longer, you are mistaken!"

The speaker was a very beautiful little blonde, Miss Flora Hastings by name, and the person she addressed was her most intimate friend, Miss Kate Elliot. Our heroine, Kate, is of medium height, with a perfect figure, tiny hands and feet, and free, graceful movements. She had large hazel eyes, a brilliantly fair complexion, with a rich color in her cheeks, dark, chestnut hair, falling in large, thick curls upon her neck, and most beautiful features.

"Well, Flora," she said, with a deep sigh, "Walter Elliot is coming to-morrow."

"Well?"

"Father has gone to New York for a fortnight, and my cousin Walter is coming to propose to me——"

"Well?"

"Well, well! It ain't well, it's very ill. I don't want to marry him!"

"Then refuse him!"

"I can't!"

"Why not?"

"Oh, I thought you knew all about it. Walter Elliot is my father's brother's son; my father and uncle had one sister, an old maid, very wealthy. About three years ago she died, and left her money to Walter and myself, if we married each other. Father is rich; so is uncle George, but whoever of us refuses the other loses aunt Lizzie's money. Last week Walter became of age, and, as I am seventeen, our respective papas have concluded that we are old enough to settle this matter, so Walter comes to-morrow. Father, who was obliged to leave home this morning, charged me not to refuse my cousin, and if he should take a fancy to me, Harry says——"

"I thought Harry was at the bottom of it; but talk of angels—here he comes."

The new-comer, a tall, handsome young man, Harry Grahame, and Kate's husband elect, in case the formidable cousin did not propose, sprang up the steps of the balcony, and seated himself between the two young ladies.

"What's the matter? Katy darling; you look ugubrious!" was his first question.

Kate told her troubles, concluding with "Oh, Harry, tell me how to make him hate me!"

"Can't think of any way, upon my honor; if a description of the young gentleman, whom you say you have not seen for six years, will help you any, here it is: Walter Elliot is very good-looking, excessively refined, and very dandified; thinks ladies should be the pink of neatness, sweetness, quiet obedience and submission; by the way, Kate, if you marry him you must calculate to give up shooting and riding."

While Harry had been speaking, Kate's face had brightened up wonderfully: as he finished, she sprang up, clapping her hands together, and cried,

"I've hit it!"

"Hope you didn't hurt it much," said Flora.

"But," said Harry, "I thought this matter was all arranged. I promised to call him out and shoot him."

"Nonsense, Harry! but set your mind at rest; I've hit upon a tip-top scheme. Here Adam! Adam!" she cried, waving her hand to a man who was weeding in the garden below them, "harness up Billy in the carry-all. Harry, you shall drive me into town. I want a whole lot of things. Let me see: I want a black wig, some walnut dye, a more jockey-looking cap, a pair of green spectacles for Flora, a larger riding-whip——"

"Kate Elliot," said Flora, seizing her by the shoulders, and looking straight into her face, "have you taken leave of your senses?"

"No, I'm only considering how to take leave of my lover; but come, we must dress for a drive, and as we go to town, I will tell you both my plan."

The next day, in the afternoon, Walter Elliot arrived at his uncle's house. Flora met him at the door, and introduced herself as Miss Straight-lace, Miss Elliot's companion. She was dressed in a high-necked dark dress, with a plain linen collar, wore a white muslin cap, coming close around her face, and a pair of green spectacles. When they entered the parlor, they found Harry extended on the sofa, and he also was completely metamorphosed. A jockey's dress, red wig, highly rouged cheeks, and a large patch over one eye, altered him beyond recognition.

"Mr. Elliot," said Flora, "allow me to introduce you to Mr. Patrick O'Bryan, Miss Kate's instructor in riding and shooting."

"The top of the day to ye," said Pat, lazily rising, and shaking Walter's hand vigorously.

"I do not see my fair cousin here," said the discomfited dandy.

"Oh, Kate!" said the pretended Irishman; "she's about somewhere."

At this instant the report of a pistol was heard. Walter's hat turned round on his head, and then fell to the ground.

"Hit it, by Jove!" cried Kate's voice, and then a figure sprang in through the window, and the same voice said, "Why, man, have you no more manners than to keep your hat on before Straighty?"

I said Kate's voice; for the figure was very little like Kate. Her own brown curls were concealed under a black wig, which was arranged in a very blowzy, unpicturesque manner; her little jockey cap was placed jauntily on one side of her head; her dark, green riding-habit, although it fitted admirably, was torn in several places, and revealed a pair of gaiters, two or three sizes too large for the pretty feet they covered; and her own fair complexion was dyed to the hue of an Indian.

"How d'ye do, coz?" said Kate, carelessly, as she threw her gauntlets upon the table. "Oh!" she cried, pointing to a curl upon the top of her cousin's head, and at the same time drawing another pistol from her belt, "what a splendid shot. What will you bet now, coz, that I can't singe that curl, and not touch your face!" and she pointed the pistol full at the dandy's head.

"Cousin, for Heaven's sake don't shoot!" cried the horrified Walter.

"Not shoot! Why not? Nonsense, I *will* shoot, but make your bet first."

"Excuse me, I decline being made a target of, at the risk of having my brains blown out."

"What risk? I'm sure to hit. Pat, you put something on your head, and let Walter see what a shot I am; name a bet first."

"Well," said Harry, "if you hit, I kiss you; if you miss, you kiss me."

"Kiss that fellow!" groaned Walter.

"Call me a fellow again, and I'll pitch you out of the window!" shouted Harry.

"Come, come gentlemen, don't quarrel," said Kate, "Pat, I agree to your bet. Here, put this apple on your head, and kneel down before the east window."

A close observer could have seen a hole in the apple piercing it from side to side. Harry took it, put it on his head, and knelt down before the

east window. Walter looked another way; the pistol which had no ball was fired; and then Kate caught up the apple and triumphantly exhibited the hole in it. The next moment "that fellow" was taking his bet.

"Could you aim a pistol at my head?" he whispered.

"No," was the reply; "cousin Walter really believed the little stone you fired at his hat was my ball. Now, you get out of the way with Floy as soon as you can."

"If you please, Miss Kate," said a little stable-boy, putting his head in at the door, "the chestnut filly has got the staggers!"

"What!" cried Kate, seizing the boy by the collar, and dragging him into the room. "What!" she cried again, with a scream of passion. "How dare you come here croaking?" and she plied the riding-whip about his shoulders, till the poor fellow thought his promised dollar was hard earned.

"If you please," sobbed the unfortunate victim, "the groom sent me, and he says, what shall he do? Oh, dear Miss Kate! please! how that whip stings! Oh, ow! oh——" and a long drawn howl completed the sentence.

"Pat, dear," said Kate, "will you go see about the filly: and you, stupid," she added, speaking to the boy, "see if you can take my gloves and whip into my room. Gracious! how my hair is blowed by riding!" she said, as soon as she was alone with her cousin. "Oh! Walter," and she popped down beside him, "I want to tell you all about my ride this morning. You see, there was a party went to see Mr. Peters and I run a race. I bet my diamond pin against a gold chain on a steeple-chase. Well, we started! First, there was a run on level ground, then a ditch to leap, then a fence and ditch, then a hedge and fence, and then all three at once. Off we went; Selim pulled to take the lead, but I held him in, until we came to the fence: over we went, in fine style; but my habit caught on a nail, and tore this great piece out, and it is hanging there now for aught I know. I vow! See the chain, is it not a beauty? When we are married I must have plenty of riding! I adore riding and shooting. There! I forgot that curl; do stand up now, that's a good fellow; you know what a shot I am. When we are married——"

"Zounds, cousin, we never will be married."

A flash of triumph shot over Kate's face.

"Nonsense, man; don't get into a passion. You know we must get married. Why pa won't let me flirt a bit, because I'm engaged to you; and so I can only coquette with Mr. Peters and Pat, and Joe Sanders, and—and—oh, cousin, do

smooth down that curl, it really is too tantalizing. I will play for you," and catching up a French horn that was on the piano, she blew such a blast that Walter clapped both hands over his ears.

"Oh, cousin," cried the hoyden, throwing down the horn, and dragging him to the window, "see, there is my groom with the chesnut filly, as well as ever he was. Won't I give it to that little liar for scaring me so? Only let me catch him, and I'll cure him of lying for one while. Ain't he a beauty, cousin? When we are married, you must give him the very best place in your stable; and oh! cousin, I want a sulky like James Brown's when we are married; pa won't let me have one now; but I mean to do just as I please when we are married."

"We never will be married," screamed the unfortunate dandy. "I'd as lieve marry the Witch of Endor."

"Yes; but, cousin, we must be married; we are engaged."

"I will write to your father, declining the alliance."

"Don't, cousin; he would scold so. But if you insist, there are pen, ink, and paper: but don't, please, be too hard on me."

"There, Kate, there is the note, and now I have the honor of wishing you a very good day."

"Nay, nay, cousin, you must not go. You came to stay some weeks, and you shall not go to-night. I expect Mr. Graham and Miss Hastings to spend the evening with me, and I will be

as quiet a girl as I can if you will only stay. Here come my friends."

Harry and Flora passed through a second introduction in *propria persona* without exciting the least suspicion, and Kate left them to entertain her cousin while she went to change her dress.

When she returned, she wore a white dress with short sleeves and low neck, and her clean face and hands looked whiter than ever from the contrast they afforded to their late dyed state. The ugly black wig was gone, and her own brown curls fell in rich profusion over her snowy shoulders; a tiny pair of exquisitely fitting slippers completed her fascinations.

Walter arose in perfect astonishment.

"Oh! cousin," said Kate, holding out both hands, "I am delighted to find you still here. What!" she exclaimed, as he imprinted a kiss upon her lips, "you are willing to give me some cousinly regard then."

The evening passed pleasantly with music and conversation, and Walter stayed three weeks with his charming cousin. All that time he did not know whether to be furiously jealous of Harry, or to congratulate himself upon an escape from a wife who could shoot and ride like his cousin Kate. Flora, who admired his face, figure and manners, had a share in making him finally adopt the latter course of thinking, and about the time that Kate became Mrs. Graham, Walter carried the lovely Flora to share his city home.

THE LOVED.

BY E. E. LAY.

WHERE are they gone—the best beloved of earth—
The young—the beautiful—the wondrous fair,
With all the music of their kindly mirth,
And loving laughter on the joyous air?
Where are they gone? The earth is dim and lone,
As though the sunshine of its skies had flown.

We list, at eve, beneath the whispering vine,
And breathe their names, yet hear no fond reply,
Till the heart sickens with the slow decline
Of hopes that blossomed but to droop and die.
And deep it feels, that through the shadowy years,
Its strength must faint beneath the weight of tears.

The loved! the loved! Oh, heart of trusting youth,
Hast thou the power thine image to forget?
Has not the tablet of thy bosom's truth
The dear impression all too deeply set?
Aye, thou may'st smile again, but never more,
As thy glad spirit smiled with those of yore.

And when the revel and the song pass by,
And forms of grace to notes of joy are led,
Shall memory bring before thy spirit's eye
The spiritual beauty of the dead;
And restless longings for the lost shall be
The heart companion of thy revelry.

And oft and oftener will thy weary soul
Pant through the prison of its clay to break,
And strive with upward wing to reach their goal,
And all the sweetness of their sphere partake—
That sphere of love, where soul communion high
Is not of earth, and is not born to die.

Yet must life's duties on; nor vain regret,
Nor sorrow's power thy pilgrim feet may stay!
Faith has for thee a glorious promise yet—
A prize that knows no shadow nor decay;
But when thy bosom weeps its treasures gone,
Look up, and say, "My God, thy will be done."

KING PHILIP'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER I.

THE house of Samuel Parris, the minister of the church of Salem, stood in a solitary place, a little out of the village, which lay between it and the sea, whose interminable beat could be heard throbbing like a pulse along the beach.

When everything was still, and the hum of insects asleep in the forest, which, boundless as the blue ocean, stretched in an opposite direction, dark and teeming with mysterious shadows, then, especially, the sweep of these waves, coming with distinctness to the minister's house, and blending with the shiver of the forest leaves, and the cry of such birds as sing to the darkness, rendered the night-time one of peculiar mournfulness in that out-of-the-way dwelling.

But the young girl who sat in the little family room, late one autumn night, had learned to love the dark hours, and so listened to the throb of those waves with strange sympathy. The dull tick of an old ebony clock, whose coffin-like frame was heavy with carvings, seemed answering the eternal anthem with its small voice, like a human mind striving to answer the universe of God; and the petty sound irritated her nerves, while the everlasting sweep, afar off, made her heart swell and her eye kindle.

As Abigail Williams, for such was the name of the young girl, sat waiting, an old Indian woman, the only female servant of the minister's household, came into the room, and sat down on the floor at her feet. The woman did not speak, but lifted her face, wrinkled like a dried plum, to that of the young girl, and waited to be addressed. The large, earnest eyes of Abby Williams looked down upon the Indian.

"It is late, Tituba," she said, "the clock has struck eleven, and no sign of his coming!"

"He will be here—Wohpee would have been home long ago, if anything had kept the young king away. Are you sleepy, Abigail?"

"Sleepy! no, I shall never be sleepy again. The knowledge of who I am, and what they are in whose bosom I have slept all my life, keeps rest away from me—I know well how Judas felt when he sold his Lord."

Tituba shook her head. She had no Bible,

and could not be made to comprehend what one meant, though she had lived with the minister at Salem since Abigail was an infant—hers was a wilder and more romantic religion—the Manitou of the Indians was her god, and she read his word in the leaves of the forest and the rush of the mountain stream. With her, treachery to the whites was faith to the Indian. Had Judas betrayed his enemy, she would have considered him a hero; but to betray his Master—old Tituba could not have understood that!

"You look like her now," whispered the woman, folding her hands over her knees, and rocking back and forth on the floor, as she always did when about to talk of the past.

"My mother—do I look like her?" said Abigail.

"About the eyes, when there is trouble in them; but hers were blue, like a periwinkle in the morning, while yours are darker, and change so."

"And her—that other woman—that grand, sweet-spoken woman, whose spirit will not rest—Anna Hutchinson—my grandmother? Have you seen her, Tituba?"

"Yes, when the warriors brought her into the forest for sacrifice. I was there. I watched the woman, while they gathered pitch pine-knots, and scattered turpentine over the wood which the braves heaped on her death fire!"

"Did they torture her?"

"No. The wood was piled high; the Pequot women had brought heaps of pitch pine; the warriors, who held her and her little ones, came forward, ready to throw them on the flames together; they only waited for the chief!"

"And she stood ready for this terrible death?" broke in Abigail. "Was she brave, or was it only in speech that she proved valiant?"

"Brave! The warriors grew proud of their victim, she looked death so grandly in the face. The chief came, and his eye flamed brightly when he saw her. She was worthy of the death fire they had kindled in his honor."

"And he, a king, stood by and saw this brave woman tortured?"

"Why, would you have them offer a meaner victim before the sachem?"

"It was a fearful cruelty," said Abigail, shuddering.

"She was brave for herself, but not for her children," continued Tituba. "When her little ones clung around her, holding to her garments, pale and terror-struck, she flung up her arms, and called aloud for some one to take them away and save them from the torture. She asked the warriors to think of all their powers, and heap the pain on her; she would bear everything; they might be days killing her; only take her children away, and keep them out of sight and hearing, while she died!"

"And did no one take compassion on her—even those warriors, fiends incarnate?"

"The same blood that burned in their veins, beats in yours," answered the Indian woman, severely. "Who took compassion on her, when she was tied to a cart and whipped by constables from village to village, like a vicious hound? Ask yourself if the death fire was not mercy compared to that! The warriors knew how to respect her courage; but her own people mocked while they tortured her."

"Both were horrible. But her little children? My mother was one of those helpless creatures—she told me so!"

"There was a law in our tribe, maiden, by which a bereaved mother might adopt a captive, if she wished, in place of the child she had buried. By the side of the sachem stood a woman, who had lost a child, bright as the May blossom; and her heart was heavy with grief when she saw a little girl, with hair like the sunbeams, clinging to that wretched woman, with its eyes, large like those of a young fawn turned on the fire. Maiden, Manitou sometimes sends the soul of a dead child home again in another form, when its mother's heart is breaking—the woman knew that her child had wandered back from the great hunting ground, with its hair turned golden, and its eyes blue like the sky in summer. So she went to the chief with many tears, and asked for her child. The same mother bore the Pequod sachem, and the woman who claimed the little girl; so he gave her leave to take, not only the golden-haired child, but both Anna Hutchinson's children. The other was a brave girl, who stood between her little sister and the flames, till her hands and clothes were scorched by them."

"And the Indian woman took them both?"

"They would not be torn apart. When Anna Hutchinson saw this, she beckoned the Indian woman, and besought her to take the two sisters deep into the forest, where they would not hear her death cries. The sight of that little child

made the woman's heart soft. She could have cried, but that the females of her race are ashamed of tears. When your grandmother saw this, she stooped and whispered, 'Take them away, and you shall fire the pile; you shall kill me with your own hands if it will please you.'

"So the Pequod woman took the two children, one a young girl, the other a little thing so high; and led them away to her own lodge. When she went back to the death fire it was flaming high. The warriors had drawn close around it; the trees above were heavy with smoke, and crisping in the hot wind. Anna Hutchinson was ascending the death pyre. Her arms were tied with thongs of bark, and her hair was thick with silver threads that shone in the light; for the flames had already seized upon her garments and were creeping up the folds, hissing as they went. She stood firm, looking toward the path where her little ones had disappeared. When the woman came back she called out, with a great sob, 'My children, my children!' 'They are safe in my lodge,' answered the Pequod woman.

"Then the hot flames surged up, and the warriors saw a smile break over Anna Hutchinson's face, while her hands, which had broken loose from the thongs, were folded softly over her bosom, veiled by the golden cloud of fire. The Pequod woman was young, and had a soft heart. She could not bear to see the woman who had brought back her child writhing in the flames. So she sprang into the fire and cleft that broad, white forehead open with her tomahawk. It was a terrible kindness, but she was glad when it was done."

"It was a brave, a kind act," cried Abby, while the tears, that had stood in her eyes, flashed downward like unstrung diamonds. "And was this the woman who died uttering curses, and denouncing her persecutors; and whose maledictions cling to my own life? Tituba, tell me! Did you hear Anna Hutchinson's curse come out from those death flames?"

"No, maiden—that was wrong from her when her family were butchered at Aquiday, to which place she had been driven by the people of Boston. Then she grew mad, and words fell from her lips like hot coals; for the sight of her mangled children made her a prophetess; but afterward, when the two youngest and bravest of her children were safe, she broke into smiles amid the flames, and so died!"

The old woman spoke in the Indian language, and her narrative took a depth and force which no modern tongue can reach. Abby Williams sat trembling under the influence of the fearful

picture she had drawn, for the blood of Anna Hutchinson beat loud in her heart.

"And the Pequod woman—where did she go with the children?"

"She took them to her lodge, and loved them both as her own children. But when her tribe was broken up, and Uncas dead, she wandered with them among such fragments of the Pequods as still dwelt in the old hunting-grounds. But the elder maiden never took kindly to the woods; her heart turned to her mother's people; and she pined for a sight of them. The Indian woman had a soft heart; so she came with the maiden and her little sister to the sea-shore, to find a home for them among the whites."

"Ah me! I know it all," cried Abby. "They came here into this very town. She, my mother, was driven forth to the wilderness, as her mother had been, driven with the constable's scourge. She was found almost dying in the woods by King Philip, who made her his wife. I know how he fought and died, leaving that woman a widow with two children. One, a noble boy, was sold into slavery, and toiled up to manhood under the hot sun of Bermuda, from which he has but just escaped to be a fugitive and an out-cast in the woods, where his father had reigned. The other was brought by the dying widow to this dwelling, and left with the golden-haired daughter of Anna Hutchinson, who had become the wife of her sister's judge, Samuel Parris. The fair minister's wife, and King Philip's widow, met in this very room. The widow was dying from exposure, grief, and starvation; and fled to find shelter for her child before she joined her husband. From her cold lips, the minister's wife heard, for the first time, that she was Anna Hutchinson's child; that her only sister had been scourged by the orders of her husband. The truth killed her. That night her child, Elizabeth Parris, was born. Two days after, King Philip's widow and the minister's wife were laid in the burying-ground back of that meeting-house. The two children were left together, and grew up lovingly, as sisters should, till all the mournful details of this story were told to King Philip's daughter, by her fugitive brother, the Bermuda slave. Then all the sweet love of her nature was turned to gall; she dreaded the sight of that fair being who had slept with her in the same trundle bed, who had been her second life. She trembled with constant fear that her heart would fall back to its old love again. The sight of these rude walls reminds her no longer of domestic peace, but of her mother's wrongs. She is embittered by her grandmother's curse. Oh! Tituba, Tituba, this

fearful thing have I become, I, Abigail Williams."

"No, not Abigail Williams. That name was given in the meeting-house, out there, and does not belong to King Philip's daughter. He called her Mahasha."

"Yes," said Abby, and her head fell forward upon her bosom in deep despondency, "that is my name; it is burned upon my heart! All the waters of the ocean would not wash it out."

She looked up again, after a little, with something of animation.

"But the Pequod Indian—what became of her? If the savior of my mother is alive, I must see her!"

Tituba cowered down to the floor again.

"She could not help it. They tore the two children apart. One was drawn into the forest; the other was carried into the meeting-house, and baptized with a new name, by the very hands that had driven her sister to the woods. In this golden-haired child, the soul of her own offspring had entered. How could she leave it to follow the other? Were not the wolves and panthers more merciful than the men who kept the little one? The Indian woman went into the edge of the woods, and built herself a bark wigwam; she gathered shells from the beach and strung them into wampum, which was money, as gold is now. She gathered willows from the brook, and made baskets which she carried on her back to the village, thus gaining a sight of the little one. Sometimes she would go into the meeting-house, that she might catch a glimpse of the beautiful one, who was possessed of her own child's soul, from the dark corner where these godly people allowed the Indians and negroes to creep and watch them as they worshiped God. They saw the Indian woman come Sunday after Sunday with her sorrowful face; so in time they began to regard her as a praying Indian, and one who might attain the salvation of her heathen soul, by looking at them from afar off. She was a harmless, humble creature, who asked but to follow the steps of her child like a dog, and this without making it known that the little girl was anything to her; like a dog they let her pass from dwelling to dwelling on week days, and in the meeting-house on Sundays, without hindrance. Sometimes she got a chance to speak to her child, to give her a bit of wampum, or a tiny basket to pick whortleberries in; and this was all the happiness she asked. One Sunday the Indian woman went into the meeting-house as usual. From her dark corner she peered out, looking for her child in the old place. The girl was not there, but down, close

by the pulpit, she found her clothed in white like a spirit from the far hunting-grounds. By her side was the minister, Samuel Parris, the man who had sat in judgment on her sister. Another minister preached in the pulpit; the people looked around restlessly, during the long sermon, and when he closed there was a rustling of dresses all over the house, like the stir of leaves in the forest. The Indian woman turned cold in her seat: for a little time she could not see; but when her eyes grew clear, her child, her beautiful child, whom she had worshiped afar off like a slave, that child stood in her white garments before the communion table, with her hand in that of the old minister, and before them stood the man who had come down from the pulpit, muttering words that could not reach the dark corner where the poor Indian stood. But she knew that they were giving the young girl to that stern old man for his wife. Filled with horror, she strove to cry out and protest against it; but the tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, and she was dumb. When she struggled to get down from her high place in the gallery, and make her way to the pulpit, the beadle stopped her rudely. 'Indians were not permitted,' he said, 'to enter there.' While she was struggling to pass him, the meeting broke up. The crowd came down the aisles, almost sweeping her away; but she stood firm, till that old man came forward, leading her child by the hand. His bride saw the Indian mother, of whom she had but a knowledge of vague kindnesses, and smiled softly as she drew near. Then the poor creature knew that it was too late; that her white enemies had bound the young one to them forever. So she forgot her own people, and followed the old man and his bride sorrowfully home to his house. There was no servant in the kitchen. She crept in through the back door and went to work. Her heart was full of bitterness and love: hate for him, love for her, the gentle one, who came in her meek beauty and settled down like a dove in his rude home. At first the Indian watched for an opportunity to tell the young wife that she had married the son of her mother's persecutor, for the father of Parris had been one of Anna Hutchinson's judges; and he, her bridegroom, had been among the worst enemies of her own noble sister; but when she saw the young wife settling down in her new home, so serene and contented, the Indian's heart failed her, and she drudged on from day to day, putting the cruel duty off, till at last one night—"

Abby, who had been greatly excited during this recital, suddenly threw out her hand, laying it heavily on the old woman's shoulder.

"Do not speak of that. Do not tell me again how my poor mother, King Philip's widow, came to this house, three weeks after his murder, and claimed the protection of Samuel Parris' wife for her last born child, not knowing that it was to her old enemy that gentle sister was married, till the death throe was upon her. I cannot bear to hear in words what is in my own remembrance, like a vague, wild dream. Enough! My mother died in that chair; her sister, Elizabeth Parris, died the next day, with a new-born infant slumbering in her arms. That infant is my cousin Elizabeth. The meek, old man, whose heart began to break that night, was my mother's cruel, cruel judge. But the Indian woman—what became of her?"

The old woman folded her arms more tightly about her knees, and looked up with the glance of a faithful dog.

"Her children were dead, but their little ones had no mother, so she staid in the kitchen."

"And died there?"

"Is Tituba dead that you ask this question of her?"

Abby stooped down, trembling all over, and drew the old woman up to her bosom. She kissed her withered face and her swarthy hands, with a burst of passionate feeling.

"And is it so? God forgive me that I did not guess this before! And you have been our slave, our drudge? The meanest work of the house has always been put upon Tituba. Poor, old Tituba, who saved our mothers from the flames, who followed us from wilderness to settlement, who left her own people for our sakes. And you are so old too! How many years, Tituba, has it taken to make this hair so grey?"

"Tituba is almost a hundred years old; but she can see like a night-hawk, and hear like a fox. When her children want help, they will find her thought keen and her feet swift!"

"But you shall work no more. I will save you from drudgery at least."

"No, no. Let Tituba alone. She is used to it. Work—work—work. What would Tituba be without work? Let her plod on in the old way, Mahasha. The tree thrives best in its own soil. Dig honeysuckles and wild strawberries from the wood—plant them in your garden, and they will grow. But when an old hemlock begins to die like this, let it stand."

The old woman touched her grey hair as she spoke, and drooped into her old position. Abby sat looking at her with tender astonishment. She could understand the great love, which had brought that noble savage from the wilderness to be a drudge in her uncle's kitchen; it exalted

the old, withered creature at her feet into a heroine.

"And for our sakes you gave up your people, your free life, all that makes the happiness of a forest child; and came here to be a slave!"

"Tituba only followed her child!" was the simple answer.

"But oh! Elizabeth Parris knew nothing of all this? To her you are only——"

Abby broke off, for she felt that the truths she was about to speak were cruel.

"I am only old Tituba to her, but she is all the world to me."

"And yet you hate her father—her stern, kind-hearted father, for that the minister is."

"He was your mother's judge, before he became her father!"

"And she is the grandchild of Anna Hutchinson, equally with myself!" said Abigail, musing.

"But not the child of King Philip. Not the sister of the last chief of the Wampanoags, who now wanders like a wild beast through the lands his people once owned. She, my golden-haired child, is not the one who must avenge her grandmother's wrongs. From the beginning, she and her mother were like singing birds to be fed and cared for. You and your mother were eagles, that swooped on their enemies and your own. Elizabeth must never know the events that are making your face so dark."

"But why, why is the sunshine all for her, the darkness for me?" answered Abigail, with sorrowful bitterness.

The old woman began to weave her hands together, and rock to and fro with a troubled look.

"The eagle soars; the mocking-bird sings. One seeks her nest in the leaves; the other sits on the crags."

"The bleak, bare crags for me—flowery hollows for her," said Abigail, despondingly. "It was so with our mothers; it must be so with us."

As she spoke, the outer door of the house opened, and Wohpee, an old Indian, who, like Tituba, had been for years a hanger on of the minister's kitchen, entered the sitting-room. He had been absent some days, and it was in expectation of his return that the young girl and Tituba had been sitting up so late.

The Indian seemed tired with travel. His dress of homespun linen was torn in places, and the rents pinned up with thorns just plucked from their trees. The lank hair was moist, and a rain of perspiration glistened on his tawny forehead. Abby rose from her seat, and went eagerly toward him.

"Wohpee—Wohpee, have you seen him?—where is he now? Have any number of his

people joined him yet?" Wohpee shook his head.

"Ask Wohpee nothing; he has no words. Give him bread and dried-beef. The Wampanoags have planted no corn, and they have no muskets to shoot down the deer, that look in their eyes without moving as they file one by one through the woods; for even the young fawns grow bold, now that the warriors have given up their guns."

"And is he near and hungry!" cried Abby, hastening to the kitchen, where old Tituba was dragging forth bread from a huge oven, in which it had been left after the week's baking; and crowding loaf after loaf into a flour sack, she helped to lift it on Wohpee's back.

Both Abigail Williams and Tituba would have followed the old Indian into the forest; but he curtly ordered them back, and went on himself carrying the sack of bread. They stole after him at a distance, notwithstanding his interdict, till they came to the meeting-house. Here they paused. The shadows upon the brink of the woods were black as death; and as the old man entered them, he was lost in an instant.

"Let us wait," said Tituba, "they will come out together. Metacomet will come to his mother's grave; and then we shall know what he is doing."

Abigail went silently after the old woman, and sat down on a flat stone, half buried in moss and ferns, at the foot of a huge pine tree, which sheltered two graves, that seemed covered by a vast pall, the shadows fell so heavily upon them.

Tituba dropped down at Abby's feet, and gathering her limbs together, began a low chant, that mingled with the shiver of the pine leaves with inexpressible mournfulness.

Abby leaned her head against the trunk of the pine, and listened. "Strange to say, that chant, instead of depressing, kindled her spirit. She never came to that spot, and heard the mysterious whispering of the leaves, without a wish for action, an unaccountable desire to plunge into the wilderness and remain there forever. Only one week before, she had wandered to the same spot, and there, for the first time, learned from his own lips that she had a brother; that the blood of King Philip mingled with that of Anna Hutchinson, the martyr, in her veins; and that on both sides the most terrible wrongs had been done to her ancestors, by the very people with whom she had unconsciously worshiped; nay! by the man whose roof had given her a loving shelter, from the cradle up.

On that spot, she had seen her kingly brother, in all the grandeur of a noble presence inherited from his father, blended with the softened grace of a mother, whose pure white blood softened

the eagle glances of his eyes and gave a glow to his face, that kindled that which would otherwise have been saturnine into the poetry of an ever changing expression.

The slave chief had broken his chains in Bermuda; concealed himself in a trading vessel; and after wandering over many countries, and studying things that were far beyond the grasp of a mere savage, had come back to his native forests, to gather up the fragments of his people, and claim their rights, or avenge their wrongs. Night after night, he had waited by those graves, under the pine tree, hoping that his sister would come and meet him.

She came at last, a thoughtful, innocent girl. The gentle romance of affection, for there could be little more in a child who remembered her mother only as she thought of her dreams, led her to the edge of the wilderness. She went away again, wounded by a terrible knowledge—a sybil in her imagination, the pledged avenger of her mother's wrongs, and of her father's and her grandmother's murder.

Thus the son and daughter of King Philip had met, for the first time since their childhood. The boy knew that he still possessed a sister, and this thought had inspired him to great struggles; but Abby Williams learned, for the first time, from her brother's own lips, how it chanced that her brow was darker than the sunny forehead of her cousin Elizabeth; and that wrong and death had scattered her family abroad, leaving her a dependent, where she should have been an avenger.

All that week, the hopeless girl had brooded on the terrors of her birth, and the wrongs her family had suffered; her days were one long, vague dream—her nights restless with tossing thought. Never again would she know what tranquil peace was under that roof! Her uncle Parris and cousin Elizabeth were in Boston. A journey of fifteen miles only separated her from them so far as space was concerned; but there was no means of measuring the interminable distance, that had grown up between their souls and hers in one single week.

That night, she had again spoken of her parents, and again expected to see her brother. During the hours that she waited, old Tituba had crept to her feet, with new revelations and more startling surprises. The young girl listened, seated in the very chair that had been her mother's death couch. She was a creature of sensitive feeling and keen imagination, a thoughtful, ardent girl, to whom such knowledge came like fire to steel, melting and hardening at the same time.

And now she sat waiting for her brother, but in vague expectation only, for Wohpee had given no account of his chief's movements, and Abby could only listen for the sound of his footsteps on the forest turf.

All at once, as her eyes wandered toward the woods, she heard a movement, but not in that direction. The meeting-house stood close on the verge of the forest, and the arched window, back of its pulpit, was almost touched by the swinging tree-branches. Between them and the building, Abby saw a human figure moving swiftly through the gloom.

"Tituba, Tituba—look up," she whispered, hushing her very breath, for the figure came out into the star-light, and glided toward them like a ghost.

Tituba lifted her face, and held the chant trembling on her lips; they were both in the deep darkness of the *shades*; but the woman, who came forward, had the star-light on her face.

"Is it—is it my mother?" whispered Abby, prompt to believe anything strange in the excitement of the moment. "See how sad, how beautiful she is."

Tituba pressed back against her young mistress, striving to bury herself more deeply in the darkness.

"Is it my mother—or the one you loved so much?"

Tituba drew a long breath, but did not answer; for the figure came close up to the two graves, and stooping down, tried to make out the moss-grown letters on the stones, tracing the outline with her fore-finger when the light proved insufficient.

"Mother!"

The word died on Abby's lips, and was carried off in the whisper of the pine leaves.

Tituba lifted her hand, grasping that in Abby's lap with a warning force.

"Elizabeth—yes! it is Elizabeth—Elizabeth Pa-r-ris! The moss chokes up the name, but it is here. Poor girl—poor young wife!" murmured a low, sweet voice from the grave. "And this grave, so close, with the vines creeping over both. Who can this be? Elizabeth Parris was an orphan, a beautiful charity child of the church—who can be lying so close?"

The woman knelt down, as she uttered these disjointed words, and touched the foliage on the two graves lightly with her hands.

"Here it was they buried the old man's heart. I almost feel the blossoms springing out of it!" murmured the voice. "Oh, if there were only a place for another here—surely this spot would be quiet and roomy enough for us all."

The strange woman took a ribbon slowly from her waist, as she spoke, and held it in the starlight.

"I have but to tighten this about my throat, and lie down—a pang or two—a struggle, and when the light drives these shadows back into the woods, some one would find me here—in charity they would dig through the turf a little, and lay me down by sweet Elizabeth Parris. Who would know of it? Who, on the broad earth, would care? It would only be a poor, lone woman, dropping into death before her time—a wanderer, worn out with travel through a weary, weary world, who asked only to lie down and be still."

The tender sadness of these words—the despondency in that face, touched Abby Williams to the heart. She was about to rise; but Tituba held her back.

The woman's hand dropped, trailing the ribbon on the grass. She seemed to fall into thought. Her eyes were uplifted towards the stars, and with solemn mournfulness, she spoke again:

"A little while, and this soul would be yonder, standing before those bright gates, and asking for that love in heaven, which earth has denied to me; asking this of God, who has not summoned me there, but who will look first on the crimson mark on my neck. No, no, even death is not mine to take—I must wander on and on, till God is merciful and calls me!"

With a slow, weary movement of the hands, she tied the ribbon around her waist again, and sitting down on the grave of Elizabeth Parris, folded her arms, with a gesture of unutterable despondency, as if she was waiting patiently for the death she dared not take.

That moment, there was a movement in the forest. Abby and the Indian woman looked that way, but it was only a young fawn, who came leaping through the brushwood, and basked a moment in the starlight before she returned to the thicket, from which some stronger animal had frightened her.

When Abby looked toward the grave again, nothing was there. The cool, green leaves twinkled in the starlight, as if no human thing had touched them. She arose and searched the grass. No footprint could be found, and the open space, which lay between them and the meeting-house, was vacant. She looked at the Indian woman in vague alarm.

"Who was this woman? and where has she gone?"

Tituba shook her head. She was a firm believer in ghosts and witchcraft. The apparition

had filled her with terrible awe. Once before, in her life, she had seen the same face gleaming before her in the starlight of a summer's evening; and after that came sore trouble on the household.

"Was it my mother searching for rest? Will she wander forever and ever, unless I avenge her?"

"Come into the house, child, it is near morning: the chief will not come to-night."

"Tell me," cried Abigail, solemnly, "for I must know: was it my mother?"

"I did not see her face. Something came across my eyes and blinded them; but she was tall and stately like your mother."

"She need not come again, I will not falter," said Abigail, with sorrowful earnestness.

They went together into the house, full of vague dread. Tituba followed the young girl up stairs, and forcing her to lie down, coiled herself up at the foot of the bed, and lay with her bright, black eyes wide open, till the morning broke. Then she arose softly, and going down to the kitchen, began to prepare breakfast. Wohpee had not yet returned from the woods, and there was no one to provide for but the young girl up stairs; but the old woman mixed her corn bread, stamped the pats of golden butter, and set her rye coffee down to boil in its conical tin pot, with as much bustle of preparation as if the whole family were to partake of the meal she was preparing.

When all was ready, when the round, cherry-wood table was turned down from its place in a corner of the sitting-room, and drawn up to the window, through which the sweet summer air came rippling among the wild roses and bitter sweet vines, Tituba went up to the room where Abby was sleeping. It was a singular face, upon which the old woman gazed. The masses of raven hair, the long, inky lashes, and the small mouth, so beautifully red, possessed a rare beauty, which the agitation of other features could not altogether destroy. But the forehead was contracted with a frown, the lips writhed with a troubled expression, and her billowy hair rippled to and fro on her pillow from the constant change of position, sought for in her restless sleep.

"Abby—Abby!" whispered the old woman, "come, wake up, it is most seven o'clock, and the breakfast all ready."

Abby turned on the pillow, and her forehead gathered into a heavy frown.

"Do not call me, mother. Why will you wander on—on—on forever and ever, so restlessly, as if your child would not keep her oath? Wait

a little, while I look on your face. The wave of your white garments troubles me. The starlight is dim. I cannot hold you in my look, or grasp you with my hand—oh——”

She awoke with a groan, and sat up in bed. The gentle shake which Tituba had given her, seemed to wrench the garments, she had seized upon in her dream, rudely from her grasp.

“Breakfast is ready, child.”

“Breakfast!”

“Yes, child, breakfast; warm Johnny cake, and a nice little bit of ham. Don't think any more about it. If the Great Spirit sends witches, he knows how to keep 'em under.”

“I will come down,” said Abby, closely holding one hand to her forehead.

“That's a good child—and do try and look a little like old times. What if the minister and our Lizzy should come back to-day?—who knows?”

“Heaven forbid!” cried the young girl, in pale affright. “I am not ready yet. How can I tell what the woman wants till she speaks to me? If Anna Hutchinson must be avenged, explain how the evil thing is to be done. Dear Tituba, tell me truly. You don't expect the minister home to-day?”

“Why, how can I tell for certain? He ought to have been home a week ago.”

“Am I changed, Tituba? Hold up the looking-glass, and let me see for myself.”

Tituba raised the little looking-glass, in its carved cherry-wood frame, and held it before the girl's face.

Abby shook her head mournfully.

“How old I look! What a strange glitter comes and goes in these eyes. It is the Indian blood, I suppose. That, and the things I have been told, Tituba. Don't it seem a great deal more than a week since the minister went away?”

“I don't know—yes! I shouldn't wonder if it seems so; but Tituba counts time from the week when Miss Elizabeth went off to visit Lady Phelps in her grand, new house at Boston. Oh! it will be like a bird getting back to its nest when she comes home.”

“A bird getting back to its nest—old Tituba? Well, why not? She will sleep quietly, and dream sweetly as ever. It is only I—I. Come, old Tituba, let's go down to breakfast; at least we have twelve hours of day before us: who knows what another night will bring?”

“Yes, yes—come to breakfast; it's unhealthy talking on an empty stomach.”

As they went through the little entry way, below stairs, a soft knock came to the outer door. Abby went forward and sat down at the

breakfast-table, while Tituba lifted the wooden latch and opened the door.

A lady stood on the step, wrapped in a black silk mantle, with the hood drawn over her face. She was pale, and seemed to have walked a great distance, for her light boots of foreign make were torn at the sides and soiled with moist earth, while the edge of a light grey silk dress, which fell an inch or two below her mantle, was frayed and spotted, as if it had been dragged over wet grass.

The woman lifted her eyes to Tituba an instant before she spoke; then, in a voice singularly low and gentle, she inquired if Mr. Parris had reached home yet.

Old Tituba replied, with a little unaccountable hesitation, that the minister had gone to Boston; that he intended to bring Miss Elizabeth home with him; but that there was no saying, for a certainty, when they would come.

“You may expect them within an hour or two,” said the stranger, gently, “so I will step in and wait.”

She glided softly into the hall while speaking, opened the sitting-room door like one used to the house, and went in.

Abby had seated herself at the table, but she arose as the stranger entered, naturally looking that way. The thrill that passed through her frame amounted almost to a shock. Two contending wishes seized upon her. She longed to dash through the window and flee; yet was impelled toward the stranger, by a power which she could neither understand, nor resist.

With this conflict of the nerves, visible on her face, she came forward and laid her hand in that of the stranger. Again the thrill passed over her, but as those soft fingers closed upon her hand, this singular agitation went off in a pleasant shiver, and the two females smiled sadly on each other, like persons who had met for the first time after some severe bereavement.

“The old woman tells me that the minister is not at home yet,” said the lady, “so I have ventured to come in and wait. Do not let me disturb you at breakfast though; I will walk toward the meeting-house yonder; it seems a quaint, old building.”

She turned as if to go, but Abby could not give up the hand in hers without a feeling of emotion amounting almost to pain.

“No, lady, stay and take breakfast with me. I am alone, you see, for old Tituba never sits at a table, but eats her meals as she goes about her work. You look tired, and as if a warm cup of coffee would refresh you. Take off your mantle and sit down in this chair.”

Abby drew the great oak chair up to the table, and stood with one hand on the back, waiting for her guest to throw off her mantle. But the lady only pushed the hood back to her shoulders, revealing a quantity of splendid hair, that was swept from her fair temples in heavy waves. The face, thus exhibited, was not young, nor would a common-place observer have called it handsome; but it was a grand face nevertheless, and one which no great-hearted man or woman could have looked upon, without a glow of enthusiasm.

She sat down in the oak chair, took the earthen coffee-cup which Abby had filled for her, and began slowly and wearily to drink the contents. She broke off a morsel of the corn bread now and then, with the indifferent air of one whose appetite is forced, but did not fail to say a few gentle words to her hostess, with that delicate,

self-abnegation which makes a well-bred woman forget her own weariness or suffering, at all times, where the feelings of others are concerned.

The reaction of a strong excitement was on Abigail. But the fascination, which surrounded this woman, was so irresistible, that she forgot everything but the charm of her presence.

Old Tituba came in and out of the room, clearing away the breakfast things, as the two females drew back from their meal, and eyeing the stranger with keen interest. At last the old woman drew close up to the oak chair, and peering over the lady's shoulder, said, in her curt way,

"You forgot to tell me what your name was when you asked for the minister."

"My name," said the lady, with a faint smile. "Yes! I did forget it. My name is Barbara Stafford."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

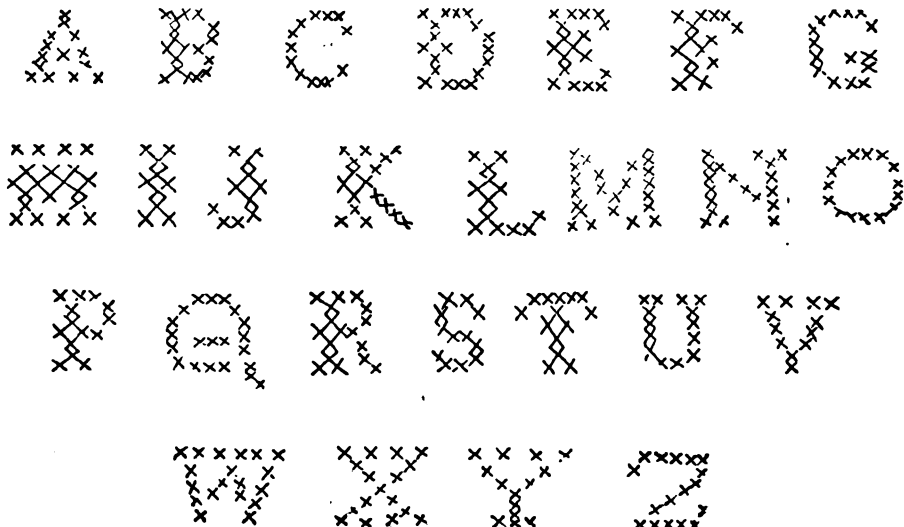
I M P R O M P T U .

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

Oh! sing again; oh! sing, my love,
That all-entrancing lay;
Such as the seraphim above
Are singing far away.
It comes as some familiar strain,
Once heard in Heav'n, now heard again.

For sure, as olden sages tell,
We are not all of earth;
The soul, by some mysterious spell,
Has glimpses of its birth:
And memories of things divine
Thrill o'er me at that voice of thine.

A L P H A B E T F O R M A R K I N G .



OUR DICTIONARY OF NEEDLEWORK

NO. VII.—KNITTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

IMPLEMENTS FOR KNITTING.—Needles, (or pins, as they are sometimes called,) of bone, ivory, or steel. They should be evenly thick throughout, except the ends, tapered to a point, without any sharpness. Some have knobs of ivory to prevent the work from slipping off at one end. Unless when, from the size of the work, long needles are indispensable, short ones will be found by far the most convenient.

CASTING ON.—Hold the end of cotton between the third and little fingers of the left hand, and let it pass over the thumb and forefinger. Bend the latter, and straighten it again, so that in the operation the thread shall be twisted into a loop. Now catch the cotton over the little finger of the right hand, letting it pass under the third and second, and over the forefinger. Take up a knitting-needle and insert it in the loop on the forefinger of the left hand; bring the thread round the needle; turn the point of the needle slightly toward you, and tighten the loop, while slipping it off the finger. Take the needle now in the left hand, holding it lightly between the thumb and second finger, leaving the forefinger free. This needle is kept under the hand. The other rests over the division between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, and the thumb lightly pressing against it, holds it in its place. The forefinger has the thread carried from the left hand over the nail of it. Insert the point of the right-hand needle in the loop of the left-hand one; put the thread round it, and let it form a loop. Transfer the loop to the left-hand needle, but without withdrawing the other needle from it. Again put the thread round, to form a fresh loop, which slip on the left-hand needle, and repeat the process.

PLAIN KNITTING.—Slip the point of the right-hand needle in a loop, put the thread round it, and draw it out in a new loop.

PURLING.—Slip the right-hand needle through a loop, in the front of the left-hand one, so that its point is the nearest to you. The thread passes between the two, and is brought round the right-hand one, which is drawn out to form a loop on it. The thread is always brought to the front before purl stitches, unless particular directions to the contrary are given.

TWISTED KNITTING.—Insert the needle in the stitch to be knitted, at the back of the left-hand one, and, as it were, in the latter half of the loop. Finish the stitch in the usual way.

TWISTED PURLING.—Insert the right-hand needle in the stitch, not crossing the left-hand one, as is usual, but parallel with it. When the loop is on it, it can return to its usual place, and be finished like any other purled stitch.

TO MAKE STITCHES.—To make one stitch, merely bring the thread in front before knitting a stitch, as, in order to form the new stitch, it must pass over the needle, thus making one. To make two, three, or more, pass the thread round the needle in addition: once, to make two; twice, to increase three, and so on; but when the succeeding stitch to a made stitch is purled, you must bring the thread in front, and put it once round the needle, to make one stitch.

TO TAKE IN.—(*Decrease.*)—Either knit two as one, which is marked in receipts as $k\ 2\ t$; or, slip one, knit one, pass the slip-stitch over the knitted. This is either written in full, or decrease 1. When three have thus to be made into one, slip one, knit two together, and pass the slip over.

TO SLIP.—Take a stitch from the left to the right-hand needle, without knitting.

TO RAISE A STITCH.—Knit a stitch the bar of thread between two stitches.

TO JOIN A ROUND.—Four needles are used in stockings, mittens, gloves, and any other work which is round without being sewed up. Divide the number of stitches to be cast on by three. Cast a third on one needle. Take the second needle, slip it into the last stitch, and cast on the required number. The same with the third. Then knit two stitches off from the first needle on to the third. The round being thus formed, begin to use the fourth needle for knitting.

TO JOIN THE TOE OF A SOCK, ETC.—Divide the entire number of stitches, putting half on each of two needles, taking care that all the front ones are on one needle, and the sole on another. Knit one off from each needle as one. Repeat. Then pass the first over the second. Continue as in ordinary casting off.

TO CAST OFF.—Knit two stitches; pass the one

first knitted over the other; knit another; pass the former over this one. Continue so.

BRIOCHE STITCH.—The number cast on for bricche stitch must always be divisible by three, without a remainder. Bring the thread in front, slip one, knit two together. It is worked the same way backward and forward.

GARTER STITCH.—Plain knitting in anything which is in rows, not rounds. The sides appear alike.

MOSS STITCH.—Knit one, purl one, alternately. In the next row let the knitted stitch come over the purled, and *vice versa*.

TO KNIT RAPIDLY AND EASILY.—Hold the needles as near to the points as possible, and have no more motion in the hands than you can avoid. Keep the forefinger of the left hand free to feel the stitches, slide them off the needle, &c. The touch of this finger is so delicate that by using it constantly you will soon be able to knit in the dark.

RIBBED KNITTING.—Knit and purl alternately

so many stitches as two. In rounds the knitted must always come over the knitted, and purled over purled. But in rows, the purled stitch will be done over the knitted, and *vice versa*. Thus if you end a row with a purled stitch, that stitch must be knitted at the beginning of the next row, to make it right.

CONTRACTIONS IN KNITTING.—K. Knit (plain knit.)

P. Purl.

M. Make (increase.)

K 2t. Knit two as one. K 3t. Knit three as one.

D 1. Decrease one, by taking off a loop without knitting; then knit one, and pass the other over it.

D 2. Decrease two; slip one; knit two together, and pass the slip-stitch over.

Sl. Slip.

R. Raise.

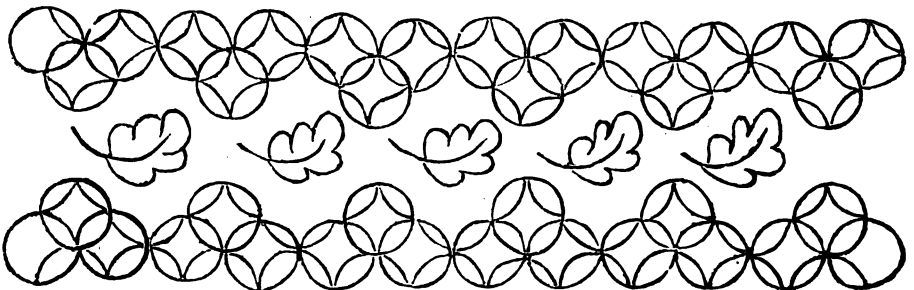
T.K. Twisted knitted stitch.

T.P. Twisted purl stitch.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



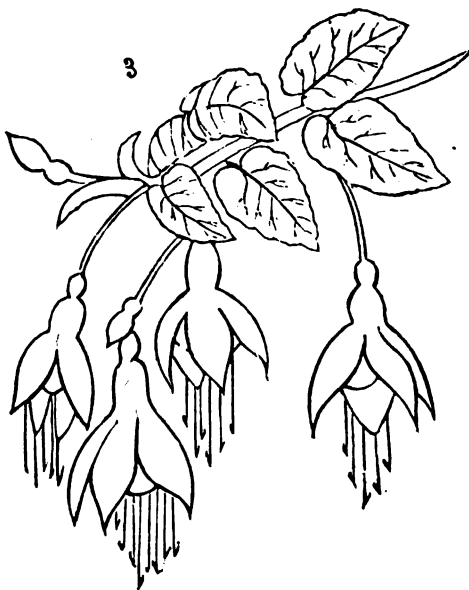
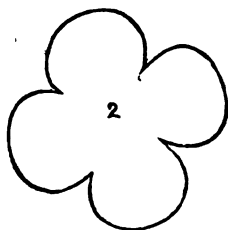
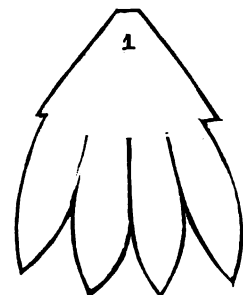
FUCHSIA PATTERN FOR FLANNEL.



WHEEL AND LEAF PATTERN.

DIRECTIONS HOW TO MAKE A FUCHSIA.*

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.



MATERIALS.—Carmine paper, purple tissue paper, small green cups, stamens made of pink Mannillo or thread, green leaves, twisting paper, &c.

Cut an equal number of No. 1 and 2, No. 1 of the carmine paper, No. 2 of the purple tissue paper; gum the edges of No. 1 the same as directed for Honeysuckle; the purple petals should be moulded in the hand with the medium sized moulder; touch the stamen with gum to keep the petals from coming off; slip on the purple first, then the carmine; finish with a small green cup; branch like No. 3. Leaves

and stamens can be had ready prepared, also the buds.

*** MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.**—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for Pinks, Dahlias, and red Roses, variegated for Japonicas, Pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 32 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

BABY'S BASSINET COVER IN PERSIAN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THIS beautiful article, an engraving of which we give in the front of the number, is arranged for execution in a new stitch, partaking half of the nature of crochet and half of a sort of knitting. It requires a needle made for the purpose, which consists of one of the long knitting pins having the exact resemblance of the usual crochet needle at its end. This allows a great number of loops to be on the needle, and consequently articles of very large size to be produced. To

commence the Baby's Bassinet Cover, a simple chain is worked in the usual crochet stitch the length required. We do not call this a row, but simply the foundation for the first row of the Persian Crochet, which is done as follows:—Work one chain into each stitch, retaining each stitch upon the needle, so that at the end of the row all the loops are on the needle in the same way as in knitting. This forms the first row. The second is done as follows:—Make one, put your needle under the wool, and draw it through two loops, dropping them off the needle. Repeat the last stitch to the end of the row, when but one stitch will be left on the needle. This row gives the work the appearance of having loops on its surface. The third row:—Miss the outside stitch, and put the needle into the first loop, drawing the wool through, and each successive loop the same, retaining them all on the needle

as in the first row. It must be remembered, that the first row is used only in commencing, it being the second and the third which in reality form the pattern. This work is also done backward and forward without turning the work or breaking off the wool. The Baby's Bassinet Cover is extremely pretty worked in stripes, five stripes of white Berlin wool, and five of a soft pink or pretty blue, either of which are extremely suitable.

But it must be remembered, that the colored wool must always be joined on at the right hand, in commencing the colored stripe. A narrow border must be added. The one we have given is composed of three rows of the two colors, say white, blue and white of five chain looped in, on the last row eight stitches of single crochet are worked into every loop with the blue wool, giving it the appearance of a button-hole edge.

ESCALLOP SHELL FRINGE IN CROCHET.

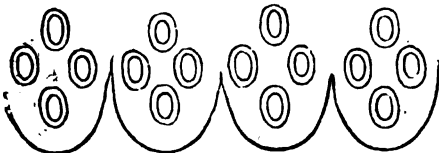
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This pretty fringe, an engraving of which we give in the front of the number, must be worked with a reference to the purpose for which it is intended, in either coarse or fine cotton. Another row added to it, and worked in coarse cotton, makes a very handsome finish to a light summer counterpane.

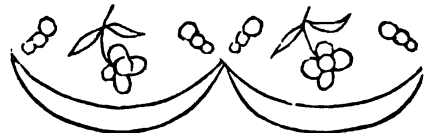
In working it to go round a cover, it can always be joined at the corners without showing the slightest blemish, and this prevents so long a portion being worked in one piece. Make a chain, on which work one long, one chain, in every alternate loop. 3rd row: Twenty-two chain, loop in single, six chain, nine single, six chain, loop in, continue twenty-two chain, &c. 4th row: Work one long, three chain, into every alternate loop of the last twenty-two chain, six chain, seven single, six chain, repeat. 5th row:

One long, three chain over the last, making the bars always come over each other, continue all round the scollop, six chain, five single, six chain, repeat. 6th row: One long, four chain, continue round the scollop, six chain, three single, six chain, repeat. 7th row: One long, five chain, repeat all round, six chain, one single, six chain, repeat. 8th row: Chain seven, loop in short, continue all round. This row is the one on which the fringe is tied in. The top is finished by seven chain loop in. The last row work eight single on each loop. This forms a sort of button-hole scollop. The fringe is tied into each loop according to the length and thickness required, but about three inches long and fourteen threads in thickness makes a very pretty size—that is, when cut before being inserted, seven threads, six inches long, for each knot.

PATTERNS FOR EDGINGS.



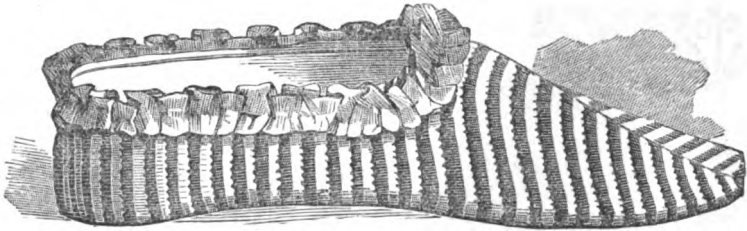
EDGE OF CHEMISE.



BOTTOM OF CHILD'S PETTICOAT.

A BED-ROOM SLIPPER FOR A LADY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—One ounce each of bright violet and stone-color 4-thread Berlin wool; a pair of cork socks. No. 2 Penelope hook. $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of violet binding ribbon; 4 yards of violet satin ribbon, one inch wide.

This slipper is worked in stripes alternately of violet and stone-color, in ridged crochet, that is, by always taking back loops instead of the front.

VIOLET.—21 ch turn back; 20 dc 1 ch T; (or turn on reverse side;) loop in the stone-color to this violet ch; pull the violet wool as tight as possible.

Make another tight ch of the stone-color; now 10 dc; (taking back loops;) 2 ch 10 more dc. This row is now increased to 22 loops; make 1 ch T. Cut off the violet to within an inch of the dc.

VIOLET.—Loop into the stone color; pull the latter very tight; make another tight ch in the violet; work 11 dc 2 ch; 11 more dc 1 ch T. Cut off the stone-color as the violet.

STONE-COLOR.—Loop it into the violet ch; pull the latter tight; another tight ch in the

stone-color; 12 dc 2 ch; 12 dc 1 tight ch. (This ch at the end is to prevent any diminution of the number of stitches on either side, but is never worked into, and merely permits the hook to be inserted in the first stitch.)

Continue working and increasing in the same manner, till 9 violet and 8 stone-color rows are completed; run a piece of white cotton in centre of the violet row. Now work 9 more violet rows, increasing these as before; but work the 9 stone-color rows without increasing.

Now count 11 stitches from the centre; commence on the 12th stitch from centre, and work 21 rows of violet and the same of stone-color, to form one side; but omitting to work the 22 stitches which form the instep. Now work the other side the same, and, when completed, turn on drab side; crochet the two sides together at the back. Cut the ends of wool off round the edges, but not too close; bind the upper part with narrow ribbon, and sew the under round the cork sole, but sewing it inside, so that the stitches will not show through. The quilled ribbon should be about an inch in width.

MOURNING PURSE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—One and a half skeins black crochet silk, No. 2, (French.) Nine skeins of silver thread. Tassels as represented in the engraving, of black and silver, and slides to match. Crochet hook, No. 21.

Of course this purse can be made in any other combinations of colors, and being extremely simple, is very suitable for a learner.

Make a chain of five, and close it into a round with the silk.

1st Round.—Sc, 2 in 1 all round.

2nd Round.—Silver and black, † 1 silver, and 1 black, † 10 times.

3rd Round.—† 1 silver on silver, 2 black on 1, † 10 times.



4th Round.—† 2 silver on 1, 2 black on 2, † 10 times.

5th Round.—† 3 silver on 2, 2 black on 2, † 10 times.

6th Round.—† 4 silver on 3, 2 black on 2, † 10 times.

7th Round.—† 5 silver on 4, 3 black on 2, † 10 times.

8th Round.—† 1 silver on the same stitch as last black, 1 more silver, † 3 black on centre 3 of 5 silver, 2 silver, 2 black on centre 1 of 3, 2 silver, † 9 times. 3 black, 2 silver, 2 black.

9th Round.—† 1 silver on last stitch, 1 more silver, † 2 black, 1 silver, (on centre of 3 black,) 2 black, 2 silver, 1 black, 2 silver, † 9 times.

10th Round.—† 1 black, 3 silver, 1 black, 2 silver, 1 black, † 9 times. The 10th time finish with 2 black.

11th Round.—† 2 silver, 2 black, 1 silver, 2 black, 2 silver, 2 black on 1, † 9 times. The 10th 2 black on 2.

12th Round.—† 1 black, 2 silver, 3 black, 2 silver, 3 black, † 10 times.

13th Round.—† 2 black, 5 silver, 4 black, † 10 times.

14th Round.—† 3 black, 3 silver, 5 black, † 10 times.

15th Round.—† 4 black, 1 silver, 6 black, † 10 times.

16th Round.—All silk, without increase.

17th and 18th Round.—All silk, † 5 dc in 1, miss 4 † 22 times. In the 18th and all following rounds, the 5 dc are worked in the centre of the 5 dc of the previous one.

19th Round.—The same, in silver, with 1 chain between every 5 dc.

Repeat these three rounds, 2 in silk, and 1 in silver, 5 times.

For the opening, with silk only, † 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, † work backward and forward twenty rows.

Form again into a round, and work the 17th, 18th, and 19th rounds, as before, but 7 times instead of 5.

To close it up, work a row of sc, taking the stitches of both sides.

Work round the opening in sc, with silver thread.

CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

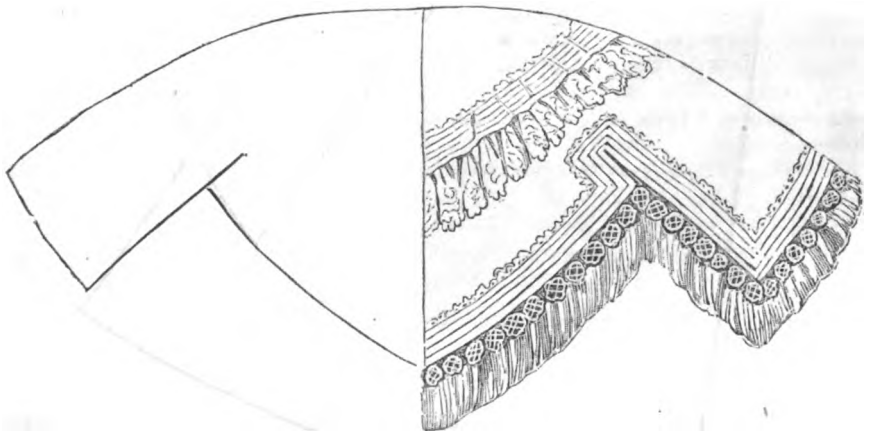
As many fair readers will make our acquaintance, for the first time, with this number, we give here directions for transferring this and similar patterns in embroidery. Scrape some red or blue chalk; brush it lightly over a sheet of thin tissue paper, shake off the loose grains, lay the chalked side of the paper on the muslin, and over it the pattern, which you will trace with a hard, sharp-pointed pencil, and the design will be clearly marked, and require no further trouble. When any parts of the pattern are repeated—as the quarters of a cushion or a handkerchief, or the scallops of a founce—have only the pounced pattern of one quarter or section, and mark all from that one. It will be found a much more accurate mode than that of making the whole paper pattern perfect.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.

THE SCARF MANTLE

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, a pattern for a beautiful, new style summer mantle; and also a diagram by which to cut it out.

No. 1. A Front.

No. 2. Half the Back.

Join the two pieces at A A and B B, along the shoulder seam. We give one half trimmed, and

one plain, so that our subscribers may see how to put the paper together. It is possible that the pattern given may require to have more taken out of the neck, so that it will show the shoulders. It must be observed, that it is slightly cut up to give freedom to the arm. The diagram is on the next page.

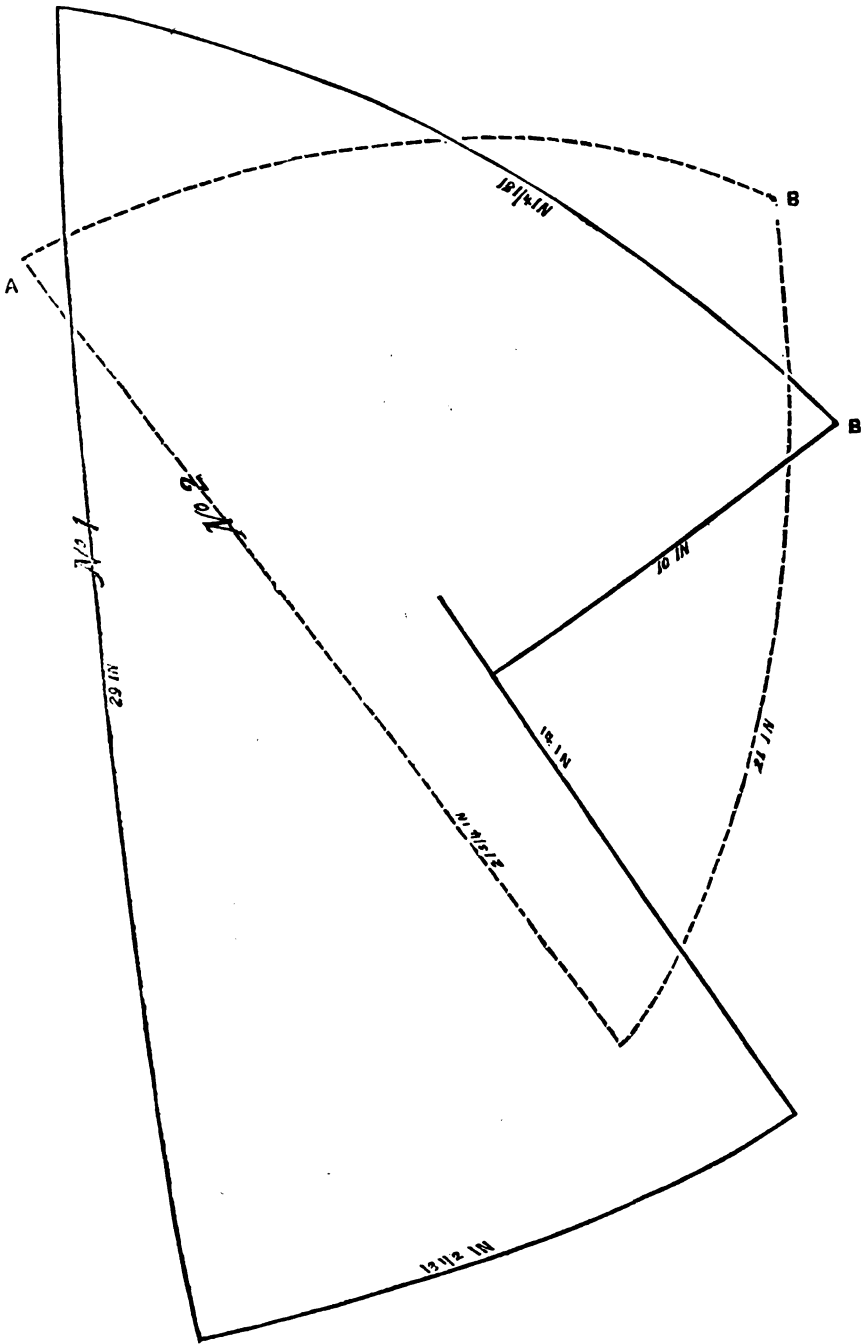
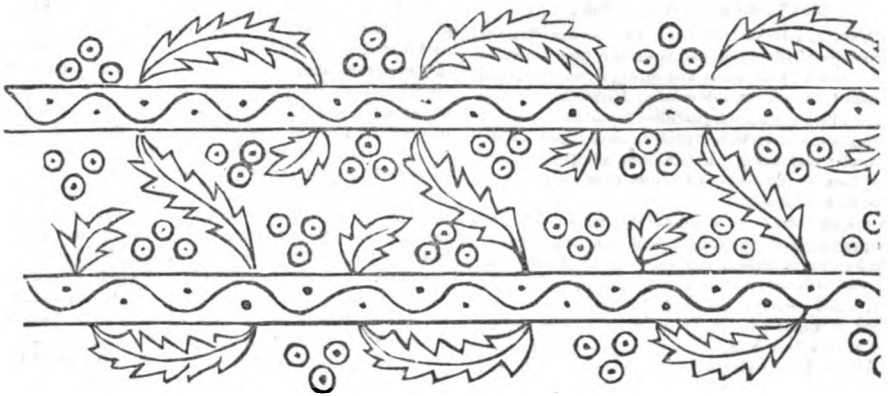


DIAGRAM OF SCARF MANTLE.

PATTERNS IN NEEDLEWORK.



EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL OR MUSLIN.



EDGING.



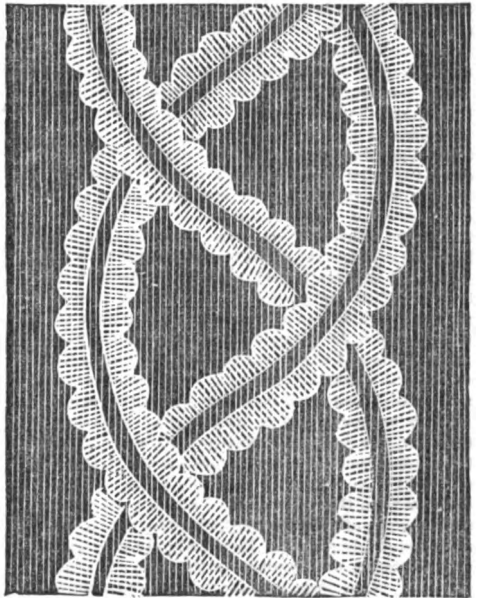
BAND AND SLEEVE OF CHEMISE.



INSERTION.



EDGING.



SHIRT FRONT.



EDGING.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

TO MAKE AND MANAGE AN AQUARIUM.—As aquariums are becoming very fashionable, and as we have been solicited to describe how they are made and managed, we devote part of a page to the subject, this month. Heretofore, the directions for filling aquariums, published in various newspapers and magazines, have been copied, unaltered, from English periodicals; and have, therefore, been of little practical utility, because the fishes and plants, most suitable there, are not all to be found here.

To the uninitiated, we would say that an Aquarium is a self-supporting, self-renovating collection, in which the various influences of animal and vegetable life balance each other, and maintain, within the vessel, a correspondence of action, which preserves the whole. The water is not to be changed at all, or only at rare intervals, because growing plants always form a feature in the collection, and because such plants, in a state of healthy growth, exhale more oxygen than they absorb, and thus supply to the fishes, what the latter require, for maintaining healthy respiration; and the water thus remains unchanged. The bottom should be composed of coarse river sand or pebbles, which should be *thoroughly* washed before being placed in the tank—the plants should then be arranged and planted, before the water is introduced; and any common aquatic weeds will answer, if they are found growing *entirely under water*: a few of the most desirable for such a purpose are the Anacharis, Myriophyllum, Vallisneria, Potamogeton, Ranunculus, and Cannas Vulgaris. The plants should become well settled in the water for a day or two, before the fishes are admitted. The first thing to guard against is overstocking with animal life; taking large fish with small, two or three to every gallon of water, is the utmost that should be attempted; and if the tank is not large, the smaller fish will be found the most desirable. The minnow and banded dace, the roach and the carp, or gold fish, are probably the most desirable and most easily procured. The sun-fish is objectionable on account of his carnivorous nature, and there are other kinds which the aquarian soon learns to banish from his tank. Snails and mussels are necessary to complete the operations of the tank, they performing the duties of scavengers, the snails by eating off the objectionable growths, and the mussels by straining off of matters held in suspension in the water. There should be three to four snails to every gallon of water, and one mussel to every two or three gallons. It will be necessary to occasionally sponge the sides of the glass when they become coated with a green scum; but if this species of vegetable growth increases rapidly, try an additional supply of snails. Be careful to keep the tank free from decaying matter, animal or vegetable. The tank can be made in the shape of a square box, with sides of glass, and open at top; or it may be constructed in a more fanciful shape, if expense is no object.

ENGLISHMEN AND DINNERS.—Among the good things, which we find in that racy new book, "The Wit of Douglas Jerrold," is a hit at the English habit of celebrating everything with a dinner. "If an earthquake," said Jerrold, "were to engulf England to-morrow, they would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event."

LOSS BY LOVE.—"Nobody ever lost anything by love," said a sage-looking person. "That's not true," said a lady, who heard the remark, "for I once lost three nights' sleep."

ACIDS IF TAKEN IN EXCESS FATAL.—It is a habit, with many persons, to take acids, especially vinegar, in excess. When used in moderation, acids are often beneficial; but in excess they impair the digestive organs. Experiments on artificial digestion show that if the quantity of acid be diminished, digestion is retarded; if increased beyond a certain point, it is arrested. There is reason, therefore, in the popular notion, that vinegar tends to avert corpulence. Young ladies, who dread to be considered "fat," can actually arrest the disappearance of those graceful curves, and preserve their sylph-like figures, by drinking freely of vinegar; but it will be at the expense of their health. The quantity of acid which will keep them thin, will destroy their digestive organs. A late medical writer gives a case which should be a warning. "A few years ago," he says, "a young lady in easy circumstances enjoyed good health; she was very plump, had a good appetite, and a complexion blooming with roses and lilies. She began to look upon her plumpness with suspicion; for her mother was very fat, and she was afraid of becoming like her. Accordingly, she consulted a woman, who advised her to drink a glass of vinegar daily: the young lady followed her advice, and her plumpness diminished. She was delighted with the success of the experiment, and continued it for more than a month. She began to have a cough; but it was dry at its commencement, and was considered as a slight cold, which would go off. Meantime, from dry it became moist; a slow fever came on, and a difficulty of breathing; her body became lean, and wasted away; night sweats, and swelling of the feet and of the legs succeeded." In short she died. We fear, too, that this was only one case out of many.

THE BRAIN IN CHILDHOOD.—Too many parents, in the United States especially, are given to forcing the intellectual development of their children. To have prodigies of learning in comparative infancy, they sacrifice the health, if not the lives of their victims. Sir Henry Holland, in his "Mental Physiology," has left his testimony against this practice. "It is a fact," he writes, "attested by experience, that the memory may be seriously injured by pressing upon it too hard and continuously in early life. Whatever theory we hold as to this great function of our nature, it is certain that its powers are only gradually developed; and that if forced into premature exercise, they are impaired by the effort. This is a maxim, indeed, of general import, applying to the condition and culture of every faculty of body and mind; but singularly to the one we are now considering, which forms in one sense the foundation of intellectual life. A regulated exercise, short of fatigue, is improving to it, but we are bound to refrain from goading it by constant and laborious efforts in early life, and before the instrument is strengthened to its work, or it decays under our hands."

WORK IS THE LAW OF NATURE.—The habits of children prove that occupation is congenial to our nature; for they delight in being busy: they are fond of employment for its own sake; being ignorant of the value of time, their instinct tells them that their happiness consists in doing something. Occupation mitigates a great part of earthly troubles. All have trials, griefs, and disappointments in a greater or lesser degree; but, whether afflicted in body or mind, occupation is the best prescription; it will blunt the edge of the sharpest grief, and enable us

"To brave the blast, and dare the storm,
In humble, calm serenity."

A CHARGE OF PLAGIARISM.—A correspondent of the "Cleveland Review" affirms that the following poem was written many years ago by an English lady, and suggests that it may have furnished the hint to Poe for his "Raven." A charge of plagiarism is always a delicate one, and even when priority of publication can be proved, cannot always be maintained; for the history of literature, as well as the experience of every writer, establishes the fact that similar ideas often occur originally to different persons. In this particular case the entire evidence against Poe consists of the assertion of an unknown correspondent, who does not even give the name of the supposed author of the poem. Besides, the similarity, between the "Raven" and the following, is hardly such as to justify a charge of plagiarism. The most that can be said is that one poem might have suggested the other.

From thy dim and drear dominions
On the night's Plutonian shore,
Oft I see thy dusky pinions
Hovering darkly round my door—
See the shadow of thy pinions
Gleance along the moonlit floor.

Often from the oak-wood glooming,
On some high ancestral tower,
From the lurid distance looming—
Some high, solitary tower—
I can hear thy storm-cry booming
Through the lonely, midnight hour.

There I see thee grimly gliding—
See thy black plumes waving slow—
In its hollow casements hiding,
When their shadows yawn below,
To the sullen tarn confiding
The dark secrets of their woe.

When the midnight stars are burning
In their cressets silver clear—
When Ligea's spirit yearning
For the earth life, wanders near—
Where Morella's soul, returning,
Weirdly whispers, "I am here."

Then all night I see thee wheeling
Round a couch of India's loom,
Where a shrouded form congealing
In the ceremonies of the tomb,
Sleeps beneath the vaulted ceiling
Of Rowena's bridal room.

Once, within a realm enchanted,
On a fair isle of the leas,
By unearthly visions haunted,
By unearthly melodies,
Where the evening sunlight slanted
Golden through the garden trees.

Where the dreamy moonlight dozes,
Where the earthly violets dwell,
Listening to the silvery closes
Of a lyric loved so well,
Suddenly among the roses
Like a cloud thy shadows fell.

Once, when Ulalume lies sleeping,
Hard by Auber's haunted meer,
With the ghouls a vigil keeping
On that night of all the year,
Came thy sounding pinions, sweeping,
Through the leafless woods of Wier!

Oft with Proserpine I wander,
On the night's Plutonian shore,
Hoping, fearing, while I ponder
On thy loved and lost Lenore;
On the demon doubts that sunder
Soul from soul forever more.

Trusting, though with sorrow laden,
That when life's dark dream is o'er,
By whatever name the maiden
Lives within thy mystic lore,
Lives, in that far distant Auldenn,
Shall his Charmion meet once more.

PURSE IN CROCHET.—This beautiful purse, which we have printed in colors, is to be worked in crochet; and needs no direction, the pattern being a sufficient guide.

SOME OLD EPITAPHS.—Pettigrow tells of an epitaph, in a country church-yard, as follows:—

"My wife's dead,
There let her lie;
She is at rest,
And so am I."

This, from a Welsh church-yard, is very like an "Irish bull."

"Here lies John Thomas
And his three children dear
Two buried at Oswestry,
And one buried here."

Here is one of unequalled beauty:—

"She took the cup of Life to sip,
Too bitter 'twas to drain;
She meekly put it from her lip,
And went to sleep again."

HOW WE KEEP OUR PROMISES.—In the Prospectus for 1858, we promised to give a copy-right novelet by Mrs. Southworth; an original novelet by Mrs. Stephens; and an original novelet by Charles J. Peterson. The first we have already published. The second is begun in this number. The last will be published as soon as Frank Lee Benedict's novel is finished. We shall thus have fulfilled our promise with regard to the three novelets, besides giving one extra, and that not the worst of them. What other Magazine can say the same? For many years, the newspaper press has complimented us on the superiority of our contributors; but in future the stories, novelets, &c., of "Peterson," will be better than ever.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.—The engraving, this month, is after a very celebrated picture; and one that fully deserves its reputation. What humor! What spirit! The cost of engraving this fine embellishment was more than twice the ordinary price. But so long as the public sustains us so liberally, so long will we spare no expense to make "Peterson" excel, not only in literature, but in illustrations.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, two new lyrics, the words and music of both by J. H. McNaughton. One is called "My Home is a Cave by the dark Sea Wave," and the other, "Father and Mother, a song for the Home Circle." We have also received from the author, J. B. Menny, Philadelphia, the "National Song," dedicated to Miss Ernestine Laban, of St. Mary's, La.

YOUNG AMERICA.—"Johnny," said a mother to a son, nine years old, "go and wash your face: I am ashamed to see you coming to dinner with so dirty a mouth." "I did wash it, mamma," he said, and feeling his upper lip, he added, gravely, "I guess it must be a moustache coming."

WHAT WE CAN ALL BE.—We cannot all of us be beautiful, but the pleasantness of a good-humored look is denied to none. We can all of us increase and strengthen the family affections and the delights of home.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Mary Derwent. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—We noticed, in our last number, this work, by our co-editor, as announced for publication. We now welcome an early copy to our table, in all the beauty of type and paper which distinguishes the duodecimo publications of T. B. Peterson & Brothers. As it was "Mary Derwent," in its original crude state, that first gave Mrs. Stephens her national reputation; so the same novel, in its present perfected condition, will be that one of her numerous works by which she will, we think, like best to be remembered. The scene is laid in a beautiful valley of Wyoming,

and the work breathes the fragrance and charm of this poetic spot, on every page. A series of exquisite pictures, diversified by stirring incidents, fascinate the reader, till he or she catches the inspiration of the spot, and warms under the author's genius. The work is a brilliant epic in prose. It has all the absorbing interest of Indian novels, without their often shocking details; all the romance of a pure love story, without the least bit of sentimentalism. We do not say this in any partial spirit. The public verdict, long ago, placed Mrs. Stephens at the head of American female novelists, not merely on account of her remarkable power, but also because of her faithfulness as an artist. And of this latter quality, "Mary Derwent," as it now appears, is a striking illustration; for, when compared with the prize-story, on which it is founded, it shows what a wonderful improvement time and study works, even on a first-rate intellect.

The Wit and Opinions of Douglas Jerrold. Collected by his son, Blanchard Jerrold. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Though necessarily imperfect, from the impossibility of recovering everything that its hero said, this book gives, nevertheless, a better idea of Jerrold's wit than all we have read of it heretofore. Many of the remarks are as full of wisdom as others are of point. Reading these pithy sayings, we regret the more that so many are lost forever, through the proverbial treachery of memory. Still, there is enough left to preserve something of the aroma of Jerrold's wit, and to justify, in part, the high reputation he enjoyed, among his associates, while living. A pleasant article might be compiled, merely by culling the best of the good things in the work before us.

Wyoming. Its History, Stirring Incidents, and Romantic Adventures. By George Peck, D. D., with Illustrations. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this volume has enjoyed unusual facilities for the study of the history and localities of Wyoming. It was forty years ago when he first visited that lovely valley; and his acquaintance has been kept up with it ever since. The work contains a brief annal of Wyoming, followed by a series of historic scenes, which, in the writer's own words, "constitute natural amplifications of the general outline." Many excellent engravings, from drawings taken in the valley, embellish the volume. The book appears at an opportune moment, when the novel of "Mary Derwent," by our co-editor, is attracting attention again to the valley of Wyoming.

Quentin Durward. By the author of "Waverley." 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The thirty-second and thirty-third volumes of the already famous "Household Edition" of Scott's novels. Next to "Ivanhoe," as a master-piece of the romantic fiction, comes "Quentin Durward;" and on the continent of Europe, it is considered, we believe, better than "Ivanhoe." We have so often spoken of the merits of this edition, that we can only say, at present, that its superiority in paper, typography, &c., is faithfully kept up.

A Woman's Thoughts about Woman. By the author of "John Halifax." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carlton.—Every woman, interested in the destinies of her sex, ought to read this work. The reputation of Miss Mulock alone would be sufficient to recommend it; but we speak "by the card" when we say that it is one of the best ever written on the subject. We are glad to hear that it is having a large sale.

Fred Markham in Russia; or the Boy Travelers in the Land of the Czar. By N. B. Kingston. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is just the book to fascinate a boy. Stirring incident is combined, however, with descriptions of scenery and manners, so as to mingle instruction with amusement. The volume is full of spirited illustrations.

Ursula. A Tale of Country Life. By Miss Sewell. 2 vols., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The usual merits which characterize the works of this author distinguish "Ursula." Like "Amy Herbert," "Ivora," "Dynevor Terrace," and others of Miss Sewell's former fictions, it is full of quiet domestic scenes, and breathes throughout a calm, religious air. Some of the characters in the present novel, however, seem to us better drawn than usual in this writer's books. A succession of incidents, skillfully managed, keeps up the interest from the first chapter to the last. The volumes are neatly printed.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

TO TAKE A PEN AND INK SKETCH OF YOUR FRIEND.—Take a soft quill pen, with plenty of ink in it, and a strip of paper that will not absorb too readily; ask a person to write his or her name thereon, in bold and deep characters; then, instantly, before it can have time to dry in the least degree, double the paper in the centre of the writing, lengthways, rub the two folds together on the unwritten side with the thumb; then open the fold, and you will have the result. In all names, by some magical process, there is an indication of a face. The dots for the eyes and nose are afterwards added.

In some names, where the letter "I" occurs more than once, also the "talled" letters, the effect is most ludicrous, and sure to elicit roars of laughter.

"It never occurred to me," adds the lady who favored us with this pastime, "that this sport could be turned to account; till a week or two since, I was sitting amongst a very grave party, perpendicular as conventionalism could make them; certain it was, their gravity nearly upset me, when I introduced this pastime, and a merrier set of elves never sported in the sunshine, than we did under the gauntlet. Many letters were torn up, all the envelopes that could be mustered; then we went begging for paper, and, shame, be it said, hours flew by over this amusement; while all the party took home portraits of their friends to mystify them with."

AN EGG PUT INTO A PRISM.—To accomplish this seeming incredible act, requires the following preparation:—You must take an egg and soak it in strong vinegar, and in process of time its shell will become quite soft, so that it may be extended lengthways without breaking; then insert it into the neck of a small bottle, and by pouring cold water upon it, it will reassume its former figure and hardness. This is really a complete curiosity, and baffles those who are not in the secret to find out how it is accomplished.

ART RECREATIONS.

THE BEST PICTURES EXPRESSLY FOR GRECIAN AND ANTIQUE PAINTING.—Published by J. E. Tilton, Salem, Mass. Directions to our new style of antique painting on glass, Oriental painting, Grecian painting, and Potichomanie, furnished, full and complete, on receipt of one dollar, with directions for varnish, &c. Purchasers of our goods to the amount of five dollars, will be entitled to directions free. Persons ordering directions for one dollar, and after buying the materials to the above amount, may deduct the one dollar paid for directions.

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THE FARM YARD.—Painted by J. Herring. An elegant engraving, new. Size of plate, thirteen by nineteen inches. Price, one dollar and fifty cents. With full directions for painting. Post-paid.

LES ORPHELINES.—A fine engraving from a celebrated French painter. Two figures, sisters. Size of plate, nine by

eleven inches. Price, post-paid, with full directions for painting, one dollar.

THE JEWS-HARP LESSON.—A beautiful picture, new, painted by Brunet. Engraved by Grozeller. Companion to "The Little Bird." Size of plate, eight and a half by ten and a half inches. Price, post-paid, with directions for painting, sixty cents.

THE LITTLE BIRD.—A beautiful picture, new, painted by Brunet. Engraved by Grozeller. Companion to "Jews-harp Lesson." Size of plate, eight and a half by ten and a half inches. Price, post-paid, with directions, sixty cents.

TWO COPIES FOR ORIENTAL PAINTING.—In imitation of laid India work. They are new and beautiful designs for tables and folios. One is a handsome wreath, with fountain, birds, &c. The other is an elegant vase of flowers, with birds' nests, birds, butterflies, &c. Price, fifty cents each, or eighty cents for the pair, nicely done up on a roller, and post-paid.

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ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR PRESERVES.

To Preserve Crab Apples.—Wash your fruit—cover the bottom of your preserving-kettle with grape leaves, put in the apples, hang them over the fire with the addition of a very little water, cover them closely, and do not let them boil, but only simmer gently until they become yellow. Then take out of your kettle, and spread them over a large dish to cool; after this pare, and core them, put them again into your kettle, with fresh vine leaves, and hang them over the fire, leaving them simmer (not boil) until they become green. Then take them out of the kettle, weigh them, and allow one pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Add to the sugar just enough water to dissolve it. When the sugar is quite dissolved, boil it and skim it, and then put in your fruit, and boil it until it is quite soft. Place the fruit in jars, and pour the warm syrup over it.

To Preserve Cherries.—Morella cherries must be stoned and then measured; to twelve pints take four pounds of sugar. Put your cherries and the juice into a preserving kettle—but do not add the sugar—and boil them for four hours, stirring often to prevent them from burning; then add the sugar and boil gently for one hour longer, stirring pretty constantly. Carnation cherries must be cut open. Take half their weight of sugar, and make a candy syrup; then put in your cherries and boil till clear.

Peach Chips.—Pare and slice your peaches, and boil them clear in a syrup made with half their weight of sugar; lay them on dishes in the sunlight, and turn them until they become dry. Pack them in pots, sifting powdered sugar over each layer of chips. If any of the syrup remains, continue the process with other peaches.

To Preserve Pine Apples.—Cut them into thin slices, (after carefully paring them,) and sprinkle them with sifted sugar the night before preserving them. Boil them slowly in a thick syrup of loaf sugar, pound for pound. Twenty minutes will be sufficient for boiling your fruit.

Peach Jam.—To twelve pounds of peaches take four pounds of sugar; boil the fruit tender, press them through a sieve, and boil them three hours, stirring them constantly.

To Preserve Water-Melon Rind.—Divest the rind of its outer skin, and cut it into various pretty and fanciful shapes; put them into alum water, sufficient to cover them. The alum water is prepared by placing in water a piece of alum the size of a hazel nut to each pound of the rind. Let the rind remain in the alum water for twenty-four hours: then put it, with fresh alum water into your preserving-kettle, and boil it well for an hour; then take out the rind, and place it in cold water. Whilst there, prepare your syrup, by adding half a pint of water to one pound and a quarter of sugar; boil it over a slow fire, and whilst boiling put in your spices, which must consist of race ginger, cloves, mace, &c., according to your taste. After the syrup is sufficiently boiled, add in the rind, and boil it slowly until it becomes clear and green.

To Preserve Cucumbers.—Let them remain in salt water for two or three days, and then soak them in fresh water for several days, after which boil them in a solution of alum water until they become clear; then take them out, and put them in cold water; when cold, cut a slit in them lengthwise, and fill it with mace and lemon peel, after taking out the seeds of the cucumber. Tie a string around them, and prepare a good syrup. Take one pound of sugar to one pound of cucumbers, put in the fruit and boil until it is sufficiently cooked; take out the cucumbers, and boil the syrup until thick enough, and then pour it over them.

To Dry Cherries.—Stone your fruit, and save the juice: weigh your cherries, and allow one pound of brown sugar to three pounds of the fruit. Boil it with the juice, put the cherries in, and stew them for fifteen or twenty minutes; take out the cherries, drain off the syrup, and lay the fruit on dishes to dry. Keep the syrup, and pour it over the cherries, a little at a time, according as they dry—turning them over frequently. When all the syrup is used, pack the fruit in pots, sprinkling a little sifted sugar between the layers.

Peaches in Brandy.—Plunge your peaches in boiling lye; wipe them carefully with a soft cloth, in order to divest them of the down, skin, and lay them in cold water; to one pound of fruit take half a pound of sugar, and as much water as will cover it. Boil and skim the syrup, then put in your peaches, let them cook until you can run a straw through them, and lay them on dishes to cool. Boil your syrup until it becomes thick, and then pour over your peaches equal quantities of brandy and of syrup.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR PUDDINGS.

A Bread and Butter Pudding.—Cut some slices of bread moderately thick, paring off the crust, and butter them nicely. Butter a deep dish, and cover the bottom of it with slices of prepared bread. Have ready one pound of currants, picked, washed, and well dried, and spread one-third of them thickly over the bread and butter, strew some brown sugar over them, then a layer of bread and butter, succeeded by currants, and sugar. Finish with a third layer of each article, and pour over the whole four eggs, beaten very light, and mixed with a pint of milk, and a wineglassful of rose water. Bake an hour; grate nutmeg over it when it is done. Serve it warm.

Lemon Pudding.—To six eggs, take half a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, three large table-spoonful of grated bread, and one lemon carefully pared and seeded. Line your plates with a nice puff paste, and after the ingredients are well mixed together, pour the mixture into them. Bake in a slow oven; this receipt is sufficient for two pie plates.

Soda Pudding.—The ingredients are: Four eggs, four teacupful of flour, two teacupful of sugar, one teacupful of melted butter, and a teacupful of soda, dissolved in a little milk. Bake in a mould, and serve it with wine sauce.

Poor Man's Pudding.—The ingredients are: Two and a half tablespoonsful of melted butter; two teacupful of milk, one cupful of sugar, one pint of flour, two teaspoonful of cream of tartar sifted into the flour, and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a small portion of warm water.

The sauce for this pudding, consists of one teacupful of sugar, five tablespoonsful of butter, as much wine or brandy as is agreeable to you. Melt and mix the articles together by holding them over a boiling kettle.

Custard, or Pudding, for Omnescentis.—One pint of milk, two tablespoonsful of flour, three eggs, and as much sugar as you please. Beat the eggs well, add the sugar, then the milk and flour alternately. Put the mixture in a bowl or pan, place it in another pan filled with hot water, set it where it will cook, and when a custard forms, take it off, and let it cool.

Monterey Pudding.—One pound of grated bread, one pound of suet, one pound of currants, two eggs, one wineglassful of brandy, half a pound of sugar, and one teacupful of cream. Mix the ingredients well together, and boil the pudding in a bag for two hours. Serve it with a sauce made of butter, sugar, and eggs, mixed until it becomes white and stiff.

Potato Pudding.—Half a pound of butter; half a pound of butter worked to a cream; half a pound of potatoes, boiled, skinned and passed through a sieve; eight drops of essence of lemon; four eggs well beaten; and one teacupful of cream. Add in spices to your taste, and a small quantity of rose water.

Apple Pudding.—Rub one pint and a half of stewed apples through a sieve, and add five eggs, well beaten, a lump of butter the size of a large egg, two wineglassfuls of good wine, half a grated nutmeg, and sugar to your taste. Bake in a fine paste.

Boiled Indian Pudding.—One quart of milk, three half pints of Indian meal, and a gill of molasses. Mix all together, put it into a nice clean cloth, and let it boil for seven or eight hours; the water must be boiling when the pudding is put into it.

Nursery Pudding.—Slice some white bread, and pare off the crust. Pour scalding milk over it, and let it stand until it is well soaked, then beat it well together with four eggs, a small quantity of sugar, and some grated nutmeg. Bake in small cups half filled.

Wine Sauce for Puddings.—Dissolve some corn starch with boiling water, until it becomes of the thickness of clear starch; it must not be put over a fire. To one pint of this, take butter the size of a teacup, some nutmeg, sugar, wine, or brandy—as much of each article as is agreeable to you.

Whortleberry Pudding.—The necessary ingredients are: One pound of flour, nine eggs, one pound of butter, one pound of brown sugar, two quarts of whortleberries, half a pint of milk, one wineglassful of wine, one wineglassful of brandy, and some nutmeg. Serve it with wine sauce.

Cocoa-nut Pudding.—To one large cocoa-nut, grated, take six eggs, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, one-quarter of a pound of butter, one wineglassful of wine, and season with nutmeg to your taste. Bake in a fine paste.

Baked Batter Pudding.—Mix into a batter three pints of milk, nine tablespoonsful of flour, twelve eggs, and a little salt. Bake it for three-quarters of an hour, and serve it with wine or cream sauce.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR PASTRY.

Fine Puff Paste.—To every pound of fresh butter, allow one pound and a quarter of flour. Sift the flour into a deep pan, and sift some also upon a plate, to use for sprinkling and rolling. Divide the butter into four equal parts. Cut up one portion into the pan of flour, and then divide the remainder into six pieces. Mix the flour and butter with a

knife, adding, by degrees, a little cold water, until you have formed a lump of stiff dough. Then sprinkle some flour on the paste, and take it from the pan with a knife; roll it out into a large, thin sheet, and with a knife spread one of the pieces of butter all over it, at equal distances; then fold up the sheet; flour it, and roll it out again; add, in the same manner, another piece of butter, and repeat the process until it is all used. In using the rolling-pin, observe always to roll from you, (instead of toward you.) Bake your paste in a moderate oven, but rather quickly than slowly. No air must be admitted.

A Buttered Tart.—Scald eight or ten large apples, and when cold skin and core them; beat the pulp very fine with a silver spoon, and then mix in the yolks of six eggs, and the whites of four eggs—which must be well beaten; squeeze in the juice of a Seville orange, and mix it in with its rind—shred finely—and some grated nutmeg and sugar. Melt a portion of fresh butter, and beat in with the other ingredients enough of it to make the whole look like a firm, thick cream. Make a nice puff paste, and cover your pie dish—carefully—with it, and then pour in the above mixture; do not cover it with the paste, but let the top remain open. Bake it a quarter of an hour, then slip it off the dish upon a plate, and sift fine white sugar over it.

Pumpkin Pie.—Pare your pumpkin very carefully, and then stew it until it becomes quite soft. To one pint of stewed pumpkin, add one pint of milk, one glassful of Malaga wine, one wineglassful of rose-water, seven eggs, half a pound of fresh butter, one small nutmeg—grated, and as much salt and sugar as is agreeable to you.

Cream Pie.—This dish is made by forming a rich paste, which must be spread upon the bottom of a dish; upon this must be placed a layer of butter the thickness of a cent; then a layer of flour; then one of sugar, (all of the same thickness,) and fill your dish up with cream.

Rice Custard Pie.—Boil together three tablespoonsful of rice flour, and one pint of wine. When cold, add three eggs well-beaten, and one tablespoonful of essence of Vanilla. Put in as much sugar as suits your taste. Bake in a good pie crust.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR MADE DISHES.

Italian Cheese.—Boil a knuckle of veal; when perfectly cooked, strain the liquor, skim off the fat, then take the bones out of the meat, chop it fine, and add one (grated) nutmeg, and half an ounce of each, of cloves, allspice, and whole pepper. Put the entire mixture on the fire to simmer gently, and when the liquor becomes a jelly, pour it into a mould, and let it remain thus until the next day. By way of improvement, you may line your mould with hard boiled eggs, cut into slices.

Kidney.—Cut a kidney into small pieces, removing carefully all fat and muscles. Then cover the kidney with cold water, and let it stew slowly until it becomes tender, changing the water two or three times. Season it with salt, pepper, a piece of butter rolled in flour, and some sweet marjoram; add also a small portion of wine—and then stew it for a short time. Your taste must decide the quantity of seasoning.

Noodles.—One egg, half a pint of flour, and a little water—just sufficient to make the paste stick together; add a little salt. Roll out the paste very thin, sprinkle it with flour, and place the sheets upon nice clean cloths to dry. When used, cut them up very fine. They may be used in soup; or you may prepare them similar to macaroni.

Imitation Oysters.—Grate twelve ears of corn, and wash the cobs in a teacupful of milk; add to the above three eggs, two tablespoonsfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of salt; form the batter into small cakes, and bake them on a griddle. They have the flavor of oysters, and are very nice.



Omelet.—To one egg take a skimmerful of milk and a small portion of salt, with some pepper. Beat well together, and fry in butter. Turn it carefully.

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPTS.

A Perfumed Soap.—Take four ounces of marshmallow roots skinned, and dried in the shade; powder them, and add one ounce of starch; the same of wheaten flour; six drachms of pine-nut kernels, two ounces of blanched almonds, an ounce and a half of kernels husked, two ounces of oil of tartar, the same of oil of sweet almonds, and thirty grains of musk; thoroughly incorporate the whole, and add to every ounce half an ounce of florentine orris-root in fine powder; then steep half a pound of fresh marshmallow roots, bruised in the distilled water of mallows (or orange flowers,) for twelve hours, then squeeze out the liquor; then, with this liquor and the preceding powders and oils, make a stiff paste, to be dried in the shade, and formed into round balls. This soap is excellent for smoothing the skin, or rendering the hands delicately white.

Moths in Carpets.—Camphor will not stop the ravages of moths after they have commenced eating. Then they pay no regard to the presence of camphor, cedar or tobacco. Nor will the dreaded and inconvenient taking up and beating always insure success. But take a coarse, crash towel, and wring it out of clean water, and spread it smoothly on the carpet, then iron it dry with a good, hot iron, repeating the operation on all suspected places, and those least used. It does not injure the ply or color of the carpet in the least, as it is not necessary to press hard, heat and steam being the agents; and they do the work effectually on worms and eggs. Then the camphor will doubtless prevent depredations of the miller.

The Most Correct and Tasty Way of Arranging Flowers for Vases.—Much depends upon the formation of the vase, also the position in which it is to be placed. It is imperative that a due regard to the contrast of colors be studied; placing the larger and darker flowers in the back-ground, or centre, as the case may be. By no means over-crowd the vase—the majority of bouquets being spoilt in effect by that one fault: as the natural beauty and elegance is much enhanced by a light and easy distribution in the arrangement.

The Cheapest and Simplest Method for Preserving the Skeletons of Leaves.—Make up a book of good, stout writing paper, (letter size,) and fasten down each skeleton leaf (when thoroughly dried) to the paper by means of a fine needle and thread, catching hold of the centre or main stem of each leaf only. Beyond this nothing but care is required to keep them in a high state of preservation. I made up my book in this way three years ago, and they are as good now as they were the first day I put them in.

How to take Fruit Stains out of a Muslin Dress.—Boil a handful of fig leaves in two quarts of water until reduced to a pint. With a clean sponge, dipped in this liquor, rub the part affected, and the stains will be entirely removed. Or—Rub the part on each side with yellow soap, then tie up a piece of pearl-h in the cloth, and soak well in hot water, or boil; afterward expose the stained part to the sun and air until removed.

Baked Pears.—Take half a dozen of fine pears; peel them, cut them in halves, and take out the cores. Put them into a pan with a little red wine, a few cloves, half a pound of sugar, and some water. Set them in a moderate oven till tender; then put them on a slow fire to stew gently, with grated lemon-peel and more sugar, if necessary.

Fire in the Chimney.—In cases of fire in the chimney, it is an excellent plan to put salt on the fire in the grate below, as it acts chemically on the flaming soot above. This has been found to extinguish the fire in a short time, and deserves to be more generally known.

To Clean Paper on Walls, first lightly sweep off the dust with a clean broom. Divide a loaf a week old into eight parts. Take the crust in your hand, and beginning at the top of the wall, wipe it downward, in the lightest manner, with the crumb. Do not rub crossways nor upward. The dirt of the paper and the crumbs will fall together. Observe, you must not rub more than half a yard at a stroke, and when all the upper part is done, go round again, beginning a little above where you left off. If the rubbing is not done very lightly, the dirt will adhere to the paper.

Raspberry Sandwich.—Take half a pound of sifted sugar, half a pound of butter, two eggs, and two ounces of ground rice, work them well together, then add seven ounces of flour. Spread half this mixture upon buttered writing-paper, in a shallow tin or dish, then a layer of raspberry preserve, and next cover with the other half of the paste. Bake in a quick oven, and when required for use, cut it into thick pieces like sandwiches, having previously sifted a little lump sugar over it.

To Keep Brewer's Yeast, and Correct its Bitterness.—Pour three times the quantity of water upon it, stir it well up; pour the stale water off, and put on fresh every day, and it will keep for weeks. All brewer's yeast should have water poured on it, and be left to settle until the next day, it is then poured off, and the yeast carefully taken out, leaving a brown sediment at the bottom. Bread made from yeast prepared in this way will never be bitter.

To Remove Freckles without Discoloring the Skin.—The following will answer your purpose:—Rectified spirits of wine, one ounce; water, eight ounces; half an ounce of orange-flower water, or one ounce of rose-water; diluted muriatic acid, a teaspoonful. This, when properly mixed, should be used after washing.

The Best Way to Obtain the Skeletons of Leaves.—The skeletons of leaves may be obtained by soaking the leaves in a weak solution of sulphuric acid, which eats away all the body of the leaf, leaving only the fibres, in the form of a delicate network.

Cherries, to Candy.—The fruit must be gathered before it is ripe, prick and stone them, boil clarified sugar, and pour it over them.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—A BALL DRESS OF SEA GREEN SATIN, trimmed with three founces of wide Brussels lace. Head-dress a wreath of green leaves. Opera cloak of Broussa silk, lined with white, and trimmed with fringe and tassels.

FIG. II.—EVENING DRESS OF WHITE TARLETAN, trimmed with seven founces, each founce edged with a puffing of tarletan. Side-trimmings are formed by clusters of blue flowers and strings of pearls. The head-dress, and corsage, and sleeve trimming correspond with the skirt.

FIG. III.—DINNER DRESS FOR A WATERING-PLACE.—Skirt of apple-green silk, made long and very full. The body is of white, thin muslin, made round at the waist, and confined by a broad ribbon sash. This muslin body is trimmed with ruffles and bows of ribbon.

FIG. IV.—LACE MANTILLA.—Mr. George Bulpin is splendidly located in his new store, No. 415 Broadway, New York, where his beautiful variety of spring and summer Mantillas are displayed to the best advantage. We have selected two choice specimens for illustration. The first consists of a small Mantilla of plain lace surrounded by a circular founce: the body of the Mantilla is enriched by rows of fancy trimming, chenille, gimp, and guipure insertion: in the centre is a row of rich drop button trimming. The founce is decorated in like manner, and headed by a row of guipure lace edged with fringe.

FIG. V.—LACE MANTILLA from the same establishment, is of fine French lace arranged in the form of a circular, sur-

rounded by two deep flounces of the same material, arranged with considerable fullness, and headed by a drop button trimming mingled with jet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The Raphael bodies are very much worn, as well as bodies made high and closed up the front with buttons. The *basque* is but little worn, except as an in-door morning dress, when the jacket is made very deep, forming a short skirt, which is trimmed to correspond with the skirt of the dress. Instead of lappets or basques, the bodies are now cut in deep points, (as shown in a former number,) in front, at the back, and on the hips; or with points in front only, and a small postillion jacket at the back. Plain skirts, with side-trimmings, double skirts, and flounces, are all fashionable.

SLEEVES are made in a variety of ways. The most fashionable are the very full bishop with deep pointed cuff; the sleeve with two large puffs; and the very wide, bell-shaped sleeve, falling over large puffed sleeves of muslin or lace. For summer, wide and open sleeves with pretty undersleeves, are far more appropriate than closed sleeves.

MANTILLAS are made somewhat larger than heretofore, and trimmed less. The pointed hood is quite fashionable.

BONNETS are certainly larger than those worn in the winter, and have a decided point in front; some of them are even bent down on the forehead. We give engravings of two bonnets, from the establishment of Mr. White, Philadelphia, which are printed in colors, at the beginning of the

number. One is a Leghorn bonnet, with an outer trimming of ribbon on the right side, and of ostrich plumes on the left; with a face trimming of tulle and flowers. The other is a child's hat of the gipsy pattern.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL, OF BLUE AND WHITE PLAID CHALE.—A loose *basque* of the same material is made with wide, open sleeves. Leghorn flat with a long, white plume.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LARGE GIRL, OF GREEN SILK, WITH A DOUBLE SKIRT.—The upper skirt has a side-trimming of gay plaid, woven in the silk. The sleeves and body have a trimming corresponding with the skirt. A plait of plaided ribbon is around the hair.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY, OF WHITE MARSEILLES.—The body is cut in the Raphael style. The trimming consists of a broad, white cotton braid, figured. Straw hat and plume.

GENERAL REMARKS.—One of the prettiest dresses which we have seen for a little boy, consists of a short skirt of plaid chale, buttoned at the waist, to a white linen jacket made like a shirt. The bosom is ruffled down the front. A loose *sacque* of the same material as the dress, cut round in front, is made to wear on cool days, or on the street. Small caps of white or grey hair with a plaid brim, and the small, round straw hats with cord and tassels are worn.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

THE UNIVERSAL TESTIMONY.—The June number was everywhere pronounced one of the best we have published. In fact, the press generally, as well as our large list of subscribers, declares that "Peterson" is always seeking to improve. Says the Plymouth (N. C.) Crescent:—"We have been exchanging with this periodical for years, and have always found it to be the first on hand, and always coming up to all that it promises." Says the Ottumwa (Iowa) Courier:—"Everything considered, this is the cheapest Magazine published." Says the Windham (Ct.) Co. Telegraph:—"With its accustomed regularity, this Magazine for June is on our table. Ladies who wish to keep pace with the fashions, will do well to place this publication on their list." Says the La Grange (Mo.) American:—"Our better half gives it the preference over all other Magazines. The reduced price at which it is published places it within the reach of every one." The Easton (Pa.) Whig says:—"The cheapest and best Magazine published in this country is 'Peterson's.' It is only two dollars a year, and far surpasses the three dollar monthlies." The City Item, published by Col. Fitzgerald, Philadelphia, a capital authority, says:—"The rapidity with which Mr. Peterson has succeeded in introducing his work into the most select and cultivated families in the land, is in one aspect, wonderful; but when we regard the intrinsic excellence of the matter it contains—its remarkable cheapness—the price being but Two Dollars per year—and the completeness with which it fills a want, which, prior to the establishment of the Lady's National Magazine, was much felt in the reading world, the success of the scheme is not at all a subject of wonder. There are sixty-six embellishments and illustrations in the May number, at present under review. This department is a special favorite with the ladies. The latest fashions in dress, the prettiest and sweetest patterns of every style of costume, are discussed with complete fullness each month; and the book should, therefore, be consulted by every lady of taste and fashion in our community. Those who have it not, should subscribe *instantly*."

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the names of your post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Pennsylvania, New York or New England bills preferred. If the sum is large, buy a draft, if possible, on Philadelphia or New York, deducting the exchange.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—When additions are made to clubs, no additional premium is given, until sufficient names are forwarded to make a new club. For three subscribers, at \$1.66 each, we give a premium; for five at \$1.50; or for eight at \$1.25. Where four are added at \$1.25, to a club of eight, we do not give a premium: there must be eight.

WHOM TO ADDRESS.—Letters, intended for the Magazine, must be addressed to Charles J. Peterson. The house of T. B. Peterson & Brothers is entirely distinct. We have no interest in it, nor has it any in the Magazine.

"PETERSON" AND "HARPER."—For \$3.50 we will send a copy of "Peterson" and "Harper's Magazine," for one year. But where part of a remittance is intended for another publisher, we do not take the risk of that part.

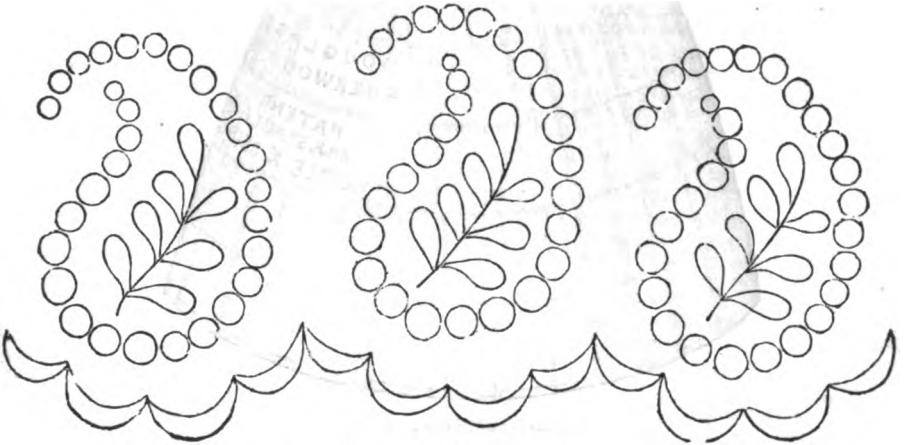
POSTAGE ON "PETERSON."—This, when *pre-paid quarterly*, at the office of delivery, is one and a half cents a number, per month, or four cents and a half for the three months: if not pre-paid it is double this.

NEVER TOO LATE.—It is never too late in the year to subscribe for "Peterson," for we can always supply back numbers, to January inclusive, if they are desired.

PREMIUM.—When entitled to a premium, state, distinctly, what you prefer. Where no such statement is made we shall send "The Casket."



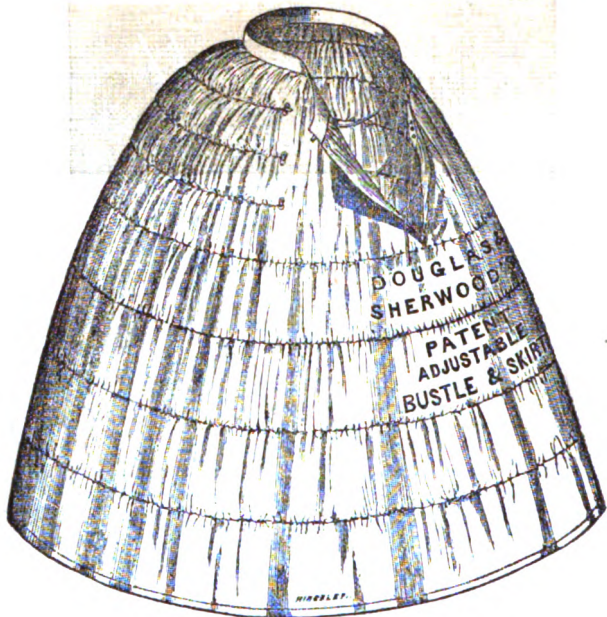
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EMBROIDERY FOR BOTTOM OF PETTICOAT.



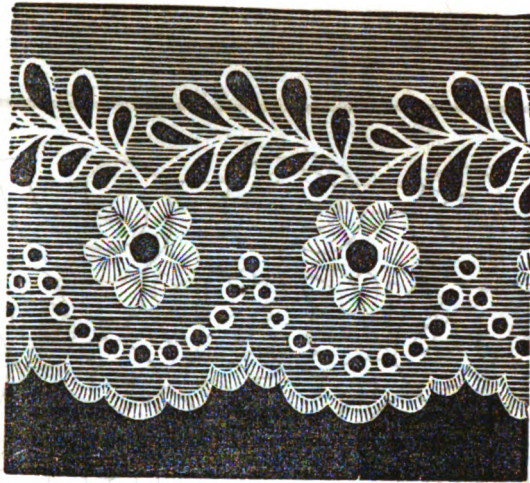
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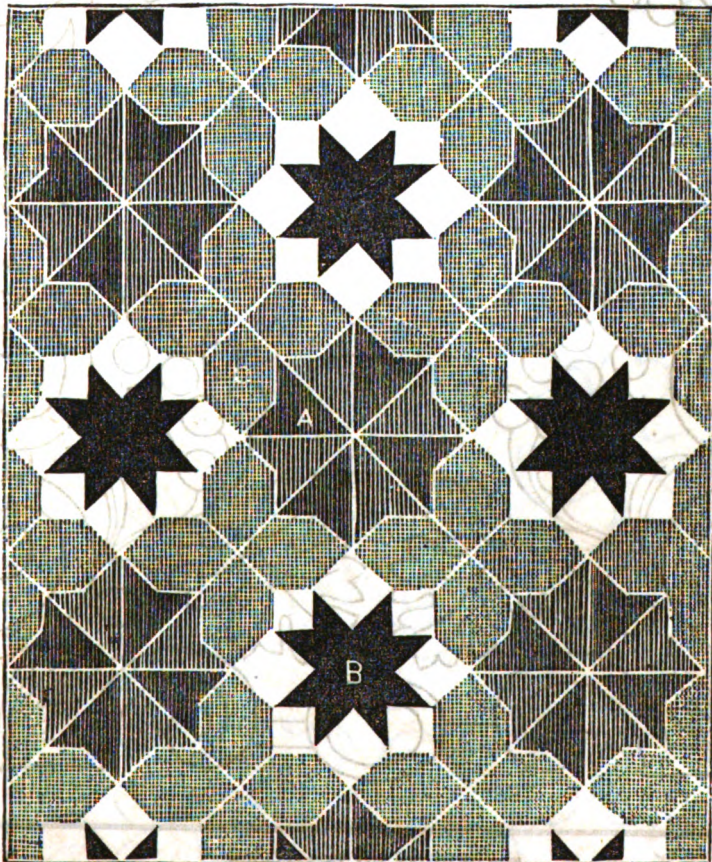
PATENT ADJUSTING SKIRT.



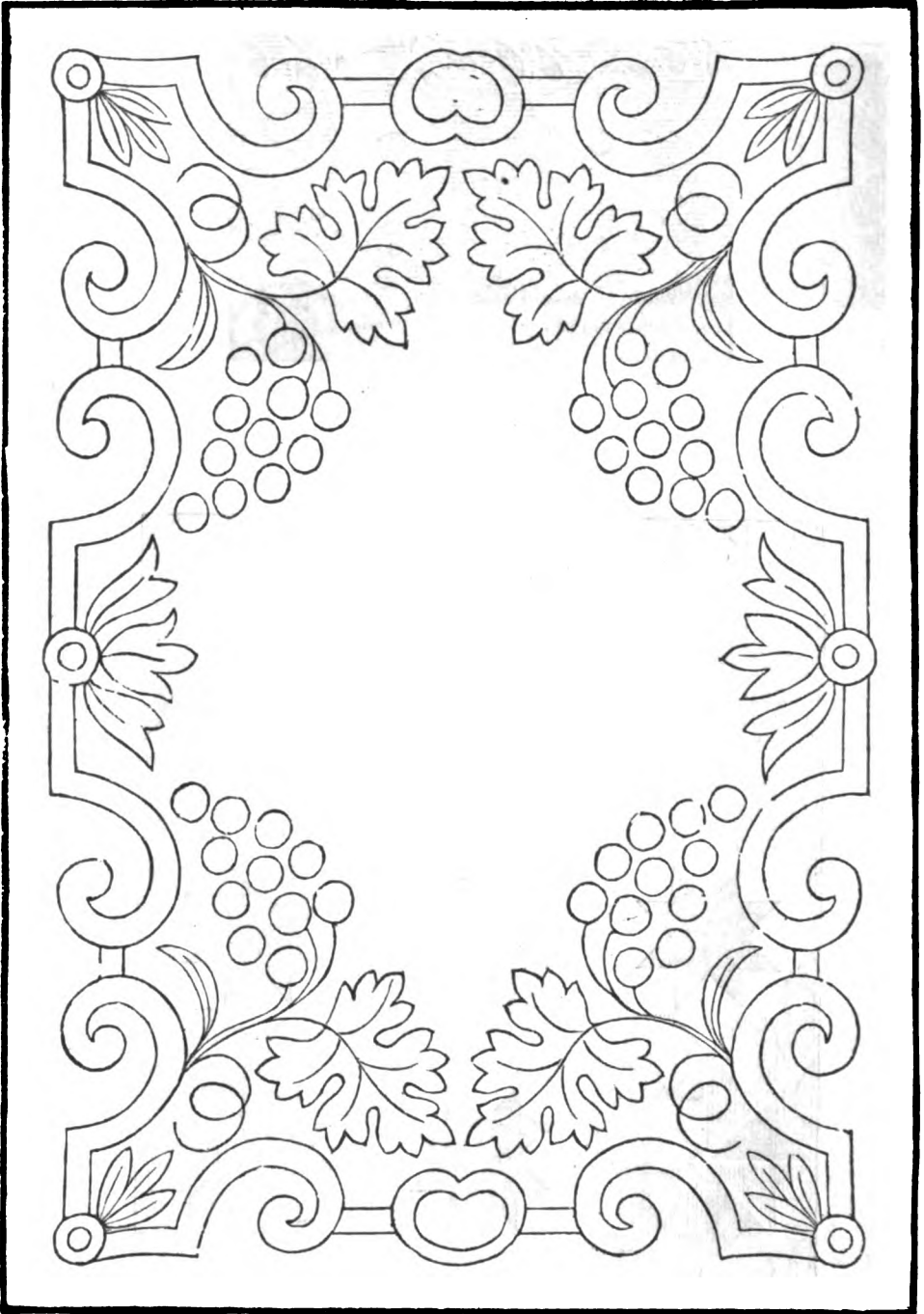
HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



BOTTOM OF CHILD'S DRESS.



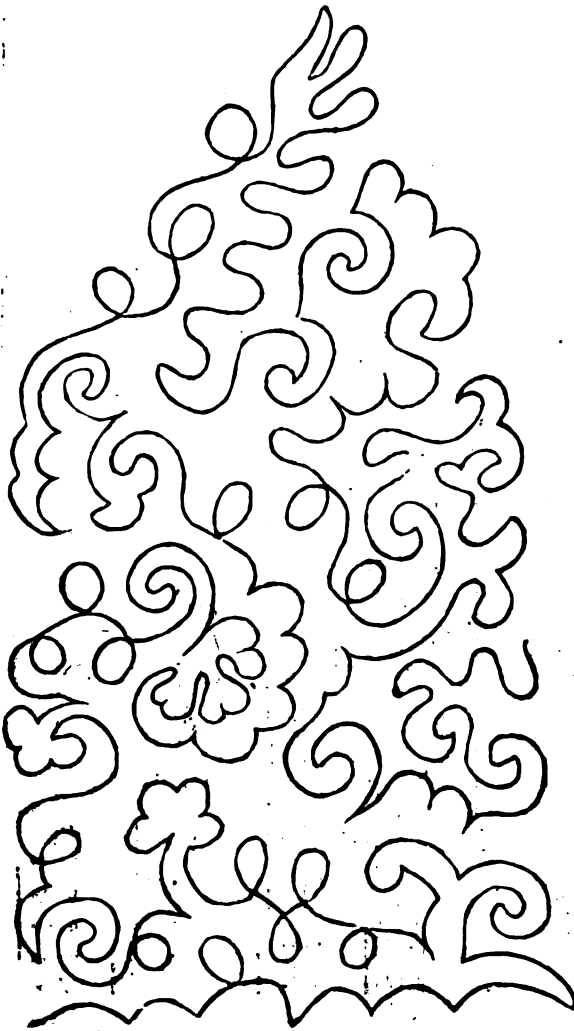
PATTERN FOR PATCH-WORK QUILT.



TOP OF GLOVE-BOX IN APPLIQUE.



INITIALS FOR MARKING.



NIGHT-CAP IN CHAIN-STITCH.



BRAIDING PATTERN.

SOUVENIR A POLOGNE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Musical score for "Souvenir a Pologne" in 3/4 time, marked **ALLEGRO GRAZIOSO**. The score is written for piano and includes a first ending and a second ending. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first ending, marked *1^{sta}* and *loopp.*. The second system contains the second ending, marked *2^{do}*. The score features various musical notations including dynamics (*mf*, *sf*), articulation (accents), and phrasing slurs. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

678.....loco

Handwritten musical score system 1, featuring a treble and bass staff with complex rhythmic notation, including slurs and accents. The tempo marking "loco" is indicated above the staff.

Handwritten musical score system 2, continuing the piece with intricate melodic and harmonic lines in both staves.

679.....loco

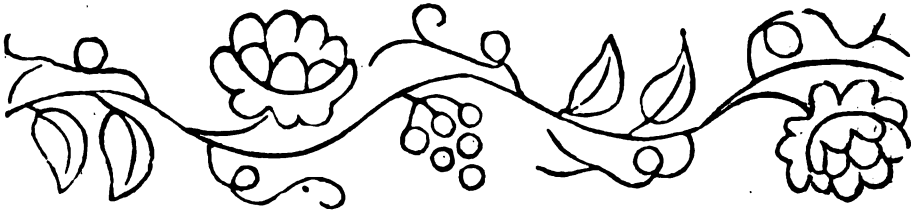
Handwritten musical score system 3, starting with a measure marked "1" and containing complex rhythmic patterns. The tempo marking "loco" is present. The system concludes with a double fermata and the dynamic marking "ff".



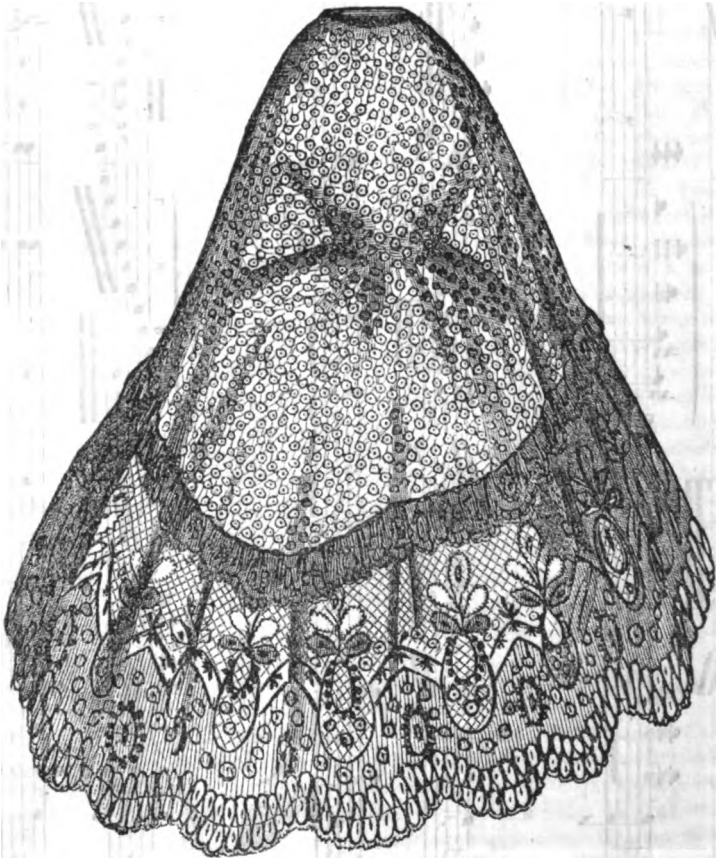
INSERTION.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



INSERTION.



BLACK LACE MANTILLA.

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1858.

No. 2.

NERVES.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

BRAG as you will, my friend, of your thrift, foresight, economy, riches, blessings, even you are not without this household annoyance. Either in wife or child, demented brother or sour maiden-sister, either in rats, rogues, or dogs, or—(we'll drop the catalogue,) there is always something to worry you; did you know it? Good Christian though you be, paying your pew-tax promptly, and giving all the benevolent movements your heartiest sympathy—never scolding your wife, indulgent to your children, a pattern to your neighbors, that trouble stands between you and unalloyed pleasure.

There's Livewell, say you; what has he to trouble him? He owns his house, lays by a sum yearly for the stormy day that seems never to cloud for him, owns besides a nice little investment in a pretty wife and rosy-cheeked children. Heigho! some folks go through the world and never see the copper side of the shield. Every Saturday night the market-basket, heaped with delicacies, marches round to his kitchen gate, empties itself and disappears.

Every morning the milk-can comes out smiling with satisfaction, and the meat-cart cuts capers till it stands before his door, cutting steaks. In church, be sure the longest string of pink and blue bonnets belongs to him. On change the finest beavers tip to his nod. He takes plenty of holidays, carries his family to the beach a dozen times during the summer, and verily, luck seems to have taken up her abiding place in his premises.

Ah! but one unlucky day we visited this paragon of a household, and there we found that the pest of this delightful family was—nerves!

Now nerves, like a good door-bell that ting-alsings readily and strongly at the first touch—are very desirable articles: but nerves out of order, like the weak tones of the broken down wires, give an uncertain sound. Or it may be that

our comparison is rather a weak one, for Mrs. Livewell, who has bundles of these disorganized nerves, gave very certain and audible sounds, not to be mistaken. At first we were in love with her pretty face, admired her exquisite taste, and envied the redoubtable Mr. Livewell, till the nerves, like so many magnetic batteries applied to our system, gave us shock after shock.

"I've a very unfortunate head, my dear Mr. Livewell, will you step out and ask that scissors grinder to go farther up or down the street, or out of it altogether?"

"Mr. Livewell, will you put Sophia out of the room? the child will set me crazy."

"My dear, are you aware that you will use that creaking rocking-chair? It must annoy our friend! it will kill my head;" and patient Mr. Livewell moves to another chair, and folds his paper with one eye on his wife to be sure she doesn't hear—and stops short in the midst of a mellow, hearty laugh, and keeps saying, "S—h," in a way that sets our teeth on edge, but which seems to afford infinite satisfaction to nerves—and grows very red and frowning if an itinerant opera-grinder sets his monkey on the gate-post and turns the spit—we mean the crank of a very wheezy organ, though we have caught him watching the grins and the evolutions of red-coat Jacko with delightful interest—when out of sight of home.

Poor Mr. Livewell! despite his comforts, his pretty children, his elegant wife, his beautiful house, he is always happiest when his face is set like a good-natured flint, office-wards.

There's a literary man troubled with just this sort of thing in another shape. Heaven have mercy on the author if he has nerves! When his cherished productions appear in print, and his "roses" are changed into "potatoes"—his "jewels" into "duels," and his "smiles" into "biles"—we say heaven have mercy on him, her,

or it, (there are "its" in authorship.) But the newspapers don't trouble our friend much—neither mutilated poems—but—listen, oh! earth! he is fretted by a pest in the shape of an ungrammatical sister, whose natural abilities never flowered into prodigious capabilities, and who confesses her admiration of her distinguished relative by a double negative on public and private occasions. Consequently in her presence he is nervous and irritable.

Whose fault is it, sir, that the good, and humble, and honest sister, who would make herself into shirts for you if you needed them, who is giving her best days and her best strength to a work which, though lowly, has your perfected genius to show as the grand result—whose fault is it that she cannot astonish your guests with

something of that lore and brilliancy that in you enchants them? Would you neglect her after all she has done for you—and consign her to some remote solitude, because your ears and her grammar are antagonistic?

Take care, ungrateful author, less provocation than that has turned the current of prosperity.

And thus in a thousand shapes this trouble assails us. It sits by the fireside—takes up its abode in the brain—and establishes itself in the heart. We are, none of us, free from nervousness on some account. The prick of a pin's point is more agonizing to some organizations than the amputation of a limb to others. A frown seems fit occasion for suicide in some melancholic, or perhaps we should say cholicky temperaments.

YEARS AGO.

BY LENA LYLE.

We together played in childhood,
We together roamed the wildwood,
Gathered flowers, and gathered shells,
By the lake, or in the dells,
As we wandered to and fro,
Years ago.

And we lay beneath the willow,
With the green moss for a pillow,
While the long twigs bent above us,
Like the hearts of those who love us,
Dreaming dreams that none might know,
Years ago.

As we sought with eager fingers,
Where the fragrant violet lingers,
Fancies beautiful and fair,

But alas! so very airy,
In our hearts did burn and glow,
Years ago.

As we plucked the scented flowers,
In those sunny, childish hours,
As we twined the graceful wreath,
We, with quickly coming breath,
Told our visions high and low,
Years ago.

Now beneath the turf thou'rt lying,
And the flowers are o'er thee dying.
Leaves are showering o'er thee fast,
Like my memories of the past,
When you and I roamed to and fro,
Years ago.

THE LAKE OF DREAMS.

BY MISS MARY A. LATHBURY.

Oh! a beautiful lake is the lake of dreams,
With its mystic shadows and sunlight gleams,
With its half seen shore on the other side,
Where forms of beauty forever glide;
While within its blue depths silently,
Visions of beauty float slowly by.

Oh! as still, and as calm, and as full of light
As a starry sky on a Summer night,
When the hoets of glittering orbs on high
In the depths of a quiet lakelet lie,
Is the lake of dreams, when on its breast
The gems of our scattered fancies rest.

Oh! a lovely sight is this same bright lake

When the Night, with her maidens, the Hours, in the wake,
Comes sweeping past o'er the darkening land,
With the beautiful moon held aloft in her hand,
The Hours, twelve maidens, who follow the night,
In robes of shadow and wreaths of light.

On the flowery shore of the lake we stand,
As the Night looks down on the darkened land,
And visions of beauty come and go
On the distant shore—in the lake below;
Till a boat comes gliding soft and still
As the night wind wandering over a hill,
And the boatman Morpheus' light ear gleams,
As he pilots us o'er to the Land of Dreams.

DOCTOR MANNING'S WIFE.

BY MARY W. JANVEIN, AUTHOR OF "PEACE; OR, THE STOLEN WILL."

CHAPTER I.

DR. PAUL MANNING was unmistakably and undeniably a bachelor. Anybody could have told that by the square bow of his neck-tie, the faultlessness of his linen, his creaking boots, the scrupulous neatness of his household, and his holy horror of children. And, moreover, Dr. Paul Manning was getting bald. Time was when no young man in Dentwood had glossier or softer hair, curling in thick waves over a handsome, high forehead; but forty years had brought one or two deep wrinkles across that forehead, and now there was a little round spot on the doctor's head where the hair obstinately refused "to grow."

Yes, the doctor was getting bald, and yet I don't think he would have used a hair dye or restorer, or any of the much lauded modern inventions warranted to produce "a fine and healthy growth of hair," for the world; for Dr. Paul was a man of sturdy independence of character, and scorned innovations.

"What's the use?" quoth the doctor, surveying his rapidly thinning locks one morning in the mirror with a little sigh. "The fact is, I'm getting old. No use in disguising it. The hair she used to twine—ah, well! I'm growing old!"

Yes, Dr. Paul was getting to be an old bachelor.

Miss Susy Short "kept house" for Dr. Manning. I think Miss Susy's name was a synonym of her nature. Her words were spoken in little, jerky accents, as though she begrudged too liberal a use of the king's English.

People said Miss Susy's situation as housekeeper was a mere sinecure, with nobody but the doctor, Tim, the Irish gardener and coachman, and herself. To be sure it was a great house Dr. Manning owned, but then it was kept shut up most of the year round, and no company ever came to litter the great parlor, sleep in the nice, spare chambers, or disturb the even tenor of the spinster's daily life. I think Miss Susy would scarcely have hesitated to apply the same broom she wielded against the flies and spiders, to the luckless housewife or neighbor who had the temerity to invite herself "to tea" at Dr. Manning's. People said, too, that because Miss Susy hoped one day to see herself installed in a

higher capacity than housekeeper, it was for her interest to hinder all attempts at familiarity among the Dentforders, lest some bright-eyed girl might entice the doctor into matrimony.

Miss Susy was, furthermore, very attentive to her master's likings. Every morning she baked a little stereotyped cake of corn-meal—churned fresh butter in a large, wide-mouthed bottle—carved two thin slices of ham—and made black tea for his breakfast; for the doctor fancied himself a dyspeptic, though none would ever have suspected the fact from a glance at his face, full figure, and his hale, rosy cheeks. But then Miss Susy knew how to humor his whims.

"I suppose nobody has a better housekeeper than I," the doctor would say, folding his napkin squarely, and placing his spoon evenly in his china teacup, "nobody in Dentford leads a quieter or happier life than you and I, Miss Susy."

"Yes, sir," Miss Susy would reply, with a faint attempt at a smile; and when the doctor had left the room, would toss her head till every corkscrew curl was sent flying with quick, jerky movements, inly deducing her own conclusion for the acknowledgment of her necessity to her master's comfort.

I said the doctor had a holy horror of children; and yet I am half inclined to think that this story was one of the spinster housekeeper's own coinage, purposely to frighten away the little urchins who used to peep longingly through the white picket fence into the gay flower garden in front of the mansion, and into which the windows of the great square room the doctor used as his office looked directly—for certain it is, that, one morning, the doctor himself came out and distributed generous handfuls of gay hollyhocks, bright-eyed pansies, and even plucked his great red peonies; and straightway a little file of sun-bonneted girls were on their way to the old, red school-house, declaring in delighted accents that "Dr. Manning was the goodest man in the world!"

There was another garden in the rear of the mansion, where Irish Tim wrought with spade and hoe to cultivate the vegetables that supplied Miss Susy's dinner-pot, all of vastly more use in the spinster's practical eyes than "flowers

and sich like trash;" but I think the doctor must have loved his gay blooming garden, since year in and out the hollyhocks and prince's feather grew taller, the peony root in the centre of the circular bed bloomed more profusely, the Iceland moss crept all over the borders, the flowering almond's spikes bent under their blushing burden, and the cinnamon roses bloomed and cast their petals down on the garden walk.

But a change came over the doctor's quiet household. One day that good gentleman took a letter from the post-office—told Miss Susy to pack his valise for a short absence from home—and three days afterward the Dentford stage set down the doctor, a little girl of some twelve summers, and a black trunk containing all the worldly goods of the girl aforesaid at the doctor's gate.

All Dentford was surprised, but Miss Susy Short was horror-stricken when the doctor walked into the sitting-room with his charge, saying quietly, "Miss Susy, this is Ruth Blanchard. Her mother is dead, and I have adopted her. Will you have a room ready shortly?—the south chamber, for I suppose little Ruth is tired enough with her journey."

Miss Susy was shocked. At first I think she would have spoken, but the words broke off short in her throat—then, observing a look on the doctor's face she had never seen before—she contented herself with a scowl, and without deigning a glance at the girl, who, at the doctor's bidding, had removed her bonnet and sank into a seat, flung herself out of the room.

"To think of it!" she exclaimed to herself, when she had found breath, "to bring a stranger right into the house, and never give a body a hint of it. Did ever! Wonder who this gal is? Won't ask him, if it chokes me. Never hear of a relation of the doctor's with a chick or a child! The best room, too!—best carpet—best curtains—best kiverlid, and everything! Ruth is tired!—hum! whoever cared if I was tired?" and she jerked back the blind, letting the afternoon sunlight fall brightly into the pleasant chamber.

All that day Miss Susy went about the house in a pie-crusty mood. The doctor said nothing, but he was very certain that the doors slammed continually, that the usually quiet Tabby cat was glad to seek refuge anywhere beyond the kitchen precincts, and that Irish Tim even ventured a series of expletives in choice Celtic as a return to Susy's scoldings.

And next morning, the pattern housekeeper even forgot (?) her customary avocation of turning fresh butter, averring to herself in a

grumbling undertone, that "Salt butter was plenty good enough for folks as made trouble for other folks!"

The doctor ate his corn-cake and sipped his black tea in silence, even fasting the butter which little Ruth bountifully spread on the smoking biscuit; and yet Miss Susy felt vastly more uncomfortable than if he had administered the severest reproof.

But when the meal was finished, and little Ruth had gone out into the garden, he spoke,

"Miss Susy."

No answer; for, in the vigorous rattling of the dishes, she pretended not to hear him.

"Miss Susy, be so kind as to sit down. I have a few words to say to you."

This time the spinster could not pretend deafness, and ungraciously flung herself into the seat.

The doctor did not walk the floor, or awkwardly twist his handkerchief, as had hitherto been his wont when on the point of asking a concession from his housekeeper—for it must be confessed that she had held iron sway in that house—but came directly to the matter. The fact was, Dr. Manning began to gather the reins into his own hands.

"Miss Susy, are you dissatisfied with your situation in my house?" he asked, gravely.

The spinster looked up in surprise. "Why, who said—" she began.

"There is an old saying that 'actions speak louder than words,'" rejoined the doctor. "But, Miss Susy, it is best we understand each other. For ten years and over, you and I have lived together in peace and harmony—isn't it so?"

Miss Susy nodded.

"Well—we have lived together in harmony, but all alone. Last Wednesday I received a letter from a woman who lay ill, and whom I had known in other days," and the doctor's voice softened. "But no matter about that—I had known her, she was a dear friend once, and she lay dying—a poor widow with an only child. I went to her—I promised that dying woman to be a father to her child. Susy, I have enough of this world's goods and to spare—I have lived a selfish, close life, but I mean to live a different one in future. This girl will cheer up this great house and make you and me young again. Of course she will make work and care for us both; but I will not have her feel herself a burden. You did not like it yesterday when I brought her here—and if it goes on so, poor, motherless Ruth will be miserable. Much as I set by you, Miss Susy—and I should hate to part with you—still—"

There was a pause. Miss Susy Short sat in silence. For worlds she would not lose her situation; besides, there was a little tender spot down deep in the spinster's heart, and those words, "poor, motherless child," had reached it. She also had been an orphan.

"Doctor," she said at last, rather confusedly it must be confessed, "I did feel a little put about it. I thought, at least, you might a told a body. But let it all go now; I'll do my best by Ruthy—"

"That'll do, that'll do, Susy! I knew you'd see what's proper—you always do, Susy," and the doctor rubbed his hands. "It'll seem a little odd at first; of course. But Ruth's a dear child—and it never did any one any harm to have young people in the house. And, look here, Susy!" he called out, as she was bearing away a tray of dishes, "it's no matter about the fresh butter any more for breakfast. I've been thinking that perhaps I'm too particular—and really this butter of your churning was so nice this morning that I've concluded to try it all the time. Ruth thought it very sweet."

There was a roguish smile on the doctor's face; but Miss Susy did not see it. This was a drop too much. On gaining the kitchen she sank into a chair with a sigh. "To think of it!" she said to herself. "Here, for this five year, I must churn his fresh butter—and I'd as soon thought of his forgettin' to visit his sick folks as my forgettin' it—(ah! Miss Susy, whose fault was it that morning?) and now that little gal's coming has completely upstod it. Well, it's the way o' the world—kicked aside to make room for somebody else—that's the way I shall go. Bimeby she'll be growin' up to queen it here. 'Ruthy likes my butter,' and he'll eat it too," (again Miss Susy forgot whose fault this arrangement was,) and with a long sigh she began the task of washing her dishes.

Poor Susy! a hard battle her heart kept up that day; and I fear had not the words, "poor, motherless child" haunted her, and a little girl in black stole shyly into the kitchen to watch her at her work, I verily believe she would straightway have resigned her post as Dr. Manning's housekeeper.

CHAPTER II.

"RUTHY!"

"Well, uncle?" and a gay, rosy-cheeked girl, whom we should fail to recognize as the pale orphan of a year before, bounded to Dr. Manning's side, and began twining his sparse, soft curls around her white fingers.

"Do you know that I'm going to send you away to school—to Bradford?"

"But supposing I don't want to go to Bradford!" pouted the girl.

"Of course you will not refuse the opportunity to study all the languages, ologies, and isms, necessary to perfect a young lady's education now-a-days," smilingly said the doctor, lifting her to his knee. "I want my little girl to grow into an accomplished woman."

"But I'm very happy here," persisted Ruth. "Didn't I hear farmer Stubbs tell you the other day that, 'If a woman knew how to make a puddin' and knit a stocking, she was eddicated enough?'" and she mimicked farmer Stubbs' nasal twang to perfection—"and even Susy praised that pudding I made the other day, and you declare you never want any warmer stockings than mine," and she glanced roguishly into his face.

"But that does not prove farmer Stubbs' theory mine—besides, I choose to educate my little Ruth differently, so she must prepare herself to go from home awhile," said the doctor.

"And by-and-by, when you get me all nicely accomplished, I suppose you'll send me off to market, as farmer Stubbs does his best loads of wood, for somebody to take me off your hands!" she said, gayly.

A spasm of pain shot across Dr. Manning's face for a moment. In that speech there was a foreshadowing of the woman. Ruth would not always be the young girl who climbed his knee and played with his hair.

"That is usually the fate of woman," he answered. "And I never would be selfish enough to withhold my little girl when she gets old enough for somebody to love her sufficiently to take her off my hands. Yet, if that should happen, the old man would be left very lonely," and the forced smile faded from his lip.

"There! don't call yourself old man, uncle!" said Ruth, pettishly. "Why you look younger and handsomer to me than anybody in Dentford," and she stroked his face caressingly. "And, as for leaving you, I'll never do it—and, uncle, if you ever think of such a thing, I won't go away to school—I won't get accomplished—I'll be such a perfect fright that nobody'd ever think of looking at me at all—so now!"

"Well, well—we won't borrow trouble about that!" said the doctor, smiling at her earnestness—"it is enough that my little Ruthy loves me now, and grieves at leaving me; and it's for your own good that I send you away to school, my dear."

"Ruthy!" said Susy's voice from the kitchen.

"It is strange what a hold that girl has obtained on Susy's heart—strange that in one short year she should have become so necessary to me!" mused the doctor, as the girl's gay laugh floated to his ears—"and yet, why 'strange,' since she is so much like her?" and a mist crept over his genial blue eyes.

Long he sat alone; and ever and anon a half sigh, shaping itself into the word "Ruth," passed his lips.

And in the kitchen, where she fidgeted about, assisting Susy in preparing dinner, Ruth's tongue chattered glibly. "Yes, it's real mean that uncle's going to send me off to Bradford! I don't care a bit how lonesome he is when he comes home from visiting all his sick people, if he will send me away!" stoutly exclaimed the girl, vigorously beating eggs for Susy.

"Ruthy, don't run on so, child!" was the reply. "The doctor knows what's best, and wants to eddicate you for a fine lady—though I don't believe you'll ever forget all I've larned you about cooking. To my mind, no gal's eddication is finished unless she can make a good batch o' bread, a puddin', and——"

"And 'knit a stocking,'" interrupted Ruth. "Why, Susy, that's just what farmer Stubbs believes, too! Strange, how much you two think alike! Is that what you talk about when he makes such long calls? I declare, you're actually blushing! Oh, Susy!"

"Ruthy, Ruthy! do mind! You're spilling them eggs all over your apron!" said the spinster, confusedly. "Farmer Stubbs—pshaw!" and she gave a little jerk to her head—"can't a body call to rest themselves, and get a drink o' cool water, without——? but do mind them eggs, child! I shan't have one left for my puddin'—and I want an extra nice one 'cause that young gentleman is goin' to dine here."

"What young gentleman, I should like to know?" queried Ruth, looking up in innocent wonder. "It isn't Mr. Stubbs—is it?"

"Have done your nonsense, child! Hasn't the doctor told you that he's going to take a student into the office to larn medicine, and he expects him here to-day to dinner?"

"Why, no, indeed! Ah, I see! that's what uncle wants to get rid of me at school for! I'll tell him so!" and away darted Ruth to the doctor's office.

CHAPTER III.

THREE years had passed and Ruth was at home again—"Ruthy" still to Miss Susy, who, meantime, had seemed to grow younger—(perhaps the frequent calls and cheery conversation

of stout, red-cheeked farmer Stubbs, had something to do with this fact,) but at a wide remove, Dr. Manning thought, from the little girl who used to climb his knee and stroke his hair.

To be sure, when the coach set her down at his gate, the doctor ran out in dressing-gown and slippers to receive her; but when he beheld, instead of the young girl, a tall, elegant young lady, he drew back with an expression of mystification on his face.

"Why, uncle, don't you know your Ruthy?" and with a musical laugh the gay girl stood on tiptoe for a kiss. "See, I'm not up to your shoulder yet!—and I should laugh if you were not going to recognize your 'accomplished' girl, who comes home to you with her head crammed with French and all the classics of a boarding-school—here, uncle, please take my traveling-bag, will you?"

And yet, despite her gay frankness, the doctor—never very much at home in ladies' society, save as he encountered them in the sick room—could not feel quite at his ease; and, further, when he listened to the gay, sprightly conversation which she maintained with his student, Edward Southard, at the tea-table, he seemed less at ease than before.

"What is the matter, uncle? You are so silent—I know you must be ill!" said Ruth, with affectionate solicitude at the close of the evening.

"No, thank you. I am quite well, Miss—Ruthy, I mean!" stammered the doctor.

"'Miss!' why, uncle Paul, you must be demented! I am Ruthy—your Ruthy. You are not going to turn me out upon the world a stranger so soon?" said Ruth, laughing, and putting up her lips for a good night kiss.

Dr. Manning smiled, but he blushed too—yes, that sedate bachelor of forty-four actually blushed, as he confusedly kissed the upturned pair of scarlet lips, and encountered a bright, saucy pair of eyes gazing into his own.

"What can ail uncle? Don't you think he's ill—and wouldn't it be best to make him a nice bowl of herb tea, Susy?—ah, Mr. Stubbs, how do you do? It was very kind of you to come over to welcome me home," exclaimed Ruth, with a sly smile toward Susy, as she suddenly entered the kitchen.

"It seems so like the old days—bright, beautiful, and young, so like her!" sighed Dr. Manning, passing his hand over his eyes as he gained his chamber. "I suppose I shall get used to it—but I wish she were a girl again. Ruthy—Ruthy!" and the doctor sat long in silence.

"Sparkling, witty, and beautiful. The child has matured into the glorious woman," wrote

the young, black-eyed Virginian, Edward Southard, that night in another chamber of that mansion. "They say, too, that she will heir Dr. Manning's comfortable patrimony. I 'guess' (with these Yankees) that her boarding-school heart isn't fettered, and flatter myself that Ned Southard has the good looks and 'cheek' to win it. Congratulate me, Bob, for coming to this out-of-the-way country village to study, not only Physic, but the lore of Cupid."

"Well, what is it, Miss Susy?" said Dr. Manning to his housekeeper, who detained him one morning in the breakfast-room after the student and Ruth had left it, and now stood awkwardly twirling the corner of her wide apron.

"What is it? Oh, about the dinner! I guess we'll have a roast to-day, with Carolina potatoes and one of your bird's-nest puddings!" and the doctor laid his hand on the door-knob. (Who that heard Dr. Manning give out orders for his dinner, would have imagined that he once lived on stale bread and black tea!)

"But, doctor, it isn't anything about the dinner," said Miss Susy, stammering, and awkwardly twisting the apron hem about her fingers. "You see Mr. Stubbs has been waiting so long, and he thought at last I'd better speak to you, and——" here Susy broke down, and turned very red in the face.

"Mr. Stubbs, oh!" and the doctor withdrew his hand. "I didn't know I owed him anything. Thought I settled with him for those last two cords of wood. Foolish of the man to wait—he couldn't have been afraid to ask me for it. Well, I am getting old, certainly, when I forget to pay my bills," and he drew out his pocket-book.

Miss Susy almost groaned, then made a desperate plunge. Was ever man so stupid as the doctor on that particular morning?

"But you don't quite apprehend, doctor. (Miss Susy meant comprehend, reader.) The fact is, you don't owe Mr. Stubbs a cent—but you see—oh, dear!" and the spinster's corkscrew curls quivered in her general agitation—"you see it's now going on four year since Mr. Stubbs has been in the habit of callin' in—and you know when a man has lost his pardner, it's dreadful lonesome-like to live all alone, doctor—and last night he said he didn't feel like waitin' any longer, there'd be plenty'd be glad to go over to the Mills Place, and he thought I better not put it off, but tell you right way how I thought of changin' my situation."

Esen now the doctor failed to comprehend.

"Why, Susy, I thought you liked here! Strange that Mr. Stubbs should want my house-keeper!"

"But, sir, supposin' a body preferred to keep a house of their own," said Miss Susy, somewhat tartly, provoked at her master's obtuseness.

A light broke on the doctor's brain. Amazed at his own stupidity, he burst into a hearty laugh, which vexed the spinster still further.

"Why, Miss Susy, pardon me. But are you going to marry Mr. Stubbs!"

"I suppose so—what is there to laugh at in that?" she jerked out.

"Oh, nothing—nothing! I beg your pardon, Miss Susy. I assure you I was only amused at my own want of comprehension. But really, I shall miss you sadly," and the doctor's voice was full of feeling as he went nearer Miss Susy.

"I know it—I know it," almost sobbed the spinster, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron. "And I kept puttin' Simon off and off—but he says now Miss Ruthy has come home to keep house for you there's no further x'cuse—and now or never; so I'm in a strait 'twixt two, you see, doctor."

"Ah, well, don't feel so badly, Susy! Mr. Stubbs isn't to blame. It's perfectly natural he should wish to hurry you a little, especially after waiting four years or so. I have no doubt but you'll be happier in a home of your own—and we all need somebody to love us and care for us in our old age!" and the doctor sighed heavily. "Yes, I've no doubt but you'll be much happier—and though I shall grieve at parting with you, still I feel that I've no right to retain you. God bless you, Susy!" and warmly wringing the spinster's hard hand, he went out quickly.

Poor Miss Susy! I don't doubt but if, just then, farmer Stubbs with his team and his "gee up!" and "haw!" had come within range of vision or hearing, the sobbing woman who sat down and buried her face in her checked apron, would have been sorely tempted to bid him "go along" also, and retained her station as house-keeper in Dr. Manning's home; but this was not so ordained.

Besides, after a good cry and she had wiped away her tears, other thoughts came into Miss Susy's mind; and, gathering up the dishes, she soliloquized, "I wonder what the doctor sithed so for, when he said we all need somebody to love us and care for us in our old age! Hum—hum! I guess he'll find out," and she tossed her head—"I guess he'll find out who cared for him! Well, he's got nobody but hisself to blame—he knows that; and dear knows that if ever I'd a thought he'd come to the pint, I never'd encourraged Simon Stubbs. But it's too lato now—and I shall marry Simon, that's settled—and the Mills Place is one o' the best farms in the

country—butter and cheese and eggs a plenty!" and thus consoling herself, Miss Susy took up her tray of dishes *en route* for the kitchen.

CHAPTER IV.

WELL, Miss Susy was Miss Susy no longer, but Mrs. Simon Stubbs, and comfortably settled on the Mills Farm, whither, Ruth averred, she never went except to find her engaged in beating eggs, churning, or knitting yarn hose for "Simon;" a stout Bridget was installed in Dr. Manning's kitchen; "Ruthy quened it alike in kitchen and parlor," the doctor said; and Edward Southard, who had completed his studies in the doctor's office, from whence he had gone up to Cambridge to attend a course of medical lectures, was now at Dentford on a visit preparatory to leaving for his Virginian home.

I'm sure I don't know whether or not he had whispered love words to Ruth; but certain it was that she, like any young girl who fancies her first love-dream the legitimate blossoming of the tree whose fruit is *le grande passion*, blushed foolishly, and felt her heart beat a painful tattoo in his presence—and one day Dr. Manning came suddenly upon the young man holding her hand in close proximity to his lips.

Silently the doctor withdrew, for he had been unobserved by the pair; and feeling himself *de trop*, went back to his office, where he sat for a long time that quiet summer's afternoon, with head bowed upon his table, and, when he raised it, something more than mist dimmed his eyes.

"Poor old fool!" he said, with a dash of contempt and bitterness. "Why should I—old enough to be her father—have dreamed of that? But thank God she don't know it—Ruthy don't, and she shall be happy if I—if I——" but the words died on his lips.

Next morning, at breakfast, there was a brilliant sparkle in Ruth's eyes, a tender smile on her lips, and she blushed whenever Edward Southard's gaze met hers.

"Ruthy, I am going to see my patients now," said the doctor, rising and going to the window to watch Irish Tim bringing his buggy round to the gate; "but will you come into the office after my return? I want to have a little talk with you."

"Uncle seems in excellent spirits this morning," said Ruth, glancing after him. Ah, if she had known what a barren, wintry heart his genial smile covered!

"And I have some letters to write, darling," said Southard, as, after lingering long beside Ruth in the breakfast room, he went up to his chamber.

Ruth went about her morning duties with a softer smile around her sweet mouth, and that new pet name sounding in her ears. It was so blessed to be beloved.

After the lapse of an hour or two a loud ring came at the door, and, answering it herself, Ruth recognized a worthy young farmer, who anxiously inquired for Dr. Manning to visit his young child suddenly attacked with the croup.

"Uncle has gone on his morning rounds; but Dr. Southard is here. Shall I not call him?" asked Ruth.

"Yes, and tell him to come quick!" said the anxious father; and the two rode swiftly away in the farmer's wagon.

After his departure, Ruth busied herself in arranging the flowers in the vases on the parlor table; and then, with a smile, bethought herself to gather a fresh bouquet for Edward's room, as a pleasant surprise. Going into the garden, she plucked the newly blossomed roses, and arranging them with sprigs of myrtle and the bright-eyed pansies, ascended to his chamber: "I will place them on his writing-table," she said, approaching it.

One or two letters, sealed and superscribed, lay there beside his desk, and on the desk a partly written sheet which he had evidently left in haste. In the act of placing her flowers in a glass near the desk, Ruth's eye fell casually upon her own name. Of course it was wrong—I don't pretend to justify her, reader—and Ruth could hardly account for the impulse, which at any other time she would have rejected with scorn, but which now caused her to read one or two sentences of that written page.

"Yes, Bob, the deed is done, the instrument is 'signed, sealed, and delivered,' (barring old Dr. Manning's consent which I am sure to gain,) and your friend, Ned Southard, is actually 'engaged' to this charming little piece of rusticity, Ruth Blanchard. Wonder what my aristocratic sister Belle will say when she becomes cognizant of the fact, of which, like a dutiful brother as I am, I have just written her! But I neither know nor care, for I do love the girl and her estate in prospective. Family pride and lineage, and all that sort of thing, are well enough if one has the wherewithal to bolster them up; but when the son of 'one of the first families in old Virginia' is forced to study a profession to live by, it is no worse to try for a comfortable little fortune, if one is obliged to take along with it the incumbrance of a pretty little wife into the bargain. But, deuce take me, I hardly meant that word 'incumbrance.' Ruth, (or 'Ruthy,' as this clever, old-Bettyish doctor uncle or guardian

of hers calls her,) is a loving little thing; and, though she lacks the 'style' and 'distingue air' about which my lady sister discourses so much, will make a good, perhaps a much better wife, than your devil-may-care chum deserves."

Yes, reader, Ruth read all that, and she did not faint or scream as a genuine novel heroine would have done, but she quietly took the bouquet from the table—flung it far from the window into the garden—and then, with a fearful whiteness about her lips and a scornful blaze in her eyes, walked from the room.

"Deuce take it! how careless of me to leave my letters about so!" soliloquized Edward Southard on his return. "Confound that old-womanish farmer and his sick child! What if she had come in here and read this? But, pshaw! of course Ruthy wouldn't do that! But it'll learn me a lesson, I reckon!" and he seated himself to finish his letter.

"You see I am punctual, dear uncle! and what is it of such importance that you neglect your morning nap to give audience to your Ruthy?" said the girl, gayly, advancing and laying her head on Dr. Manning's shoulder. You would not, on that smiling lip or cheek, have read token of the torn, wounded heart throbbing below; but Ruth was a brave girl, and in the hour just past had lived and gained whole years of woman's suffering and strength—and not for worlds would she have unveiled that to her guardian.

"Why, Ruthy—I thought—that is, I have seen how you and——" but the doctor stammered so that one could have scarcely understood the nature of his communication—"I was only going to tell you that I gave my consent, and would do anything to promote your happiness—but what! ah, what does this mean? Crying, as I live!—why, Ruthy!" and for the first time since her return he folded his arms tightly about her and drew her down to her old place on his knee—"Ruthy, what is it, little one?" he said, in perplexity, as a passion of sobs shook her frame.

"Nothing—nothing!—it only means that you must never, never—promise me, dear, best friend—that you will never send me away from your home and heart!" and she clung closely, weaving her white arms about his neck.

"Why, I thought—I thought that you and Edward—is it possible I could have been mistaken? I was going to assure you of my consent!" and, I'll warrant, that at that moment Dr. Paul Manning was more perplexed than at any "consultation" in which he had been engaged during his twenty years' practice.

"Well, I shall never marry Edward Southard—

I never want to hear his name spoken! I would not leave your warm, sheltering heart for anybody in the wide world, much less for one so—so——" but she did not utter the words that trembled on her lips, but proudly crushed them back.

"Then I was mistaken! Oh, Ruth, you don't know how I feared, and what I suffered, when I thought this. You will not leave me to my desolation and my loneliness—you will cling to the heart which would fain shelter you forever;" and, in that sudden outburst of feeling, the heart, the young heart of that man into whose thin, glossy hair grey threads were stealing, beat hard against her own.

Ruth started up, at first with a frightened, confused air—it was so sudden—then, like a weary child, let her head fall heavily again upon its resting-place. It was so pleasant to know that there was one heart in the world, long tried and trusted, and always true.

But Dr. Manning felt that perhaps he had offended her, and fondly stroking her hair as one would a pet child's, said softly, "Forgive me, my child, if I have pained you. I have been premature—I know not what made me open my heart to you in this hour—but had I found that you loved another you would never have learned it, Ruthy. But if you are free, and can love me, and do not think me a selfish and exacting old man—and yet, Ruthy, perhaps I am wrong in asking this. Listen, Ruthy," he said, after a long pause. "Years ago, twenty years ago, I loved your mother. We were to each other brother and sister, so she said—ah, I never told her how I loved her better than any brother could have done, for I saw how her love was given to another, your father. I smiled when she was married; but oh, Ruthy, my heart ached—and henceforth all women were alike to me till you grew up here, so like her that it seemed as if twenty years had been taken from my life and I were young again. Now, Ruthy, you know all—why, since you came back to me, I could not treat you as a child, because I loved you as a woman. Don't answer me now—don't say a word—I would not have you mistake gratitude for a warmer feeling—you need tell me nothing till to-morrow, next week, a year, never, unless it is your own wish. Leave me now, darling!" and, kissing her forehead, he put her gently away from him.

Ruth did not come down that day to dinner; and when Edward Southard inquired for her, Bridget replied that her mistress sent down word that a headache would keep her in her chamber. Perhaps, if honest Bridget had ren-

dered it "a heartache," it might have been nearer truth.

But strong, deep natures work out their own cures, and so did Ruth's. Some one has written, "The deepest of love makes bitterest scorn," and I think Edward Southard soon received evidence of the truth of that—and yet I question if the deep, silent undercurrent of her heart had been reached—only its froth and foam had been stirred from the surface. But you should have seen her proud, pale face, and the shame-stricken countenance of the young Southerner, as, that afternoon, she knocked at his door, and in answer to his light "Come in," entered, and laying her engagement ring on the writing-desk, said briefly and cuttingly, "You should have added a postscript to your letter, Mr. Southard, stating that Miss Blanchard had changed her mind!" then as quietly walked out again.

Of the discomfiture and mortification of Edward Southard it were useless to write; sufficient to state, that the evening train bore him *en route* to Boston, and the next week saw him among "the first families of old Virginia" with his profession, but *minus* "that charming little piece of rusticity," his heiress wife.

And Ruthy did not wait "a year" before she quietly laid her hand in Dr. Paul Manning's, and said, with a happy smile, "As my best friend and benefactor you have deserved my gratitude, but my love is a free gift."

Not then, indeed, could she bring herself to confess how unworthily she had bestowed her first "fancy;" but afterward, relying fully on the deep, serene, enduring love which filled her soul—founded, as that love was, on the deepest esteem—afterward she revealed all, and how nigh her happiness had come to shipwreck.

Of course there was the usual *quantum sufficit* of gossip in Dentford, because Dr. Paul Manning, whom everybody had set down a confirmed bachelor, appropriated to himself his young ward; but Susy, Mrs. Simon Stubbs, averred that she always knew how it would turn out from the first day "Ruthy came under his roof," and the doctor took to giving up his dyspeptic food and ate the very things "Ruthy liked."

And no one who lingers in that happy household, looking upon the girlish, yet matronly Ruth, and her noble, young-hearted husband, would say she is too young to be "DR. MANNING'S WIFE."

THE ORPHAN'S CRY.

BY MRS. BELLA Z. MINTER

Oh! mother, come back, for my young heart is breaking,
I can't tread the paths of this world all alone;
I can't live without the soft voice that is speaking
In accents of love to the poor orphaned one!

I hear the wind pass through the boughs of the willow,
It sighs of the darkness surrounding thy tomb;
I hear the fierce dash of the sea's angry billow,
And see the white spray through the soul-chilling gloom.

Oh! mother, come back, for my young feet are weary
Of treading the deserts of life's burning sands!

Oh! mother, come back, for my young life is dreary,
As I tread my lone way 'mid the wreck-covered strands!

Sweet birds are oft singing and flitting about me,
As sadly I wander where thy feet once pressed;
But this music's unheeded, uncared for, without thee
To list to their songs, while I rest on thy breast.

Dear mother, come back, for my passionate pleading,
Let me lay my hot head on thy bosom and weep;
Pour balm on my heart, for its tendrils are bleeding,
And hush with sweet songs thy poor Tilla to sleep!

BY THE BROOKSIDE.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

I'm sitting by the frozen brook,
And tardily the minutes go,
While I am waiting for the Spring
To make the fettered waters flow.
The North wind blew a bitter blast
And froze the silver wavelets o'er:—
The ice has lain so long, I fear
The brook will sing to me no more.
My heart cannot forget the night
That hushed the music of the song,

That made such 'witching melody
For my enraptured soul so long.
Full many and many a year must pass,
Before I can forget the woe
That smote me when the ice-king checked
The dancing brooklet's gleeful flow.
I'm weary waiting for the Spring
To kiss the ice with melting breath:
What joy 'twould be to know that still
The living waters flow beneath!

THE STRANGER IN MAPLETON.

BY LIZZIE WILLIAMS.

A STRANGER in Mapleton—and such a stranger! Tall, and of fine proportions, with a face of “classic” beauty; a regal brow, shaded by waving masses of glossy raven hair; eyes of midnight darkness, from which shot forth glances of wondrous brilliancy, like lightning glancing from a midnight cloud. These were some of the attractions of the strange gentleman who had just arrived in Mapleton. Now, when I inform my readers that Mapleton is one of the dullest, most obscure, out-of-the-way villages that can be imagined, so that any arrival would cause a sensation, they may easily infer that this particular arrival created a *furor* of excitement. The news spread with the telegraphic speed known to all country-places, and ere Mr. Alfred Ramsey had been an hour domiciled in the “Washington Hotel”—as the landlord ambitiously termed his two-story inn—“everybody” was busy speculating as to who he was, what he was, where he came from, where he was going, and principally, what did he come to Mapleton for?

Pretty soon these important questions, at least the most important of them, received an answer. For Frank Lewis—son of old Judge Lewis, and undisputed leader of the ton—had no sooner heard of the arrival than he was seen hastening at a most unfashionable pace to “the Washington,” and, to the surprise of all the idlers in the bar-room, (be sure there were plenty of them who chanced in just then,) he sprang at a bound into the parlor, crying out, “Ha, old fellow! have you found the way here at last?” and then to the chagrin of listeners, the door was closed so that they heard no more; but luckily the upper part of it was glass, so that if they could no longer hear, they could, at least, see; and they saw the stranger and Frank shake hands with all the hearty cordiality of warm and long parted friends, and then sit down on the lounge and fall at once into a long and apparently interesting chat. This fact was soon noised abroad, and it was edifying to notice how wise “everybody” grew instanter. Frank Lewis and the stranger had been college friends, and the latter was now here in fulfilment of a promise made to the former. Yes, everybody could tell that—and everybody could tell, too, that Frank had an object in view when he gave the invitation.

Had he not two unmarried sisters, who held themselves above the Mapleton beaux? Yes, that was it, of course, the surmise received immediate credence, and was indisputable when it was learned that Mr. Ramsey was a wealthy Southerner.

“A splendid match for one of the judge’s daughters,” said the gossips; wondering in the next place which would be the one.

“That’s easy known,” said one, with the air of an oracle. “Who would think of Emily when once they saw Lillian?”

“Lillian!” echoed another, in a sort of scornful surprise, “why she can’t begin to compare with her sister in any way. Take my word for it Emily will win the prize.”

And many were of the same opinion.

“No, no, Lillian will be the chosen one—that I know,” said the first speaker. And many agreed with her.

So the controversy went on, and sometimes produced unpleasant feelings, so uncompromising was each party. One would have thought that the matter rested solely with them, and that the sister having the most numerous and unyielding champions would forthwith be honored with the offer of Alfred Ramsey’s hand, heart, and fortune, which, of course, she would accept with delighted alacrity.

Much amused the stranger would have been, no doubt, had he know how constantly his name was upon the lips of old and young in Mapleton. To be sure, he could not be altogether ignorant of the “sensation” he was causing; but the knowledge made no change in him, for he was (for a man) wonderfully free from conceit or vanity. He was just what he seemed to be—a noble-minded, whole-souled fellow, who was sure to win the “golden opinions” of all with whom he came in contact. But that only made it a matter of more general interest whom he would marry.

“I declare he takes a long time to make up his mind,” said lively Kate Ogden, chatting one day with a group of young girls.

“Long? why he has scarcely been here a month yet.”

“Well, a month is a long time. Anybody might fall in love and propose in a month, much less a Southerner.”

"Why a Southerner quicker than 'anybody' else, Kate?"

"Oh, you know they are such an ardent, impulsive race—at least people always say so, but I'm sure I see nothing of the kind in Mr. Ramsey. I always thought a Southerner would fall in love at first sight, if at all; and would 'pop the question' wherever he chanced to be, in the house or in the street, at church or in the theatre, without any regard to the conveniences of time or place."

A burst of laughter followed Kate's speech.

"Oh, Kate! Kate! You silly child! Then that was the very reason you looked so shy that evening Mr. Ramsey led you into supper at Mrs. B——'s. You thought he had fallen in love with your pretty face, and would propose at the very table."

"And what would you have said?" asked one, archly.

"Oh, never doubt he would have been rewarded with a softly whispered yes; Kate would not keep him long in suspense."

"Which of you would?" asked the merry Kate, joining in the laugh which had been raised against her. "There is not one of you who would hesitate a moment about referring him to 'pa' or 'ma.'"

The girls laughed, and did not deny the soft impeachment. For in truth, very few of the village belles were inclined to allow either of the judge's daughters to win the prize without an effort, at least, of rivalry. Many were the cunning plans laid, many the little "feminine arts" put in practice, but, alas! without effect—the handsome Southerner pursued the even tenor of his way, polite and courteous to all, but, apparently, as unimpressible as the most cool, phlegmatic Northerner. I say apparently, for, to let my readers into "a secret," Alfred Ramsey's heart had been already taken captive; but not by Lillian or Emily Lewis—not by any other of the young beauties whose bright eyes so often glanced smilingly up to his. No indeed! On the very first Sunday of his sojourn at Mapleton, his attention had been attracted by a voice of surpassing sweetness and expression among the choristers. Eagerly searching for the owner of the fine voice, he found that her personal charms were of quite as pleasing a nature; not so striking or brilliant perhaps as those of some with whom he was already acquainted, but hers was a style of beauty just suited to his taste. Every succeeding Sabbath he feasted his ears with her sweet, melodious tones, and stole an occasional glance at her pale, spiritual countenance; but through the intervening days he saw her not.

The festal scenes "got up in his honor" were never graced by her presence, evidently she was not one of the ton. It was provoking; but Mr. Ramsey, though chagrined and disappointed on these occasions, acted quite reasonably for one so much in love as he really was with the fair unknown. Unwilling to excite notice by direct inquiries regarding her, he trusted to chance to befriend him, and ere long chance very obligingly came to his aid.

There was a pic-nic in a charming grove near Mapleton. All the village beaux and belles were there, and as a matter of course the Southerner, who was on this occasion the favored cavalier of the "judge's daughters." Sauntering with them through a leafy aisle, he espied at a distance a cluster of brilliant wild flowers, and wishing to give the ladies a pleasant surprise he started to gather the blooming treasures. On returning, he found that they had joined some of their acquaintances, who were resting on the greensward beneath some spreading oaks. Emily Lewis' voice raised in uttering an exclamation of surprise first made him aware of their proximity; and while yet a few paces from them, and screened from their observation by the thick foliage, Lillian's reply fell upon his ears.

"I told you how it would be. I knew Mrs. Morton only consented to come so that she could bring that girl," (the last words spoken with a bitter, scornful emphasis.)

Alfred glanced in the direction to which the group were looking, and beheld a lady whose features wore an expression of touching melancholy, and beside her—imagine his delight—was his unknown charmer! He saw her to advantage now. Her small, graceful head had no covering but its wealth of golden curls; her face, usually pale and pensive, was flushed and brightened with pleasant excitement; and as she moved onward with light, easy grace, he watched her with increasing admiration till the intervening trees hid her from view. Bringing his eyes then to "objects nearer home," they fell on the little party under the trees, who were now chatting on some pleasant theme; and no tones were more gay and pleasingly modulated than the Lewises; but recalling the contemptuous allusion to "that girl," he turned away, and—I am ashamed to record against my hero an act of such childish petulance—he flung far from him the bright flowers he had gathered with so much care, as if they had been to blame for the words still rankling in his bosom. A short walk, however, served to dissipate his fit of anger, and retracing his steps he was soon beside Lillian Lewis, who was sitting in "sullen

solitude." That young lady, irritated at his long absence, received him with cool dignity; but his frank, pleasant smiles and words restored her good-humor, and they were soon chatting as sociably and agreeably as was their wonted custom.

"I observe there are some ladies here with whom I am unacquainted," said the gentleman after a time. "Will you do me the kindness of introducing me when opportunity offers? In a frolic of this kind it is pleasant to be on speaking terms with the whole company."

"I do not think that is always desirable," said Lillian, drily. "And I believe you are already acquainted with all the ladies here, save one."

"There are two walking beside the stream; that tall lady, you perceive."

"That is Mrs. Morton. She was one of our gayest belles, but since the death of her husband, which occurred very shortly after their marriage, she has lived almost secluded from the world. I will introduce you to her with pleasure."

"Many thanks, lady fair. And to her companion?"

Lillian's brow darkened. "Pardon me, Mr. Ramsey, I have no acquaintance with a cobbler's daughter. Perhaps Miss Ogden will gratify you," she added, coldly, as they met that young lady.

"Certainly, if it be in my power," was her ready response, and taking his offered arm the two strolled on, Lillian haughtily turning away.

"Introduce you? most willingly," said Kate, as he explained the favor he desired. "You will be greatly pleased with Mrs. Morton, I know; she is a very charming woman. And Jessie Ward is a very charming girl—but I must not say you will be pleased with her lest I offend."

And Kate's merry blue eyes turned mischievously upon him.

"Wherefore that fear?" was the laughing query.

"Like a genuine Yankee, I shall answer your question by asking another. Are your 'tastes and proclivities' altogether of an aristocratic stamp? If they are, you will be shocked to learn that the bewitching Jessie is the daughter of—prepare yourself for an overwhelming revelation—the daughter of the village shoemaker!"

Alfred Ramsey was much amused by his companion's mock solemnity, and laughingly assured her he was not altogether "overwhelmed" by her "revelation."

"Ah! then you are not so immensely aristocratic as some of our Mapleton grandees, who

would think themselves disgraced forever if they condescended to notice the plebeian Jessie."

"Yourself and Mrs. Morton are not included in that class, I presume?"

"Oh, I could never 'set up' for an aristocrat, I have not statelyness or dignity enough for such a character; and Mrs. Morton is very independent in her way, and apt to do things which her fashionable friends consider 'shocking;' but she only laughs at their consternation. So that, being very much attached to Jessie Ward, she makes no secret of her partiality. Besides, it is a sort of hereditary friendship, their mothers having been schoolmates and constant friends."

At this moment they came in sight of Mrs. Morton and Jessie. The introductions were given in due form, and soon the four were chatting together as cosily and pleasantly as possible. Jessie at first was rather shy, and backward in taking part in the conversation, but her timidity once banished, Alfred found that her mental charms were quite in keeping with her personal ones. Need I say that for the remainder of the day he devoted himself to her and her generous patroness?

"After all I was right in my notions about Southerners," said Kate Ogden, toward the close of that lovely day. "Mr. Ramsey has fallen in love with Jessie Ward at first sight, and I do believe he will propose before they leave the grove. How absorbed he seems in what she is saying! and that glance 'speaks volumes,' as the novels say. Ah, girls! none of us ever brought that expression to his eyes; just look!"

"How absurd you are, Kate Ogden!" said Emily Lewis, angrily, shaking off the hand Kate had laid on her arm to make her "look." "Any one can see that he is only making fun of her."

"Can they indeed? Funny eyes they are that can see that," laughed Kate.

The Misses Lewis were in a state of towering indignation, as may be supposed, and they thought to punish the offender by accepting the escort of another gentleman on returning home, and giving a haughty refusal to Mr. Ramsey, when he felt constrained, however unwillingly, to offer his services. But to their dismay, instead of seeming hurt by their refusal he turned away with a bow and a smile, and in a few minutes they saw him in Mrs. Morton's carriage, with that lady and the despised Jessie.

That the lover did not allow the acquaintance, thus happily begun, to drop, we may be sure; and so—to pass over tedious preliminaries and come at once to the point which my reader's sagacity has already divined—when the hand-

some Southerner left Mapleton early in the autumn Jessie went with him, a loved and loving bride. Kate Ogden acted as bridesmaid on the occasion, thereby incurring the severe disapprobation of certain haughty young ladies; for whose "weighty displeasure," however, the lively, independent Kate cared not "one particular straw."

TO ONE IN DREAM-LAND.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

THERE is a clime in which I wander oft—
The shadowy land of dreams. In it I've passed
My sunniest hours, tho' all the world seem'd false
And cold; and now at this loved twilight hour,
Thou steal'st upon me like some gentle dream,
That thrills my heart with soft, elysian joys.

I know that thou art fair and beautiful—
A being formed to cast a sunny ray
Into the loveliest heart, and lighten up
The brow of care with sweet and joyous smiles.
I know that thy young heart is fresh and pure,
And that the spirit of the Beautiful
Is ever twining brightest wreaths for thee.
Each fair, and pure, and lovely thing that strews
Thy daily path—the budding flowers of Spring—
The soft-toned zephyrs whispering 'mong the leaves—
The streamlet's dreamy song of mirth and glee—
And yon sweet stars that smile so softly o'er
The hushed and slumbering world—all have a pure
And simple language for thy gentle heart.

I cannot think that one so good and pure
As thou, should ever know what 'tis to weep
O'er faded dreams, or see one cherished star
In youth's bright glowing sky grow dim,
And vanish from thy gaze. The false, cold world,
Can never quell the happy gushings of
A spirit such as thine; and over 'midst
Life's thorniest paths and rocky steeps, thou'lt pluck
Bright fancy's fairest flowers to deck thy fair
And youthful brow, and ever keep thy young
Heart fresh and pure.

Ah, yes! I love such hearts
As thine, and love thy sweet and childish fancies.
There's sympathy and kindness in each word,
And tho' "unknown," my heart would whisper it
Full happiness; and oft when I am sad,
Will long again for music-breathing words
Of thine.

NIGHT.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

THE wind is sighing mournfully,
Is sighing soft and low,
And the waters murmur tunefully
In their rippling, bounding flow.

And the stars are shining, seemingly
Like myriad eyes of love;
And the moon is smiling beamingly
From her star-gemmed path above.

The world sleeps in tranquillity,
Beneath God's watchful eye,
Nor sound breaks night's serenity,
Save streamlet's song and wild wind's sigh.

I seem to hear the throbbing beat
Of Nature's mighty heart,
And earth and Heaven with soul replete,
Seem of some boundless life a part.

Alone with God's immensity
At silent midnight hour,
How long with wild intensity
The spirit for the power,

To drop the fetters that restrain
Her flight, and soar away
From this dull world of care and pain,
To realms of endless day!

I'M SAD.

BY J. S. M'EWEN.

OH! that mine eyes were tears,
To give my heart relief;
Or that this bursting heart
Could melt with hidden grief!
Time's cold and changing scenes
Bring, perching on my brow,
Despair in furrows deep,
Though smiles conceal it now.

None know the inward pain
Some hearts are wont to bear:
None know what shafts remain
Embedded—hidden there!
A joyous smile oft lights
That mirror of the soul—
As like the placid streams
O'er pearls and pebbles roll.

OFF CAPE HATTERAS.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THE night was setting in cold and blustering, with every appearance of a storm. The day had been raw even for November, and rifts of ragged, gusty clouds, driving before a bleak northerly wind, had chased each other across the firmament, now hiding the sun in their thick folds, and now, as they rolled apart, disclosing his cold disk to our eyes. The wind had kept up a constant moaning, such as can only be heard in the more wintry months, when the seas are roughened with continuous foam, and the icy breezes of Labrador sweep down our stormy coasts. As night drew on, and the clouds grew gloomier in the northern horizon, the gale sang shriller than ever through our rigging, whistling wildly along over the fast blackening waters, and making us shiver involuntarily. The breeze, too, was perceptibly damper. Snow-flakes began to fall.

"It's going to be a wild night," said the captain, "and I fear Hatteras is under our lee. We must close reef and get an offing."

He spoke anxiously, so that all thoughts of sleep were dismissed from my mind; and going below for my 'nor wester, I prepared to spend the night on deck. As the hours wore on, the storm increased; the wind howled wilder through our hamper; the rain drove fiercer across our decks. The cold was intense, and the rain became at length sleet. Out to windward, only the white caps of the billows could be seen: to leeward, nothing but a waste of driving foam met the eye. Oh! how we longed for morning.

At last the dawn came, but slowly and heavily, as if unwilling to supplant the night. To eastward, the dusky clouds were seen, heaving like a misty curtain. Gradually the light increased, the dusky curtain parted; but a misty veil still hung over all. The schooner groaned as she struggled on, now sinking into the trough, and then rising, buoyant as a duck, and shaking the spray gallantly from her sides. Suddenly I was startled by the voice of the look-out shouting,

"*Breakers ahead!*"

I looked to leeward. There, hardly two cables' length distant, they were, just discernible through the dim light: a whirlpool of white, angry foam. A tremendous current combined with the wind to drive us toward them with frightful velocity.

"Hatteras, God help us!" cried the captain, at my side.

How often had I heard that name as a name of terror; but with only a vague idea of it after all; for I had never expected to be brought face to face with it and death. But now I was in the very presence of the dread monster, whose ravenous maw had devoured thousands, whose bowels were full of the bones of countless victims. I could almost throw a biscuit into the breakers. In less than five minutes I would be in their midst.

These reflections rushed across me, swift as lightning, during the pause which the captain made, to take breath. Then his stentor voice shouted,

"Down with the helm. Haul in the sheets. Hard—harder."

The wheel whirled around; the huge sail came heavily in; and then a moment of awful suspense followed. Would the schooner lie any closer? She quivered and seemed to drift bodily toward the surf. I grasped a rope instinctively. A groan rose from the little crew.

"Cut loose a reef," thundered the captain. "Never mind untying, but out with your knives. Stand by, some of you, to haul and belay."

The expedient was little short of madness. But it was our only hope. It seemed as if all was over. As the sheet flew out, it gave a jerk that nearly heeled us on our beam ends; then, catching the full fury of the gale, it dragged us wildly along; plunging us headlong through the giant billows, while the water foamed around, rolling in cataracts over the deck, gurgling and hissing as it swept astern.

"Keep her to it," shouted the captain, holding in the weather-ratlines, as he watched the straining mast above.

Just ahead, the breakers ran out into a long point, beyond which was comparatively smooth water. If we could weather that point there might be hope. We were shooting toward it, with the velocity of an express-train. If a rope should part; if the wind should lull for a second; if the current should get stronger, we would be lost. Even without these it was doubtful whether we could rasp by. The spray of the boiling surf was already around us.

At that moment came a roar as if the heavens were exploding. I glanced, fearfully, up, supposing it was the main-sheet splitting. But no! the stout sail stood firm. I saw the mast, however, bending like a whip-stalk in the gale, a sudden increase in which had caused the noise. At the same instant, the schooner crashed through a huge billow, throwing the foam in cataracts over us, and when I next looked to leeward, the breakers were whitening astern, and we were in comparatively deep water.

We could scarcely credit our escape. For a moment or two, the crew gazed silent and bewildered on the receding surf, as if just aroused from a dream. Then, simultaneously, all broke into a huzza.

"Thank God!" said the captain, beside me, "a little more, and I should never have seen Mary or the children again." And I think he

wiped a tear from his eye, with the cuff of his jacket, as he turned away.

A moment after I heard him, in his old voice, from which every particle of emotion had passed away, say to the man at the wheel,

"You may ease her a little: the shore shelves away in here, and we shall have no trouble in getting an offing now."

"Ay, ay, sir—she's a gallant vixen," laughed the old tar, gruffly.

We soon gained an offing. Before noon the gale had subsided; and when night came down upon the seas, the coast was far away. Meantime the wind hauled round once more to the south; the clouds toward nightfall broke away; and the last rays of the setting sun lingered on our mast-heads, like the smile of a departing spirit.

I have never since been OFF CAPE HATTERAS.

TO LOTTIE LINWOOD.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

THE gift of Poesy indeed is thine!

Thy touch awakes the soul from dreamy slumbers,
To list enchanted to thy flowing line,
Breathed forth in joyful, sweet, harmonious numbers.

The human mind thou swayest e'en at will,
While the ethereal music softly flowing,
Steals o'er the senses with delight, until
The soul with love and happiness is glowing.

Thy songs possess the freshness of the leaves—
With dew-drops bathed, in fair, luxuriant bowers—
For Poesy—with Art—and Nature weaves
Her fairest forms amid life's frailest flowers.

A world of beauty opens at thy behest!
Long may thy harp attuned to sweetest measure,

Whisper its love-tones from a spirit blest,
With genius rare, a sacred, Heaven-born treasure.

Let life's sweet roses 'mid thy golden hair,
With laurels dark, their tendrils closely wreathing—
Cluster in richest, rarest beauty, there,
A welcome fragrance round thy pathway breathing.

Thy heart is young! thus may it ever be,
And free from care and every bitter sorrow;
May all that earth can give belong to thee!
Then ne'er for future days one trouble borrow.

But may thy sun set clear, full-orbed, and bright,
As ends a pleasant dream or Persian story;
While thy pure spirit seeks a world of light,
To dwell forevermore in endless glory.

THE SPRING FLOWER IN AUTUMN.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

Oh! wherefore, wherefore art thou here, thou gentle child
of Spring?

Fierce storms are gathering in the sky, and mournful tem-
pests sing,
A gloom is on the desolate earth, a sadness in the blast,
And hosts of crimson forest-leaves are hurrying swiftly
past.

The cold rain beateeth on the graves where all thy kindred
sleep,
And solemnly the grieving wind chanteth his anthem deep.
No sunbeam smileth on thee, and thy gentle, meek, blue
eye
Casteth its timid, upward glance to a sternly frowning sky.

Oh! lonely one! the last of all thy frail and gentle race!
They died while yet the wreaths of Spring bedecked earth's
lovely face.

Summer hath faded from the hills, and Autumn made them
drear,
Since thy pale sisters turned to dust, then wherefore art
thou here?

Ah! not in vain hast thou sprung up in beauty from the dust,
Thou speakest in a voiceless speech of faith and holy trust.
For He who can, through frost and storm, protect a fragile
flower,
Can surely guide us through life's path, though clouds may
darkly lower.



THE NEW BABY.

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CATHARINE LINCOLN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52.

CHAPTER IX.

THEY reached the street and entered the carriage before Walter broke the amazed silence into which he had been thrown. Mr. Jeffrys asked his address, and the sound of his voice aroused him; he gave the number and they hurried away.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed Seaford. "Do you know Mrs. Graham; and your sudden arrival—you had not written to me that you were coming over!"

"Have a little patience, Walter, don't overpower me with questions! You shall hear everything in its proper order; but let us get safe to your rooms first."

When the carriage stopped, Seaford sprang out, and Mr. Jeffrys followed him up to his apartment in silence. When they had entered, Walter closed the door, and turned hastily toward him.

"Don't torture me any longer! I could almost think something terrible were coming, only you always bring pleasant news," he added, striving to laugh, and thus shake off the nameless fear which had come over him.

"It is dark here, Seaford," said Mr. Jeffrys, "can't you find a light?"

The room was growing dusky with the gathering shadows, but in his agitation Seaford had not noticed it. He lit the lamp with nervous haste, set it upon the mantel, and turned again to Mr. Jeffrys.

"Have you anything to tell me, sir—has anything happened? What could have brought you to Europe so unexpectedly?"

"It was on your account that I came."

"Mine? What is it? I can think of nothing—no affairs—no——"

Mr. Jeffrys waited for him to conclude, but Seaford only made an impatient gesture, growing troubled and pale.

"I believe you have found me always willing to advance your interests in every possible way," Mr. Jeffrys said, in his deliberate, passionless way.

"Always, sir—always. You have been a true

friend," returned Seaford, with eager haste, strangely at variance with the manner of his companion. "But tell me what it is you have to say—I am getting as nervous as a woman."

"I have come to take you away with me, Seaford."

"Where do you wish to travel?"

"To America."

"America! But I have no reason for returning there at present—my business keeps me here—I am writing a play for one of the London theatres."

"You will be able to finish it in our own country."

"Excuse me, sir," said Seaford, with something of his usual haughtiness when irritated; "but will you have the goodness to be a little more explicit? there is nothing to be gained by talking in riddles."

"I never do that, Seaford, you know."

"Were you acquainted with Mrs. Graham?" Seaford asked, quickly. "Did you know her in America?"

"Mrs. Graham!" he repeated the name with a sort of icy contempt which made Seaford quiver with indignation. "I was acquainted with her, and I knew her in America."

"What does this mean, Mr. Jeffrys? I demand an explanation! I am not a child to be treated in this way."

"Do you mean to remind me that you have no longer any need of my friendship or favor?" asked Mr. Jeffrys, with cold politeness; "I knew that you had grown famous, but I did not think——"

"You wrong me, Mr. Jeffrys, indeed you do! I am not ungrateful, but you torture me by this hesitation."

"Do you love this woman, Walter!"

A light came over Seaford's face—his bosom heaved—his proud eyes grew clear and untroubled—he threw his head back with a noble pride,

"Yes," he said, "I do love her."

"And you know who she is?"

"I know only that she is a good, grand woman,

and that I love her, and would proclaim it before all the world."

"Do you know what her past life has been?"

"Her past!" repeated Seaford, and Catharine's singular agitation recurred to his mind. A terrible shock passed over him, but he cast back the unwelcome doubt.

"No!" he exclaimed, defiantly, "but there is nothing which she need fear to have known—I would stake my life upon her goodness."

"You would lose the stake!" replied Mr. Jeffrys, in his stern, un pitying voice.

"Mr. Jeffrys!" Walter sprang toward him, with his clenched hand raised, as if he would have felled him to the ground in the whirl of passion which those words had aroused. "Take that back," he exclaimed, "retract those words—an angel from heaven should not repeat them before me!"

"Sit down, Walter, you are going mad, I think—more of her work, I suppose."

"Explain! explain!" urged Walter, fiercely; "but do not repeat those words—do not repeat them!"

"I would not give you needless pain, Walter; but you must listen to me calmly, and without passion."

"How can I be calm? Go on, Mr. Jeffrys, go on."

"You must leave Paris for a time."

"Why?"

"Because you must be removed from that woman's influence until you are yourself again."

"I am myself, Mr. Jeffrys, for the first time in my whole life; it is only in her presence that I have begun to live, and there is no power on earth or in heaven strong enough to separate me from her now."

"You rave—I cannot talk with a madman."

"I am not mad, sir; but you seem determined to drive me so by your words and manner."

"Walter, I have never yet asked you a favor: will you refuse me the first?"

"What is it? Let me hear what you desire."

"All through your life I have granted you everything you asked, without even demanding your reasons—you cannot trust me so far it seems."

"Mr. Jeffrys, this is cruel—I have done nothing to deserve such reproaches—you make me frantic with your implied suspicions of a woman whom I prize beyond life itself, and then ask me to listen to you calmly and without passion! What is it you wish me to do? You know that I would give my right hand to serve you."

"I wish you to leave Paris, and promise me never to see that woman again."

"No, by Heaven, that I will not do—nothing shall induce me to trample my own heart under my feet."

He walked up and down the room with hasty strides, agonized by the conflicting feelings within. Mr. Jeffrys sat by the table silently awaiting until the first violence of that mental storm should have spent itself, his lips compressed, and his whole face revealing the unalterable determination which he had formed.

"What reason have you for demanding this?" Seaford said, pausing before him in his hurried march. "Why do you come here with these damnable doubts, thrusting yourself between me and my happiness?"

"I have intimated nothing which I cannot prove," he said.

"Then prove it—let me know the worst at once—I will bear this no longer."

"I have asked you to trust me, Walter! I have been your friend for years, it seems to me not much to ask."

"Not much, to bid me tear my own heart out and fling it at your feet!—not much, that you would have me outrage the woman I reverence and adore! No, Mr. Jeffrys, I will not do it, you have no proof—there is something here which I do not understand, but I will trust her, she would not deceive me! Speak out—what is it?"

"For your own sake do not force me to say more!"

"Speak, I say!"

"That woman has deceived you—she is false, body and soul!"

The words fell icy and cold, stinging Seaford to the very verge of insanity.

"It is a lie!" he exclaimed, "a mean, miserable lie! Mr. Jeffrys, you have severed the last bond between us—farewell."

He moved toward the door, but Mr. Jeffrys rose and detained him in a strong grasp.

"Wretched boy, where would you go?"

"To her—to the woman whom you have slandered! This is not your work, you could not be so vile—you have been deceived, but the very suspicion separates us—let me go."

But Mr. Jeffrys held him firmly, his own face pale, and revealing some hidden passion which was more like hate than grief.

"You shall not go—I command you to stay."

"You command me!" exclaimed Seaford, shaking off his hold; "a legion of demons should not stop me—how dare you speak thus?"

"Because I have the right," returned Mr

Jeffrys, while Walter stood paralyzed with passion and doubt.

"The right, the right!" he stammered. "No, never, you have none—stand back, you are powerless here!"

He would have rushed from the chamber, but again Mr. Jeffrys' voice staid him.

"Ay, the right! I command you to listen, because that woman is wicked and depraved—because you are my own son, Walter Seaford, and she has been to me what she is now to you, or would be if you desired it."

Seaford fell rather than sank into a chair, gazing upon the speaker with his frenzied eyes, while the whiteness of death settled over his face.

"Now will you believe me, young man? You have wrung forth the secret of a life—are you satisfied?"

Still there was no answer—Seaford was looking into his face with the same dull stare. At length his head fell slowly forward and was buried in his hands, while he trembled beneath the shock which had so nearly maddened him.

"Walter," Mr. Jeffrys said, in a softened tone, "Walter!"

"Don't speak to me—leave me alone!"

"Only a word—this must be settled now and forever! Listen—try to understand—we are going away on the instant! A steamer sails from Havre to-morrow, in that we return to America."

Seaford sprang to his feet, and a despairing cry broke from his lips.

"Unsay those words—tell me that you did not mean it, and I will follow you to the ends of the earth."

"Walter, I am your father!"

"I know—I know—not that! I can bear shame—disgrace—but tell me that Catharine—"

"I charge you never to mention that name again—you dare not violate the laws of God and man by loving a woman who has been——"

"No more—do not go on! Let us go where you will—when you will—but leave me alone!"

Mr. Jeffrys went slowly away closing the door behind him, and shutting that wretched young man in with the terrible solitude about him—a solitude which could never be removed. That iron father wore a look of demoniac exultation—standing in the dimly-lit passage—his hands clenched, while his compressed lips hissed forth some broken words.

"Catharine—woman—in my path again!"

Walter Seaford remained motionless where that man had left him. He could not think yet—his brain was too dizzy for that—but through the whirl of frenzy and despair came the recol-

lection of those fearful words—a gulf had been dug between him and that woman, which neither could ever pass. He thought not of shame or disgrace, both he could bear, but he was separated forever from that happiness which had seemed so near.

He dashed his arms down upon the table with frantic violence, biting his foam-specked lips to keep back the cry which burst from his breaking heart. All that lonely past came up—the bliss of the last few weeks taunted him with its memories—the future stretched out before him, stormy and desolate—no refuge and no haven in sight—nothing but the heaving of the billows and, the starless sky overhead. A mad prayer for death escaped him—that vainest moan which rises from the hearts of the youth before suffering has made it strong to endure.

Nothing came—there was no response to his anguish! He sprang up and rushed to the door; there was no collected thought in his soul, only a longing for death, a mad desire to look once more upon her face; it seemed as if fate would have done with him then, that destiny would be appeased.

At the door he met Mr. Jeffrys, who started at the sight of that face which was so contracted by despair, that those moments seemed almost to have done the work of years.

"All is ready," he said, "your servant will follow to Havre with your baggage."

"Ready," he repeated, mechanically, "ready?"

Mr. Jeffrys took a flask from the table and poured out a glass of wine.

"Drink this," he said, "it will bring you to yourself a little."

Walter drained it at a draught, and allowed himself to be led down stairs and placed in the carriage without resistance.

All that night they were speeding away, the moan of the steam whistle sounding in the ear of the sufferer, and seeming to his excited fancy like the cry of a fiend. When morning came they had entered Havre, the quaint, old city, and drove away toward the steamer.

An hour after, they were out upon the blue waves, and Walter Seaford was straining his eyes to catch a last sight of the land, where he had found and lost all of happiness that heaven itself had power to bestow upon him on this side the grave.

Oh, that voyage! The days spent in pacing up and down the deck like some caged animal—the consciousness that a score of idle eyes were watching and commenting upon every movement—the sleepless nights, when the stars looked down so unpitifully upon his misery, and the

ocean wind seemed sounding a requiem over the unburied past. Even the calm was so unendurable! Storm—danger—anything would have been better! But the spring air was balmy and soft, the bosom of the great deep smooth as if no breeze had ever ruffled it. Then the reaction when the unnatural strength gave way, and he could only lie upon a couch listening to the careless mirth around, and looking afar over the bright waters, which laughed and played in mockery of his wretchedness!

The approach to that land where only added misery awaited him—the attempts to converse from the careless and unconcerned—the very presence of that man whom even to shun was a sin—oh, it was terrible!

After the first days, Seaford really believed that he should die—he believed it, and prayed that it might be so! Could he have yielded up his last breath and gone to rest beneath those singing waters; but day after day wore on, and though he lay there weak and spent from the reaction of that strong excitement, he grew no worse, and there seemed to be no actual illness preying upon him. But a fever from within burned on his cheek and blazed in those unquiet eyes—a fever which had no name, and which no human skill could have cured, but it was consuming the very pulses of that tortured heart, and wearing out life and strength from that weakened frame.

Catharine sat in her room after the departure of Seaford and that dreaded man, until the night gathered about her with its solemn gloom. She knew what awaited her, and sat there stunned by the unexpected blow.

Janet Brown's voice aroused her.

"In the dark, mistress, and alone! I have just got in, the young gentleman is gone!"

"Gone?" she repeated, springing up. "Oh, Janet, come with me—come with me!"

The astonished woman threw a shawl over her and followed her mistress into the street. They hurried in silence to Seaford's lodgings—it was too late—he had left a few moments before—whither no one knew.

What mattered it where?—he had gone from her—he knew all—he despised and forsook her!

She reeled and fell into the arms of her woman.

"Take me back, Janet, take me back and let me die!"

"Mistress—mistress!"

"Don't speak, Janet—don't comfort me—it is death this time—oh! it is death."

So the dream ended—the bright, beautiful dream, which had seemed so glowing and so real! The one lying mute and unconscious in

that sickness which was like death, the other away upon the deep, dark sea, and between those parted souls flowing a gulf deeper and darker than the ocean's treacherous waves, a gulf which neither might cross to claim that happiness which had been so suddenly snatched from their grasp.

CHAPTER X.

THE voyage came to an end at length! Looking out through the port-hole of the narrow room in which he lay, Walter Seaford watched their approach to the beautiful shores which he had left with such eager longings, feeling that ere they again brightened upon his vision life would have undergone an entire change. This was the return! The warning was fulfilled—life had changed! The wild dreams and vague unrest had given place to the desolation of experience.

He did not rise from his berth, or heed the bustle of excitement going on around him. The June sunlight lay golden over the waters, and brightened the lovely city in the nearing distance, but its glory only pained those weary eyes and mocked the anguish within his soul.

The mad passion of his despair had worn itself out for a season, leaving him weak and incapable of reflection as a child. He only asked quiet—to be left alone—to hear no human voice and meet no human face. It was well that the very violence of that mental conflict had staid it for a time, or it must have left him wholly a wreck, with every faculty shattered and broken down. There he sat and watched the shores which they were so rapidly nearing. The guns boomed out as they passed the islands, which looked like fairy barques moored in the sunshine—on they swept through the narrow channel—the confusion overhead growing louder till Seaford turned from the light and sat with his face buried in his hands, until his servant aroused him with the tidings that they had landed, and the passengers were already leaving the steamer.

Seaford arose slowly and went on deck, his step feeble, like one recovering from recent illness, and his pale face looking sorrowfully haggard and worn. Mr. Jeffrys approached him with some words of pleasure at his improved appearance, but Walter could only bow his head in reply; that man's presence filled him with an indescribable pang, which he strove in vain to subdue. No farther explanation had passed between them—Walter desired none—if there were grief and wrong he would not know it—let that past be buried along with his own, and the weight of their added ashes lie upon his heart until their chill pressed life slowly out!

"My house is shut up," Mr. Jeffrys said, after giving some orders to the servant, "so I will drive with you to a hotel, if you please. An hour's rest will set you up again, and then I would like to persuade you out into the country."

Walter submitted passively—anything rather than being obliged to exert his own will! He followed him off the vessel, and they drove away to the hotel Mr. Jeffrys named. Walter lay down upon the bed in the room to which he was shown, not sleeping, but too utterly worn out to make the slightest unavoidable exertion.

Late in the afternoon, the servant came up with a message from Mr. Jeffrys—it was time to start.

"Shall I never be left alone?" muttered Walter. "Even to die in peace seems denied me!"

But he went down, silent and indifferent, after the first momentary fretfulness had subsided.

"We go by railway," Mr. Jeffrys said, "and we must be off, for it is almost time for the train to start.

Walter did not recognize the route they took—probably a new road built during his absence, and he was too careless as to their destination to inquire. They got out at length at one of the way stations, and drove along a road which circled around the curves of a small river.

"You have not even asked where I am taking you," Mr. Jeffrys said, cheerfully. "Look, you can see the house on the hill yonder."

"Ah!" Walter said, languidly. "A new purchase, is it not?"

"It belongs to my ward—you have heard me speak of her. I hope you will stay with us some time—you remember what I said one day during the passage?"

"No, really——"

"Never mind, we will speak of it soon again."

The sun was setting as they drove through the iron gates and entered the forest-like grounds, losing sight entirely of the house for a time, until a sudden turn in the avenue brought them in full view of the imposing front.

The sound of the carriage brought several of the servants around, and the excitement at Mr. Jeffrys' arrival roused May in her quiet chamber. She hurried down the hall and threw her arms about his neck with a glad welcome.

"I am so happy to see you again. How could you leave us in that sudden way?—but to come back so soon—how good you were!"

Then, for the first time, she perceived a stranger, and started a little, blushing and surprised.

"May, this gentleman is an old friend of mine, and a great favorite of yours—Mr. Seaford. Walter, your poems will find a warm admirer in Miss Lincoln."

Walter smiled in an absent manner, but May seemed such a child that he scarcely noticed her, and the girl herself was so moved and astonished by the mention of his name that she shrunk into herself, pitying the pale sadness of that face, and feeling almost as if some melancholy shape from his books had suddenly appeared before her.

The evening passed quietly away; Walter reclining near the open window, while May sat by her guardian's side and watched Mrs. Davenant prepare the tea. Her cheerfulness had all come back, and she was chatting merrily with Mr. Jeffrys, but often turning to look, unperceived, upon that mournful countenance. Once as she did so, she met those dark eyes fixed upon her face with an expression which she could not comprehend, and which almost embarrassed her. A sudden tone in her voice had reminded Walter of Catharine, and as he looked at her, there was something also in the fair forehead and golden hair which was like hers! Then he smiled at that folly of suffering which makes one start at every footstep, with the wild hope that the lost one is near, and conjure every shape of beauty into a pain, from its fancied resemblance with that which is gone!

It had the effect to make him draw near the young girl and converse with her, in order to convince himself of the fallacy of his imagination. May listened to him with new pleasure, it seemed so strange to find herself in the presence of one of whom she had thought and dreamed so much, and the mysterious language of those poet eyes filled her with vague compassion for the suffering which she read there.

When Seaford was alone in his room that night, Mr. Jeffrys entered with his usual gentle knock and quiet manner.

"I saw the light and knew you were not yet in bed—I wanted to speak with you."

"Is it anything of consequence, sir?—I am very tired."

"I will not detain you long, but what I have to speak of will admit of no delay."

Walter leaned wearily back in his chair, shading his eyes with his hand. Mr. Jeffrys was watching him with his old scrutinizing gaze which seemed to read his very thoughts. The wary man had carefully chosen his time; in Seaford's state of wretchedness and mental fatigue, he was incapable of struggling against a will like that which had marked out and decided upon his future course.

"You were pleased with my ward, May Lincoln?"

"Of course—a charming little thing."

"Do not look so absent—I wish your attention.

That girl's fortune was placed wholly in my hands—I acted as I thought best for her interests—unfortunately it seems. I engaged in speculations which I believed would advance them, and they have failed—I must account for the money placed in my hands to that girl's husband—Walter, I wish you to marry her and save your father's honor."

He had spoken clearly and without hesitation—it was his way, and he knew well also the character of the young man with whom he had to deal.

"Marry May Lincoln—why she is a child!"

"Hardly—she will soon be fifteen."

"But this is impossible, sir, I cannot do it."

"You prefer perhaps to see me disgraced—no one will believe that I acted from the best motives—you will hear your father termed a scoundrel and a villain."

Walter shuddered at that word father—he could not help it—such terrible doubts of shame arose—doubts which he did not possess the courage to resolve to certainty.

"But the poor child—she does not care for me—does not even know me."

"She will love you, she would love any one that treated her kindly, she is at the right age for that; besides your fame, your appearance, all attract her."

"But this is terrible, sir!"

"Only be rational, Walter! To-morrow, any hour, May is liable to meet with some one who will try to win her for herself or her fortune—that day witnesses my total ruin and disgrace! I call upon you to save me—shall I ask aid in vain of my son?"

Words of terrible reproach rose to Walter's lips, but there came a thought of his dead mother, and he checked them—she had loved that man—she had commanded her child to obey his will in all things.

"And I," he said, striving to speak calmly, "are my feelings nothing? Can I go to that young girl with a lie in my mouth?—can I go through my whole life acting a lie?"

"Your feelings may change——"

"Anything but that—upon that theme you shall not touch!"

Mr. Jeffrys clenched his hand over the table, but his face did not change.

"We will not argue the point," he said, "the question is a simple one—a father calls upon his son to aid him, will he consent or refuse?"

Walter was utterly desperate before—he had nothing to lose—as well one form of suffering as another!

"But I will not have the ruin of that poor girl's happiness upon my soul!" he said.

"There is no reason why you should—my word for it, she is in love with you already."

The words jarred on his listener's ear like sounds of revelry in the midst of a funeral requiem.

"But there is time enough for this marriage—a year hence——"

"There is not a day to be lost—the wedding must take place at once. It may be as private as you like—a secret marriage would perhaps be best on all accounts. You will leave here at once—go to South America for a year or so, by the time you return you will find a charming bride awaiting you."

"Great heaven!"

"Your answer? I must have it at once, I will lose no time for boyish scruples and nonsense."

"And I will not make that child wretched."

"You are mad! She loves you already—before she ever saw you she had some girlish dream, of which you were the hero. Enough—your answer—no hesitation—your answer?"

"I will marry her."

"At once?"

"At once—what matters it?—when and how you will? Are you satisfied? Then leave me, in heaven's name leave me!"

He flung himself upon a couch with reckless passion, his face hidden in his long hair, lying there motionless in the apathy of suffering. Mr. Jeffrys looked at him for a moment—read the truth of his resolve in his very desperation—then went quietly away, gliding like a shadow through the moonlit halls.

CHAPTER XI.

"MAY is there—go in."

Walter Seaford made no reply, but opening the door noiselessly, entered the room where Mr. Jeffrys had left the young girl, after an interview which lasted for several hours.

She was seated at the farther end of the apartment, her cheeks looking paler from its contrast with the crimson cushions of the chair against which she leaned, and trembling still from the surprise and agitation which that conversation had caused her. She looked up, at the sound of Walter's footsteps, but her shy, frightened eyes sank again, without even glancing at his face, while a bright, feverish crimson mounted into her cheeks.

He sat down by her side, and gently took the little hand that lay quivering upon the arm of her chair, took it with nothing of passion, but kindly as a brother might have done.

"May," he said, "May!"

She bowed her fair head in token that she heard his voice, but made no effort to reply.

"Is it true what they have told me?—are you willing to become my wife?"

She felt that he was pausing for a response, and while the color rushed in a torrent to her temples, and her eyes glanced up for an instant like those of a startled fawn, she strove to speak:

"Yes, Mr. Jeffrys—I—he has told me.

"I know, May; but you—do your own feelings revolt at the idea?"

"Spare me, Mr. Seaford," she said, piteously; "I am such a child, do spare me!"

"I do not mean to frighten you, but I must know that this thing is not done against your will."

"No, no—it is best," he says, then she remembered the instructions which she had just received, and paused abruptly, without speaking her guardian's name.

"You are very young, May, your heart has scarcely yet spoken; but, tell me, is there any other whom you have fancied might one day be dear to you?"

"No one," she said; then her thoughts went back to her childish days, and that noble youth who had been her playmate and constant friend. But she believed that the affection that had grown up between them was such as a sister might have given to a brother, and only marveled that the thought of him caused her a strange pang which she could not comprehend. But she forgot even him in a moment, for Walter spoke again, and there was a plaintive music in his voice which stirred her affectionate nature to tender and mournful interest. She pitied him so much—there was a sorrow in those deep eyes which she felt but could not have explained—there was a spell in the celebrity of his name which must have attracted any visionary girl; was it true, as her guardian said, that she could bring happiness to that man by becoming his wife?

It was all very singular—so sudden and unexpected that her brain was confused, and she longed for a mother's arms where she could weep away the vague regret and fear which troubled her.

"You know that Mr. Jeffrys deems it expedient that we should be married at once—did he not tell you so?"

"I believe—yes."

"Then, I shall leave you to your books and your quiet life which I have so unexpectedly troubled with my presence."

"You have not troubled me," May said, in a firmer voice, "I am glad —"

"And you do not grieve over this hasty wedding, so strange, so improbable? When I am gone you will not be pained to remember that I am your husband?"

"No, I am so young, Mr. Seaford—I do not know how to answer, but I know that I can trust my guardian."

Walter shuddered at that name—he could not tell if her young heart revolted at the idea of this union, or if it was only the timidity of her age. Then he remembered Mr. Jeffrys' words—"My fate is in your hands, ruin or success depends upon your decision!" That man was his father—oh, God! his father! He called upon his son to save him—he dared not refuse—there was his pledge to his dying mother! All rushed like a tornado through his mind—there was no hope—no release—no space for reflection or regret!

"And you will not learn to dread my coming back—for I shall return one day, May, I shall return."

She raised her eyes to her face, those eyes from whence all the truth of childhood looked, so full of trust for all things beautiful and bright; the unnatural flush left her cheek, and her voice grew strong, as she replied,

"You will be my husband; I shall never dread your return, but will trust and believe in you as I have always believed in my guardian."

He was deeply touched by the words, and yet they struck a chill upon his heart! That guardian so confided in and loved, how had he fulfilled his trust? That poor child's fortune—what was it to be? She looked so unfit to bear even the ordinary troubles forced upon woman—what lay beyond? There was no time to give these feelings their due weight; each of those two beings was forced on by a will strong and inexorable as Fate itself; the struggles and agony must come afterward, when there was no appeal from the destiny which had been forced upon them.

"Mr. Jeffrys waits, May; shall I tell him that you consent to this—at once as he wishes?"

"At once—now?"

"Are you frightened, May?"

"No, no, not that! It is so sudden—it takes my breath away! Don't misunderstand me, Mr. Seaford, I do not dislike you—I am not afraid—I would do anything to make you happy—to gratify my guardian."

"I will come back—stay here, May."

He went out to the room where he knew Mr. Jeffrys awaited him.

"It is settled," he said, in a hoarse, abrupt voice. "Are you satisfied?"

"But the ceremony must not be delayed—to-night—this very hour all must be irrevocably arranged."

"Do what you will—am I not in your hands? As for that child—well, well—if misery come to her, may God pardon you, it will have been your work."

"Never-mind, Walter, you are agitated—there is nothing so terrible in all this."

"We will not talk of it, sir—there is no time! Make ready—I am prepared to do your bidding."

"Simple enough the plan is! We will drive into the city—there is no train for several hours. I know a minister whom we can trust—the thing will soon be settled."

"Settled!" Walter repeated the word in mingled bewilderment and horror. "Settled—and the future—the years beyond—we are young—who knows when this suffering will cease!"

"As you say, there is no time for all these fancies," Mr. Jeffrys said. "Return to the fair trembler, who in her heart is both frightened and overjoyed at the romance—I will call you when the carriage is ready."

Seaford stood where Mr. Jeffrys left him—stood there, and Catharine's image came out from the past and stationed itself beside him! That thought was madness—he could not endure the recurrence of those memories! But soon he was aroused—that man came back, placid and smiling above the dark abyss of his own thoughts.

"Ungallant bridegroom—but come along! The carriage is waiting, and May is in it; I have ordered a horse for you, because I don't want your face and wild manner to frighten the girl into the belief that she is taking a maniac for a husband."

Seaford followed him out, mounted his horse and rode down the avenue after the carriage. Their departure occasioned, of course, no surprise among the inmates of the house, and so they went away, those two, going on to their fate beneath the guidance of that man.

It was growing dusk as they neared the city. Suddenly Seaford glanced about him—that winding road—the hill—the little red farm house—the moss-grown trough by the way-side, into which the water trickled with a musical plash—all seemed strangely familiar to him. Then like lightning came the remembrance—it was in that very spot that he had first met Catharine!

He almost fell from his horse beneath the overpowering agony of the thought—he glanced around almost expecting to see her form arise before his sight. Another instant and he had

spurred on like the wind, nor once looked behind—escape from that spot was the only refuge from the frenzy which surged over his soul.

They were in the city at last—passing through the less frequented streets until the carriage stopped before the house which Mr. Jeffrys had indicated. At the sight Walter mechanically checked his horse, dismounted, and followed the guardian and his helpless charge up the steps.

They waited in the dimly-lighted room into which they had been shown, while Mr. Jeffrys sought the clergyman to explain, as seemed best to him, the circumstances of the case.

May had seated herself in a darkened corner, awed and trembling from vague emotions and fears. Walter made no effort to comfort her—did not even approach her chair, but paced up and down the room unable to remain quiet for a single instant. Once the girl heard him murmur some broken syllables, but she was too much confused to hear or give them much heed. So the moments passed, and it was not until they heard steps upon the stairs that either moved. With a quick impulse Walter sprang to May's side and seized her hand in a convulsive grasp.

"Whatever comes, promise me that you will believe I have acted for the best—that you will believe and pardon me?"

"I promise," she said, more terrified and bewildered than ever by those strange words, whose memory would recur to her one day in that shrouded, mysterious future.

The door opened, and Mr. Jeffrys stood upon the threshold motioning them to follow him. Walter still held May's hand, and led her up the staircase into a chamber where was seated the yielding clergyman.

They were a striking pair as they stood before the minister, the young man pale, and his brow wet with the perspiration from the reawakened fever within, the girl shrinking, yet full of courage beyond her years to perform that which had been pointed out as her duty.

So they were married, those two young beings, Mr. Jeffrys looking calmly on, and the faithful servant, who had been summoned from below, too much accustomed to such sights even for astonishment.

May tried to swallow a few drops of the wine they offered her, but her hand shook so that she could not hold the glass, and Walter motioned his sternly away without a word.

"We must go back now," Mr. Jeffrys said. "Come with me for a moment," he continued, to the clergyman, "there is one thing I must say to you."

When they had gone out, Walter returned to May's side, from whence he had risen at Mr. Jeffrys' words.

"I am going to leave you now—think of me kindly, May, do not reproach me."

"I shall remember that you are my husband," was her reply.

How the word jarred upon Walter's ear, but he was not yet sufficiently aroused from the sort of apathy which had been upon him for weeks, to feel as he would afterward all the bitterness and despair there was in that holy name. "Good-bye, May, good-bye!"

He took her hands between his own—looked pityingly into her clear eyes, but uttered no expression of tenderness, and imprinted no farewell kiss upon her brow.

"Farewell," she murmured, and there was a dreary sound in the word which struck painfully on her heart.

He moved toward the door—his hand was upon the lock—again he returned to her side.

"You will remember what you have said—years hence—we cannot tell what may happen—you will remember and pardon!"

"I will—indeed I will!"

"Poor May, poor, little, frightened bird, farewell now!"

He laid his hand for a second upon the bright curls—looked again into her face with that strange, pitying gaze, and rushed from the room. Overpowered with the emotions of the day, May sank back in her seat with a gush of irrepressible weeping, but they were no longer transient tears, such as she had shed in the sunny past—the events of the last few hours had forced her on from her childhood forever.

In the hall Seaford met Mr. Jeffrys.

"Take her home," he said, "take her home."

"But you—where are you going?"

"Anywhere, only to be away from here!"

Mr. Jeffrys caught him by the arm, startled at the wild look in his eyes.

"Stop, Walter, you must not rush off in this mad way—what do you intend to do?—we must arrange everything."

"You have arranged everything already—God knows you might be satisfied now—let me go! You will hear from me—I will let you know where to send if you want me—only let me go."

He freed himself from the other's grasp and hurried on down stairs, out of the house, and rushed like a frantic man through the streets.

Mr. Jeffrys entered the room where the weeping May awaited his return.

"Come, child," he said, in the gentle tone

which his voice always took when he addressed her, "we will go home now."

He sat down by her, allowed her to lean her aching head upon his shoulder, and weep until her agitation had calmed itself. She looked up at length and wiped away her tears, striving to exercise that self-control which the worldly man had always impressed upon her as the one great necessity in the formation of her character.

"I am ready now," she said; "he is gone?"

"Walter?—yes! You will be calmer to-morrow and better able to think. You are a good girl, my ward; one day you will be a happy wife."

"I have obeyed your wishes, and that is happiness enough—you have been my father and my friend."

He led her away, and in the calm repose of that moonlight evening they drove back to the lonely house which had been the witness of so many varying scenes, but where May would find no more the perfect rest and peace which had made her early years so beautiful.

CHAPTER XII.

FOR hours Walter Seaford wandered aimlessly through the streets, dwelling upon a single thought which had fired up amid the leaden weight upon his brain. For the first time he realized all that he had taken upon himself—the strife and wild contention had dispelled the apathetic languor which had been so long upon his soul, and he grew mad again beneath the harrowing agony which came back.

At length he found himself near the hotel to which he and Mr. Jeffrys had driven upon their arrival. He went in, was shown to a room, and sat there through the whole night, struggling against the frenzy which seemed rending his very being.

One idea came up palpable and strong; he must see Catharine once more, it might be wrong, wicked, he knew not, cared not—he must find her once again! After that it mattered nothing to him what came—death must be near—no human frame could long endure the anguish which fevered his veins.

When morning came he went out, made preparations for his departure; all with an outward calmness, but still he had only one thought—Catharine's name rose continually to his lips, and many times he was conscious of murmuring it aloud, but still had no power to check the utterance. The motion of the carriage grew insupportable, it seemed to him that they did not move, and unable to endure it he stopped the

coachman, sprang out and hurried on through the streets, momentarily relieved by the fresh air and sense of freedom.

The sunset of that day Walter Seaford watched out upon the broad ocean—watched the gorgeous colors brighten and then fade from the west, burning their gold out against the pallid sky, as every earthly hope had burned its glory to ashes upon his heart.

Again the same weary round of days—the sleepless nights—the ceaseless singing of the summer waves! He almost thought that he was still pursuing the voyage of the previous weeks, and that the memory of the brief sojourn in his native land was only another of those troubled dreams which had so often haunted him in the dim past.

One thing he had refused to do—he would not go to South America as his father had arranged. He turned stubbornly back upon his old path of travel, hoping perhaps to gather some stray grains of gold from the heavy soil of the past, or more likely from a vague desire to learn something of the woman he still loved, but must forever avoid.

They were on shore at last, and he was journeying through beautiful Normandy on to Paris. When he reached the city he did not intend to see Catharine, but could not resist a wild impulse to inquire about her. He drove to the house where he had caught the sole glimpse of paradise this world had offered him. He was out of the carriage almost before it stopped, and rushed up to the old concierge who stood in the entrance, when the man recognized his face, he called out,

“Madame is gone.”

“Where, where?”

Really he did not know! A great English lord had the apartment now, and another floor beside.

“But, madame? For heaven’s sake, speak.”

He was stricken to the heart at his inability to inform monsieur—but stay, Rosine, his daughter, might know. So he called her, and out tripped Rosine, pink ribboned and smiling, and began a voluble account, which gave no more information than her father had done, and Walter was in the carriage and driving away before she had finished.

He could not breathe in Paris! In another hour his passport was signed and he speeding on in that aimless journey. For two days and nights he did not sleep, scarce tasted a morsel; a burning thirst consumed him which no draught could allay, but the very sight of food was sickeningly loathsome. He exchanged railway car-

riages for the diligence, but hardly noticed the change, the one seemed not slower or more tedious than the other. He reached Geneva, but he could not rest there, hurrying forward, still forward.

The sun was setting as Walter descended at the little inn in the village of Chamouni. He was so exhausted that he could scarcely stand, but the idea of repose was still hateful to him. At last there he was alone—there was no danger of meeting any human being who had the right to address him. The house seemed close, and its stillness grew irksome after the first moment.

He was in a state of breathless expectation, as if some one were awaiting him out in the sunset, and yet, as I have said, it was only to find complete solitude that he had come to Chamouni.

Seaford left the house, passed down a lane to a road which wound through the open fields, and stood in the very shadow of Mont Blanc. The village bells were ringing for vespers, filling the air with their clear melody; floods of mingled gold and rose-color bathed the distant peaks, and spread like a veil over the narrow valley, while above him towered the summit of the mountain, dazzling in its awful whiteness, and lending a solemn majesty to the whole scene. Seaford remained transfixed! So near that she might have heard the sound of his footsteps stood Catharine, motionless amid the stern grandeur of Nature’s solitude.

He knew not if he cried out, but she turned, saw him, took a few steps forward and sank into his extended arms.

“You have come back, Walter; oh, I knew that you had not left me forever!”

He forgot the terrible revelations which must separate them—he lifted that wasted face to his bosom and swept back the long, golden hair, that he might look far down the depths of those truthful eyes—heedless, unthinking, feeling only the clasp of those dear arms, and her quick breath warm on his cheek.

“Speak to me, Walter! How you have suffered!—but you have come back to me, oh! thank God, you have come back.”

Then the tide of memory surged over his conscience, but there came also the conviction of her truth.

“It is all a mad dream, Catharine, tell me so with your own lips—say that all he told me was black falsehood.”

“Oh, I remember, Walter! Walter, that man has been my evil destiny, he made my life a torture, then thrust himself between my heart and yours!”

"That man, Catharine—he is my father! Oh, it is not true—he was not—you never loved him! Never by your own weakness gave him this terrible power over us."

She started from his embrace and stood there erect and still. Suddenly she flung out her arms with a wild gesture.

"It is all a maze—I can understand nothing—your father, he your father? And he has told you that I loved him? Once he dared breathe words in my ear, from which a wife turns with indignation—never but once, though their memory has lain on my soul like a degradation. I stand in the world nameless, disgraced, forsaken; but the bitterest pang of all has been to know that I breathed in the same sphere with that man—yet God forgive what I say, he is your father."

"He lied—thank God, he lied!"

"Let us never think of it again! You are ill—you can hardly stand. Come with me—Janet and I will nurse you—we will go South, far away to bright Italy—happiness will follow us there! Oh, Walter, I could not answer you on that day when you pleaded for a single evidence of my love, but I tell you now that even death itself shall not separate us."

"My God, oh, my God!"

"Forget this past, Walter, we will find a new life beyond! We have suffered so much, struggled so long, but I remember nothing of it now—the sister they tore from my arms is in heaven and watches over us in this hour."

"Sister, your sister?"

"My sister—my own darling! He died, my husband, before he could revoke his terrible will—they took my sister from me—I hurried to Europe in search of her—worked, toiled only to regain her—but she died, yes, and now I am thankful for it—you are left me still."

"Your name, tell me your name!"

"I am Catharine Lincoln, and she was my little May."

"May, May! Stop—do not approach me—curse me—kill me—that girl is my wife."

She comprehended nothing—gazing in his face with a horrible fear that the suffering of those weeks had made him mad.

"She is dead, Walter, little May is dead!"

"She lives—it was only a lie like the rest—she lives, and I have married her."

"May lives, and is your wife? Now I am crazed! It was not that you said—say that it was not, Walter."

"Oh, Catharine, let us die—at least we may die together. Look up—those precipices above where the sunlight dazzles—come with me, there is nothing left us but death."

"Let me look in your face, this thing cannot be true!"

"It is the only truth in this web of lies—look at me, Catharine—what do you read in my face?"

She sank upon the ground, clasping her forehead with her hands.

"Tell me everything, Walter, make me understand all clearly; at present I am like one struck blind with the sound of an approaching torrent in his ear."

There he stood and related the history of the past weeks, speaking in a cold, hard tone, and his burning eyes fixed upon the snowy peaks, beyond whence phantom hands seemed to beckon him away to death.

"Now, what is left us, Catharine? Don't sit there, neither seeing nor hearing; what remains to be done?"

"Nothing, nothing! Go your way—there is a heaven—a God; we shall meet hereafter."

She rose dreamily and moved away, never once looking back till his agonized voice broke through the mist which enveloped her senses.

"Stop, Catharine, stop! You shall not go—you cannot! Is there a heaven—a hereafter? then let us seek it—I will not lose you, let me rush to death clasping you in my arms!"

"Pray for strength—pray to God!"

"I cannot. He hears me not—our agony and our prayers are alike unheeded. Come with me, Catharine—we will not die—come with me far from the whole world—man has no right to wrest happiness from our grasp! We will go to Italy—we will find a new life there—you consent, Catharine, come!"

He was straining her to his heart, raining kisses on her cheek and brow, murmuring insane words in her ear; but she pushed him away, looking into his face as a sorrowing angel might have regarded his impious prayers.

"It is not you who speak, Walter, you will be yourself when the shock is over. Go—you must stay no longer—go at once."

"Catharine, Catharine!"

"Do not speak my name, I cannot bear it! Walter, I cannot bear it! Do you think I am not human? Is not my heart crushed and broken like your own?"

She wrung her hands in strong anguish; for the first time the great tears streamed over her face, and her whole frame writhed and shook with despair.

"You cannot endure this, Catharine, you will go mad too!"

"No, I shall die, I thank God—I shall die.

"Die, and leave me alone? Promise that you

will not! Let me feel that you are at least on earth! Oh, Catharine, do not heed these scruples of narrow minds; we are free, each morally free, or, at least, the law that bound me can give liberty."

"A divorce—consent to that mockery—a divorce granted by man that I might wed my sister's husband!"

"True, true, I had forgotten! Oh, for some hope, some way of release!"

"Never here, Walter, there is none; but the life beyond, trust in that!"

"And if we fail to meet in that hereafter—if we find ourselves strangers beyond the stars. I cannot believe, I will not wait! You shall go with me, Catharine, I will not lose you now."

Tempted, and sorely tried; but her pure soul never yielded. She stood there and prayed

aloud, till he cowered beneath a sense of his own weakness and degradation. She turned, pressed her lips upon his forehead, cold and pure, then motioned him away. He obeyed without a word, passing down the narrow road toward the village. Once he looked back—the sunshine had faded, leaving the grey of twilight around—she stood in the gloom looking toward the peak where a single gleam yet lingered.

"Catharine! Catharine!"

His whole soul went out in that cry. She raised her hand slowly, and pointed upward! Walter understood the mute farewell, uttered no other entreaty, looked not back again, but rushed onward, with the sound of the evening bells chiming in his ear, the weight of an eternal despair billowing across his soul.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SONG.

BY HATTIE H. CHILD.

THE dear old days come back to me
In many a glorious dream!
The ringlets bright—the laughter free,
I seem to hear—I seem to see;
Her thrilling voice, her footsteps gay,
Leave echoes yet that sweetly play
In dreamy music through the night;
But never in the flush of day
Come they upon my sight!
In dreams, in dreams, by Lotus shade,
I wish them not to come but then;
The spiritual light would fade
Before the gaze of men!
'Tis not beneath the eye of noon
That holy thoughts may best revive;
They shrink from glare but softly come
With us to sweetly strive.

When hushed our hearts, we lift our souls
To Him who loves, creates, controls:
And this, my angel-vision, floats
Down, down the dim ethereal way,
At midnight hour, or twilight grey,
And melts erewhile away, away!
It was a beauteous sisterhood,
It lingered but a day!
Oh! why must all things beautiful
In life so soon decay?
But she below looks timidly
Along the shining way,
Up where the other beckons her
With some familiar lay;
Far sweeter, since the silvery tone
Is softer sung, and holier grown,
To chant with angels near the throne!

THE SOWERS.

BY J. B. S. SOULE.

WHEN gone are Winter's storms and snows,
And soft the gentle South wind blows,
The busy farmer plows and sows
His fertile plains;
And all around him heedless throws
The precious grains.
But think not that those grains shall die,
Or hidden there, forever lie;
For every germ shall by and by
Take rapid root:
And on its branches, broad and high,
Wave golden fruit.
'Tis thus, like wide extended lands
Of fertile fields, and shallow sands,
The human intellect expands

A varied soil;
And myriad are the tillers' hands
That on it toil.
Thoughts are the fruitful seeds they sow,
Those busy planters, as they go
With frequent footsteps to and fro
Upon that plain;
Nor dream that to the skies shall grow
The scattered grain.
But think not thou those seeds shall die,
Or in the heart unquicken'd lie;
For every thought shall fructify
And upward shoot:
And reaper-angels soon shall fly
To bind the fruit.

TRUE STORY OF "THE LADYE OF BURLEIGH."

BY DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

BROWNLOW CECIL, of Burghley, in Northamptonshire, second Marquis, and eleventh Earl of Exeter, is an Englishman of much wealth and influence, and now Lord Steward of Queen Victoria's household. He is directly descended from William Cecil, Queen Elizabeth's confidential Secretary-of-State and Lord Treasurer, better known as Lord Burghley, the title she conferred upon him in 1571. He is connected, by inter-marriages of his ancestors, with half of the older nobility of England. Yet, with all this pride of lineage, this self-same Marquis of Exeter is himself only the son of one Sarah Hoggins, daughter of a Shropshire miller.

Respecting this nobleman, an English journal lately had the following:—"A romance of real life attaches to the history of his lordship's mother, gracefully known in poetry as 'The Ladye of Burleigh.' The tale is briefly this: Henry, tenth Earl of Exeter, his lordship's father, distrustful of the courtly circles in which he moved, resolved to lay aside the artificial attractions of his coronet, and, under the simple designation of 'Mr. Cecil,' seeking some country maiden who would wed him from disinterested motives of affection. In furtherance of the plan, he selected for his place of residence a pretty village in Shropshire, and, while living in the seclusion of a farm-house, wooed and won the beautiful child of his host, Sarah, daughter of Mr. T. Hoggins, of Bolas. In a brief space it became necessary for Mr. Cecil to resume his title, and to introduce his rustic bride, which he did, as Countess of Exeter, at his princely seat of Burghley House, near Stamford. The surprise her ladyship experienced on first learning the elevated rank of her husband, is strikingly alluded to by Tom Moore, in one of his exquisite Irish melodies. Her ladyship lived but six years after her marriage, and died in 1797."

The real story, which is as follows, may interest some readers:

Henry Cecil (afterwards tenth Earl of Exeter, with landed estates to the yearly value of one hundred thousand pounds, and the palatial residence of Burghley, with its statues, paintings, and articles of *vertu*, said to be worth five hundred thousand pounds) married a Miss Vernon,

from whom, owing to her violation of the marriage vows, he was divorced in 1791. Almost heart-broken by this disgrace and misfortune, immediately after the divorce, he betook himself to a retired country village in Shropshire, named Bolas, about one hundred and twenty miles from his own beautiful Burghley. Of that place, however, he was not lord then, nor until the death of his uncle, the ninth earl, in 1793.

At Bolas, he actually became a farm-servant to one Thomas Hoggins, who, besides his farm, had a mill, in pretty full employ. Cecil's chief work was in this mill, and he labored like any other servant, fairly to earn his wages. He had frequently to call at the house of the Rev. Mr. Dickenson, the clergyman of Bolas, where, according to the custom of the time and place, he was always invited to rest in the kitchen, and take "a mug of ale." He seldom was tempted to enter into conversation, but spoke so well, when he did converse, that Mr. Dickenson's household gave him the name of "Gentleman Harry." It was not long before this *sobriquet* and its cause, became known to Mr. Dickenson, who put himself in the way of meeting this strange miller's man, and became so much interested in him, that instead of being asked to rest and refresh in the kitchen, "Gentleman Harry" was regularly invited into the study, where the good pastor used to join him in a draught of home-brewed and a pipe of the Nicotian weed.

Ere long, Mr. Dickenson, who had freely lent him various books, hinted his suspicion that "Gentleman Harry" belonged to a higher position than he then occupied. This was confessed, with an assurance that there was no disgrace connected with his *incognito*, and a promise to reveal the secret at no distant day.

Thomas Hoggins, the miller, had one daughter, named Sarah, known far and wide, as "the beauty of Bolas." About this time she was scarcely twenty. She read and wrote correctly, had some slight acquaintance with the French, and played tolerably well upon the harpsichord. It came to pass that Miss Hoggins turned a favorable pair of bright blue eyes upon "Gentleman Harry." Alas, for the romance of the story, his *premier jeunesse* was gone—for he was

in his thirty-eighth year. It happened, also, that he became interested in her: so much so, that he called at the parsonage, one evening, to consult with Mr. Dickenson—in a word, to entreat him to marry them privately; and then, making a clean breast of it, "Gentleman Harry" confessed that he was Mr. Henry Cecil, next heir to the earldom and estates of Exeter. He bound over the clergyman to secrecy, not allowing him to disclose his personal secret to Mr. Hoggins, not even to the fair Sarah. It was a difficult matter for the clergyman to obtain the miller's consent to the marriage, which was celebrated on the 30th October, 1791. The happy couple lived upon a small farm during the following two years, until Mr. Cecil casually learnt from a Shrewsbury paper that the death of his uncle had placed a coronet upon his brow, and immense wealth at his disposal.

Still concealing the secret of his rank from his wife, Cecil told her that he had determined upon a change of residence. She prepared to accompany him, leaving her native Bolas with regret, for she had been happy there, as maid, wife, and mother. She accompanied her husband, and they came, at last, to Burghley, the beauty of which greatly struck her, as they rode by it in their humble conveyance.

Her husband told her that it was a show-place, and she gladly assented to his invitation to alight and see it. They entered the demesne, walked up the broad avenue with its double fringe of stately oaks, went through the garden

and conservatories, and finally made a tour of the mansion. At last, returning down the grand staircase into the stately hall, around which were arranged figures in antique armor, and family portraits, from the days of Holbein and Vandyke down to Reynolds, her husband asked her how she liked the place? "Beautiful!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Henry, what a paradise to live and die in!" By this time a small crowd of relatives and attendants had made a circle around them. "Sarah," said he, as he kissed her white brow, "this place is yours. I am Earl of Exeter." Then turning to the company, he said, "This is the Countess of Exeter."

Hazlitt himself, a Shropshire man, (Wem, his birthplace, being near Bolas,) has told this story, and adds that the surprise was too much for the peasant-Countess. She fainted at the disclosure, and, he says, her mind never wholly recovered its balance.

Her children were, a daughter, born at Bolas, in 1792, (whose daughter, wedded to Lord Charles Wellesley, will probably be Duchess of Wellington ere she die,) and two sons, the eldest of whom, born in 1795, is the present Marquis. The peasant-Countess died in 1797, and her disconsolate husband married a third wife in 1800. He was elevated to a marquise in 1801, and died in 1804.

This is the real story of "the Ladye of Burleigh," as narrated by Mr. Dickenson, of Bolas, as lately as 1851, when he died.

MY LOVE AND I WENT SINGING.

BY C. L. THOMPSON.

My love and I went singing,
Through flowery meads afar,
And merry sprites were ringing
Their flower bells,
In rose-clad dells,
'Neath many a glittering star.
Oh, richly, sweetly swells
That chime of flower bells,
With a melody unknown,
Felt by the soul alone,
Flowing wave-like, and in tone
With the cadences of love—
Lifting yearning hearts above
The music of the earth
To sounds of heavenly birth,
To the melody of stars
In their bright and glittering cars.
And my love was very fair,

And her presence to the air
A trembling loveliness imparted,
And the beauty of her face,
With its saintly, radiant grace,
Gave a thrill at which the flowers started—
They started—shrinking quick aback,
And trembling sadly—oh! slack—
How their petals shrunk and withered—
How the blushing roses quivered,
And the bells—those flower bells,
In those vine-wreathed, rose-clad dells,
Ceased their melody; and silence—
And an awful thrilling silence
To the blue-bells and the lilies taught,
Words which my listening heart thus caught:
"Ye blue-bells, and ye rose-leaves fall,
A lovely woman out-vies you all."

WILLIE.

BY WINNIE WILLIAN.

"Angels of Heaven are on thy side,
And God is over all!"

"You must keep up a good heart, sonny," and the dear mother's voice trembled as she spoke. Willie was going away from home for the first time to mingle in the world and battle for himself. His trunk, ready packed, stood in the hall, and they all sat down in the little parlor to await the coming of the stage; father, mother, little Nannette and himself.

"You are fourteen now, Willie," said his father, "you are almost a man. I would not have you go away if I could help it, but we are poor, and you must do something for yourself. You will be exposed to many temptations, but remember, 'If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.' Be very careful about choosing your associates, Willie, and do not forget the holy truths we have endeavored to impress upon your mind from a child."

"It will not seem like home to you at first," said the mother, "but you must not get lonesome. Write to us very often. I have put a Bible in your trunk, Willie, and I want you to read it daily, and above all, do not forget your Father in heaven."

Willie essayed to speak, but could not, and covering his face with his hands, he burst into tears. In an instant a pair of chubby arms were clasped around his neck, and a little curly head nestled in his bosom.

"Don't cry, brother," sobbed Nannie, "God will take care of you."

The old stage just then came rumbling up the road. "Good-bye, Nannie," and he unclasped his sister's arms, and kissed her fondly. Dear little Nannette! would he ever see her again?

He turned to meet the loving glance of his mother's eye, and was folded in her tender embrace. Her parting kiss thrilled his heart for many a long year after.

"Good-bye, my son," said his father, grasping his hand. "God bless you!"

The trunk was strapped on. Willie took his seat within, the driver cracked his whip, and the little cottage was out of sight. Willie was gone! Nannie cried herself to sleep in her little crib that night, and Willie's pillow was wet with

many tears. He dreamed he was at home again, and that Nannette was dying.

"Nannette!" he cried, and then awoke sobbing, to find himself alone in a great city.

Ah! not alone, Willie, for the

"Angels of Heaven are on thy side,
And God is over us all!"

II.

"Oh, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quick-sands—life hath snares!"

WILLIE had been gone two years. He had not seen his home since that morning he first left its roof. Traveling was so expensive, and Willie's letters had been so encouraging, that the family had schooled their hearts to endure the separation a little longer. Then they trusted their place would be paid for, and Willie should come home and make them a long visit.

"I am afraid Nannie is going to be very sick," said the mother, as she anxiously gazed on the feverish face of the little sleeper. "You had better go after the doctor, and on your way home stop at the post-office, Willie has not written for a long, long time. Oh! there is such a heavy weight on my heart. I am fearful all is not right, and Nannie sick too," and the mother's tears fell on the little hand she held in hers.

"Do not distress yourself, dear wife," said her husband, cheerfully, "let us hope for the best. Willie's letter may have been miscarried, and as to our dear little Nannette, I will send our good doctor along immediately, and please God she will be well in a few days," and so saying, he left the house.

The doctor pronounced Nannie very sick, prepared medicine, enjoined good nursing and quiet, and then withdrew.

"Any letters?"

"Not this time," answered the husband, hopefully, "I presume we shall have one to-morrow."

Two days passed away, and Nannette was sleeping her last sleep, her hands meekly folded across her bosom, and snow-white blossoms twined in her bright hair. "Brother Willie!" were the last words she said. As the mourning parents stood by the little coffin, a letter was placed in the mother's hands. Hastily glancing over its contents, her pale face grew as white

as the one before her, and with a deep sigh she fell senseless in the arms of her husband. The long expected letter filled their cup of sorrow to overflowing.

"Prepare yourself to lecture, mother," wrote Willie, "although it will not do any good. I am going to sea. Our ship will sail in about a week. Such a capital chance, and I always thought I should like to go. There's no use fretting about it, for go I will. I may be home in a year or so. Kiss Nannette for me: good-bye."

Could this be Willie? Yes, sorrowing mother, the same Willie you so often cradled on your breast, so innocent, so gentle then—and now thou little knowest how changed! The father wrote Willie to come home immediately. Besought, nay, commanded him to abandon all idea of a sailor's life, unless he wished to add more sorrow to their already heavy burden.

"I have kissed Nannette for you," wrote the heart-broken mother, "she was sleeping, but it did not wake her up—my little Nannie! Oh, Willie! how can you break my heart? Nannette is dead, Willie, dead. I cut off this curl as she lay in her coffin, and now send it to you. If you love me, Willie, if you love the little one who died with your name on her lips, I beseech you not to go."

Nannette dead? His little Nannie?

He had loved her better than any one else on earth. Willie's tears were falling fast on the sunny ringlet. He would go home.

"You're more of a fool than I took you to be! Going home because the baby took it into her head to die, and the old woman feels bad. Be a man! Come along, the ship will set sail in less than an hour, and you may never have another such a chance for seeing a little of the world. You'll get over this in a day or two. Here, let me take your bundle," and the unfeeling wretch fairly dragged Willie to the docks.

Week after week passed away—no tidings of Willie. How the father and mother had changed! Sorrow had traced deep furrows on their brow, and strewed their hair with many a thread of silver. The sunlight of their home had died out. Nannette, their joyous, merry-hearted Nannette, was sleeping in the grave-yard, and Willie was speeding far away over the blue waters.

III.

"In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind,
But watch-worn and weary his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind."

NANNETTE'S death affected Willie deeply for a time. The thoughts of his sorrowing parents,

and the sight of the little curl overwhelmed him with torturing reproaches, but he determined "to be a man," and banish all unpleasant reflections. He had already learned to quaff the deadly poison, and taught his tongue to take his Maker's name in vain; so in the reckless habits of the sailor's life, he was fast steeling his heart against the memories of the pure and good.

One night, as, when retiring to his hammock, he looked at the little ringlet for the first time in a long while, a head peeped over his shoulder, and a coarse voice said, "What's this, hey?" and then snatching it from Willie, he dangled the soft, golden curl from his rough fingers, exclaiming, "See here, boys! see what Bill's got; suppose we give this love token a taste of the salt water," and amidst the laughter and jeers of the sailors, it was thrown in the blue waves—dear Nannette's little curl. Willie's heart gave a sudden bound, but he joined in the laugh, and then sought his rest. He slept at last, and dreamed he was at home, and Nannette was playing with him in the garden just as she used to do; her bright curls dancing over her white shoulders, and her blue eyes sparkling with happiness. Suddenly she was transformed into an angel, robed in white, with bright wings and a glory surrounding her head; and slowly began to ascend to heaven. As he looked after her, she smiled and pointing upward, disappeared in a cloud.

"Come back, little Nannie!" he cried, and then awoke to find the ship tossing from side to side, a heavy gale raging furiously, and confusion reigning on deck.

IV.

"I will arise and go unto my father, and say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

"Just five years ago to-night since Nannette died," said the father, in a tremulous voice, as he watched his wife make ready their evening meal. She stopped and kissed her husband, her tears falling on his head, only saying, "We shall be with her soon," and then proceeded to arrange the table.

"Why do you put on three plates?" asked her husband. "Do you expect any one to tea?"

"No," she replied, and her lip quivered slightly, "I first happened to see Willie's plate, and I thought I would put it on. It would seem so natural."

"So it would," said the father, "dear Willie!"

The door opened gently, and a young man, arrayed in a sailor's garb, entered, and threw himself at the mother's feet.

"Mother!"

"Willie!" she sobbed, falling on his neck,
"my little Willie!"

"God bless you, Willie!" said the father, "I
knew you would come before I should go to
Nannette."

They all wept together.

"See, mother put on your plate to-night," said
the father, "we're all here but little Nannette."

Willie's tears fell like rain. The mother
drew his head to her bosom just as she used to
when he was a little boy, and kissed his tears
away. They could not any of them eat that
night, so the father took down the old Bible and
read,

"For this my son was dead, and is alive
again, he was lost, and is found!"

IN DREAMS.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

Thou com'st to me in midnight dreams,
With form and face so fair,
And soft the golden light doth gleam
Upon thy wavy hair.

Upon thy cheek the rose is red,
The clear light in thine eye,
And yet I know that thou art dead,
And grave-clods o'er thee lie.

Why dost thou come to me in dreams,
With brow and cheek so fair,
To cheat me with a visioned gleam,
Then doom me to despair?

Canst thou not come when twilight's shades
Creep in the dark'ning room—
When the rosy light of day doth fade
In night's black fearful gloom?

Thy spirit stand beside me there,
And whisper soft and low,
And calm the storm of wild despair,
The tempest winds that blow?

Canst thou not make thy footsteps heard,
And voice of music sound,
The stillness of this room be stirred
By spirit voices round?

Oh! if the parted spirit may
Come where it loved on earth,
Thine will not linger far away
From this familiar hearth.

We yet shall feel the glad surprise,
Thy angel soul to greet,
If death gives thee what life denied,
Thy kindred souls to meet.

Come to me in my midnight dreams,
Come to the darkened room,
Let me but see the brightened gleam
That lights thy spirit home.

Say, wilt thou wait and greet me there,
When weariness shall close
Mine eyes to every earthly care,
And give me sweet repose?

Yes, by the banks beyond the tide,
That soon shall waft my soul
Over the stream and to thy side,
In that long wished-for goal,

Thy spirit hand shall clasp mine own,
The chain no more be severed,
Where parting words are never known,
Forever and forever.

UNCHANGED.

BY LIZZIE M. WILSON.

Upon the roof the red light shines,
Down through the chestnut leaves;
With crimson bloom the wild rose twines
The low and mossy eaves.
The blue brook sings across the plain;
The hills are bathed in light;
And, on the waves of rustling grain,
The sun lies, warm and bright.

I sit me in the old, old place,
Beneath the chestnut tree,
And watch the streamlet's happy face,
And hear its silver glee.
Swift, busy years have hurried by,
Long years of bloom and blast,
Since, thus, beneath the Summer sky,
I looked and listened last.

But grassy hill, and homestead low,
Bright brook, and breezy glen
Are smiling in the sunset glow,
As softly now as then.
The very winds that o'er me pass,
The clouds of snow and flame,
The quivering shadows on the grass,
All are the same—the same.

Some silver threads my dark locks show,
Some lines my brow have crossed,
And somewhat of youth's eagle glow
These eyes, perhaps, have lost.
But from the thronged and sultry street
A heart as light I bring,
As ever in my bosom beat,
In life's rejoicing Spring.

THE STOLEN RING.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I.

THE cold January winds whistled and roared dolefully in at the crevices of the widow Everett's humble dwelling. The great sycamore tree, by the single glass window, moaned as if in agony when the wild blast rushed over its aged limbs. The snow, which had been falling since early morning, filled the wintry air with fine, cloud-like particles, and beat relentlessly against the miserable abode.

Within, it was almost as gloomy as without. A handful of coals gave out a dim, sickly light, barely serving to reveal the occupants of the cheerless apartment. In one corner of the room was a wretched apology for a bed, over which the snow had woven a white garland. There were no chairs—a few three-legged stools serving instead. Poverty and want were there, in their ghastliness; and hunger, with her wasted form, presided over the cold hearthstone.

A pale, attenuated woman was hovering over the smouldering fire, holding her almost transparent hands to the faint heat. Opposite to her sat a younger person—her daughter evidently—for the same marks of patient suffering were drawn around her small mouth, and upon her white, blue-veined temples. A garment of the most exquisite embroidery lay across her lap, upon which she had been employed until the early darkness had made work impossible.

"Letty," said the old woman, raising herself from the stooping posture which she had assumed, "oh! that I should have lived to see my daughter—she whose infancy was so tenderly watched, so carefully cherished—oh! that I should live to see her starving! Oh! God! oh! God! hast thou indeed forgotten us?"

"Hush, mother, hush," said the young girl, softly, "He can never forget! It is true that there are shadows around us, but He can make all bright," and Letty raised her blue eyes devoutly upward.

"You are young and hopeful, my child, you look only on the sunshine and forget the shade. Heaven forbid that I should wish you to do otherwise—but oh, Letty, when I saw that gay, young girl yesterday, so full of happiness—so anxious to have that gorgeous robe wrought fair and tasteful, I thought of my own buoyant youth

and happy womanhood—of my wedded life when I was the cherished of one good and noble—of the time when your infant eyes unclosed on life, of your guarded childhood, your happy youth—but dared I look farther? Oh, Letty! the dark hours came, and your father was torn from us by death—and added to all our grief and despair, we were penniless! Gloom only broods over us! Will the clouds never break? Will the sun of happiness never shine through? Letty, to live thus—"

"Dear mother," winding her arms about her parent's neck, "it grieves me to hear you speak so. I will work for you, mother—I am ready and willing. My hands are young and strong, and my heart is hopeful. When Miss Josephine's dress is finished I shall have eight dollars, and then we will have wood, and something nice for you to eat, mother! Miss Josephine, I know, will pay me immediately; she must be good—she is so beautiful! Mother, is not every one good who is beautiful?"

"Alas! my child—would that it were so! Josephine Howard is very handsome; but report calls her heartless. Nevertheless, I dare say she is honorable toward those whom she employs. But you cannot work to-night, Letty. There is no candle, and these poor coals give but a feeble light."

Letty laid aside the rich velvet which was to drape the queenly form of Josephine Howard on her coming birth night; and opening the door, she looked out into the night. She shuddered as the cold wind penetrated her thin garments, and closing the door, she returned to her mother's side.

"It is a fearful night, mother; how thankful we should be for even this poor shelter!—there are others in this great city more destitute than we."

Fainter and fainter burned the fire, the storm-demon howled more loudly, and the deep darkness grew deeper. Mrs. Everett and Letty crept shivering into their scanty bed; and sleep, which comes to both rich and poor, spread its rosy wings over them.

Morning dawned, cold and grey. The storm had ceased, but the sky was still overspread by cold, dun vapors. Letty Everett was early at

her work, for it was to be finished on Thursday, and it was now Tuesday. Wearily the time passed, but the busy fingers stitched hopefully on, the thought of the coming compensation making the arduous task comparatively easy. Thursday evening arrived, and the last stitch taken, Letty, with a lighter heart than she had borne for many a day, put on her coarse shawl and faded hood to take the fabric to its beautiful owner. With a buoyant step she threaded the busy streets, and halted before a palace-like building. Timidly she mounted the marble steps and rang the silver-handled bell. A richly-clad servant ushered her into Miss Howard's *boudoir*. Josephine sat on a damask lounge, chatting merrily to a half dozen young lady visitors, who were eulogizing a set of Brussels lace which lay on the dressing-table.

"Ah, Miss Everett, you have brought the robe, have you?" exclaimed the lovely creature, half turning, as Letty tremblingly entered the apartment. "Well, let me examine it. So you have really kept your engagement—have you? Well, really, this is done very well," drawing forth the work from its wrapping and holding it up to view, "quite elegant—isn't it, Miss Lester? Crimson becomes me so well! You can go, young woman," she added, seeing Letty lingered, "I will call round in a week or two and pay your bill"—and the young lady turned to the pier-glass to arrange a stray ringlet.

"But, madam," returned Letty, imploringly, "couldn't you pay me to-day? We are very much in need of the money, or I would not ask you," and tears, which she strove in vain to keep back, sprang to the beseeching eyes.

"Quite impossible, Miss Everett—it isn't convenient. If I give you your own price you can afford to wait—I cannot be troubled with these matters to-night. Eight dollars can make but little difference; I will call around, as I said before, some time soon, and pay you."

Letty passed once more into the thronged streets. No fire! no bread! not one morsel of food! She had twice been refused credit by the grocer with whom they dealt; but food they must have. For her mother she would even beg. She bent her steps to the grocery. Mr. Hardsoul was there, behind the counter as usual, ready to attend to his moneyed customers.

"Will you not let me have a loaf of bread, sir?" cried Letty, clinging to the counter for support; "I will pay you in a fortnight all that we owe you."

"Young woman, who do you take me for? I am worn to death with, 'Mr. Hardsoul, can't you trust me for this?' and, 'Mr. Hardsoul, won't you

trust me for that?' It is enough to try the patience of Job himself!"

Without another word, Letty left the shop and went home. Her mother divined all ere she could find words to express it; and putting her arms about the weeping girl, the mother and daughter knelt in prayer. Their devotions were not finished, when a knock—a quick, imperative knock—aroused them. Letty arose to open the door, and two men in the garb of police-officers entered.

"Good evening, madam—Mrs—" said the elder—"ah! Johnston, what brazen impudence! See, there is the very ring on her finger! Young woman," addressing Letty, "I confess that I am greatly surprised at seeing that ring so conspicuously displayed—"

"The ring! what of the ring?" hastily asked Mrs. Everett.

"Oh! you are ignorant, ma'am, are you? Well, I'll enlighten you," said the official. "You must know that Miss Josephine Howard had presented to her, a few days ago, by a rich uncle, a ring of peculiar form and value, a serpent with emerald eyes; well, shortly after receiving the present, a party of young friends having called, the ring was brought forth for their inspection. About the same time a certain young woman, whom Miss Howard had mercifully employed to do embroidery, came in with her work; and since then the ring cannot be found about Miss Howard's room. The servant-maid declares that she saw this young woman take something from the table, where the ring had been laid, and secrete it about her person; and a respectable tradesman, Mr. Hardsoul, afterward saw the identical ring on her finger."

"The ring! Great heaven! you cannot mean it! The ring was given to my daughter by her dying father! She did not steal it! God forbid!" exclaimed the agonized mother.

"It is all very fine prating, ma'am, and keeping us here losing our valuable time. The sooner you prepare yourself, Miss, to accompany us peaceably the better," said the policeman, waxing wroth at the delay.

"My mother may go with me, may she not, sir?" asked Letty, raising her beautiful, though tearful eyes to the face of the stern man.

"If she likes," was the reply.

That night Letty and her mother slept within the walls of a prison.

II.

THE court-room was thronged. The case was one of great interest. A beautiful young girl,

who had once moved in the highest circles of society, was to be tried for theft. Every eye rested on poor Letty, who sat in the prisoners' dock, calm and composed, but colorless as the mountain snow.

The proofs against her were most conclusive. The ring found upon the finger of the prisoner, not only corresponded exactly with the one stolen from Miss Howard, but the very initials of her uncle's name, Richard Elmington, were engraved on the inside!

The prosecution opened the case. The attorney was an old, experienced lawyer, and arbitrary withal. Miss Howard's dressing-maid, a brazen-faced girl of some five and twenty, swore roundly that she had seen the prisoner take some small article from the table, where the ring had been laid but a few moments before, and hide it about her person; and also, that she appeared in a hurry to get away from the house.

Mr Hardsoul testified to the defendant's having called at his store to obtain trust for bread. He had noticed at the time the curious ring upon her finger, which he could identify with the one now in the hands of the court.

The case was about to be given to the jury, for Letty had no money to employ counsel, when there was a hurried movement near the door of the court-room, and a stately, determined form strode into the arena. "Judge Harrington!" cried the crowd.

The new comer, after saluting the justice upon the bench, approached the pale prisoner.

"The nature of the case excuses any liberties I am about to take," he said, addressing Letty, "allow me to inquire if you have no one to speak in your behalf?"

"Alas! sir," returned Letty, half raising her hopeless eyes to his face, "who would plead for the poor and fatherless?"

"God and justice!" returned Judge Harrington, emphatically, "and I, as their humble instrument, will sift this affair to the bottom! Please state to me, briefly, your history from your birth up to the present time."

Letty obeyed, relating the most important circumstances in a few words

"Did Miss Howard pay you for your work?" inquired Mr. Harrington.

Letty hesitated. "No, sir, it was not convenient."

"H'm! very many things are not convenient with the rich—your father's given name, if you please?"

"Roger—Roger Everett."

"Very well. Take courage, Miss Everett."

Addressing the court, he said, "May it please

your honor, and gentlemen of the jury—I stand before you in behalf of one whom I believe innocent of the crime with which the mistaken justice of individuals would brand her—innocent as the angels, who, from their places around God's throne, are looking down in sorrow upon the deed which you were about to consummate! A few moments, gentlemen, and I will sum up, briefly, the facts in the case: A young, tender girl is left an orphan! In the blank darkness of midnight, death stiffens the form of a beloved father, and stills the warm pulsations of his heart forever! Care and devotion, not even love, could save him, and the cold grey of morning looked in upon a corpse! Even a more anguishing scene saw that same morning light—a desolate widow! a distressed orphan! An examination of the affairs of that dead husband and father tells a fearful story! Unlucky speculations have swept away, with one fell swoop, his once princely fortune; and from the bosom of splendor to the feet of abject poverty his helpless family have fallen! A change to those who could look around and count not one missing from the circle of household darlings—a bitter change!—but to that poor widow and stricken orphan, with the damp, cold blight of death hanging over all, it was indeed terrible! Plain sewing, and occasionally tedious embroidery—those last resources of reduced gentlewomen—are resorted to. Aching brain—weary fingers and breaking heart! A fashionable lady, one rich in this world's goods, engages this friendless girl to ornament a robe which is to fall around her peerless form on her birth-night. It must be magnificent, it must be wrought with exceeding great skill; would a clumsily embroidered fabric be a fitting drapery for the fairest of city belles? A meagre pittance—a trifle to the rich, life, hope, everything, to this poor, suffering child of poverty, is offered in recompense. Weary days, with cold, and want, and hunger ever present; and the work is finished. Cheered by hope, it is taken home. The young belle cannot pay the laborer—it is not convenient. The poor, wan seamstress entreats, with the worm of hunger gnawing at her vitals, and the white face of a starving mother before her eyes—she pleads—she talks to stone! She goes from the presence of the rich out with all her load of care and grief! She applies to a being bearing the resemblance of man, for one loaf of bread, promising to pay in a few days. It is refused! The last hope is fled! She thinks of the ring upon her finger; but she banishes the temptation. It is the last gift of her departed father—it contains that which keeps his blessed

memory green in her heart, and she cannot part with it even to conciliate death! She goes to her cold, bare home, and her wretched mother, empty-handed! They kneel to implore the assistance of that God who they deem has forsaken them—their devotions are disturbed by the so-called officers of justice. And why? simply, from the possession of the young belle, the owner of the embroidered robe, a ring has been stolen—a valuable and costly ring of peculiar and costly workmanship, and very highly prized by this young lady as a gift from an absent uncle. A servant, a minion of this same lady, affirms to having seen the seamstress take some article from a table where this valuable ring had been placed! The heartless provisioner to whom the desolate seamstress applied for bread, testifies to having seen the ring upon the finger of his customer! The police-officers also noticed the same thing. They place her under arrest for a presumptive crime, and the cold stones of a prison, no colder than the bare walls of her miscaled home, and the blank, black night enclose her! Upon this apparently circumstantial evidence you would condemn her! Doom her to a fate worse than the grave! Make her the despised, the outcast of her sex, and affix to her name the everlasting stigma of disgrace!"

Having made these remarks, he began to cross-examine the servant girl, now replaced on the stand, by consent of the Attorney General.

"Did the ring which was stolen from Miss Howard contain upon the inside anything more than the initials 'R. E.?'"

"It did not," said the girl.

"Did you have access to the room of your mistress at your own option?"

"Yes," was the reply, hesitatingly given.

A visible murmur in favor of the prisoner ran around the room.

Judge Harrington paused, and the hush which reigned in the court became oppressive. Maintaining silence until the full effect of what he had said should be felt, he resumed,

"And now, gentlemen, one thing more: this ring, taken from the hand of the prisoner, it becomes my duty to examine." The ring was handed him by the prosecuting attorney. He took it—pressed his finger along upon the inside, and a spring flew open, revealing in the action a small but life-likeness of a gentleman of middle age. He held it up to view. Several gentlemen, who pressed forward, identified it without a moment's hesitation as the portrait of Roger Everett, the father of the prisoner!

The excitement became so intense, that the

Sheriff and police were under the necessity of adopting stringent measures to preserve the dignity and decorum of the Court.

Closing the spring, Judge Harrington placed the ring in his pocket, and turning his face, terribly beautiful in its righteous indignation, toward the principal witness for the plaintiffs—the servant girl, he thundered, "As you hope to escape from the fires of eternal punishment, reveal where you have hidden your mistress' ring!"

The voice, the look, the manner was so terrible, that the affrighted girl fell upon her knees, and shrieked out,

"Save me from him! I—am guilty! In my—trunk you will find—the ring! keep him away from me—oh, keep him away from me!"

No more was needed. Judge Harrington looked at Letty. Holding her mother's head upon her breast, her calm, truthful eyes, now full of joyful tears, were raised to heaven.

The form of acquittal was gone through with, and Letty was released. Judge Harrington called a carriage, and supporting the half-fainting Mrs. Everett, with Letty holding her hand upon the other side, he passed out of the room, followed by the warm plaudits of the admiring crowd.

At the carriage door, after assisting the ladies in, the Judge paused, Letty timidly took his hand, "God will bless you, sir; I never can," she faltered, "but morning, noon, and night will I implore God's blessing for you!"

Judge Harrington, deeply affected, said, "I will call and see you to-morrow, ladies," and the carriage drove away.

The next morning, Judge Harrington called. It would be vain to attempt to express the grateful thanks and blessings which were showered upon him by Mrs. Everett, and the tearful earnestness that filled the blue eyes of Letty as she strove to find language for her gratitude.

It was merely accident, the Judge said, which had insured his presence in court on that eventful morning. On his way to Washington, where he held the seat of United States Senator, he had been detained by a trifling business matter until too late for the morning train, and while waiting the succeeding conveyance he had strolled into the court-room out of idle curiosity. The remainder they already knew.

Randolph Harrington lingered long in the humble little abode of Mrs. Everett. The parlors and costly adornments of gilded luxury had never possessed power to detain him a moment from his business, but that cheerless hovel held for him a charm. He went, at last, followed by

the blessings of the widow and the fatherless—"more precious than gold—yea, than much fine gold."

The ensuing evening, a strange sound was heard at the door of Mrs. Everett's cottage—the postman's knock. He brought a letter directed to Miss Everett, and containing these words: "Accept from a sincere friend the accompanying trifle—as a tribute to virtue and innocence."

It bore no signature, but enclosed a check upon one of the city banks for five hundred dollars, signed and endorsed by the most respectable firm in the city. After much debate, Letty went to the firm whose names endorsed the check, and endeavored to discover who sent it. But they would give her no satisfaction. So, finally, she drew the money from the bank.

A better lodging and some necessary comforts were immediately procured; and that night Mrs. Everett and her daughter, for the first time in many months, slept peacefully and comfortably.

The affair of the ring was noised about, and the Everetts were visited and sought after by

many kind, noble-hearted people. Under these favorable auspices, Letty, whose education was superior, opened a school for young ladies desiring to learn the languages.

Four months after their removal to their new abode, the Everetts were most agreeably surprised by a visit from Judge Harrington. The good Senator appeared most happy to see them, but he was apparently thinking of something more important than the mere formal salutations his lips were uttering. Eloquence and worth seldom fail to win, and he, whose forensic endowments had been world-admired, pleaded not in vain for the object of his heart's first love—Letty Everett.

Long after their marriage, the happy Randolph confessed to having sent the note and the generous gift, because, he said, "Letty was too dear to me even then to suffer when my hand could avert it."

As the wife of the famed and esteemed Senator, the devout, honest, upright man, Letty is supremely happy.

WHEN LIFE WAS YOUNG.

BY LIBBIE D.

WHEN Life was young, and Hope elate
A heart was linked to mine—
On those twin-altars burned a flame
I fondly dreamed divine—
I did not think that fire might die
Unfed by loving care,
Nor saw it dim, until one hour
I looked—it was not there.

Life still was young—but seemed not so,
With hope evanishing—
Chill—chill and cheerless was the shrine
Where warmth had erstwhile been,

And wounded by a Brutus stab;
Ah! friend! the hand was thine!
Pierced, bleeding, numb, I wept before
My desolated shrine.

When Life was young—ah! foolish youth!
I prayed that I might die—
I thought the sun would never shine
Since clouds were in the sky.
But life with me is waxing old,
And I have conquered pain—
But the lonely altar has no fire,
And ne'er will glow again.

THE CUP OF LIFE.

BY CLARA MORETON.

I HOLD with trembling hand the rich full cup
Of Life, which God has given me to drink:—
Such generous dote, that not one added drop
Could fall within, and not o'er brim its wealth
I would my hold were stronger, but alas!
The strongest arm is weak enow against
The purposes of God; yet He can give
The trembling hand, so wills He, all the strength
It needs. But strong and weak must bend before
Life's storms whene'er they come, and blest be he
Who still can give God thanks when all the wine
Of Life has gone, and naught is left him but the lees.

Could'st thou, my heart? What didst thou do but moan,
When on a time, a North East wind did breathe
Upon thy calm!—vexing thy life with plaints
That would have best befitted a tempest storm.
But now the wind has lulled, 'tis just and well
To search thy heart and question of its strength,
That if again, a few drops from thy cup
Are swept unto the ground, thou shalt not grieve
As if the richness of thy draught were gone.
Take time to thank thy God for what He leaves,
Faint heart, and thou wilt find the hours grow few,
Wherein thou mournest over what He takes!

KING PHILIP'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64.

CHAPTER II.

AN old man and a young girl, followed at a little distance by a staid-looking man-servant in the gubernatorial livery, all mounted on fine horses, moved briskly through the forest road, that ran between Boston and Salem, on the morning when Barbara Stafford presented herself at the minister's house. They had been abroad since the dawn, had watched the sunrise shed its first gold on the pine tops and budding hemlock branches, with the exhilaration which springs from a bright day, and it was with difficulty that the young girl could keep from giving her horse the bit and dashing forward, she was so buoyant with animal life, so gay with the sweet joy that filled her heart. Elizabeth Parris could never do wrong in her father's eyes, so when she now and then gave her horse the rein and dashed under the forest boughs, scattering the turf with a storm of diamonds as she passed, the old man could only follow her with an anxious smile, till she wheeled again and made her steed come dancing toward him on the sward, laughing so gayly in her saddle that the very robins sang louder as they heard her, as if some mocking-bird had challenged them to a musical rivalry.

"Look, father, look how beautiful the morning is," she cried, wheeling her horse around the trunk of a great elm tree, that stood out on the highway, and caracoling up to his side again; "every footpath which leads to the forest seems paved with gold, and all the branches overhead quiver again as the dew that wets them begins to burn in the sun. You are right, father. I feel it in the depths of my heart; you are right in the pulpit and out, when you tell us to bless God forever and ever, that he has made us this grand, beautiful world. Oh! I could sing like a bird this morning, but with a new tune, father; nothing that I have ever learned is joyous enough for this heavenly morning."

"Heavenly! my child," said the minister, with a gentle effort at rebuke. "Remember that the holy place, where our Lord rests, is sacred, and must not be compared to things of earth."

"Why not, father? The same God created the heavens and the earth and all that in them is. So when everything here seems like heaven, why not say so in sweet thankfulness?"

The minister shook his head.

"Indeed, I can't help it!" continued the girl, dashing up to a thicket where a red-winged black-bird had settled, and frightening the pretty creature deep into the woods with her impetuous admiration. "It's a beautiful morning. I'm going home. Every minute brings me nearer—I shall see cousin Abby. Oh! how her heart will leap for joy, when we come up; and old Tituba, bless the precious old soul, and Wohpee; upon my word, father, I think I am sure that is Wohpee coming yonder, with that young man in the hunting-frock. Indeed, I'm quite sure it is: he's coming to meet us perhaps. Wohpee, Wohpee, you blessed old Indian, how are you? how are they all at home?"

She rode forward on a gallop, dashing through the shadow, over patches of sunshine, and calling out for her father not to be afraid, she only wanted to speak first to dear old Wohpee; but just as she came up to the spot where he had seemed to be standing, she saw only a young man in a hunter's frock of dressed deerskin, with leggins of crimson cloth, and a cap striped with blue and red cloth, which fell in a point to the left shoulder, where it terminated in a tassel of silk and glittering beads. He held a slender gun in his hand, which he planted on the turf as Elizabeth rode up, leaning upon it with the grace of an Apollo.

The young girl drew in her horse, and looked around, amazed to find the young man alone, and expecting to see Wohpee spring out from behind some bush and frighten her with a whoop, as he had a hundred times before.

But the morning wind, whispering through the woods, was all the sound she heard. Where was Wohpee? What could have become of him? Surely it was his form she had seen a moment before, standing by that singular man!

All this passed through her mind while the young man was preparing to move on; but when

she saw that he was absolutely alone, the color mounted hotly to her face, and with a light laugh at herself she drew her horse on one side, saying, with that exquisite grace which renders the very boldness of youth sometimes very attractive,

"I beg pardon, sir, for cantering up in this wild way; but in fact I thought some one was with you whom I love dearly and haven't seen for a long time; pray tell me, where he is hiding."

The young man had been regarding her with a half smile. His fine black eyes sparkled with a sort of mocking merriment, mingled with proofs of such admiration as kept the blushes warm on the young girl's face.

"You have seen the shadow, which a bright morning sun keeps close to my side, and mistake it for a warrior I dare say, young lady; for as you see, no one could be more alone than I am now," he said this in accents so foreign, that Elizabeth looked on him with new interest, wondering greatly from what part of the earth he had come.

His face was dark certainly, but more from exposure to the sun than anything else, and the clusters of raven hair that fell from under his cap, waving almost into full curl around his temples, had that purplish bloom which is so beautiful, but is seldom found even when black hair is most glossy. Who could this man be, with those exquisitely cut features, that form at once so proud and so wildly graceful, above all with a voice whose broken sweetness went to the soul at once, even when its words were imperfectly understood?

"Was I, indeed, so miserably cheated?" said Elizabeth, at last, striving to laugh away her confusion. "Well, well, I ain't the first girl, by many, that has been caught by shadows. So pray forgive me, sir. I have no excuse but that Wohpee is a dear, old fellow, who carried me pick-a-back before I could walk; and I haven't seen him for months; besides, I am half crazy at getting home again. Perhaps you don't know what it is to return home, after a long absence, and, and—I beg pardon, sir—what have I said to offend you?" she cried, suddenly, startled by the dark look that shot athwart that handsome face.

"Offend me? Nothing," he answered, with a strange smile.

"Nay, but I am sure you looked either angry or pained," cried the young girl, anxiously.

"Shadows again. It was but the waving of that tree bough across my face. Why should any one feel either anger or pain, because a

young lady is rejoiced to get back to her friends, after a long absence?"

"Truly—why should they?" replied Elizabeth, drawing her horse slowly back, beginning to be conscious that this conversation with a total stranger, was a little out of the ordinary course of her strict, social life. "So, now that there are no more shadows to distract me, I will ride back and keep close to my father."

"One moment," said the young man, drawing close to her horse, "tell me—who is your father, and, and——"

"Oh! here he is to speak for himself," cried Elizabeth, drawing a deep breath, for the young man's approach and earnest manner had startled her.

The stranger dropped his hand from the neck of her horse, where it had slightly rested, took up his gun, and with a sharp glance at the minister, turned to a footpath which led into the woods.

"What is this, Elizabeth? My dear child, what does it mean?" cried the minister, riding up with an anxious face, "a stranger with his hand on your bridle?"

"No, no, father: only on my horse's neck. He was asking about you—nothing else—but did you see his face?"

"Yes, child, it was a dark, beautiful face. Like those we find in that book of poems by John Milton, where Lucifer shames all the angels with the majesty of his presence. Be careful, daughter, how you look on such faces, save with averted eyes, for they are dangerous to the soul."

"Oh! but, father, his smile—I wish you could have seen that—it was like—yes, father, as I live, it was like that of cousin Abby. I declare that was why it brought the heart into my mouth—oh! father, if you could only have seen him smile, you would never talk of Lucifer and the angels again. Who can he be?"

"Some loitering Indian, no doubt."

"No, father, no. His hair curls; his eyes are full of fire, not grave and sunken; he smiles often, and his forehead is white as—yes, as my cousin's—he is only dressed a little Indian fashion; but I like that best of all."

"And you heard him speak—that might have guided you a little. Was his language prompt and clear?"

"Not quite: it had a strange accent."

"Indian?"

"No, no; but something that made his broken speech sweet as music."

"Strange, very strange!" muttered the minister, with a heaviness at the heart, which he

could not account for. "It is but a man passing like a shadow across my path, and yet I am saddened by it."

"Strange," thought Elizabeth, from whom all the surplus life had departed, leaving her subdued and thoughtful by the minister's side—"strange! It was but a hunter resting upon his gun; yet I am terrified by the very beauty of his face. What would Norman Lovel say, I wonder? What will cousin Abby say? Shall I tell this among the other wonderful things that have happened during my visit to Lady Phipps? Oh, me! if I had never left home, how much happier I might have been! But then should I have rode so lightly, looked so pretty, or learned to dance minuets, and dress like a lady? Then would Norman ever have fancied me but for these things? I hope I shan't be sick of home, and pining to go back again, the minute I've seen the dear old room and kissed them all round; that would break poor father's heart. Well, after all, I should like to know who this stranger is—an Indian indeed—he looks more like a king."

But all these thoughts were soon driven out of the young girl's head, by the sight of objects that grew more and more familiar, as they came home. Now an orchard, heavy with green fruit, crowded up to the wayside, where she had gathered harvest apples: then a gnarled old peach tree, with the moss of age creeping over its trunk, hung over the crook of a fence and drooped a healthy limb or two over the turf that lined the highway on either side. Here was a thicket of blackberry leaves, where she had torn her dress a hundred times; then came a huge old stump, whose decay had given birth to clusters of red raspberry vines, which she had plundered time out of mind. Then came a young elm, bending over the wayside, from which frost grape-vines fell in garlands, that fluttered out into the sunshine and challenged the wind at every breath, its leaves singing and its clusters of unripe fruit quivering over the wild flowers that slept dreamily below.

At last the house came in sight, with its great sheltering trees, its little square windows, and its rough logs, overrun with honeysuckles and morning-glory vines, the most picturesque little bird's-nest of a place you ever set eyes upon. She began to hear the far off rush of the sea, and feel an invigorating saltness in the air, which brought life back to her with a glow of pleasure in it.

"Father, father, ride on, ride on—do strike into a canter. Let's have a run for it. I want wings to get over this little bit of road with. Oh,

father, do strike out of that irritating trot for once!"

But no. Samuel Parris loved his child to dotage, but even she could not induce him to bring scandal on the church by an undignified movement. Who ever saw a minister of the congregational church cantering toward home in front of his own meeting-house door, and in sight of the burying-ground where he had laid half his parishioners down to sleep? Notwithstanding all her impatience, the minister kept on at his old measured pace. With all that he most loved at his side, he felt in no haste to get home, which might compare with the breathless eagerness that gave wings to the heart of his daughter.

She broke loose at last, and darted off, leaving the man-servant far behind: across the green-wood in front of the meeting-house, over hillocks and between frowning stumps, littered around with new made chips, which flew beneath the spurning hoofs of her horse, she rode, her eyes kindling and her heart on fire with the joy of a first return home.

Up she came to the door yard fence, cast one eager glance around expecting some one to rush forth and welcome her; then, seeing that all was still, she sprang from her saddle and ran into the house, calling out,

"Cousin Abby! Abby Williams, I say, where are you? Don't you know that I've got home? Abby! Abby!—Tituba! Tituba! Dear me! where has everybody gone?"

She stood in the little sitting-room, looking around in breathless expectation. She rose into the kitchen, old Tituba was there, kindling the fire.

"Tituba, mammy dear, dear old mamma!" cried the young girl, springing forward, dropping upon her knees, and hugging the old woman with all her might.

"Oh! did I surprise you, mamma? Caught you napping, ha? How glad I am to see you, dear blessed old soul! Why don't you speak? Why don't you kiss me to death? There, that seems something like. Now, where is cousin Abby? And how have you all got along without me? And where is the fawn? I've got a new bell for him—and—and——"

Here the warm-hearted young creature burst into an April storm of smiles and tears, while old Tituba untied her stylish bonnet, and took off her riding-cape, with a sort of shy humility, for the entire love of nurse and child had been broken up on the old woman's part, by the confidence which she had reposed in Abby Williams, during the absence of her young mistress. Somehow the old creature felt as if she had been

wronging the young girl who came back so frankly and kindly to her arms, by her conversation that night with Abigail Williams.

"What ails you, mammy Tituba? What on earth makes you look everywhere except in my face? Indeed you don't seem half glad enough to see me!"

"Oh, yes, how can the child talk so!" cried the old woman, with a great effort at self control. "But with all these fine clothes on, and that bonnet; dear me, one hardly knows one's own child. Then, my dear, you've grown so proud and so handsome, it's enough to make an old Indian think twice before she dares to kiss you, rough and hearty, in the old way."

"Poh—poh. I'm always the same old penny, brightened up a little, that's all," said Elizabeth, blushing crimson. "So you think I am changed—improved a little," she added, glancing down at herself with graceful vanity. "What will cousin Abby think, I wonder? Oh! there she is."

Elizabeth darted forward, and threw her arms about the neck of Abigail Williams, so blinded by the joy of meeting her old playmate again, that she did not observe the restraint with which all her enthusiasm was met.

At the time of their first parting, three months before, these two girls had never possessed an unshared thought; but now the hearts that beat against each other, in that close embrace, were swelling with secrets which could never be thoroughly understood. In that little time childhood had been left behind, and each had learned to tread alone on the path, which, at this point, began to diverge into the wilderness of life.

But the old love would come swelling back, spite of the thoughts that lay in its channel, like rocks cast into the bed of a stream, which sparkles all the more from the obstruction.

"Abby—Elizabeth."

How different were the voices that uttered these words! Elizabeth's was loving and brimful of affection; that of Abby Williams answered it almost with pathos; both wept, one bitterly, the other with quick gushes of joy.

"Oh! Abby, Abby, I have so much to tell you," cried Elizabeth, blushing crimson under the tears that trembled on her cheek. "Don't ask me what it is yet, only wait a little, till we get into the woods together. Come along, here is father just getting off his horse at the door, with Gov. Phipps' servant doing the pompous in his new livery. Step into the entry way, or he will feel disappointed, as I did, at not seeing your face peeping out through the morning-glory vines."

Elizabeth felt the heart, which had been beating strongly against her own, recoil with a sudden shock, as she mentioned her father; and it was almost by force that she drew her cousin into the doorway, in time to meet the minister, who came through the gate, with his usual austere slowness, and held out his hand gravely smiling as he approached his niece.

Her hand shook like an aspen, as she held it out, and the touch was cold as ice. But the minister simply said,

"Is anything ailing you, Abigail?" and passing on, he hung his hat on a peg in the wall, and placed his riding-whip behind the door; for with a sudden impulse, Abby had drawn her cousin out on the stepping-stone, leaving the passage open.

"Come, come into the woods," whispered Elizabeth, clasping her cousin round the waist, and drawing her gently along. "I want to get into the deep shadows, where we can talk together."

Abby drew a deep breath, and hurried on, more eager to leave the house, than her companion; for the recoil of her whole nature against the old man, who had been more than a father to her, made her faint. She was ready to flee anywhere to avoid the touch of that hand again.

So the two sped on, across the meeting-house green, by the tomb-stones rising from the table grass behind it, and past those twin graves over which the pine trees bent their whispering boughs. Elizabeth would have turned that way, for the vines were quivering with dew-drops, and the periwinkles trembled like cerulean stars among them, so deeply did the shadows lie there almost till noonday. But Abby hurried on, turning her eyes resolutely from the spot, and almost forcing her cousin into the gloom of the woods.

There was a ledge of rocks, piled along the side of a ravine, choked up by dogwood trees, sassafras and wild honeysuckles, on which the girls had loved to play from childhood up. A lofty tulip tree sheltered it, and above that towered a hill-side, clothed with great hemlocks, through which the sun never penetrated, save in golden gleams that lost themselves in the top-most boughs. The different ledges of this little precipice were not only lined, but absolutely piled, with moss, which lay beautifully thick all around. On one shelf the thick moss lay in cushions, green as emerald, and soft as Genoa velvet; then another species, soft and feathery as the plumage of a bird, crept over a huge old log that lay across it, embroidering it with green

lace work, till there was a wild wood sofa erected by a simple freak of nature, more luxurious than the couch of an empress.

"See, see, how far the moss has crept since we were here before," cried Elizabeth, throwing herself on the sofa. "When I went away, that end of the log was bare, now every inch is green. See, all along the ledge at our feet, the buckthorn moss has spread into a crisp carpet; and the wild columbines have grown in a border all around it. Why Lady Phipps' drawing-room is not prettier."

"Yes," said Abby, looking vaguely around. "Everything has grown and thriven, since you went away, Elizabeth; but the place does not look so beautiful to me, as it did once, the loneliness seems dreary."

"Yes, yes, of course: when I was away. But now the woods will be cheerful as spring time again. Sit down, cousin. Why will you stand there so tall and still, like a ghost, when the moss fleeces are so soft and the shadows so cool? It is pleasant as sunset here. One almost gets sleepy, with the hum of the bees and blue flies. Come, sit close by me: I feel lonesome without your arm around my neck, cousin Abby."

Those tones and that dear old name, brought quick tears into Abigail's eyes. She drew gently to the side of her cousin, and sat down, as Elizabeth clasped her waist. The bosom beneath her own began to heave; and all at once Abby burst into a great fit of crying: the first absolute burst of passion that Elizabeth had ever seen her yield to.

"What is the matter, Abby dear? What are you crying for? How you tremble! What have they been doing to you, while I was away? Don't, pray, don't cry so!"

Abigail checked her tears, as suddenly as they had commenced; and clasping her hands hard for a single instant, seemed to control her nerves by a stern, mental force.

"Don't mind me," she said, hoarsely. "I have been alone so much—but you had something to tell me—about Lady Phipps perhaps, or the governor; of course they were delighted to have you with them; come, tell me all about it; one gets so little real information from letters."

"Oh! I could not write, at least what I wished to tell you, any more than I could talk it all over in broad daylight. Besides, one must see a rainbow to judge how its colors rise out of each other; there is no describing it; and some things, that one knows and feels, are the same. The best friend you have must guess at them."

"What is it you speak of?" said Abby, gradually withdrawing herself from the clasp of her

cousin's arm. "I do not understand. In this visit to Lady Phipps, have you also been crushed down with secrets that must not be talked of? Has the memory of your mother stalked forth like a curse to haunt you as well as me?"

"The memory of my mother, the young creature who died when I was first laid in her bosom like a poor little flower broken by a sudden weight of dew, as I have often heard my father say!—What should there be in the memory of my mother which you and I cannot talk about?"

"Nothing," said Abigail, vaguely. "Were we talking of—our mothers? It is a dreary subject; let us think of something else. God help us!—something else, Elizabeth—the woods are too lonesome for talk about the dead. You were about to tell me something."

"Yes! but I cannot, your voice is so strange! You look far off as if talking to some one in the distance. I can neither catch your eyes, nor feel the old touch of your hand. Abigail Williams, I am afraid of you!"

The low laugh, which broke from Abigail's lips, was mournful as a wail.

"There it is. I knew it, I expected it: not an hour together, and she fears me already."

She turned abruptly, drew close to her cousin's side, and stealing both arms around her, murmured in a voice of ineffable sadness,

"Don't, Bessy—dear, dear Bessy, don't be afraid of me. Is it not enough that I am afraid of myself? Now, tell me what this thing is! So that it is not about the dead, I can listen and be pleased"

"About the dead? Why, Abby, how strangely you talk! What have you and I in common with the dead? The sunshine is not pleasanter than life is to me since, since——"

"Since when, Bessie?"

"Since he loved me."

A strange sort of wonder crept over Abigail Williams. She looked upon her cousin with vague apprehension. The word love was a new thing to her; it had scarcely yet entered into her dreamy life. Elizabeth smiled at first amid her blushes, but as Abby kept gazing upon her with parted lips and that wonder in her eyes, her lips began to tremble, and the warm color ebbed away from her face.

"I forgot," she said, deprecatingly, "you have not heard anything about him. I could not write, and even my father knew nothing till he came to Boston after me. But oh! if you could see him, Abby! If you could hear him speak; or read his beautiful poetry that he writes; it would not seem strange that I love him so much."

"Then you have been busy too? You love some one more than me!"

"Forgive me, forgive me," pleaded Elizabeth, "I could not help it. We were in the same house—he was like a son to Lady Phipps."

"Better than your father, perhaps," continued Abby, pondering over this new subject in her mind, heedless of the tears and blushes with which she was regarded. "I have heard of such things, but never expected them to come so close home. So you love some one better than us all, Elizabeth Parris?"

"Forgive me, dear cousin! Why are you so angry?"

"Angry? Oh! nothing of the kind. I only wonder how any one can look forward, when the dead will not rest—how it is the privilege of one human being to love, and the duty of another to hate!"

"The duty of another to hate!—why, cousin, there is—there can be no such duty. God is love, the Bible tells us so; and oh! when the heart is full of this blessed, blessed feeling, one sees him everywhere. Don't talk of hate, it is a new word between us two."

Abigail Williams attempted to smile, but only a quiver of the pale lips followed the effort. Still she grew more composed, and gently won her warm-hearted cousin back to bright thoughts again, by a few gentle questions.

"His name? Oh! yes—his name is Norman—Norman Lovel—he is the private secretary of Gov. Phipps, who treats him like a son. He lives in the house, and but for his name you would never believe that he was in no way related to the governor. Still he is only a stranger, recommended by some friend in London, and singular enough don't know his own parents. Never saw them, or anybody that he knew was related to him in his whole life. But what difference does that make, when everybody else almost worships him?"

"And you among the rest?"

"I most of all," answered Elizabeth, bathed in a glow of crimson, from the white forehead to the heaving bosom.

"And this is happiness, I suppose?"

"Happiness? That is what seems strange to me, when life is full of glow, and I can hardly breathe from the rich swell of a heart that seems ready to break with joy, a heavy pain creeps in, and I know by it that happiness can mount no farther!"

"But there must be a cause for this pain!"

"A cause? Yes! everything must have a cause, I dare say, if one could but find it out. I only know that the joy was perfect till that

storm arose, and the ship came in with a woman on board, who seemed to disturb everything she looked upon. Even Lady Phipps never seemed to draw a deep breath while she was in the house. As for me, oh! Abby, Abby, you don't know what torment is, till you have given your whole heart to one person, and see another stealing him away from you!"

"This," said Abby, who had listened with thoughtful interest, "this is the feeling they call jealousy, I suppose. Is it so painful?"

"For a time," answered Elizabeth, turning pale with the very recollection of her suffering, "it seemed as if I must die. Shame, anger, a keen fear of losing him, kept me silent. But when I was alone, with the door shut, and the curtains of my bed drawn close, all this pride and strength gave way; my brain grew hot; the very breath choked me as it rose; I could neither sleep nor rest, but walked the room all night, wondering if she thought of him too, if he was watching the light in her window, or if both were asleep and dreaming of each other. Sometimes I saw them in the garden, conversing together with the deepest interest; sometimes they sat in the great portico till the dark crept around them like a veil; and all this time I was overlooked and forgotten. Once in a while, Norman would seem to remember me with a start, and force himself to say a few kind words; but there was neither depth nor earnestness in what he said: the woman had bewitched him, I am sure of it."

"Bewitched? That is a fearful word," said Abby, looking around with a wild stare, as if the very foundations of her life had been disturbed by the word her cousin had used.

"Yes, Abby, I solemnly believe she was a witch; for the moment she was gone, all the beauty of my life came back; Norman was himself again; he seemed to wake up from a dream and wonder what he had been about; at first, he would not believe how much I suffered, and wondered that I had grown thin, and that blue shadows were creeping under my eyes, as if his own neglect had not been the cause; but when Lady Phipps told him how it was—I would have died fifty times rather than let him know—nothing could be more generous than his sorrow. He begged my pardon almost on his knees. There was no kind look or sweet word that he did not coin into a more loving expression, to win me back to our old happiness."

"And you were happy then?—you are happy now?" said Abby, looking wistfully into the bright face, over which smiles and blushes came and went like gleams of sunset on a summer cloud.

"Happy! yes, he parted with me so kindly—he was so earnest to make me forget that dangerous woman, who had disappeared from among us like a ghost—he seemed to love me again so much more than ever, that I could not help being happy. Besides, he is coming to see us all. I have told him all about you, darling cousin. Father has consented that in a year or two, if we do not change our minds, that is——"

"He will take you away altogether; and this has happened while I was ignorant of it all. Oh, Elizabeth! how many things can grow up to divide two souls, while one of the little wild-flowers yonder buds, blooms and fades away!"

"But no souls are divided here, Abby!" cried the young girl, earnestly, "the love that I feel for you and father, only grows broader and deeper since I have known him. We are not parted, cousin."

"Not by love, I know that!"

"Not at all. Look at me, cousin Abby! how strange you are peering into the distance, as if something in the gloom drew your eyes from my face! What is it you see, cousin?"

Elizabeth bent forward, and looked keenly in the direction her cousin's eyes had taken, and then, far down the hollow, she saw the young hunter, whose presence had surprised her on the road a few hours before.

"Hush, Abby! Don't speak yet; but look and tell me who he is?"

As she spoke, Elizabeth leaned forward till her golden curls took the wind and fluttered out like sunbeams on the air. The man saw her, turned and disappeared among the undergrowth of the hollow.

"Did you ever see him before?" questioned Elizabeth of her cousin, as she shrunk back with a sort of superstitious dread, for the man had vanished like a phantom; "or have the woods become haunted since I went away?"

Abby Williams started up with nervous haste. "Come, come, you must be hungry by this time: it is almost noon; old Tituba will be waiting, and you know nothing makes her so angry as leaving her Johnny-cake to be eaten cold. She will never forgive us."

Elizabeth sighed. A pang of disappointment came across her sunny nature. Why was Abby so changed? How had it happened, that a confession which she had shrunk from and dreamed over, should have been told in that hard, common-place fashion? Why were the sweet tidings which had cost her so much agitation, received so coldly by the only creature who had never till then felt a thought or feeling unshared with her?

"Well," she said, and her bright eyes filled as she spoke, while a laugh that had bitter tones in it rose to her lip, "I did not think that you would have taken all this so coldly. But never mind; as you say, Tituba's Johnny-cake must not get cold."

With a slight bound she reached the shelf of rock below her, and hurried away, followed by Abigail Williams, who stopped every other moment to look anxiously around, but still kept near her cousin.

"There he is—I say, Abby—there he is again, moving through that dogwood thicket," said Elizabeth, holding her breath, and speaking in a whisper.

"Be quiet; it is only a hunter searching for deer or wild turkeys."

As she spoke, Abigail made a quick signal with her hand, which sent the young wood-ranger into covert again.

"Who is he? What is the reason we never saw him before?" thought Elizabeth, as she moved homeward; but the silence of her cousin encouraged no questions, and the two girls reached the house without speaking of the stranger again.

Scarcely had they left the woods, when, upon the very path they had trod, appeared Barbara Stafford, the woman who had inquired for the minister at the house that morning. Immediately after breakfast, she had wandered into the open air, and after lingering around the meeting-house awhile, went into the forest. The hum of insects, and the rustle of leaves, fell soothingly upon her, and with a dreamy listlessness she moved on, sitting down at times when she came to some flower or shrub which seemed strange or curious; but frequently leaving it half examined, and moving on again searching for something else.

At last she came out on the ledge, which the cousins had just left, and sighing softly as she crossed the carpet of grey moss, sat down upon the rock sofa and fell into thought. The place seemed to have some peculiar fascination for her, for she grew paler and paler as each new object presented itself, like one who shrinks from the associations she has found the courage to brave. At last, her agitation became so great, that she fell forward upon the cushions and began to moan faintly, as those who have lost the power to weep express pain, when it becomes insupportable.

As she remained thus, the young hunter, who had twice appeared before the cousins, came out upon the lower shelf of the rock, and, without seeing her, threw himself on the edge, and lay still, as if waiting for some one.

The strange sound of Barbara Stafford's voice at last arrested his attention. He rose slowly up, clambered softly to the higher shelf of rock, and stood a moment, leaning on his gun, regarding her with vague thrills of agitation. Though he could not see her face, the mysterious atmosphere that surrounds a presence that has once been familiar, made its impression upon him.

At last, oppressed by a human presence, which, even unseen, will make itself felt to a delicately organized person, Barbara lifted her head. She did not speak, but her lips parted, her eyes grew large, and a flash of wild astonishment flew over her face.

"In the name of Heaven, what is this?" she cried at last, reaching forth her hand, as if she doubted that the presence was real.

A convulsion of feeling swept over the young man's face; the gun dropped from his hold, and forced to his knees, as it were against his will, he seized her hand, and pressed it to his lips wildly, madly, then cast it away, with a gesture of rage at himself, for a weakness of which his manhood was ashamed.

Barbara Stafford had no power to repulse this frantic homage. She had but just begun to realize that he was alive, and before her—that it was his hot lips that touched her hand, and his flashing eyes that poured their fire into hers. The hand he had dropped fell listlessly by her side. She sat up trembling.

"Philip!"

The voice was stern with rebuke. The whiteness of anger settled on her features.

"Yes," said the young man. "It is Philip, the slave to whom you opened the avenues of knowledge, and whose soul you tempted from its strength, by the dainty refinements of civilization. It is the son of a king, the Bermuda serf, whom you made free, and enslaved again. Woman, you dashed the shackles from these limbs, only to gird them around my soul; and then left me to writhe myself to death, a double serf, and a double slave!"

"Philip, you are mad—nay, worse—you are ungrateful. Am I to suffer forever for those impulses of compassion that took you from under the lash of a slave-driver, and helped you to the key of all greatness—knowledge? Am I blamable if that too fiery nature would not be content with gratitude, but, having gained liberty, and all the privileges of free manhood, asked that which his benefactress could not give—which it was presumption to ask?"

"I was the son of a king," said the hunter, proudly, "the only son of a brave man, and a beautiful woman, a woman who had blood in her

veins as white and pure as that which my presence has just frightened from your own cheek. Look around from the ocean to the mountains, everything was my father's till the people of your race came, like a pestilence across the sea, and more by cunning and hypocrisy than power, wrested his dominion away, and drove his people to death or slavery. Lady, there was no presumption in the thought, when the wronged heir of Philip of Mount Hope offered the love of a free, brave man, who had learned both how to think, and how to act, to a daughter of—"

"Hush! I charge you, hush!" cried Barbara, starting to her feet, "not even here must you pronounce that name—I thought myself utterly unknown—if I have ever been good to you—if it was a kindness when I won you from slavery, by tears and entreaties, that would not be refused—if the friendship of years, sacrifices, efforts, and that pure affection which a childless mother may bestow on the young man whom she would gladly have regarded as a son, gives me any claim on your forbearance, let my secrecy be respected! I was weary, wretched, broken-hearted enough already, do not add to the misery of my condition, by a reckless word, or an unguarded look!"

Barbara clasped her hands, and seemed about to sink to her knees in pure agitation as she made this appeal.

The young hunter prevented the action by a prompt movement, and fell at her feet with an impulse of generous humility.

"Lady, command me! Do not entreat! What have I done that you should rebuke me by a request?"

Barbara smiled, and touched his forehead lightly with her hand. Instantly, a soft mist dulled the fire of those splendid eyes, and the young man lowered his head, thrilled to the heart by the proud magnetism of her look.

"Tell me, Philip," she said, very gently, "tell me how it is that I find you here, in a place so full of danger. Why come again to the lands that have passed from the possession of your people forever; lands that are swept away, and held securely in the grasp of civilization? What can you hope—what can you expect, by this mad return?"

"What can I hope, lady? That the soil upon which I stood will still be mine. What do I expect? That my father's people may be gathered together from the swamps of the lowlands, and the caves of the mountains, and united in the midst of their old hunting grounds, meet their enemies face to face, and fight them as my father did—conquer them, as he would have

done, but for the traitors in his bosom; or failing, be argued nor forced into submission. When his people are once more a nation, you cannot say that the son of Philip of Mount Hope was presumptuous in loving you."

"My poor, brave Philip!" said Barbara, regarding the youth with unutterable compassion, "what brave men could do, your father and his chiefs essayed, and in vain. It is not fighting man to man here. There is no fair combat of human strength or manly intellect; but you combat with destiny, which comes in the form of civilization, and there is no contending against that."

"Then let me die—me and the people who call me king; but die avenging the wrongs that have driven our chiefs into slavery, and left our tribes nothing but basket-makers and hunters of musk rats!" cried the youth, desperately. "Lady, do not counsel or thwart me here; the blood of two races beats high in my heart, and will neither

be argued nor forced into submission. When his people are once more a nation, you cannot say that the son of Philip of Mount Hope was presumptuous in loving you."

"And is this wild feeling at the bottom of it all?" said Barbara, in a voice full of regret.

"It has brought me across the ocean, lurking like a hound in the hold of the same vessel with yourself—it has filled me with the ambition to rebuild the fortunes of a down-trodden people. Lady, I may not have your love, but I will deserve it."

A footstep, and the rustling of branches close by, started them both. The youth snatched up his rifle, pointed out a footpath, which Barbara turned into, and both disappeared in opposite directions.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

QUEEN OF MY HEART.

BY FREDERIC W. A. SHULTZ.

THE golden sunset tips the trees
That shade yon village green;
But underneath their emerald boughs,
Behold a brighter scene!

Beside a blooming hawthorn hedge,
Three lovely ladies stand,
Where flows a streamlet, sparkling, clear,
With music sweet and bland.

Oh, what a grand and courtly air
Has Miss Evangeline!
With ruby lips and raven hair;
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

And what a radiant, happy face
Has beautiful Estelle!
But still she lacks the peerless grace
Of darling Annabel.

Yes, Annabel, the blue-eyed maid,
My heart must still adore;
'Twas she who first taught love's young dream
To thrill its tendrils o'er.

The other two have all the gifts
That boundless wealth can bring;
But Annabel sings touching songs,
Such as the angels sing.

As beautiful as Venus was,
Of oriental time,
In worth she is unequaled by
The maids of any clime.

Oh, may her path of life be free
From sorrow's sombre gloom,
And in the great eternity
With vernal blossoms bloom.

THE DYING GIRL.

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

She is dying, poor, forsaken,
She is dying all alone,
Through the portals dim, is passing
Upward, to the great white throne.
But no voice of love doth cheer her,
Not a living soul is near her,
Not a loved, familiar tone.

She is dying—cold and famine
Have performed their work at last;
But she feels their pain no longer,
Life's short day is almost past.
Years of sorrow, want and care
Are written on that brow so fair,
But she rests in peace at last.

Tell me, thou who dwell'st in plenty,
To the "Father of us all,"
Tidings of thy deeds of kindness
Render that departed soul?
Comes there not a voice to thee,
"Ye have done it unto me,"
As death's shadows round her fall?

It is a little thing to give
Affection's simple token,
A cup of water, or a word
Of kindness fitly spoken;
But ye the needed gift denied,
Or she this morn would not have died
Alone, in want, heart-broken.

OUR DICTIONARY OF NEEDLEWORK.

NO. VIII.—SILKS, WOOLS, &c. &c.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

SILKS.

CROCHET SILK.—A hard-twisted silk, used for knitting and crochet. The sizes vary from one to five; the latter being the finest. Nos. 1, 2, and 8, are the most common. Observe, there is an immense difference both in the quality and price of crochet silk. Some work into a substance with scarcely any more gloss than cotton. In all respectable Berlin houses, the maker's name is attached to every skein. Pearsall's silks hold a high position, both for quality and tint.

NETTING SILK is not twisted so hard as crochet silk. The crochet silk is, however, often used for it.

SOLE D'AVIGNON.—This is an extremely fine silk, sold in reels. It is suited for the very finest (or fairy) netting. It is not generally obtainable, but is frequently mentioned in the periodicals.

CHINE SILK.—Netting or crochet silk shaded in more colors than one. Sold in reels or skeins.

OMBRE SILK.—Silk shaded in tints of one color only.

FLOSS SILK.—Sold in short twisted skeins. A very beautiful material, used in working flowers, &c.

DAQCA SILK.—Used much in embroidery; is a sort of medium between the hard-twisted crochet silk and the floss, which it rather resembles; but it is put up in longer skeins.

FILOSELLE.—A coarse fabric, not of pure silk, although extremely brilliant, and capable of receiving the finest dyes. It is sold in large skeins, each weighing about a quarter of an ounce. Used much in tapestry and the coarser sorts of embroidery.

CHINA SILK.—A very fine silk, sold on very small reels.

SEWING SILK.—Sold in long skeins.

CHENILLES.—This beautiful substance presents the appearance of velvet. It is made in various thicknesses.

EMBROIDERY CHENILLE is not much coarser than crochet silk. It is greatly used in embroidery on canvas, satin, or cloth. There are gradations from this size to the thickness of a finger. The very thick is called *Rolio Chenille*.

WIRE CHENILLE.—This is made in as many thicknesses as the other. A wire is worked in the centre of it, so that it can be formed into loops, leaves, &c.

WOOLS.

The ordinary kinds are Shetland, Berlin, fleecy, and carpet yarn; also worsted, lamb's wool, and Pyrenees.

SHETLAND.—A very fine wool, used for veils, shawls, &c. It is not very much twisted.

PYRENEES.—This wool is of nearly the same thickness as Shetland, but more twisted. The dye of the colored Pyrenees is remarkably beautiful and fast, owing, it is said, to some peculiar property of the waters on the mountains, whence it derives its name. It is rarely met with genuine in this country.

BERLIN WOOL.—Only procurable in two thicknesses, four thread and eight thread, commonly called single and double Berlin. There are at least a thousand shades of this wool.

FLEECY.—A cheaper wool than Berlin, and now obtainable in a number of beautiful colors. It is made in two-thread, four, six, eight, ten, and twelve-thread, and is sold by the pound.

CREWELS.—Fine wool, sold in tightly twisted skeins, like crochet silk. Used for samplers. Very little used. It is suitable, however, for embroidering on muslin.

CRYSTAL WOOLS are wools round which bright gold or silver paper, or foil, is wound. This gives them a very gay appearance. They are sometimes called spangled wools.

PEARL WOOL.—This is a dye of modern invention. The wool is alternately white and colored, in one, two, or three colors, each not more than a quarter of an inch in length. It is a variety of Berlin made in four-thread or eight-thread.

CHINE WOOL.—Wool shaded in various colors.
OMBRE WOOL, OR SHADED WOOL.—Shaded in one coloring. Observe that every color but blue is pretty in this dye.

CRYSTAL TWINE.—A fine cord, sold in balls, either colored, or to imitate pure gold or silver. The two latter are called gold twine, and silver twine.

CROCHET CORD.—This is just like window-blind cord, but white, and of various thicknesses;

covered with wool or silk, in crochet, for mats. Caruntilla, a fine wire used in flowers.

BRAIDS, (SILK.)

RUSSIAN BRAID is flat, and with even edges. Each knot is of one color only. The best is firm, even, and glossy.

STAR BRAID.—This braid appears like a succession of diamonds; the edges, therefore, are in points. It is an extremely pretty braid.

EUGENIE BRAID.—This appears as if crimped, or waved with irons.

ALBERT BRAID is more properly a fine fancy cord. For sofa cushions and ottomans it has a much richer effect than flat braid, especially if two shades or colors are laid on close together.

SOUTACHE.—A French name for very pretty ornamental braids, often combining gold and silver with chenilles, silks, &c. They are made in every variety of shade and pattern. Sold in pieces of about thirteen yards long.

Broad silk braids, used for aprons, children's dresses, &c., are rarely found in this country.

BRAIDS, (COTTON.)

FRENCH WHITE COTTON BRAID.—The term French applies to the *plait*, which looks as if woven. The best comes from Paris, and is very firm, even, and close; varies in size from No. 1 (very narrow) to No. 14.

MOHAIE BRAID.—Narrow, closely woven, brown or black silk braid, for chains.

RUSSIA COTTON BRAID is plaited like the hair formed into what is called the Grecian plait. It is used for children's dresses.

WAVED BRAID is another variety, used for the same purpose.

EUGENIE TAPE is a cotton braid, crimped like the Eugenie braid. It is nearly one-third of an inch wide.

WORSTED BRAID.—That usually sold is narrow, and intended for braiding anti-macassars, &c. It is in various colors, and washes well. It can also be had wider, for children's dresses.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



EDGING FOR SKIRT.



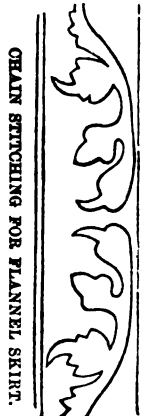
EDGING FOR CHEMISE.



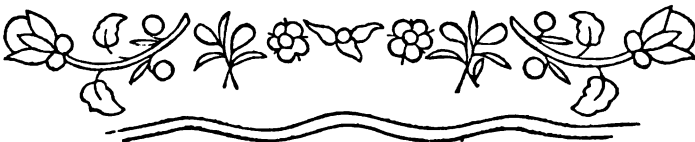
BRAIDING.



CHAIN STITCHING.



CHAIN STITCHING FOR FLANNEL SKIRT.



EDGING.

PENDANT FLY-CAGE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE materials for this Fly-Cage are No. 12 superior six cord crochet cotton for the netting, and No. 10 knitting cotton for darning the pattern.

Commence by casting on thirty loops, using any mesh about an inch wide. Then take a mesh a quarter of an inch wide and net six rows. Then net two loops on one all round, after which continue to net thirty rounds more without increasing the loops. Then take a mesh half an

inch wide and net one row round. Then take the quarter inch mesh again and net as many rows as will take in the pattern. Then one row of the half inch mesh. This leaves the division for the border. Then two rows of the quarter inch mesh, and one more of the half inch mesh. This last row is for looping in the fringe.

The netting being now done, the pattern must be darned in for the border in the cotton already mentioned, and a long, hanging fringe looped

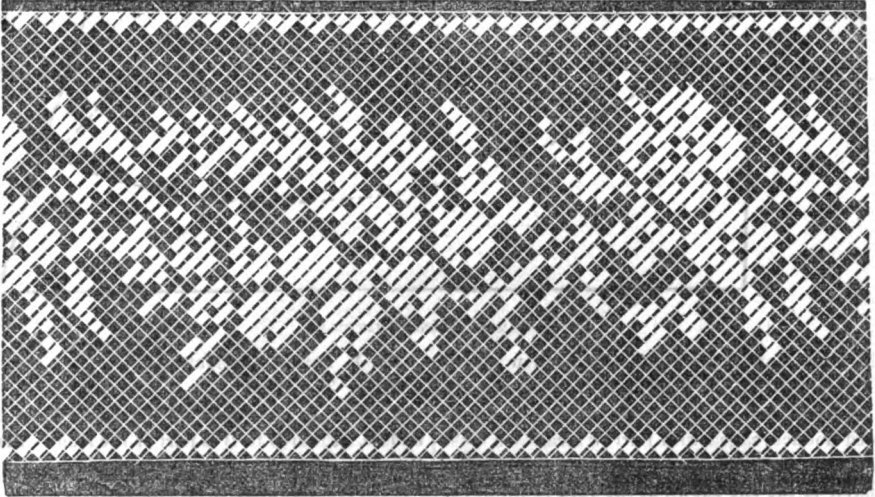
and linked through every point of the netting. The cotton should be folded into lengths of not less than eight inches, four or six in each, which being looped in the middle leaves a fringe of four inches deep.

The two rows of half inch loops, one being on each side of the ornamental pattern, must now have the wire run in, which gives shape to cage.

Two pieces of the petticoat wire now in common use answer this purpose remarkably well. The ends being secured, they must be twisted round with a narrow ribbon, interlaid between

the loops, and the two ends being fastened together, a circle is thus formed, which gives the proper shape to the work.

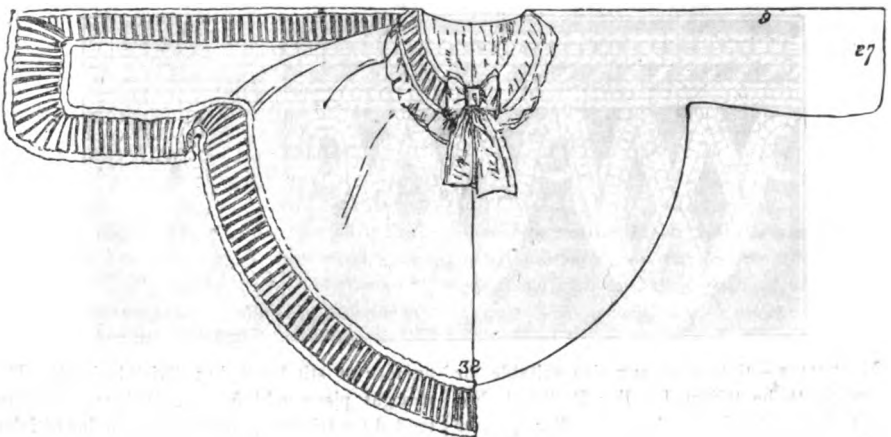
Returning to the first row of the foundation loops a cord must now be thread through them, drawn up and tied with a tassel to hang down. It is an improvement to introduce a fringe round this top, but it can be done either with or without. When introduced it is by linking a couple of lengths of cotton into each of the long loops of the foundation before drawing them up, and, when strung, suffering them to hang down.



SIDES OF FLY-CAGE, FULL SIZE.

A BOURNOUS MANTILLA.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, the latest Parisian } composed of *glace* silk. Our page will not admit
novelty, a *Bournous*, with square ends in front, } of our giving it quite complete, but our diagram

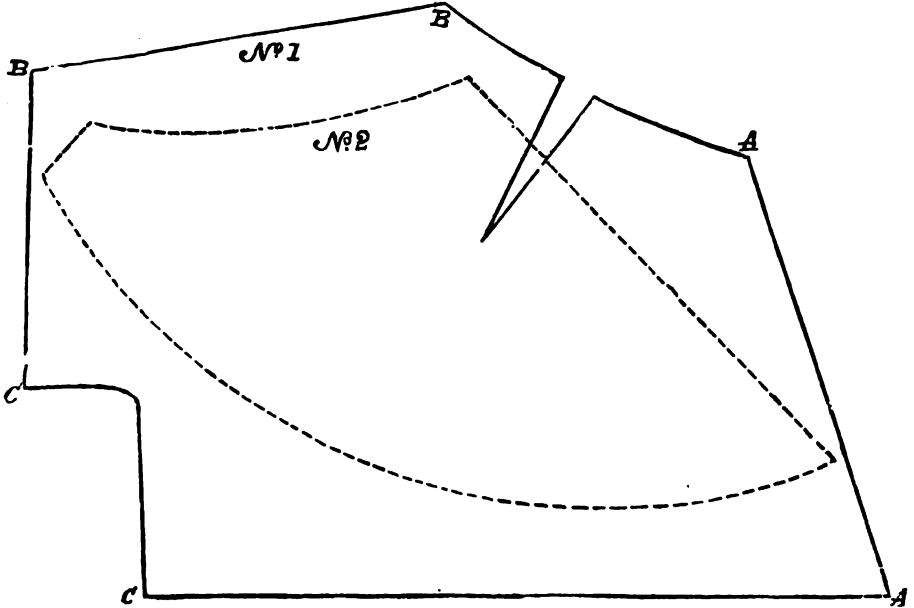


DIAGRAM OF BOURNOUS MANTILLA.

will show how to continue the portion given. We give one-half the hood in full, and have only to remark that the trimming consists of a goffered flounce, edged with narrow lace. We must also mention that in front it has a bow and ends, similar to the one shown at the back of the hood.

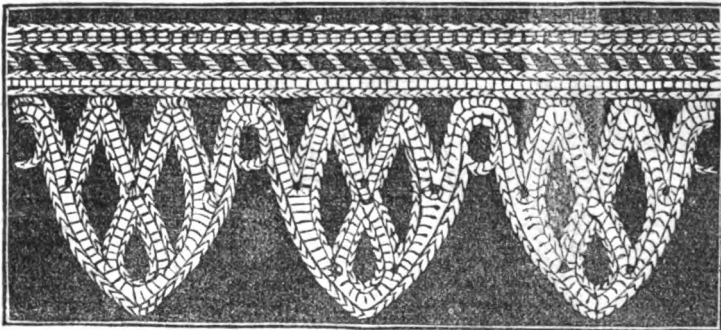
No. 1. Part of the Mantilla.

No. 2. The Hood.

From A to A is part of the back, down the middle. From B to B is part of the front. From C to C is where it falls over the arms.

GOTHIC EDGING, IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Cotton of any size suitable for the work to be trimmed. For Petticoat, No. 16—with crochet-hook, No. 20. For coarser articles, No. 4, or No. 8, with a hook proportionably large.

number of stitches being divisible by 17: if a straight piece, add 5 more chains; but if intended for trimming drawers, or similar articles, close into a round, without adding any extra stitches.

Make a chain of the length required, the 1st Row.—Sc.

2nd Row.—† 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, † repeat.

3rd Row.—Sc.

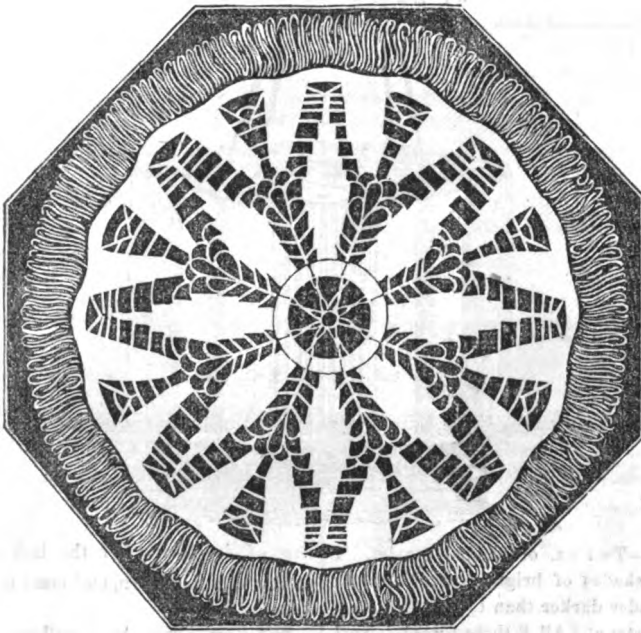
4th Row.—5 sc, putting the hook through both sides of the ch, of the previous row, at every stitch † * 11 ch, miss 2, 3 sc, (under both sides of the ch,) * 3 times, 2 sc, † repeat for every pattern.

5th Row.—5 sc, on 5, then on the first loop, 6 sc on the first 6 of 11 ch, † 1 sc, 2 dc, 1 sc, on next, 4 sc, on next 4, 1 sc, on centre of 3 sc. On the next loop, 5 sc, on 5 chain; 1 sc, 2 dc, 1 sc on the 6th ch; 5 sc on the next 5; 1 sc on centre of 3 sc. On the next loop, 4 sc on 4 ch; 1 sc, 1 dc on next ch. Turn the work on the wrong side:—8 ch, 2 sc on the point of the 2nd loop; 8 ch, 2 sc on the 2 dc, at the point of the

1st loop. Turn the work on the right side:—4 sc on 4 ch; 8 sc on the next; 1 on each of the last 3. Miss the 2 sc at the point of the second loop; and on the other chain of 8, 3 sc, on the 1st 3, 2 sc on the next. Turn the work on the wrong side:—6 ch, 2 sc at the point of the loop. Turn on the right side:—2 sc in the 1st; 2 ch, 2 sc in each of the next 2; 2 in the next 2. Sc down the chains of the half loops, taking care not to contract the edge at all. 5 sc on 5 sc; 3 sc on chain of the next loop; 3 ch, draw the loop through the corresponding part of the sc of last loop. Slip back on the 3 ch; 3 sc on 3 more chains of the loop. † repeat as often as may be required for the number of patterns.

A MAT FOR A TOILET CANDLESTICK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Two reels cotton; No. 3 Penelope hook.

1st Row.—11 chain, unite, (this forms a circle,) * 9 chain, dc under the circle, repeat from * 7 times more, (in all 8 chains of 9.) Each row must be commenced afresh.

2nd Row.—Dc into the centre loop of the 9 chain, 9 chain, repeat.

3rd Row.—1 L into every loop of the 9 chain, omitting the dc stitches.

4th Row.—5 L in the 5th loop of the 9 L, 5 chain, 1 dc between the two groups of 9 L, (that is, just over the dc stitches in 2nd row,) 5 chain, repeat.

5th Row.—Dc on dc, 5 chain, 7 L, the 1st into the 5th loop of the 5 chain, 5 chain, repeat.

6th Row.—Dc on dc, 7 chain, 9 L, the 1st into 5th loop of the 5 chain, 5 chain, repeat.

7th Row.—Dc on dc, 9 chain, 11 L, the 1st into the 7th loop of the 7 chain, 9 chain repeat.

8th Row.—9 L, the 1st on 2nd L, 5 chain, dc into 4th loop, 5 chain, dc into 7th loop of the 2nd, 9 chain, 5 chain, repeat.

9th Row.—7 L, the 1st on 2nd L, * 5 chain, dc into centre loop of 5 chain; repeat from * twice more, 5 chain, repeat from beginning.

10th Row.—5 L, the 1st on 2nd L, 7 chain, miss 1 chain of 5, 5 L into centre loop of next 5, 7 chain, repeat.

11th Row.—8 L, the 1st into the 2nd L, 7 chain, 5 L, the 1st into 8th loop, 8 chain, 5 L, the 1st on next, 7 chain, repeat.

12th Row.—1 L on 2nd of the 8 L, 7 chain, 7 L, the 1st into 7th loop, 5 chain, 7 L, the 1st on 2nd L, 7 chain, repeat.

13th Row.—1 dc immediately before the 1 L,

then 2 more dc (1 into each loop, making in all 3 dc.) 5 chain, 7 L, the 1st into 6th loop, 5 chain, dc into centre loop of 5 chain, 5 chain, 7 L, the 1st on 2nd L, 5 chain, repeat.

14th Row.—5 dc over the 3 dc (that is, 1 immediately before and after the 3 dc,) 5 chain, 7 L, the 1st into 4th loop, 5 chain, dc into centre loop of 5, 5 chain, dc into centre loop of next 5, 5 chain, 7 L, the 1st on 2nd L, 5 chain, repeat.

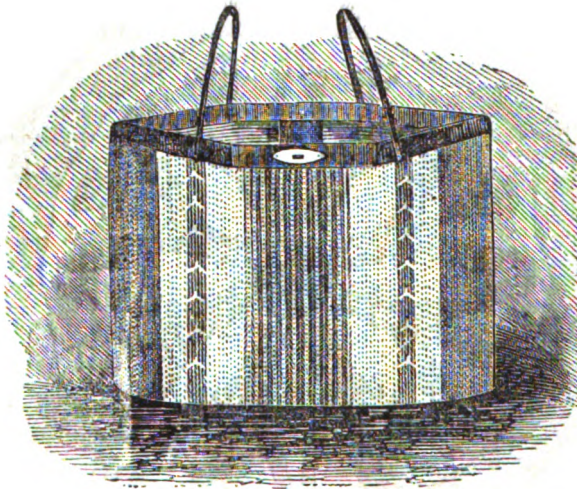
15th Row.—7 dc over the 7 L, 14 chain, repeat.

16th Row.—Do over the dc stitches, 14 L in every 14 chain, repeat.

17th Row.—*Fringe*.—Do in a loop *, 40 chain, dc into next loop, repeat from *.

DESIGN FOR A CARRIAGE-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Two oz. of shaded scarlet. 1 oz. each of 2 shades of bright emerald green: one to be 8 shades darker than the other. 1 oz. light drab or stone. All 8 thread wool. No 1 Penelope hook. A foundation bag with clasp, 12½ inches wide, 10 inches in depth, from the top of the clasp to the bottom. This bag is worked entirely in dc or double crochet.

Make a chain a trifle longer than the bag, measuring from the clasp on one side, round to the opposite side.

Now work 9 rows of Ridged Crochet, in scarlet, which is worked thus:—

1st Row.—After the chain, turn, and work a

row of dc, then after the last stitch, make 1 chain; this is to turn, and must never be worked into.

2nd Row.—Turn back, and work into the back loops instead of the front; do this 9 times.

Now work the following rows in plain dc, without turning back, beginning at one end every time.

† One row of dark green.

One row of light.

One of dark green.

Three rows of drab.

One row of 7 stitches scarlet, 1 stitch light green.

One row of 6 stitches scarlet, (the first time only,) 3 stitches dark green; afterward, 5 scarlet stitches instead of 6.

One row of 7 stitches scarlet, 1 light green.

Three rows of drab.

One row dark green.

One row light green.

One row dark green. †

Four rows of scarlet ridged crochet.

* One row green ridged.

One row scarlet ridged.

Work from * 4 times more, that is, 6 rows of green, and 6 rows of scarlet, using the two colors alternately.

Four rows of scarlet ridged.

This forms the centre stripe. Now work from † to † again; then nine rows of scarlet ridged. Damp, and lay between linen, under a heavy weight; then make up on the foundation, which may be procured at any Berlin house.

PATTERN FOR PATCH-WORK QUILT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THE two eight-pointed figures are differently arranged. A may be filled up in eight pieces, while B should be composed of nine—a star of eight points in the centre, and eight diamonds round it. Or, if on a sufficiently large scale, the inner star may be of eight pieces. Two very distinct shades of the same color will look better

for A than many different tints. B may have a dark centre and bright points, or *vice versa*. The intermediate figure, C, should be of such neutral tints or dark shades as may throw up the brilliant hues of which the star should be composed. The illustration will be found in the front of the number.

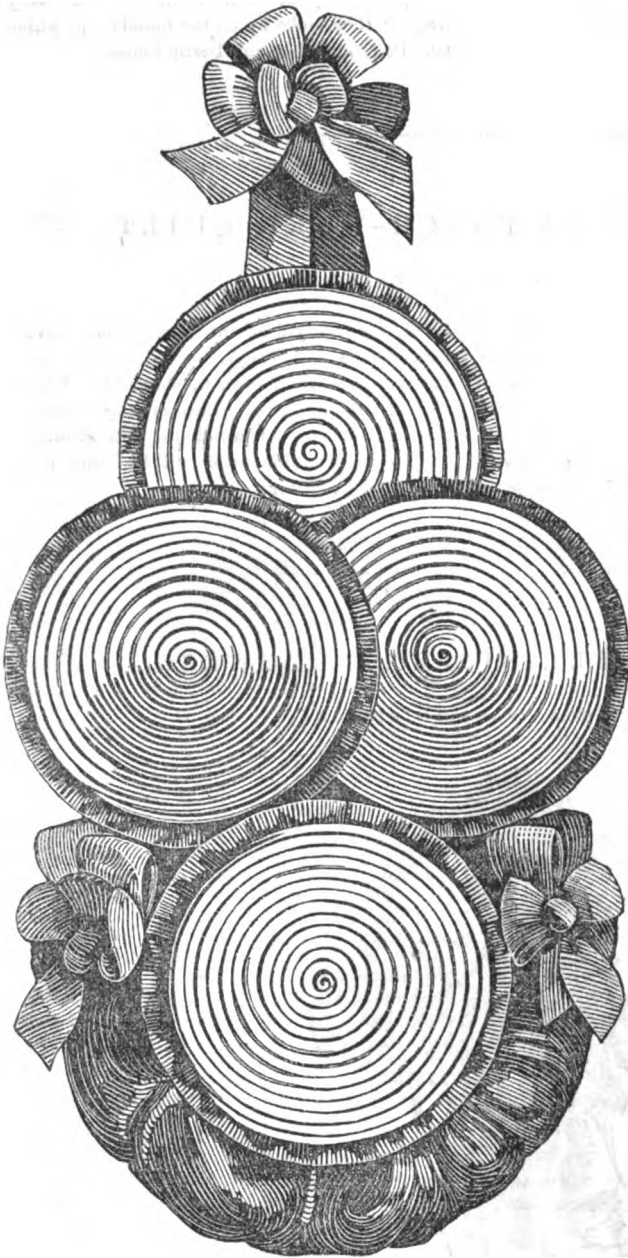
NEW STYLE SUMMER BONNET.

BY OUR "FASHION EDITOR."



STRAW WATCH-POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Our illustration represents a pretty variety of the watch-pocket—an article always in requisition, both for use and ornament. It has a sort of rustic effect, being principally formed of straw, with which its pink silk bag and pink satin ribbon bows contrast remarkably well.

It is necessary to commence by forming four rounds of straw, similar to those which are on the centres of the crowns of the straw bonnet. Having done these, and pressed them under a warm but not hot smoothing-iron, having a piece of damp muslin laid between them and the iron, they must be bound round with narrow pink ribbon. These rounds, when complete, measure two inches and a-half across.

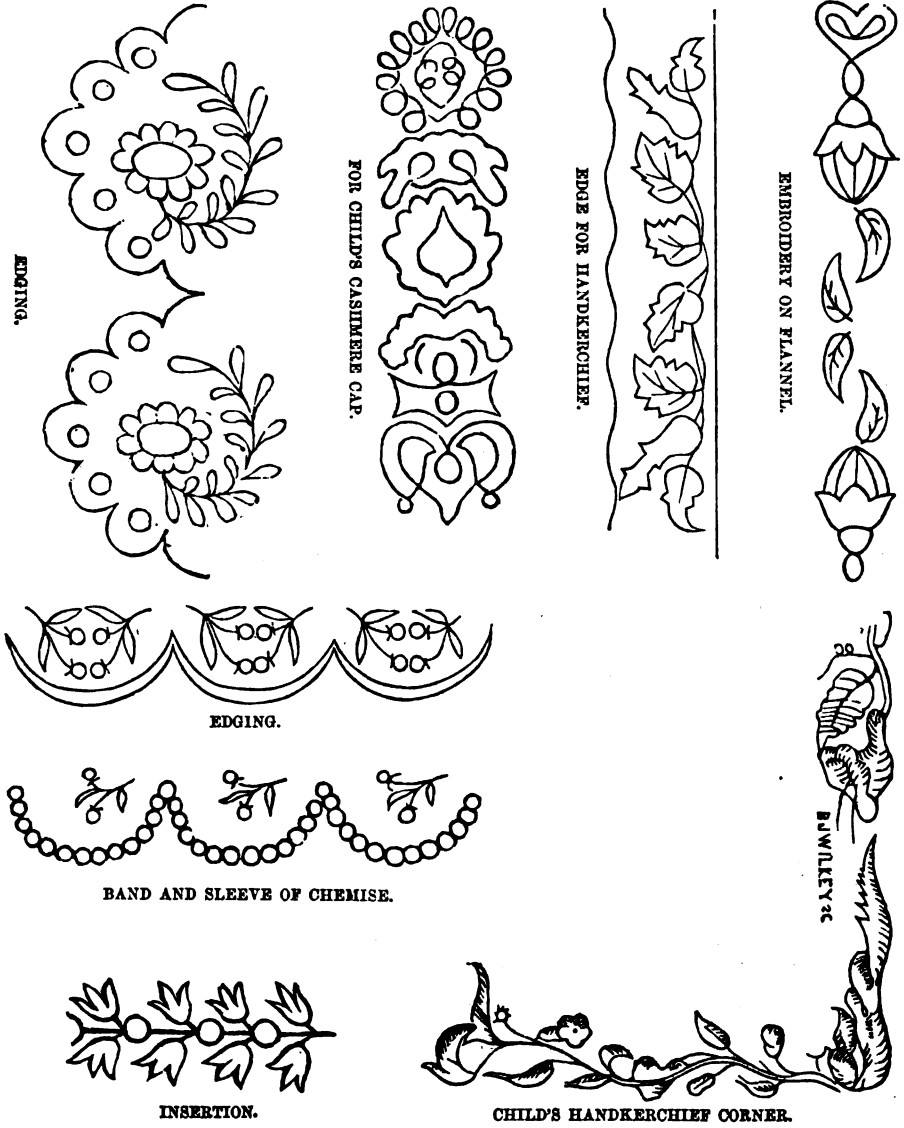
The back or foundation on which these are afterward fastened is a piece of card-board five inches and a-half long, the bottom part being circular and a little smaller than the rounds of straw; the upper part must be narrowed toward the top. A second complete round of card-board to match the lower part must also be cut. These are both to be bound round with narrow sarsenet ribbon.

Then take a piece of pink silk, six inches long and two inches and a-half wide. Narrow it about half an inch at its four corners. A piece of pink ribbon of the required width will answer the same purpose. This should be

lined, to give it stability. It must be gathered at both edges, and fulled in on the back to the round which terminates the card-board shape, and in the front to the corresponding round, leaving a sufficient opening for the watch. The four rounds of straw must then be attached, one in the front, three behind; a little wadding, covered with silk, laid and fastened inside, to protect the watch, the bows of pink satin ribbon placed at the top and the two sides, and this pretty little article will be found complete.

Those ladies who may wish to avoid the trouble of forming the straw into the required rounds, can easily procure them of any straw bonnet maker, at a very trifling expense, and perhaps this would be the most eligible mode, as, from long practice, they would have the advantage of greater exactitude.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THANKFULNESS.—"How good it was in God to spare him so long!"

This was said after the funeral; after the body of the aged saint had been carried to its last home and left under the sod. The old wife said it—her trembling lips wreathing into a faint smile.

It was a beautiful reply—the answer of a Christian. It must have made the angels willing to stay in the poor, little room. Such a spirit is seldom seen—out of heaven.

Gratitude is a glorious attribute. Its possession must bring one nearer the celestial world, yet few understand, and still fewer practice it even in earthly things; how much less in spiritual! If a neighbor lends you some household article, you do not murmur that it is required to be returned—you are using not yours, but another's. So God but lends us all things. Shall we repine if He takes a few of our mercies back—not for His good, but for our own?

The spirit of thankfulness, if not inherent, may be cultivated and made a habit independent of temperament. No time is mispent that is occupied in forming good habits, nor is our time lost that is spent in inculcating some sound principle upon another.

Nothing has so disheartening an effect upon those around us as a perpetual fault-finding spirit; a disposition to magnify little troubles, and to underrate the common mercies of life. It dulls the most indulgent ear, and clouds the tenderest love. It makes real sorrow tenfold more terrible, and darkens the light of the fairest homes. It brings discontent to the freestone, and ill-humor to the well-spread board. It sends the husband away with a grave in his bosom instead of a happy heart. It makes the wife a mope and deadens every impulse—destroys every hope. It makes little children desponding, ill-tempered, and unreasonable, and effectually banishes the sympathy of friends. It may cost an effort to be cheerful when disease attacks the frame, but it costs happiness, and sometimes life to be perpetually moaning. When trouble is bravely borne, we are evangelists to those around us—and if we consider what a fleeting life it is, how clouded, how fitful, we should not be willing to cut off an inch of its sunshine, even though it were filled with dust and notes as it streamed across our path.

Shall God satisfy our necessities, give us parents, home, food, raiment, the enjoyment of beautiful colors, and sweet fragrance, the gratification of taste—the pleasure of love and friendship, the blessings of hope and faith for all our lives, and then if He requires but the part of a tithe of these, shall we be resentful, passionate, distrusting, and inconsolable?

No—rather let us think of that solitary room with its poor furniture; that old woman whose head haloed with wisdom held the crown of white hairs; whose smile shone even through the tears that glittered on her aged cheek, as she thought of the sweet companionship of sixty blessed years, and who felt grateful to her God, "because He had spared him so long."

TO MANUFACTURE AN ÆOLIAN HARP.—Let a box be made of thin deal, the length of which had better correspond exactly to the window in which it is to be placed, four or five inches in depth, and five or six in width. Glue on it at the extremities of the top two pieces of oak about half an inch high and a quarter of an inch thick, to serve as bridges for the strings, and within-side of each end glue two pieces of beech, about an inch square, and of length equal to the width of the box, which is to hold the pegs. Into one of these

bridges fix as many pegs (such as are used in a pianoforte, though not so large) as there are to be strings, and into the other fasten as many small brass pins, to which attach one end of the strings. Then string the instrument with small catgut or first-fiddle strings, fixing one end of them and twisting the other round the opposite peg. These strings, which should not be drawn tight, must be tuned in unison. To procure a proper passage for the wind, a thin board, supported by four pegs, is placed over the strings, at about three inches distant from the sounding-board. The instrument must be exposed to the wind at the window partly open; and, to increase the force of the current of air, either the door of the room or an opposite window should be opened. When the wind blows, the strings begin to sound in unison; but, as the force of the current increases, the sound changes into a pleasing admixture of all the notes of the diatonic scale, ascending and descending, and these often unite in the most delightful harmonic combinations.

A HEARTHSTONE.—If ever pity is needed by those whose misfortunes make earth a wearisome place, it is by the poor and dependent who have no hearthstone. Perhaps too, we should pity those who seek the cold comfort of hotel life, and make their stately steppings up countless stairs to the grandeur of a residence on the third floor of a palace building. How little is the hearthstone there like that of home! You did not order the wood and see it piled away, log after log, in the comfort-giving cellar. You did not, with the air of independence so inseparable from housekeeping, see your flour and your sugar rolled in by the barrel, and the golden butter hooped in strong kegs, and placed in the store-room with the numberless etceteras of home. You cannot whistle as you march along the city streets when the twilight falls,

"Through pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

For you feel that it is not, never can be home, in the midst of the dress, the frivolity, the confusion of such a life.

Let each family have its own hearthstone, however humble it may be, and there may they say or sing,

"Around our pure domestic shrine
Bright flowers of Eden bloom and twine;
Our hearts are altars all:
The prayers of hungry souls and poor,
Like armed angels at the door,
Our unseen foes appal."

AN ORIENTAL WIFE.—Mrs. Barclay Johnson, in her "Hajji in Syria," thus describes a poor man's wife in Palestine. "You see that one-robed woman, with tattooed face and narrow little bead-adorned veil, concealing nose, mouth and chin, while most of her person is as much exposed as Grecian sculptor could desire; she truly has a hard lot. She is bringing vegetables to market. *She* planted the seed; *she* worked the ground; *she* gathered the crop, and now *she* must make sale of them, or else what is to become of that little fellow that rides astride her shoulder, and the babe that swings in the knapsack that hangs on her back? For her brutal husband spends the livelong day lounging in the idle group at the gathering place of the village. Besides her own heavy cargo, she drives the donkey before her to the city, well loaded with the produce of her own industry. But does *she* venture to ride him back? Not *she*! 'Twould cost her a sound drubbing to do so. But you see her lord and master seated upon him, leisurely smoking his pipe, while his help-meet carries two children and a basket." Her picture of the rich man's wife, though different, is almost as pitiful.

TWO SUPERIOR ENGRAVINGS.—Mr. J. Van Court, No. 243 Arch street, Philadelphia, has just published two very meritorious engravings, each thirty-one inches by twenty-two, of a size to frame and hang up in a parlor, library, or other room. The subjects are "John Bunyan in Bedford Jail, 1667: his blind child leaving him for the night," and "The wife of John Bunyan interceding for his release from prison." They are from paintings by T. G. Duvall; have been engraved, in the first style of art, by Illman; and are now offered at the singularly low price of six dollars for the pair, or ten dollars on India proofs. With the religious world, especially, they should be very popular. Bunyan was to English theology what Shakespeare was to English literature in general. His "Pilgrim's Progress" is a book which will live as long as the language. Perhaps more copies of that extraordinary work have been printed than of any volume except the Bible. The likeness of Bunyan, in the prison scene, is the best, we think, which has ever been published. Both engravings are full of spirit and truth. As ornaments for the parlor wall they recommend themselves to persons of taste, for it is better to buy good engravings than bad pictures, and as really good pictures are within the means only of the wealthy, most people must content themselves with engravings, or deny themselves entirely the gratification that art affords. We invite the attention of clergymen and others to these fine engravings. Mr. Van Court will make a liberal discount to persons getting subscribers. Whoever, for instance, will procure two, and will remit twelve dollars, will receive an extra pair, gratis, for his trouble.

A CAPITAL STORY.—A correspondent of the Evening Bulletin, writing from Florence, tells a capital story, about a snobbish American, who lately appeared there. The traveler pretended to have spent some time in Mexico, and happening to visit a famous private garden in Florence, the owner, who had a very fine collection of plants, talked of cactuses, until the visitor's knowledge, which appeared to be limited, was totally exhausted. Suddenly the old gentleman remarked, "Mr. Buggins, I suppose you must have seen a great many of the Orchids in Central America?" "Why, no," replied Mr. Buggins, "I didn't go much into society there, in fact merely passed through." "Eh! what?" inquired the deaf man, holding his hand to his ear. "No," roared Buggins, "I did not meet any, I did not go into society at all." "Society," screamed his host, "why bless your soul, you don't find Orchids in society, they grow on trees!" The attention of the whole company had been attracted by the loud tones of the speaker, and the utter discomfiture of the miserable Buggins. It was very much in the style of the lady, who, about the time the Camolopards arrived in America, was asked by a friend, "Have you seen the Giraffes?" "No," said she, "I don't know them at all; they are a French family, I believe!"

WHAT IS PRE-RAPHAELISM?—This is a question which a fair correspondent asks. We answer that the Pre-Raphaelites are a school of painters who wish to carry Art back to what it was before its revival by Raphael and his cotemporaries, deeming it was then more spiritual, pure, and earnest in its teachings. As they paint from nature, without selecting or rejecting anything, many of their objects are painfully truthful. Their pictures may be easily known by their simplicity and severity, but are wanting in effect as a whole, while each individual part is worked up to an exquisite degree of finish that is marvelous to behold. Some excellent specimens of Pre-Raphaelism were on exhibition in this city last winter.

CURE FOR LOVE.—Into a pint of the water of oblivion put of the essence of resignation two grains; of prudence and patience each three grains; and of sound judgment one drachm. Mix well; and, after they have stood some time,

take off the scum of former remembrances, and sweeten the mixture with the syrup of hope. Pass it through the filter of common sense, by the funnel of conviction, into the bottle of firm resolution, stopping it tightly with the cork of indifference. Take a drachm night and morning, or oftener if the constitution will bear it, reducing the dose as the disease decreases.

THE CHARGE AGAINST POE.—As we suggested, the poem, published last month, and said to be the original of "The Raven," proves to have been written subsequent to Mr. Poe's. Its author is Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, of Providence, R. I.; and it may be found in a volume, published by her, in 1853. As we understand it, the poem was composed with a distinct reference to "The Raven" and "Ulalume," the two most curious, if not best poems ever written by Poe.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Hadji in Syria; or, Three Years in Jerusalem. By Mrs. Sarah Barclay Johnson. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: James Challen & Sons.*—Mrs. Johnson is the daughter of Dr. Barclay, the missionary to Jerusalem, whose book, "The City of the Great King," has attracted so much attention. She accompanied her father to the Holy Land, and in consequence of the position which his medical knowledge gave him, enjoyed extraordinary advantages of seeing Oriental society, especially in the Harem. She witnessed, for example, a Turkish wedding; was often a visitor to the female apartments of the Pasha and other grandees; had for her guests the wives of many Osmanli; and accompanied one of them, in disguise, into the Mosque of Omar, and another into the tomb of David. Her picture of Harem life is mournfully sad. She divests it of the poetry, which some late writers have thrown about it, and shows what cruelty, jealousy, and unhappiness attends it. In this she coincides with Mrs. Mackenzie, who saw Harem life in India; and the testimony of two such women must be considered decisive on the subject. Mrs. Johnson's volume is exceedingly interesting in other respects also. It is handsomely printed, and embellished with numerous illustrations, engraved from drawings by herself.

Life and Times of Hugh Miller. 1 vol. *New York: Rudd & Carleton. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—"My Schools and Schoolmasters," Hugh Miller's autobiographic work, was worth a dozen such volumes as this. The former let us into the most secret places of the writer's character, enabled us to study how he grew to be so great, and charmed us with incident and anecdote graphically told. The latter is rather a bit of partisan polemic than an analysis of Hugh Miller's mind, or even a narrative of his life. We had hoped, when we read the announcement of this book, to see a really meritorious affair; and we cannot describe how grievously we are disappointed.

Following the Drum. By Mrs. Viela. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: Rudd & Carleton. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The author of this agreeable volume is the wife of an officer in the U. S. Army. Her husband was stationed, for some time, at one of the frontier posts of Texas, on the very verge of civilization, where, for more than a year, she did not see a woman. The description which Mrs. Viela has given of this mode of life, with its occasional approaches to starvation, its frequent alarms from Comanche raids, and its entire seclusion from society, is new and racy. The book is full of spirit. We recommend it as peculiarly fitted for a summer hour.

Wildflower. By the author of "The House of Eleanor," "One and Twenty," &c. &c. 1 vol. *New York: Robert M. Devell.*—A cheap edition, in the double column octavo style, of a novel by an author of merit. The London papers, we see, speak in high praise of the fiction.

Lord Montague's Page. By G. P. R. James. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson.—After a silence of unusual duration, which we owe probably to the "two horsemen" criticism, Mr. James has delighted his many admirers with one of the best novels he has ever written. For ourselves we never joined in the tirade against this author. He is not equal to Scott, indeed; but he is always an agreeable writer; and he never offends against morality. We are glad, therefore, to welcome him back. In his absence we have had to read much worse novels than he was accustomed to offer us. The present work is admirably printed. An engraved portrait of Mr. James, and a handsome vignette title-page adorn the volume.

St. Roman's Well. By the author of "Waverley." 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This beautiful edition of Scott's novels is now rapidly drawing to a close. Those, who have not supplied themselves with it, should do so without delay. We have whiled away many an hour of railroad travel, that would otherwise have been tedious, this summer, by reperusing these fictions; for we find this edition peculiarly adapted for railroad reading, in consequence of the beauty and distinctness of the typography.

Oscola the Seminole. By Capt. Mayne Reid. Beautifully Illustrated with Original Designs, by N. Orr. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Robert M. Dewitt.—This new novel, by an author of reputation, who, when in America, was one of the contributors to "Peterson," has been published, Mr. Dewitt says, from advanced sheets sent out from London. It is graphically illustrated by original illustrations, and is full of the vivacity and fire of the writer. We commend it to persons who like tales of this description.

PARLOR GAMES.

POSTICAL DOMINOES.—Provide some nice fine pasteboard, and cut it up in slips rather longer than they are wide, about the shape of dominoes, but they will need to be a little larger.

Then divide them in half, with a mark of ink, and on one half of each piece write a quotation or verse of poetry, and on the other half write the name of one of the authors you have made your selections from; but be careful not to put a quotation and its author's name both on the same card; for instance, if one of your selections be "If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly:" do not write Shakespeare on the other half of that card, but Byron, Milton, or some other author that you have chosen from. Shakespeare must be written on another card where there is a selected passage from another author.

As many selections as you take from one author so many times must his name be written on the cards. Suppose you select three different passages from Moore, his name must be written an equal number of times, on separate cards.

When all is arranged, then shuffle and deal them to the players, and let one commence by laying one of his cards in the centre of the table, reading the quotation written upon it. His left-hand neighbor must then look over his cards, and if he has the name of the author of the passage read, he will announce it, and then read the selection that is on the other half of his card and put it down by the one on the table, matching the author's name to his production; but if the player has not the name of the author, he must look for a passage that was written by the author whose name is on the card first laid down, read it, and also the name that is on the card, and put it by the other, taking care to adjoin the quotation with the author's name to whom it belongs.

Then the first player's left-hand neighbor must look for the author's name, and so the game proceeds.

The one who first exhausts his cards, wins the game.

THE INITIAL LETTERS.—Let one withdraw while a word is selected by the remaining players, which being done, the absent player is recalled, who, upon re-entering, walks up to the person, to the right or left-hand, as may be agreed upon, and there stops until that person names something that begins with the first letter of the word that was chosen.

The guesser then stops before the next one, who says a word that must commence with the second letter of the selected word, and so proceeds until the word is finished, and then by remembering what each one said, and putting the first letter of each word together, is enabled to find out the word determined upon. For instance, *Fireside* is fixed upon as the word.

First one says Flower.

Second, " Ink.
Third, " River.
Fourth, " Eagle.
Fifth, " Sunshina.
Sixth, " India.
Seventh, " Date.
Eighth, " Emery.

The player then puts the initial letters of each word together, and exclaims it is "Fireside." The next one in order then goes out, while another word is proposed.

If most of the players are unacquainted with this game, it would make it more diverting, perhaps, if not explained to them at once, the head one or leader merely telling each one what word they must use when the guesser comes to them in turn. They will be quite surprised at the readiness with which the word is detected, little dreaming how it is done.

ART RECREATIONS.

PICTURES IN SAND.—There are hundreds of our readers, perhaps, who have never heard of pictures in sand. Yet with a little card-board, gum arabic in solution, glue in solution, various colored paints in powder, designs, camel's-hair brushes, a pencil, and colored sands, almost any oil-painting may be imitated.

PREPARING THE SAND.—The principal difficulty is to get the sands, which should be red, blue, yellow, and white, with the intermediate tints. But pictures in sand may be formed by employing white sand for the ground-work, and painting over it, in the same manner as directed below for touching up the sand pictures. Those persons who possess a good stock of patience may collect black, white, grey, light-brown, and red sands in most localities. We would suggest to those who visit the various watering-places during the summer months, to collect the different colored sands that present themselves, and preserve them in separate bottles, boxes, or trays. All the sands used in this kind of work require to be carefully dried in saucers, either in an oven or before the fire, and afterward kept in a dry place.

SELECTING A DESIGN.—As persons frequently experience a difficulty in the selection of designs, we beg to suggest the following, those printed in italics having already been executed in colored sands, so as to produce a general impression upon observers, that they were *bona-fide* paintings:—*Mount Vesuvius during an Eruption; Dungeon Ghyl Force; a Water-fall in Westmoreland; a Dish of Fish, in which the mackerel was conspicuous; the Ruined Water-mill; Smeris at Sea; Sunset upon a Common; a Group of Leverets; Boats Merry-making, after Ostade; a Bloodhound; Gin and Bitters, after Landseer; the Dutch Housewife, after Maes; Mont Blanc; the Ruins of Nedeley Abbey; Alum Bay, Isle of Wight, &c.* If none of these pictures are convenient, try any one that is to be had, taking care, for a first attempt, to select an easy subject.

TO PREPARE THE PICTURE.—This consists in passing a coat of mudlage of gum-arabic or thin glue over each section at

a time. For example—you pass a brush charged with either of the above solutions first over all the blues, and afterward apply the sand as directed below; then the gum or glue is to be applied over all the parts colored red, and so on, until the design is complete. Great care is required in laying on the fine and delicate touches in some parts of the picture, because the gum or glue is liable to spread, and thus destroy the effect by causing too much sand to adhere to a part where it was not required.

APPLYING THE SAND does not require much dexterity; the only precaution necessary, is having the sand perfectly dry, and each color kept in a distinct box or tray. When the gum or glue has been applied over any particular color upon the outline, select the colored sand required, and sift it through a piece of fine muslin over the whole of the outline; allow it to remain for about two minutes, then shake off the superfluous sand upon a sheet of writing-paper, and return it to the proper box or tray. Proceed in this manner with each color until the outline is filled in, then set it aside for three or four hours in a warm place, or, if the card-board is very stiff, place the picture upon the hearth-rug before the fire, and it will soon dry.

TOUCHING UP THE PICTURE should not be attempted until the whole of it is perfectly dry, and then the strong outlines, such as architectural work, veinings, and divisions of rocks, trees, drapery, &c., should be touched up with colors in powder, mixed with some of the thin glue. Indian ink is very useful for strengthening different parts of the picture, giving a finish to the whole that it would not otherwise possess.

When sand-pictures are finished, they may be framed and glazed in the same manner as prints.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR TEA-CAKES.

Indian Batter Cakes.—Mix together one quart of sifted meal, and one pint of flour. Warm one quart of milk, put into it a small teaspoonful of salt, and two large tablespoonfuls of yeast. Beat three eggs very light, and stir them gradually into the milk, with the meal and flour. Boil a cupful of rice until tender, and put it into the batter. Cover it, and set it to rise for four hours, and when quite light, bake your cakes on a griddle, butter them, and serve them hot.

A Preparation for Soda Biscuits, which may always be kept on hand, and used at a moment's notice. Mix together half a pound of cream tartar, three ounces of soda, and one ounce of pulverized corn starch. Mix the ingredients well together. When about making biscuits, take one tablespoonful of the preparation to one quart of flour, a piece of butter the size of a hen's egg. Mix up the biscuits with sweet milk, and make the dough soft.

Pounded Crackers.—Take three tincupfuls of new milk, a teacupful of butter, and the quantity of salt necessary to the bulk. Add enough flour to make the dough very stiff, and then commence beating it very lustily; every time you beat it out, sprinkle it with flour, roll it up and beat it out again, continuing for at least one hour. The few last times, omit the use of the flour; work out the biscuits with the hand, and bake them quickly.

Washington Cake.—Heat together one quart of milk and one ounce of butter; when about lukewarm, pour them into two pounds of flour, adding in a cent's worth of yeast, three eggs, and a tablespoonful of salt. Place the batter in pans, let it stand over night, and the next morning bake it in a quick oven for three-quarters of an hour.

Loaf Cake.—Three teacupfuls of light dough, one teacupful of sugar, one teacupful of butter, two eggs, one teacupful of pearlash, and two or three large tablespoonfuls of milk; add also a half pound of raisins. After thoroughly worked together, put the dough into pans, and raise until it becomes light. Bake in a slow oven.

Corn Pudding.—(Suitable for the tea-table.)—Boil four ears of green corn until well done, and then cut, or grate off the corn very fine. Mix it with two heaped tablespoonfuls of flour, one pint of sweet milk, and as much salt and pepper as you prefer. Bake it well, and you will have a delightful dish.

Muffins.—One quart of milk, five eggs, one tablespoonful of good yeast; if home-made, three or four tablespoonfuls. A lump of butter the size of a walnut, and enough flour to form a stiff batter. Set them to rise, and when light, bake them in rings.

Light Biscuits.—The ingredients are:—Five cupfuls of milk, four spoonfuls of melted butter and lard, and a teaspoonful of salaratus dissolved in some cream, and a small portion of salt. Mix in enough flour to form a paste just stiff enough to roll out.

Mush Muffins.—Make mush as you ordinarily do, and when cold, thin it with one quart of milk, and stir in a few handfuls of wheat flour, seven eggs, and butter—the size of an egg—also some salt. Bake in rings.

Waffles.—To two quarts of sweet milk take eight eggs, enough flour to make a thin batter, half a pint of sots, and as much salt as you prefer. Let the batter stand until it becomes light. Bake in waffle irons.

Herry Biscuits.—To two quarts of flour, take butter the size of three eggs, and enough water to form the dough. Work very little, and cut out your cakes. Bake them on tins.

Ordinary Tea-Cake.—Three cupfuls of sugar, three eggs, one cupful of butter, one cupful of milk, and a small lump of pearlash. Make it not quite as stiff as pound cake batter.

Soda Biscuits.—To two quarts of flour take four teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, two teaspoonfuls of soda, one pint of sweet milk, and half a teacupful of lard or butter.

Rice Cake.—Mix together half a pound of very soft boiled rice, a quarter of a pound of butter, one quart of milk, six eggs, and enough flour to form a thin batter.

Buttermilk Cakes.—Two quarts of buttermilk, one teacupful of soda, and enough flour to make a batter.

RECEIPTS FOR LOTIONS.

Milk of Roses.—1.—Take two ounces of blanched almonds; twelve ounces of rose water; white soft soap, or Windsor soap, white wax, and oil of almonds, of each two drachms; rectified spirit three ounces; oil of bergamot one drachm; oil of lavender fifteen drops; attar of roses eight drops. Beat the almonds well, and then add the rose-water gradually so as to form an emulsion, mix the soap, white wax and oil together, by placing them in a covered jar upon the edge of the fire-place, then rub this mixture in a mortar with the emulsion. Strain the whole through very fine muslin, and add the essential oils, previously mixed with the spirit. This is an excellent wash for "sunburns," freckles, or for cooling the face and neck, or any part of the skin to which it is applied.

Milk of Roses.—2.—This is not quite so expensive a receipt as the last; and at the same time is not so good. Take one ounce of Jordan almonds; five ounces of distilled rose-water; one ounce of spirit of wine; half a drachm of Venetian soap, and two drops of attar of roses. Beat the almonds (previously blanched and well dried with a cloth), in a mortar, until they become a complete paste, then beat the soap and mix with the almonds, and afterward add the rose-water and spirit. Strain through a very fine muslin or linen, and add the attar of roses. The common milk of roses sold in the shops, frequently contains salt of tartar, or pearlash combined with olive oil and rose-water, and therefore it is better to make it yourself to ensure it being good.

French Milk of Roses.—Mix two and a half pints of rose-water, with half a pint of rosemary-water, then add tincture

of storax, and tincture of benzoin, of each two ounces; and *essenti de rose*, half an ounce. This is a useful wash for freckles.

German Milk of Roses.—Take of rose-water and milk of almonds, each three ounces; water eight ounces; rosemary-water two ounces; and spirit of lavender half an ounce. Mix well, and then add half an ounce of sugar of lead. This is a dangerous form to leave about where there are children, and should never be applied when there are any abrasions, or chaps on the surface.

Milk of Almonds.—Blanch four ounces of Jordan almonds, dry them with a towel, and then pound them in a mortar; add two drachms of white or curd soap, and rub it up with the almonds for about ten minutes or rather more, gradually adding one quart of rose-water, until the whole is well mixed, then strain through a fine piece of muslin, and bottle for use. This is an excellent remedy for freckles and sun-burns, and may be used as a general cosmetic, being applied to the skin after washing by means of the corner of a soft towel.

Anti-Freckle Lotion.—1.—Take tincture of benzoin, two ounces; tincture of tolu, one ounce; oil of rosemary, half a drachm. Mix well, and bottle. When required to be used, add a teaspoonful of the mixture to about a wineglassful of water, and apply the lotion to the face or hands, &c., night and morning, carefully rubbing it in with a soft towel.

Anti-Freckle Lotion.—2.—Take one ounce of rectified spirit of wine; one drachm of hydrochloric acid (spirit of salt); and seven ounces of water. Mix the acid gradually with the water, and then add the spirit of wine; apply by means of a camel-hair brush, or a piece of flannel.

Gowland's Lotion.—Take one and a half grains of bichloride of mercury, and one ounce of emulsion of bitter almonds; mix well. Be careful of the bichloride of mercury, because it is a poison. This is one of the best cosmetics we possess for imparting a delicate appearance and softness to the skin, and is a useful lotion in acne, ring-worm, hard and dry skin, and sun-blisterings.

Horse-radish Cosmetic.—Take one ounce of scraped horse-radish, and infuse for four hours, in one pint of cold milk. Strain through muslin, and bottle. This is a safe and excellent cosmetic, and is extremely useful in cases where the skin requires a gentle stimulant.

Cumpherated Ammoniacal Wash.—Take half an ounce of the liquid subcarbonate of ammonia; and one and a half ounces of cumpherated spirit, mix and apply to the parts by means of rags moistened with the lotion. This is a useful application for contusions unattended with abrasion of the surface.

Disinfectant Lotion.—Take one ounce of sal-ammoniac, and dissolve it in four ounces of vinegar, and four ounces of spirit of wine. This is used for contusions attended with much discoloration of the skin, and is applied by wetting pieces of rag folded four or six times, tying them over the part and changing them as often as they become dry.

RECIPTS FOR THE TOILET.

Cleansing the Hair.—Nothing but good can be derived from a due attention to cleansing the hair. Of course, an immoderate use of water is not beneficial. Once a week is perhaps desirable, but this will depend upon the individual; persons with light, thin, and dry hair will require it more seldom than those with thick, strong hair, or who perspire very freely. Nothing is better than soap and water. The soap should be mild, and well and plentifully rubbed in the hair.

Wash to Whiten the Nails.—Diluted sulphuric acid, two drachms; tincture of myrrh, one drachm; spring water, four ounces. Mix. First cleanse with white soap, then dip the fingers into the wash.

To make Pomatum.—Put half a pint of best scented olive oil and half a pound of fresh lard into a jug, and stand it beside the fire to melt, taking care not to let it get hot, and stirring as it dissolves. When in a liquid state, pour in five drops of the essential oil of almonds, stir again and empty it into your pot. Stand it in a cool place until in a solid state, it is then ready for use. The quantity may be increased or decreased, in proportion.

To Prevent the Toothache.—Rub well the teeth and gums with a toothbrush every night on going to bed, using the flowers of sulphur. This is an excellent preservative to the teeth, and void of any unpleasant smell.

Banoline for the Hair.—This fixative is best made a little at a time. Pour a tablespoonful of boiling water on a dozen quince seeds; and repeat when fresh is required.

TABLE RECEIPTS.

Tomato Sauce.—Take one dozen of ripe tomatoes, put them into a stone jar, stand them in a cool oven until quite tender. When cold, take the skins and stalks from them, mix the pulp in the liquor which you will find in the jar, but do not strain it, add two teaspoonfuls of the best powdered ginger, a dessertspoonful of salt, a head of garlic chopped fine, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a dessertspoonful of Chili vinegar on a little cayenne pepper. Put into small-mouthed sauce bottles, sealed. Kept in a cool, dry place, it will keep good for years. It is ready for use as soon as made, but the flavor is better after a week or two. Should it not appear to keep, turn it out, add more ginger; it may require more salt and cayenne pepper. It is a long-tried receipt, a great improvement to curry. The skins should be put into a wide-mouthed bottle, with a little of the different ingredients, as they are useful for hashes or stews.

Tipoy Cake.—Cut a small savory cake in slices, put them into a basin, and pour some white wine and a little rum over. Let it soak for a few hours, put into a dish, and serve with some custard round. It may be decorated with a few blanched almonds, or whipped cream and fruit. Or it may be made with small sponge cakes, by soaking them in some white wine in which some currant jelly has been dissolved. Take twelve of them, stale, which will cost sixpence. Soak them well, put them in a dish, cover them with jam or jelly, and thus make four layers, decorating the top with cut preserved fruit. Dish with custard or whipped cream round.

To Pot Herring.—Take twelve, prepare them in the usual way, and warm them quite through but not more. Then take all the meat from the skins, and pick out the largest bones and the roes. Put the meat into the potting pot, and beat for a few minutes; then add a small slice of butter, and beat till it is smooth. Season with cayenne pepper, and use more butter as you continue to beat. About a quarter of a pound of butter is generally required for twelve. When done, press hard into a pot, and pour clarified butter over them.

Swiss Cream.—Take half a pint of cream and the same quantity of new milk, and boil it, with a piece of lemon rind and sufficient loaf sugar to sweeten it. Thicken this with a teaspoonful of flour, and, when very nearly cold, add the juice of the lemon to it; this will thicken it; and then pour it into a glass dish, and stick macaroon cakes into it.

Rice Cake.—A quarter of a pound of ground rice, a quarter of a pound of flour, half a pound of finely-powdered white sugar, five eggs. Beat all well together till it froths; pour quickly into a tin lined with buttered paper; bake three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven. This does nicely for a tipsy cake. It may be flavored with almond or lemon.

Half-pay Pudding.—Four ounces of suet, ditto of currants, raisins, and bread-crumbs; two tablespoonfuls of treacle, half a pint of milk, mix well together, and boil in a mould or basin for two hours.



LES MODES PARISIENNES

Velvet Cream.—One pint of cream, half an ounce of isinglass; keep stirring it over a fire till dissolved: sugar to your taste rubbed on a lemon. Take it off and stir it till nearly cold. Then pour it into a dish that has in it the juice of one lemon and two glasses of white wine. When well mixed, put it into your mould. It is better made the day before it is required.

Another.—Soak three-quarters of an ounce of isinglass five minutes in a gill of sherry, madeira, or raisin wine: then dissolve it over the fire, stirring it all the time. Rub the rind of two lemons on six ounces of loaf sugar, and add it with the juice to the hot solution, which is then to be poured gently into a pint of cream. Stir the whole until cold, and put it into moulds.

Snow Rice Cream.—Put into a saucepan four ounces of ground rice, two ounces of loaf sugar, six or eight drops of essence of almonds, two ounces of fresh or salt butter. Add a quart of new milk. Boil fifteen or twenty minutes, until smooth. Pour into a mould previously greased with Florence oil. Turn it out when quite cold, and serve with preserves round it.

Stewed Tomatoes.—Slice the tomatoes into a tinned saucepan; season with pepper and salt, and place bits of butter over the top; put on the lid close, and stew twenty minutes. After this, stir them frequently, letting them stew till well done; a spoonful or two of vinegar is an improvement. This is excellent with roast beef or mutton.

To make Good and Clear Coffee.—Grind two large table-spoonfuls of coffee, put it into the coffee-pot, and fill up the pot with quite boiling water; set it over the fire for one minute, then pour in the white and the crushed shell of an egg. Let stand ten minutes, and it will be found bright and clear as water.

Preserved Pears.—Take as many pears as you require, and steam them for fifteen minutes. Then pare them, leaving them on the stems, and add an equal weight of clarified sugar. Boil them over a slow fire for a short time. A little sherry, in the proportion of half a wineglassful to every pound of pears, is a great improvement.

Fig Pudding.—Six ounces of figs chopped fine, six ounces of suet, three ounces of bread-crumbs, three ounces of sugar, three eggs, and a little nutmeg. Boil it three hours. Pour arrowroot custard over it.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Dry Plants.—Be careful to gather the specimens in dry weather, after the dew has evaporated. The best way to take them home is in the crown of a hat, or a tin sandwich box. Then taking up each specimen singly, lay it smooth between two sheets of blotting-paper, and then place it inside a large book; then another specimen a few leaves distant, and so on, till the book is full. This done, tie it up tightly with a string, and place two flat irons on it. Thus the plants are to remain for a day, and then be changed into fresh blotting-paper, to dry them still more, and so on for four or five days, when they will all be found a good color, and fit to put away. Some plants require different treatment. In thick-stalked and woody plants, the under side of the stem is first to be cut away. Berries must be dried by being hung up in the air or sun. Stonecrops and heaths must be dipped for three or four minutes in boiling water, before laying out; if this be not done, the juicy plants will grow even for a long time after they are placed in the paper, and the leaves of the heaths will soon fall off.

To make Marmalade of Pears.—Take six pounds of small pears and four pounds of loaf sugar. Put the pears into a saucepan with a little water, and set it on the fire. When the fruit is soft, take them out; pare, quarter, and core them. As you do this, throw the pieces into another saucepan containing cold water, and when all are done, set them

on the fire. As soon as they are sufficiently soft, rub them through a sieve. Having, in the meantime, clarified the sugar, and boiled it to a good syrup, pour it to the pulp. Set it on the fire and stir the whole well together until the marmalade is of the proper consistence. Then take it off the fire, put it into pots, and when cold tie them down.

For Preserving Green Peas.—1. Shell the peas, and put them into a saucepan of boiling water. Give them two or three warmings only, and then put them into a colander. When the water is drained off the peas, place them on a cloth spread out on the dresser, and then pour them on to another cloth, to dry perfectly. Bottle them in wide-mouthed bottles, leaving room only for a clarified mutton suet, about an inch thick, which is to be poured over them, and for the cork. Cover the corks with rosin, and keep the bottles in a cellar, or bury them in the earth. When they are to be used, boil them till tender with a bit of butter, a spoonful of sugar, and a bit of mint.

Another Receipt for Preserving Green Peas.—2. Shell, scald and dry the peas, as directed in the first receipt. Place them on tins or on earthen dishes in a cool oven to harden. Keep them in paper bags hung up in the kitchen. When they are to be used, let them lie an hour in water. Then set them on the fire in cold water, with a bit of butter, and let them boil till ready. Boil a sprig of dried mint with them.

Another way of Drying Succulent Plants, is to place the ends in water, and let them remain in a cool place until the next day. When about to be submitted to the process of drying, place each plant between several sheets of blotting-paper, and iron it with a large, smooth heater, pretty strongly warmed, till all the moisture is dissipated. Some plants require more moderate heat than others, and herein consists the nicety of the experiment; but we have generally found that if the iron be not too hot, and is passed rapidly, yet carefully, over the surface of the blotting-paper, it answers the purpose equally well with plants of almost every variety of hue and thickness.

Mixture to Destroy Bugs.—Mix half a pint of spirits of turpentine and half a pint of best rectified spirits of wine in a strong bottle; add, in small pieces, half an ounce of camphor. Shake the mixture well, and with a sponge or brush, wet the infected parts. The dust should be well brushed from the bedstead and furniture, to prevent any stain. If this precaution be taken, there will be no danger of soiling the richest damask. The smell of the mixture will soon evaporate after using. Only one caution is necessary: never apply the mixture by candlelight, lest the spirits should catch the flame of the candle and set the bed-curtains on fire.

Essence of Celery.—This may be prepared by soaking for a fortnight half an ounce of celery-seeds in a quarter of a pint of brandy. A few drops will flavor a pint of soup or broth equal to a head of celery.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR WATERING-PLACE of grenadine, with two skirts; the sleeves and breast adorned with knots of ribbon.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL, in a rich, Scotch plaid silk; hat of Leghorn, trimmed with an ostrich plume.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR LITTLE BOY, in linen plaid.

FIG. IV.—BLACK LACE MANTILLA, suitable for summer wear: a beautiful and stylish article.

FIG. V.—TRAVELING SKIRT, manufactured by Douglas & Sherwood, 243 Broadway, New York, is one of the most popular skirts introduced this season. The material is brown linen, and for the purpose for which this skirt is designed nothing could be more appropriate. It is made in the usual form of hoop skirts, with an adjustable *tournoir*, four flexible steel hoops are introduced into the body of the

skirt, and the bottom is finished with a heavy cord. Ladies who are contemplating a summer excursion into the country, will find this skirt a valuable addition to their wardrobe.

FIG. VI.—SUMMER BONNET.—Mrs. Cripps, 63 Canal Street, New York, has furnished us with an illustration of one of the most stylish and elegant bonnets we have seen this season. The material is white crape laid on the foundation plain; the front is bordered by a transparency of lace enriched by narrow puffings of crape, and edged by a deep fall of blonde. The side trimmings are composed of flowers, connected by a delicate green wreath which passes over the brim; on the left is a half open magnolia blossom, with its rich green leaves mingled with sprays of myosotis, mignonette and leaves; on the right are luxuriant clusters of white hops, mingled with loops and ends of ribbon grass. The curtain is of lace, edged with puffings of crape, and overlaid with a deep, rich blonde. The face trimmings consist of a full cap of tulle, interspersed with water lilies, scarlet pinks, clematis blossoms, and sprays. Broad white ribbon strings.

GENERAL REMARKS.—All dresses of light or transparent textures are made with flounces, or double or triple skirts. In summer silks, the double skirt is very popular. **BASQUES** are nearly abolished. Bodies are worn high, the waists cut with two long points in front, and coming well over the hips; with these bodies the skirts are always separate. The bodies pointed on the hips, and at the back, are very fashionable. These are made either high or low in the neck, as taste or comfort may dictate. **MORNING DRESSES**, when made of white cambric or lawn, are usually in the surplice style, high on the shoulders, and open tolerably low down the front of the neck. A great many morning dresses are made of Foulard and other summer silks. When the silk is of a small checked pattern, such as brown, pearl, blue or green, it is usually trimmed with a narrow ribbon of some pretty contrasting color, slightly full on. This ribbon extends up the front, over the shoulders to a point behind like a berthe. Sometimes it is carried around the bottom of the skirt. One, two, and even three rows are thus employed.

SLEEVES are still made in a variety of ways. The full bishop sleeve is very fashionable for morning dresses; the very wide, open sleeve, a *la Sultan*, is also now much patronized, very full bishop sleeves of muslin or lace being worn under them.

MANY COLLARS AND SLEEVES are now made of plain muslin. The wristband of these sleeves, in which a ribbon is run, is formed of a band of muslin plaited on both edges and simply hemmed. A similar trimming is put on the top of the sleeve. Other sleeves have, near the top, several of these trimmings instead of one only.

FIGURES OR CAPES OF LACE, TULLE AND TABLETTE, trimmed with lace quillings, velvet or ribbons, are very much worn. These are cool and "dresy" for evening wear.

BONNETS are worn rather forward on the forehead, receding at the ears, and meeting under the chin. Feathers, flowers, and lace are all employed as trimmings; when ribbon only is used, the ends of the bows are finished by long tassels. One of the prettiest bonnets of the season is composed of green crape and chenille; delicate blades of grass in exquisitely shaded tints of green are mounted in the style of a long feather, which is fixed on one side of the bonnet, and droops nearly to the shoulder. The under trimming consists of bows of crape tastefully disposed in the *ruche* of blonde. It may be mentioned that bows of crape, velvet, or ribbon of various brilliant hues are frequently employed for the under trimming of bonnets, and that flowers are less worn for that purpose than heretofore. Generally, the cap or *ruche* of blonde is ornamented on one side only, and the bows or flowers employed for the purpose are placed rather high up.

MANTELETS are almost all high round the neck and shoulders. This shape, though it has been discarded during several past seasons, is nevertheless the prettiest and most becoming. It does not conceal the figure, but imparts to it additional grace, and gives an air of finished neatness to the whole costume. One objection to the low mantelet is that it produces a sudden transition of color just across the shoulders—one division being black and the other of the color of the dress, usually of some bright hue. Hoods too are very much worn, and these look awkwardly on a mantelet cut loose on the shoulders. The hood may be either round or pointed, but the latter style is the most fashionable. All hoods are finished with a tassel.

HEAD-DRESSES for watering-places have appeared in every style. The fancy hair-pins in imitation of pearl, coral, turquoise, and gold, are very fashionable. These are much more suitable for young ladies to confine the bands and braids of their luxuriant hair, than the elaborate head-dresses composed of lace, velvet and flowers worn by their mamma. These hair-pins, however, are worn by ladies of all ages, and are very suitable to confine bars of lace over the back of the head. One of the prettiest head-dresses which we have seen is of gold net, of quite an antique character, with a large silk bow on the right and tassels on the left.

SOME COIFFURES are made of chenille and gold, tastefully combined together. We have seen one composed of scarlet chenille and gold, plaited together, and at each side bouquets of scarlet geranium. Another very elegant head-dress in the same style was of white chenille and silver, and at each side a moss rose, with a cluster of buds and foliage. A very elegant head-dress in the Marie Stuart style has been made of cherry velvet. It is pointed in front of the forehead, and edged with a twist of pearls. On one side there are loops composed of strings of pearls combined with loops and ends of narrow cherry velvet.

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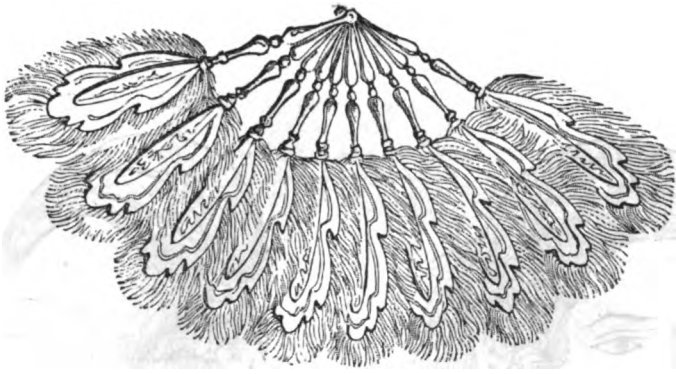
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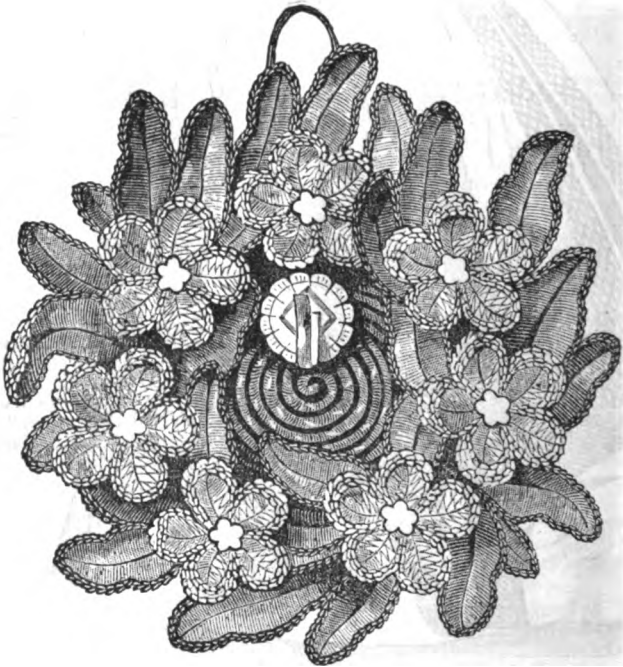
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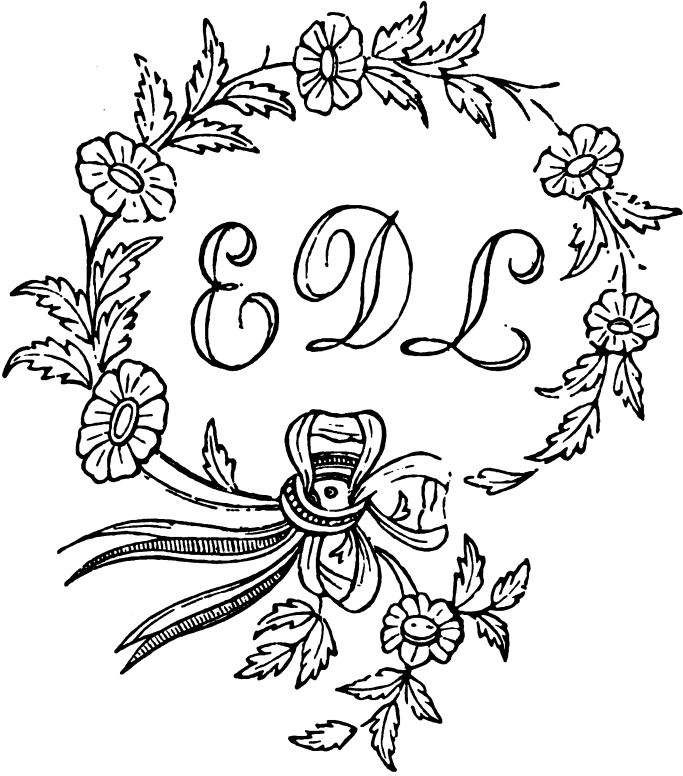
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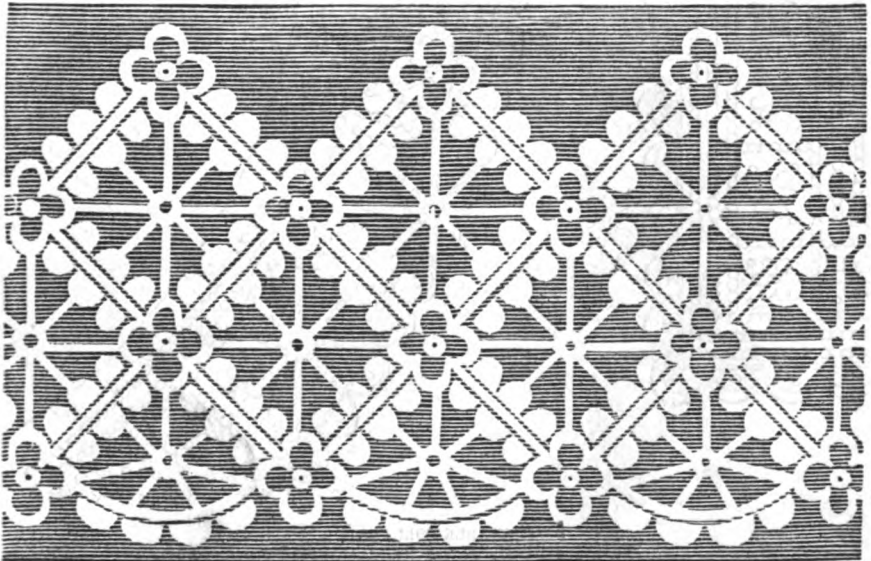
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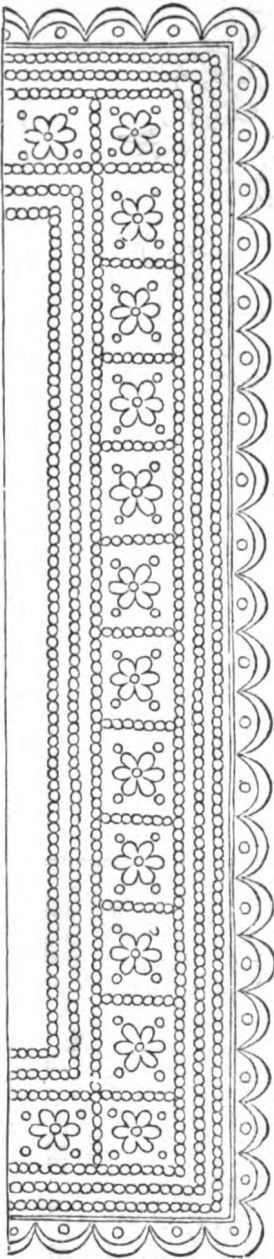
WATCH-HOOK IN OBOCHET.



HANDKERCHIEF BORDER WITH INITIALS.



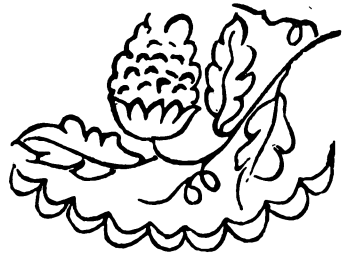
GUIPURE BORDER.



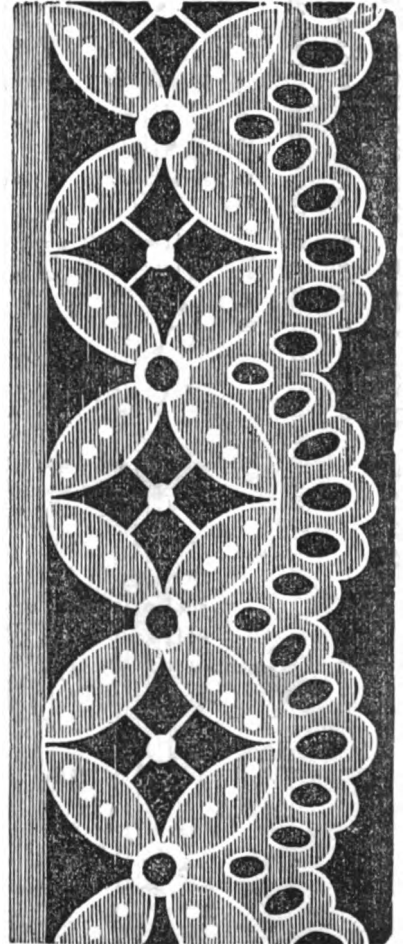
FASHIONABLE COLLARS.



EMBROIDERED BRACES.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



WHEEL EDGING.

ROSE OF THE PRAIRIE WALTZ.

— COMPOSED FOR PETERSON'S MAGAZINE,

And affectionately dedicated to Pauline, Countess of Hapsburg, Barbara.

BY ADA BOLTON.

The musical score is presented in three systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The first system begins with the tempo marking *Allegro* and a dynamic of *f*. It features a complex texture with many beamed notes and rests. Pedal markings (*Ped.*) are placed under the bass line. The second system continues the piece, showing a change in dynamics to *pp* (pianissimo) and includes a trill in the right hand. The third system concludes the piece with further *pp* markings and a final cadence. The score is densely notated with various musical symbols, including slurs, accents, and dynamic markings.

1st ending.

2d ending.

8 - - va.

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

ff (*g*)

ff



FASHIONABLE PARASOL.





OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHUT YOUR EYES.

Prepared & Printed by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 3.

THE HORRID LITTLE FRIGHT.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"So you have told your father you will not marry your cousin Cora?"

"Yes; I have made up my mind that I would rather lose my grandfather's money than marry that horrid little fright."

The first speaker was a fine-looking young man of some three-and-twenty years. His companion, Elliot Grantley, was about the same age, tall and extremely handsome, with rich, clustering chesnut curls, large, black eyes full of fire and intelligence, fine features, and a very beautiful mouth filled with white, even teeth and shaded by a dark moustache. His figure was moulded in the perfection of manly symmetry.

"You never saw her, Arnold," said he, leaning over the table, and speaking earnestly—"you never saw her, but I went down, some eight or nine years ago, to pay a visit to my intended wife. Fancy to yourself, a tall, thin child of ten years old, yellow as an orange, with pinched features, and a close, white cap put on to conceal the loss of her hair, which was shaved off after a fit of illness. When I was introduced to her, she dropped a little, awkward courtesy and put her finger in her mouth, and after staring at me in silence for a few minutes she began to giggle, and finally ran away."

"A fascinating picture truly!"

"Cousin Cora is coming to pay a visit to Lucy Maxwell next week, and I suppose I must do the agreeable, but I never will marry that horrid little fright! Come, Arnold, suppose we go down to see Charlotte Cushman as Lady Macbeth?"

"Agreed!"

And the two strolled away.

They had hardly gone, when the window curtains were drawn aside, and a tiny, fairy-like girl stepped in from the balcony. She was young, about fifteen, with bright golden hair and blue eyes.

"Now ain't it a shame for Elliot to talk so

about cousin Cora?" soliloquized the intruder. "I didn't mean to listen, but I couldn't come in before Arnold in this dress," and she glanced at the pretty chintz wrapper. "Wouldn't it be fun, if he fell in love with cousin Cora, after all? I wonder if she is so ugly? She writes beautiful letters to me, but I've never seen her. I mean to write to her what Elliot says, so she won't fall in love with him. He's so handsome, I don't believe she can help it if she don't know," and the fairy tripped away.

Two young ladies, some days later, were standing in a brilliantly lighted parlor before a pier-glass. Everything indicated that there were visitors expected. The room was beautifully decorated, the ladies were in full dress. One of them, Miss Lucy Maxwell, was a pretty girl, with a very sweet face and a pleasant, winning smile. She was dressed in white. The other was tall and stately with beautiful features, clear white complexion, with a rich, warm color, and large, black eyes. Her hair, which was wreathed like a coronet round her small, classically-shaped head, was black as a raven's wing, and the diamonds among its braids added to her regal appearance. Her dress was of garnet colored silk, founced with black lace; and her beautiful white arms and shoulders gleamed out in strong contrast against the dark dress.

"Do I look well, Lucy?"

"You never looked more beautifully. I think diamonds suit you exactly. Your necklace and bracelets are divine. But what can detain Elliot? He promised to come early to meet his cousin Cora, before the others arrived."

"Poor fellow, how disappointed he will be!"

"Yes, Miss Stanley," said Lucy, laughing. "There is a ring! Ah, here he is!"

"I am very sorry that Cora was unable to pay me her promised visit," said Miss Maxwell, meeting her guest, "but I have another guest.

Dora, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Grantley, our dear friend Cora Grantley's cousin, and—we are all friends, Elliot—betrothed.”

Elliot's low bow and glance of intense admiration did not look much like disappointment.

Other guests arrived. Miss Stanley, with her magnificent beauty and queenly bearing, was the belle of the evening; and none were more devoted than Elliot Grantley. Did she dance? He was her partner more than half the time. Was she fatigued? He handed her to her chair and fanned her.

Day after day passed, and Elliot was constantly at Mr. Maxwell's. Miss Stanley, while she was deluged with attentions from every quarter, showed him especial favor. She rode with him, sang with him, danced with him; wore the flowers he presented, and learned the music he selected.

“Well, dear,” said Lucy, coming, one day, to her room, “I think you have made a complete conquest of Elliot. He raves about you, and last evening he confided to me his intention of honoring you by an offer of his hand and heart.”

“Won!” cried Miss Stanley, rising and stepping to the glass, “won! I will refuse him!”

“But I thought you confessed to me a certain liking for the gentleman.”

“I will not have him! He refused me. I will repay the obligation. No, Lucy, I resolved, if I could win his love, no pains should be spared. Now I feel humiliated to think that I have ever stooped to try to gain it. I do love him, but nevertheless I will refuse him.”

“And how will you bear it?”

“Perhaps he will turn to his cousin, Cora, for consolation; if not, I can easily bring him to my feet again.”

The next day, Mr. Grantley, to his profound astonishment, was refused by Miss Stanley. He could not understand it. Full of indignation at what he termed her coquetry, he determined to visit his cousin Cora; and, if he found her improved, marry her to show that he did not care

for his rejection. Full of this idea, he started for his uncle's. A long journey somewhat cooled his disappointment; and he had resolved to pay a flying visit to his relative, and then return once more to attack Miss Stanley's heart, long before he reached his uncle's house.

“Cora, my dear, your cousin Elliot is in the parlor.”

“I knew he would come,” said the person addressed, as she shook out the folds of her rich dark silk, and then went to the parlor. The room was dark, for it was late in the afternoon, and yet too early for candles.

“Good afternoon, cousin.”

Elliot could hardly believe his ears. Truly he had heard that voice somewhere.

“We have expected you for some weeks,” continued the mysterious voice. “It is very dull here at this season, and I quite longed for your promised visit. However, I was very happy to hear from Lucy that your time was more agreeably employed. How is Miss Stanley?”

“I think—that is—I was——”

“Ah, delighted to hear that she is so well. Of course you are engaged by this time. It was not treating me fairly; but I forgive you. You know I have some thoughts of marrying our dancing master, Monsieur La Pirouette?”

“I think that the idea is an excellent one,” stammered Elliot.

“Do you? Thank you!”

At that moment, lights were brought in. Cora was standing with her face concealed by a window curtain; but as the servant left the room, she dropped the screen. In an instant, Elliot was by her side.

“Dora!”

“Alter the first letter!”

“Dora, Cora I mean. Oh! I——”

“Stop! stop, Mr. Grantley. Surely you will never marry such a horrid little fright?”

“Forgive me!”

Well, reader, we will retire. There was a wedding, a few months later; and Elliot married that “HORRID LITTLE FRIGHT.”

D E A T H .

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

I HEAR a footstep stout and strong;
It pauses at the door;
I see a shadow—black and long—
A shadow—nothing more.
It enters with a spirit tread—
It glides from stair to stair;

It lays a ghost-like hand amid
The bright gleams of her hair.
From pearly brow the hand moves slow,
Down to her waxen feet;
Oh! never shadow brought a woe
More hopeless—more completed

CLOUDS AND CARNATIONS.

BY MEHITABLE HOLYOKE.

BEFORE we have lived long in this world, long before we reach middle age, all objects upon which our eyes rest have a double interest for us. Hill, river, beach, grove, flower, and hearthstone are not the bare selves which they once were, but have awakened into a new birth of associations.

The hill is always peopled now by those who climbed it beside us once—the river is vocal with other voices than its own—the foot-prints of the waves but mind us of other footprints, gone from the sands of time; we think of those who wandered in the grove, gathered the flower, sat by the hearthstone; thus the crown or the coffin come invisibly to every feast of life.

There is something strange, mystical, in the strength of these associations—it is as if in passing through all places, we shed forth an influence, which remains an active part of ourselves. What if all the marvels of clairvoyance were but a clearer recognition of this influence!

A very simple circumstance has awakened this train of thought—the gift of a handful of flowers, which led to the recital of a tale so literally true, and which, alas! may have so many parallels in society, that I am tempted to make the following record. Would I had power to write it in colors as bright as the aforementioned verbenas and carnations!

"One would know that these flowers originally came from Connell's," said Mehitable, as she took out a fresh quire of paper, and wondered how the new story would begin, "things always look like their owners, and these may well resemble Connell, he took such pleasure in nursing them. What has become of him, Annie? The last I heard, he was going west to educate his children on a farm. And what bright children they are! that little Jemmy will work out a name for himself at the west, or I shall be very much disappointed." Thus Mehitable wandered on, wondering how to begin the new story for Peterson.

"Connell never went west, he died months ago."

"Connell dead! and these frail flowers of his planting so alive and aglow with beauty!" was the surprised rejoinder.

"Yes, dead—and out of his flesh 'will violets

grow,' if love make likeness. Do you recollect the day he led us through the narrow walk in his green-house to look at these carnations? How his face shone!"

"It seems shining in the flowers at this minute; but how happened he to die?"

"Happened? He was called home: people do not die by chance."

"Nor evade each other's questions by chance. I am afraid that Connell has been sinning, and yet it is impossible, he was so upright, he had such good sense, and such a happy home."

"He was very unfortunate; but where's the use in counting over his mistakes, now he is dead?"

"No use for you who are a saint—much use for me: being only a scribbler, I must gather my pigments from the grave as well as the parterre, or I can make no picture. Now, lift the wings that have so tenderly screened the faults of even this poor gardener, and I promise to draw from the revelation a moral and no gossip."

Which promise given, my cross-questioning was at an end.

"Perhaps you have never heard Connell's earlier history?"

"Yes, his wife has told me how he built up his own fortune, and how much he has done for her family, how kind and patient he was with her intemperate father."

"But she would hardly allude to the condition in which they were found by the G——s. Her husband, as well as her father, was too much addicted to 'looking upon the wine when it is red,' and she, a child at this time, straying about the streets, in fear to venture home, enlisted the sympathies of Mrs. G——, led her to the forlorn abode whose inmates were engaged in a drunken brawl."

"I understand now why the Connells could never say enough of the kindness of these friends."

"Yes, they came at the right moment, expostulated with Connell, encouraged, helped him; kept the dissolute old man in awe; kept an eye upon the child. In due time Connell and Mary were married. Mr. G—— advanced money for the purchase of a green-house; and you have witnessed Connell's industry and success."

"I never have met in a palace so contented a household. It is like a dream that 'tis all broken up now—that we shall not again see Mary sewing by the garden window, with her clean, smooth dress, her pretty face, and the children playing among the flowers, and Connell advancing from the distance to exhibit some wonder of his hot-bed, some great red cactus or azalia, his own face redder and more radiant.

"Almost everything in that green-house he had raised himself, from seeds, or grafts, or little slips; and it nearly broke his heart, when, just as his plants were arriving at their prime, the building took fire, and they were consumed. Nothing approaches a gardener's love for his plants, except it be a mother's love for her child."

"A comparison at which I'm thinking some mothers would smile."

"We maidens are not responsible for the weakness of maternity. Connell's only comfort in his loss was, that he had repaid the pecuniary debt to Mr. G——. Money was again borrowed, the house rebuilt, new plants were purchased, and seeds, and slips, and grafts began to start again; again the debt was cancelled; as earnings increased, additions were made to the hot-house and nursery. But the new stock, whatever its value, could not replace the old to Connell's warm Irish heart. A tempting offer was made for the green-house as it stood—accepted—and in a week, glass, stagings, plants and pots had been conveyed to a private garden in Chester. It was then that Connell resolved to purchase a farm at the west, in the hope of securing for his children competence, and a higher social caste than would be their portion here. His household goods were packed, and he was waiting to receive his dues, when the baby was taken sick."

"Ah, I remember that sickness—it was so comfortless! How we watched over the little thing while it languished day by day, and closed its blue eyes at last, and lay there dead; and that poor father made his way among the confusion of boxes and baskets, to look at the one wee flower he had hoped to take away to make the new home homelike, and how Mary's eyes were blinded with tears as she sewed the little shroud!"

"Yes, and she walked the whole distance to Chester to beg some white lilies from their own old plants, to place in the small, dead hands. Mr. Whoop then promised to pay the first instalment of his debt on the following day——"

"Mr. Whoop? The husband of Nelly Whoop? Oh, how a little word will bring two unmeaning halves of a story together and make one thrilling whole! Strange that I should hear both sides of this history!"

"Both?"

"While you were absent this winter, I called at Nelly's house in town, they had given up to their creditors the Chester residence, and she spoke with most womanly patience of their reversed fortune."

"Reverse! What is the rent of their town house?"

"One or two thousand dollars; but the other was their favorite home. And one inducement to live in the city, was the new interest that Nelly takes in the poor, now her own experience has taught her the nature of hardship."

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind," murmured Annie, half to herself.

"You look incredulous; but gay and frivolous as Nelly has seemed since we left school together, these recent trials have developed a gentleness and yet a force of character that are really touching in their frequent manifestations. Of course she cannot take her husband's affairs into her own hands. The woman must submit: if her husband place her in a hovel, that must be her home; if he purchase a palace and dwell there, there she too must dwell."

"Cannot she influence her husband, even while seeming to submit?"

"If she have great tact; otherwise she can no more influence him than he his wife, if you reverse the case. To go back to my story—here is an instance in point: I happened to call on Nelly's birth-day; she had forgotten the fact but Mr. Whoop had a better memory. After the first greeting as he entered, he laid on the sofa beside her a large package, saying, 'It is the 29th of November, and I've brought home a reminder of the fact, like a dutiful husband. Untie the cords, and let us have the benefit of our friend's judgment as well as our own.'

"Oh, Leonard!" said Nell, reproachfully, as we opened the large box and beheld a sable cloak. 'Don't feel hurt, dear; but is this right when we are trying to economize?'

"He answered, 'Nonsense, try it on; ladies do not know how to economize. It is not real fur, only American sable, mink. 'Tis pretty enough of its kind; but last winter I would not have allowed you to wear it!'

"Nelly made no more effort at resistance. 'You remember we have failed, Leonard; suppose one of your creditors should meet me in the street?'

"As I often meet the wives of my creditors; in the first place, it is not likely that he would take an inventory of your dress; in the second, you do not at all understand this matter of failing, no lady can: I lose property by others, the time comes for others to lose by me. It is all

fair and square, so let us end this family dispute and ask Miss Hetty's pardon for contending in her presence."

"We turned to other subjects, and I soon left, I can see now what mischief may have resulted from that same 'fair failure.'"

"Yes, it occurred the very day on which Connell was to have received his payment for the green-house, the day on which poor little Annie was buried. Connell's goods were already at the railway station, he went to state his case to Mr. Whoop, and was referred to the creditors—to the creditors, and was referred to Mr. Whoop. He asked for Mrs. Whoop, she was too much occupied with preparations for 'retiring' to her one-or-two-thousand dollar house. It was the fault of society, I know, as well as of these people, and yet it was a great wrong."

"Unquestionably!"

"Connell had now hardly sufficient money to transport his goods and family to the far West, and concluded instead, to invest it in the purchase of a farm some twenty miles from Boston. He went thither, disappointed, discouraged, heart-broken; he had no means of stocking his farm, and could only await the settlement of Mr. Whoop's affairs. In those months of waiting he was led back to his old habits of intemperance, and died a sudden, miserable death. His loss was a temporary relief to his abused wife and neglected children. Mary visited Boston, hoping to sell her property in the farm, but was unsuccessful. She became involved in debt, discouraged, and wretched; the hereditary taint broke forth; she drank first to drown her sorrow, then for love of the excitement; abused her children as their father had abused her; drove them forth as beggars, as her own father had driven her. She owed the world nothing, and seemed willing to pay in its own coin. In this degraded condition she visited me not long since, a stolid expression had settled upon the fresh, pretty face we once admired; her eyes were bleared, her breath tainted with rum; and poor Jemmy who had come to guide his mother's unsteady steps, shrank behind the door ashamed of his tatters."

"Ah, truly time is nothing, except in what we make of it! Not two years have passed since

this young woman, a mark now for the finger of scorn, was a model of cheerful virtue; not two years since Jemmy, a now tattered mendicant, seemed on the sure path to an honorable and even brilliant career."

Two years! And in that time Mr. Whoop was risen from a bankrupt to a wealthy merchant, respected among his peers. Nelly still wears imitation fur, but only because her kind heart refuses to indulge in any luxury which may cause chagrin to those among her friends whose husbands have been less fortunate in braving the present financial crisis.

You may visit her parlor in Park street, and find the lady seated amid all the appliances of wealth, rich carpets, curtains, mirrors, vases and statuary, gilding and flowers, on every side; books in resplendent bindings; children in fine linen and purple gathered about their private governess, or practicing at piano or guitar.

And you may visit a small, dark, noisome basement in another quarter of the city, in that section of North street, known, from the degraded character of its inhabitants, as the "Black Sea," and find Mary Connell—if she be not worse employed—asleep on filthy straw, in the sleep of intoxication. Her ragged children crouch in corners of the earthen floor, and gnaw at bones which the dogs of the wealthy would reject, or they are in the street with Neglect, their only teacher, taking lessons in idleness and crime. What if the taint inherited by these young creatures develop? Whose is the fault?

Will these two women and their offspring—will these two men ever meet in the course of the ages? Will there come a time for reproach and restitution?

It is seldom that what Mr. Whoop would call a "mere failure" develops such startling contrasts of condition as the present, yet many a failure results in as glaring instances of injustice. Let rich men in failing, if they can set aside the tens of thousands against former losses of their own, beware how they also set aside the hundreds that have been earned by harder strain of muscle, and to supply a sorer need. Let them beware lest they bring down a heavier curse that that of the broken-hearted poor!

WOMAN'S TRIUMPH.

CALL me not heartless, man! heartless or cruel,
For scorning the love thou hast proffered me now,
That unmoved to thy words of fond worship I listen,
Nor heed the pale sorrow that blanches thy brow.
For once to my ear was thy voice sweetest music,
Thy glance to my heart sent a tremulous thrill,

But you dared to deride me, to mock at my weakness,
And pride, woman's pride bade its throbbing be still.
Long ago from my heart have I banished thine image,
Long ago learned to feel for thee nothing but scorn,
And the time when my love could to thine have responded
Has passed like a dream I awake from at morn. x. 2.

GRACE ELLERSLIE.

BY EMERET H. SEDGE.

RESPECTABLY graduated from a first-class college, with the last five dollars of my patrimony wherewith to line my pockets. These were my extrinsic advantages, and I enumerated them repeatedly as children count their pennies and misers their gold, with a vague expectation of increasing their possession by the simple process of reckoning. But the bare facts in my case were very rigid, and not at all brilliant. I intended ultimately to study a profession, and would have been glad to commence at once, and make long and hasty strides toward realizing some of those high hopes which kept my brain astir. But as it was, I must advance by a circuitous route, if at all, for I was under the necessity of eating and sleeping, and had no reason to suppose that society would tolerate me in rags or in debt. The first resource of such poor fellows suggested itself to me, and with many grimaces and shrugs, and prolonged whistles, and a fair calculation of other chances, I determined to martyrize myself to a school.

Accordingly, in the course of a few weeks, in the progress of events, and by the favor of several worthy, elderly gentlemen, who were shrewd enough to detect my singular adaptation to the employment, and my peculiar taste for it, I was installed as the head of a private school of young ladies in the flourishing town of Hartgate. Not having attained to a very venerable age, it behooved me to eke out my deficient dignity by a proper and careful attention to externals, therefore I affected delicate whiskers, stiff linen, a gravity of countenance, and a perpendicularity of attitude which would have disguised me from my quondam chum. All this, with the laborious perusal of Blackstone in every interval of leisure, was sufficient to make a model young man of almost any materials, and I believe I was so successful as to approve myself unexceptionably to the "aforesaid" elderly gentlemen, and to acquire by studious vigils a pale and "interesting" aspect. At any rate, the school prospered and was likely to become profitable, and thus for a single individual, at least, it would fulfil its chief end and aim.

One of the most important, though not the most fashionable thoroughfares of Hartgate, was Fleming street. It radiated from the centre of

the town, and with various aspects and characters extended nearly two miles before its crowded buildings melted away into the sparse settlements on the country road. As my school was situated near the rural terminus of this street, and my boarding-place was at an indefinite and vexatious distance toward the interior of the town, I was not long in becoming tolerably well acquainted with the paving-stones, and other prominent features of the scenery which my unceasing daily walk presented. The school, as duly set forth in the advertisement, was located in a genteel district, an adjective which very well described a succession of smart, new houses of somewhat fantastic architecture, surrounded by small, neat yards and thrifty shrubbery, among which were often seen rather noisy and over-dressed women and children, evidently well to do in the world, and not a little engrossed by local and social rivalry. For an interval the street sunk away from this pretension, and groveled and struggled on in ancient and contracted edifices, through unwholesome odors issuing from the low doors of the crowded shops, past multitudinous sign-boards, which evinced strange shifts, and weak, despairing efforts to earn a livelihood, and by many tokens of squalor and discomfort, not quite forsaken of better things, as might be seen by the occasional erection of a substantial block, which plainly indicated that antiquity and poverty were slowly, but surely yielding to masonry and gold. Beyond this forbidding district aristocratic mansions rose in gloomy and imposing array, having doubtless so much joy and comfort within, that there could be nothing but blank dullness left for external show; and these in turn gave way to warehouses and shops, with handsome windows filled with gaudy and costly merchandize, before which women promenaded with beautiful and envious eyes.

Wealth holds many secrets past controversy, though they are not revealed to the street walker, however keen his suspicions or penetrating his gaze; but poverty has but a scant covering for its deformity, and but a thin veil with which to hide its sorrows. The misery on Fleming street would show itself, though not quite reduced to the level of starvation and nakedness. It was not merely the effort to subsist, but to live

decently. It was too often the struggle of humanity which could appreciate something better, which longed to do more than forever solve the problem, "What shall we eat? what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

Thanks to the access of dignity which my vocation had forced upon me, and in part owing to a sympathetic sentiment which was born of a light purse, I was in the habit of noting the slight, but significant indications which hinted at corroding cares, and crushing troubles, and fierce conflicts with destiny, and hoarding them for philosophical comment. From generals it was but short work to descend to particulars, and to choose from among the latter some prominent object of interest.

A little shop, neater and smaller than its neighbors, attracted my attention. It had a marvelously narrow front of only six feet, and of this the window had usurped so much to the prejudice of the door, that you were a wonder to yourself when you had ascended the steep and high steps, and were safely through the limited entrance. The apartment did not acquire any compensation in depth for its contracted breadth, but was abruptly terminated by a thin wainscot, and seemed to be supported in the rear by a room appropriated to domestic uses. Every portion of the premises which could be improved by ordinary industry, witnessed to the labor which had been expended. The glass of the window and show-case was scrupulously clean, the walls were covered with fresh and cheap paper, and the dust, even so close to that turbulent street, could find no resting-place. The articles for sale were a jumble from haberdasheries, millinery establishments, and toy-shops, but all were tasteful, and disposed with a reference to artistic effect in the arrangement of colors and forms, which was an indubitable token of the cultivation and refinement of their owner.

It is possible that these specified excellencies would have obtained little more from me than a passing glance, had not their presiding genius been a young lady of extreme beauty of form and feature, with a high-bred, though subdued elegance of manner, as unsuited to her circumstances as can well be conceived. The humble accessories which surrounded her, and the repulsive vulgarities with which she came into daily contact, instead of dragging her down to their level, only served to throw into conspicuous contrast her gracefulness, and to make more strangely evident the polished accents of her conversation. And over all was thrown the charm of perfect simplicity and unconsciousness,

and a patient sadness that fitted in successive shadows across her sweet face, as it had not been quite able to drive away all the native joyousness of a hopeful disposition, and establish perpetual gloom.

I look back with profound admiration to that facility and hardihood of invention, which devised excuses that enabled me to call at the little shop almost daily after I had discovered the attractions of its keeper. Grace Ellerslie—what a pretty name it seemed! It sounded in my brain like sweet music, unceasingly filling up the interludes of necessary duties. Sometimes it appeared written over scraps of paper on my desk, which had to be watched and destroyed. A degree of enthusiasm is pardonable in a young man who loves for the first time, when especially about the beautiful object of his regard there hangs a certain mystery which delicacy may not probe.

The only friend whom Grace appeared to possess was her father, an aged gentleman of venerable mien, who still retained many tokens of the dignity and physical superiority which must have distinguished the prime of his manhood. His manner and conversation denoted long familiarity with polished and educated circles, but aside from the bare traces of former elevation and prosperity there was little left. He was an old man, broken down in body and spirit, with hope so crushed out of him that he had ceased to wish and to struggle. Listless and melancholy, he went in and out of that circumscribed apartment, wandering with a weariness and dimness most painful to behold. All his remaining vitality was associated with his daughter. Her slightest whisper caught his ear when he was deaf to the uproar of mobs and holidays, and whatever concerned her was certain to be impressed on his consciousness. But that he ever busied his thoughts about her welfare except in an objective and passive way, did not seem evident. Grace cared for the shop and for the meagre domestic world behind it. She was continually sewing on caps and dresses when the occasional customers made no claim on her attention. And though this tireless working early and late was not for a moment suspended, it was plain that destiny had the better of the stern conflict, and that unless it met some new opposing force, would ultimately overcome and destroy its victim.

I believe I was using the last shred of plausibility, which common sense or decency would supply for so doing, when I dropped in to see Grace on a sunny, brisk, autumn morning. She looked pale and sorrowful, and was sewing

intently, though her eye was ever ready to glance at the open book before her. It was Tasso. It so happened that I piqued myself on a practical knowledge of Italian, having studied it under very favorable circumstances in early youth. There was also a large class in my school which advanced with such marked success as to add material distinction to the establishment.

It was impossible to do less than to congratulate Miss Ellerslie on her acquaintance with that beautiful tongue. She at once disclaimed any considerable proficiency in the language, but she had been led to revive her partial familiarity with a study, over which she had once spent many happy hours, by having listened to the conversation of a bevy of my pupils who had been in the shop a few days previously. It irritated her ambition when she fell too far into the background. She said this smiling, but the quick tears gathered in her eyes, and to conceal them she carried a parcel across the room.

The hot blood tingled in my cheeks when I was certain that she knew me, an agreeable fact which no intimations by word or manner had before confirmed. I invited her to join my class, and offered to fix an hour for recitation which would enable her to do so. But there was no time during the day when she could be absent, and besides—she blushed and left the sentence unfinished. It was evident that she must not even incur the slight expenses of such an arrangement. After a moment's embarrassing hesitation I made a plunge.

"I am never surfeited with Italian, and if you will allow me, Miss Ellerslie, it would give me the greatest pleasure to read with you at any hour which may suit your convenience. As you already know me by reputation, I trust my offer will not seem over bold, and that you will accept it as freely as it has been made."

Her eyes sparkled with delight as she gave me permission to call on my return from school, when I should receive her father's decision respecting the proposed arrangement. On being introduced to Mr. Ellerslie, he said that he should be very glad to have Grace amuse herself with her books once more, that he had in vain endeavored to persuade her to resume her old employments, and that he feared she was losing her taste for the elegant pursuits which had formerly been her pride and enjoyment. The simplicity of his decayed intellect was pitiful. I felt my lip quiver, while Grace hardly restrained her emotion. The poor girl was indeed bearing life's burden alone.

The unromantic hour of 8½ A. M., on alternate days, was appointed for the Italian, and

Mr. Ellerslie always sat by the small stove in the corner, or stood looking abstractedly into the street during the reading. It was a very short time and admitted no by-play, especially as Grace was prepared to fill every moment with its legitimate employment. In a little while one half of these precious thirty minutes was devoted to conversation, and never did a forlorn or hopeful lover strive to conquer an obstinate rhythm as did I to make our Italian subservient to our use. The parrot phrases of text-books were discarded, and our usual thoughts were compelled to seek expression in a language, which, thanks to much study, soon became as flexible as could be desired. Thus we talked of books and flowers and pictures, and as our familiarity increased, of more personal matters, of everything indeed but that of which our hearts were the fullest.

My year was almost ended, when I called for Grace on a Sunday morning, according to previous arrangement, and accompanied her to church. It was the first time for various reasons that I had ventured on such a step. She was handsomely attired in a suit which had certainly belonged to more prosperous times, and which fashion had not yet condemned. I shall never forget how beautiful she looked that day. I read with her from the same prayer-book, and listened to the same sermon, but if her thoughts did not rise higher from the earth than mine, her devotion had no wings. We took a very long way homeward through elegant, shaded streets, and past lovely gardens, and before the walk was ended, we had both said words whose sweetness can only be tasted once in its prime, words which placed her little hand within my arm, and which opened up to us a future as bright as ever two young, loving hearts looked into. I was to be her protector henceforth, and I was strong and not without resources.

The partial indisposition of Mr. Ellerslie on the succeeding days, prevented the formal application for his daughter's hand, which was to have been made. Grace and I were doubly busy with our respective duties. I could only see her by snatches, but it was enough for me that she was recovering that bright hopefulness which must have belonged to her better days. What they had been I did not know, and never inquired. She was alone, and I was alone, and our future was independent of any modification by antecedents, therefore it was but wasted time to discuss them. My school closed, and I was forced to leave town immediately, in order to fulfill an engagement which had been made for the vacation with some advantageous prospects. Still Mr. Ellerslie continued invisible, and Grace

and I parted after I had slipped half my salary into her hand, never staying to hear her thanks or refusal. I wrote frequently to Grace, but was not able to make any arrangement that would bring certain replies, as I drifted from city to city impelled by circumstances which could not be foreseen. Only one little note, in elegant Italian, reached me, which contained no news.

At the end of two months, with indescribable impatience, I made my way back to Hartgate, and being confident of the countenance of several ladies of great wealth and high position, whose partial favor toward me had evidenced every token of sincerity, I was absorbed with a plan which should ensure to Grace ease and leisure until her life's home could be prepared to receive her. Did you ever fall from heaven to earth, from secure bliss to harrowing uncertainties and fears? Then your sympathy will be accorded me.

Scarcely waiting an instant at the Station House to shake off a thick coating of dust, which, disguised both complexion and apparel, I made my impetuous way up Fleming street. It was the last seething hot day of summer. The sidewalk swarmed with motley groups, a few well dressed strollers, sweltering laborers, dirty and sportive children; noise, and bustling, and dust, and flies, and intolerable sunshine. "Grace, Grace, how have you lived?" was my involuntary exclamation, as I paused at the door, and instinctively pulled at a shocking collar and cravat. But what a change! The threshold and window were besmeared with stains, abominable odors of hot fat and smoked herring rushed in my face, and the stunning effects of parental discipline made all ring again. I darted backward into the street, and being assured that I had not mistaken the number nor the spot, entered once more the repulsive apartment. It had become debased to the uses of the most paltry of pastry cooks. The show-case was broken, and the flies and wasps gorged themselves on unctuous cakes and adhesive sugar, or elsewhere met their fate in jugs of lukewarm beer or thin treacle. In expectation of a customer, a fat, good-natured woman made her appearance. Not many or irrelevant were the words which disclosed my errand. "La! are you Mr. Rowland? Well, I'm dreadful sorry, but I had a letter for you, and to make all sure and no mistake, I put it on the mantel-tree-piece in my best vase where I keeps my ear-rings, but he who never minds women's trumpery, as he calls 'em, tore it up for a pipe lighter afore I had a chance to know it, and so that's gone."

"But where are Mr. and Miss Ellerslie?"

"He died of the hot weather, and so on. There was a dreadful thunder-storm that night, and Miss called me in to help—I lived in the alley just back o' here—and I shan't soon forget how wet I got, for I must needs put on my baregown, they being rather high sort o' people, and——"

"What has become of Miss Ellerslie?" exclaimed I, in an agony of impatience. It is folly to narrate the tedious rigmarole which informed me slowly and imperfectly enough, that not long before Mr. Ellerslie's death, a respectable gentleman, who had highly recommended himself to the class of people forming the immediate neighborhood by a lavish expenditure of gold, arrived, and that immediately on the occurrence of that event he departed, taking with him the relics of the deceased and Grace. But it was not known whence he came, or whither he went. No one recollected if his residence had been mentioned, much less any farther particulars. Neither had the direction of the train which bore him from the city been remembered, even if it had been known. My own feelings were such as might be expected, as during the following week I exhausted every means of information relative to Grace without any consistent results. It was not very encouraging to learn from one person that he had travelled eastward, and to be confidently assured by another that the opposite course had been taken. Waiting, that most dreadful of all alternatives in some cases, was alone left me, while discursive conjectures, now harrowing and again hopeful, according to my mood, busied my weary brain. The past was my only trust, but it brought nothing to the purpose, and indeed contributed to make matters still more unpromising.

To remain in Hartgate seemed my best and only course, if I would be within surest reach of the least sign of the existence and locality of my lost one, and even this poor hope was to be torn from me by an event which it was inexcusable folly and improvidence to contravene. A communication arrived from New York, purporting to be from a former friend of my father, who had incidentally become acquainted with my ambitious desire to prosecute my legal studies, and with the embarrassments which impeded my advance. He was himself a lawyer, possessing a highly respectable business, but desirous, on account of approaching age, to find relief from the more laborious duties of his office. He was pleased to allude to the favorable estimation in which he had been induced to consider me, not only in consequence of personal

encomium, but because of my descent from the most excellent of men, and he was obligingly confident, that in case I was disposed to make the trial, there would be no cause of dissatisfaction on his part. He desired I would inform him by letter if I would be in New York on a certain day, and meet him in a specified corner of Taylor's Saloon, where all preliminaries should at once be settled and an arrangement negotiated.

I was not insensible to the consideration—that so favorable an offer might not be repeated in a life-time, and that not even my devotion to Miss Ellerslie's fortune should deter me from entering a direct and certain avenue to reputable emolument, by which, in time, I might reasonably hope to benefit her, if it were not madness to expect ever to cross her pathway again. A more disinterested motive referring to my whilom chum influenced me. He was a clever, good-natured, luckless fellow, who never essayed to raise his foot until some one told him where to put it down. Having been the genius and wit of his class, he had entered life buoyed up by no ordinary inflation, expecting to sail high above those rough and disagreeable obstacles which must be laboriously surmounted by grosser spirits, but a year's profitless practicing had nearly starved the inspiration out of him, and he was only too glad to take the place which I was about to vacate. I confided to him the particulars of my romance, and solemnly charged him to watch over its interests, a service he cheerfully assumed. It then occurred to me that it was indispensable duty and caution on my part, which had everything to do with his success in a novel position, to exhort him to restrain his rhyming tendencies, and that concealing his facetiousness and sentiment, he should appear to his scholars and their lynx-eyed guardians as a mere linguistic, mathematical and philosophical abstraction, and that in other particulars he should practice certain trifling reforms.

"And find compensation by falling in love with a pretty, episodic shop girl, who comes out of the mist to go into the darkness. I cherish your counsels and mark your example, oh, Solomon," returned my friend, and giving me a final hand grasp, left me to go my way.

Punctually to a minute I was at the appointed rendezvous, and Mr. Worth, my benefactor, being equally ready, we advanced to the particularized spot at the same instant. My promptness evidently gratified him, and seizing me by the hand he scrutinized me from head to foot, while he conducted the usual conventional inquiries, and

seemed to discover nothing which displeased him, or disappointed his expectations. My own observation was likewise satisfactory.

My new friend had past middle-age, but was still hale and vigorous, and bore about his person every mark of prosperity. That neither success nor the world had spoiled him was sufficiently demonstrated by the benignity of his handsome countenance, and by a gentle and manly consideration for the minor points of my welfare, which so quickly touch a lonely and troubled heart. When he found on inquiry that I had but just arrived in the city, and that my appointment had not left me time to dine, he smilingly ordered a profuse and delicate repast, and caressing his gold-headed cane entered at once on the business in hand. Before the viands were disposed of, we had arrived at a full understanding respecting our mutual wishes and intentions. Mr. Worth made stipulations which at once ensured me, in conjunction with the practice of the economic virtues, an honorable independence. I had every reason for self-congratulation on my business prospects. It only remained for me to prove that I could deserve good fortune.

A year passed away in arduous and successful study without any event deserving remark, save that it was unchangeably overshadowed by my profound ignorance of the welfare of Grace. In vain I wrote to my chum at Hartgate; in vain, to ease the indescribable restlessness which would occasionally seize me, I journeyed thither in person. No one sinking in mid-ocean ever left so little trace behind him, as had Grace on her departure from Hartgate. My cogitations were not enviable. Had she forgotten me, or was she in the power of a wealthy and haughty relative or friend, who had taught or compelled her to renounce an alliance with a young man who possessed little save unbounded hope and a strong will? Why else did she give me no sign or token? Had she been waiting for an answer to that letter so unfortunately and hopelessly destroyed? Could she have made conditions there on which depended our fate, and given me up because I was silent? Last, but greatest of all, was she happy? These, with multitudinous kindred thoughts, feverishly wrought in my dreams by day and in the visions of the night. Sleeplessness often made me pale and haggard, and my patron cautioned me against too often trimming the midnight lamp, but anxiety quickened my intellect, and I was able at the worst to bend it to severe labor.

As has been said, a year had past. It was on a gloomy autumn evening that I lingered in the deserted office. The wind soughed through the

court, and wailed past the great windows, but a stronger cry rose from my deepest heart. Never before had I been so utterly miserable. Mr. Worth had that day been unusually kind, had spoken words of the highest approval, and made proposals which I had no reason to expect even from his partiality. But to what end was I living and toiling? The young heart cannot ask another question so bitter, when it listens vainly for a reply. A conviction of duty would not permit of my deviating from the course of life marked out for me; but the dearest hope had died within me, and it did not seem wrong to employ an occasional twilight in sighing a requiem.

On that evening, to my surprise, Mr. Worth entered the office. He usually went up town at an early hour.

"I just met our boy on Broadway," he remarked, "who told me that you were here, and that you had a grim way of amusing yourself after the rest of us are gone. Now that boy is as afraid of the dark as he is of Apollyon, and his superstition is affected by your late and solitary contemplation in this gloomy place. He suspects ghosts, and I know not what beside, and has confided to me his opinion that all is not right with you. I couldn't believe you were here. 'Tisn't a place to be merry in, and it injures your spirits, and in turn your health, to grow moody. You are overworked. Ah, take care!" Mr. Worth had stumbled against a stool in the uncertain light. "You must seek amusement. Go to the theatre, it won't hurt you. Young folks should be merry."

I said some despairing, mournful words which would not be repressed, and Mr. Worth was my best friend.

"Trouble, eh? Not the hyp, as I was afraid. We can manage a case that has point and substance. Tell me what it is, my boy, and we'll see what can be done."

His gentle hand rested on my bowed head, and his kindly voice rung in my ear, and it was no wonder that I opened my heart and told him my short and sad history.

"It doesn't look very encouraging," he replied, in his cheery way. "I'm sorry you are disposed to brood over this trouble. I was in love once but got over it, and so should you. I wish I could see a way to help you. At any rate, you should make the best of it. If she can't be found, you must learn to resign her, and for your comfort the sooner the better. I regret, my dear boy, that your thoughts are thus pre-occupied, for I had certain intentions in your behalf. I have a niece as beautiful, I dare

say, as your lost fancy, and I have been saving her for the best fellow I know. She is a pearl, my boy, and it is my chief wish to see her your wife."

"I beg your pardon," I instantly cried, "but I cannot marry her."

"Not at present," he returned, "not while your regrets are so vivid, but in time you will think differently."

I almost despised the man who made this cool calculation, and fearlessly exclaimed at any risks, "My dear sir, as I have not the honor of an acquaintance with your niece, and as consequently my declaration cannot be accused of offensive personality, I must be permitted to say emphatically that I cannot accept the connection you propose, and shall not. My reasons you know."

I paused shocked at my boldness, fully expecting to be set unceremoniously adrift upon the world. But Mr. Worth quietly remarked that he was sorry to find me so positive, and yet he could appreciate constancy and decision. However, if he must give up his darling project, he would try to do so cheerfully, but still could not willingly see me sacrifice myself to a sentiment, dear as it might be to me, and added his recommendation that I should go into society. He would introduce me, and he begged I would not suffer any embarrassment arising from the premature and unguarded disclosure of his wishes to deter me from coming to his house, and finally requested that I would not refuse him permission to send his carriage for me that very evening. He expressed regret that he had been so dilatory in offering me his hospitality. I could not repulse his friendship, and besides it would be an event in my retired life to spend an hour in his handsome residence, the fame of which shed its glories over our office; and as for the niece, my thoughts were too greatly engrossed to suffer the slightest discomposure from the fairest lady in the universe were she not my Grace.

The luxurious carriage ceased its heavy roll before a superb mansion towering upward through the gloom of night in indistinct and grand proportions. Mr. Worth met me at the threshold, and conducted me to a spacious drawing-room filled with miracles of upholstery and art. My host immediately excused himself, and I sunk down upon the silken cushions, and was busy during his absence drinking in the beauty which surrounded me, tracing the delicate harmonies of form and tint, and noting how they successfully combined to form a distinguished and pleasing result. My eye roved listlessly about,

and was caught at last by the figure of a beautiful woman who stood hesitating in the doorway. I somewhat absently noted the fine effect of her lustrous silk against her fair complexion, when quicker than flashing light every pulse stopped beating, then hurried so tumultuously that I could not think. I sprang to my feet and rushed to the door with outstretched arms. "Grace, my lost Grace!" and the dear one hid her smiles, and tears, and blushes on my heart.

How long we stood there I cannot tell, but the trance was broken by a stern voice which said, "No familiarities, if you please, sir. You have formally declined the hand of my niece, and I wish your conduct to be in keeping with your positive asseverations."

Grace, startled and bewildered by what she had heard, sprang from my arms and stood by her uncle.

"That's right, girl, have some spirit," said Mr. Worth, while his laughter echoed through the house.

"I have changed my intention," replied I, too happy to be abashed, and, approaching Grace, led her to a seat beside me.

Then succeeded explanations. Mr. Ellerslie had married the sister of Mr. Worth, and lived for many years in the enjoyment of wealth and

prosperity. The sad day came when his wife died, and his riches departed from him by a series of unfortunate and aggravating events. He was too proud to bear the humiliation of poverty and dependence among his former equals, and he accordingly hid himself in Hartgate. His caution baffled search, and not till he saw that his immediate dissolution was certain, did he send for his brother-in-law, to whom he desired to entrust his daughter.

"Then I am indebted to Grace for your unequalled kindness," said I, to Mr. Worth, as I clasped the hand of his niece.

"Yes, but I presume you are not ready to thank me for concealing her a twelvemonth. I did it only to ascertain what stuff you were made of, and if you had not proved yourself a true man, you should never have seen her."

Grace shuddered at the thought of this horrible possibility; and if it was my good deeds which saved me, never did a human being experience a deeper consciousness of the blessed results of well doing than I at that moment.

In a few months I entered the bar, and on the same day formed a business co-partnership with my esteemed friend, Mr. Worth, and the next week I was married.

TO A ROBIN.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Sing, sing! joyous bird, in the bright morning sun,
Sing, for the reign of stern Winter is done;
Pour forth all thy gladness in strains wild and free,
And I will rejoice in the Spring-time with thee.
My own heart like thine, joyous bird, has been chilled,
My song like thine own has been saddened and stilled,
But now we together in concert will sing
A thanksgiving song for the coming of Spring.
Up, up! through the sunlight, sweet warbler, mount high,
And carol thy praises in fields of the sky!

Oh! could I but soar through the azure with thee,
On pinions as buoyant, as happy and free.
Human passions disturb not thy innocent breast,
Nor cares such as ours thy spirits oppress,
Cold friends never wound thee, nor false ones deceive,
Then sing, happy bird, and leave mortals to grieve.
Thou hast gone from my sight, pretty creature of air,
And hast wiled from my heart half its dull weight of care;
Thanks, thanks to His goodness who taught thee to sing
That free, happy strain, sweetest warbler of Spring.

OLD SONGS.

BY MISS ELIZABETH MILLER.

Sing me the songs I used to love,
In other, happier days;
My thoughts return, howe'er they rove,
To those sweet, olden lays.
Though some, that oft with us of old
Have sung these ballads o'er,
Lie still and cold, beneath the mould,
And join our songs no more.

Yet sing them once again, sweet friend,
Those songs we loved to hear;
And then, perchance, with them may blend
Lost tones of pleasant cheer.
Oh! if 'tis true, as some declare,
The angels guard our way
With loving care, those friends so fair
May join our song to-day.

PRIDE AND PRINCIPLE.

BY B. SIMON BARRETT.

I WAS returning home after an absence of eight years; returning to the home of my childhood. The lumbering coach that bore me rapidly along, was already entering the little village where I was born, where I had received the first important principles of an education, where I had sported many a happy childhood's hour, and where I had first learned to love.

Yes, to love the prettiest, merriest, and proudest maiden in all the village—"not wisely, but too well." She rejected my suit; she had higher aspirations. It was true she liked me very well—it might be, loved me, but—I was not rich; and she was proud and haughty, as well as beautiful. Yet she was, indeed, kind and charitable; she did not reject my offer disdainfully; but seemed to study some method by which her irrevocable reply might give me no pain.

I did not question her motives; I knew them too well, and then and there I resolved that if health should be spared me, I would depart at once from my native village, and some day return a wealthy man—not again to urge my suit, not even to claim her as a friend or acquaintance, unless it should be her express desire; for I too had a proud spirit, and could never condescend to plead with a woman.

All these thoughts passed rapidly through my mind as I neared my father's cottage; and I rejoiced to think that in part my purpose had been accomplished. I was rich; rich even beyond the fastidious requisitions of Isabel Hayne; richer than her father had ever been; and yet my stern resolve had seen no change.

I met my father, now silver-haired with age. My mother had been lying in her silent, narrow home for nearly two years. My sister, my only sister, whom I fondly hoped to meet, was married, and had gone to a distant place to dwell. The spirit of change had breathed upon every dear and familiar object. The houses, the fences were mouldering away. I met the companions of my youth, who welcomed me back with smiles which seemed the distorted mockery of the smiles that lit up their happy faces in my boyhood's days. They were growing old.

Yet some seemed apparently no older than when I had seen them eight years before.

I did not meet Miss Hayne; nor did I even inquire about her. She had probably gone away; or, what was quite as probable, her father might have become so wealthy that she no longer moved in the village society. Perhaps she was married, and was living in some other place. What was she to me that I should spend a thought in speculation as to the cause of her invisibility? And yet I could not efface her image from my mind. If ever in distant lands I had succeeded in my efforts to banish her from my memory, I could not do so now. The association of home and familiar scenes brought back the recollection of happy days, and her name—her form, just as she appeared to me then—was indispensably necessary to complete the picture which fancy painted me.

There was a social gathering at a friend's, but she was not there. Why should I look so anxiously about, hoping and yet fearing to encounter her beautiful face? Why could I not forget her at once, and forever?

Some one mentioned her name. "Why was she not there?"

"She does not go out now since their misfortune."

"What a pity! Poor Hayne! They say that she supports him by teaching."

"Yes; she is engaged in the district just beyond the village. It will be a severe and humiliating lesson to her; she was very proud."

I must confess I was interested, and desired to know more, much more; but I asked no question; I could not forget the past.

Not long after this I learned that the Hayne estate, which had passed into the hands of some Eastern speculator, was again for sale. I purchased it, having no definite purpose in view, unless it was the thought that it would make a comfortable residence for my father in his declining years, since his own cottage was fast going to decay. I at once set about repairing the large mansion on the Hayne farm, for that too had felt the mouldering touch of time; and for that purpose I frequently drove out to watch and direct the operations of the laborers.

I was one day driving leisurely along, when I espied at some distance before me an old man, bent with age, and groping his tedious way along

the road. Presently he sat down by the roadside to rest, and when I came up I offered him a seat in the buggy.

"Never mind," he said, "it is only a little way that I have to go; just to yonder school-house on the hill-top. I go there sometimes when the days are pleasant like this, to meet my daughter and accompany her home from school. She is the teacher, you know."

I disregarded his refusal of my offer, and sprang out of the carriage, extending him my hand to assist him to a seat, as though I thought it a matter of course that he would ride.

"Well, well; since you wish it, I will go with you. There are not many that are kind to the old man now. I am not what I was six years ago: I was a rich man then—very rich; but speculation did the mischief. See yonder house, just beyond the school; it was mine. Ah! it was a happy home, but it can never be mine again."

And thus he babbled on; for the infirmities of age, prematurely induced by his misfortunes, had rendered him garrulous. He was indeed changed; for among all I had seen since my return home, not one had grown so old as he. He did not recognize me; and as I drove slowly along, very slowly—for he said many things that were interesting to me—I learned more of his circumstances, and of the sacrifices, concessions, efforts and filial affection of his daughter Isabel—the name affected me, I will confess it—than I had previously ascertained.

I had often passed the school-house, as it was directly on my way to the farm, but had never before caught a sight of the fair teacher. As we now approached, I observed the scholars rushing from the door, and before we drove up, she, herself, emerged and stood before us.

"Ah, Isabel, this kind gentleman urged me to ride in his carriage, and I want you to thank him in my behalf, because you do not know how much it has rested me."

If I had remained unrecognized by the father, I could not escape the searching glance of the daughter. Her quickly changing color indicated at once that she knew, or at least suspected who I was. I turned around my carriage, sprang out and offered to assist her in, saying,

"Permit me, Miss Hayne—your father is fatigued, and I will drive you to your home—I shall have ample time to attend to my other business afterward."

She stammered some excuse; but I insisted upon her riding, and had the satisfaction of seeing her yield.

For a moment I gave myself up to the happy

memories of the past. I was again beside the only being I had ever loved; I felt the rustle of her dress against my hand, and notwithstanding my exterior coldness and assumed formality, I could not suppress the tumult within.

Isabel was little changed; but changed much for the better. The haughty belle had become the beautiful Madonna. She was pensive, sad. But little was said during our homeward drive, except that which was uttered by the talkative old gentleman. Isabel said nothing. What a strange meeting!—had I been an entire stranger, as Mr. Hayne supposed me, it could scarcely have been different. She did, indeed, smile when I lifted her from the buggy; then lisped, "Thank you;" then blushed; then paled again. Mr. Hayne cordially invited me to revisit their humble cottage, and solicited the honor of knowing my name.

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed; "is this indeed our old friend Temple's son? and returned rich too, they say. God grant you may make good use of your money; but be warned by an old man and make no rash venture. Here, Isabel, daughter! Did you not know this gentleman? This is Harry Temple. You surely cannot have forgotten him."

"I scarcely recognized him," she replied, somewhat confused, as she returned from the cottage to lead her invalid father into the house. "I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you here again, Mr. Temple."

It was the same sweet voice as of old, tempered by charity, humility, and affliction; and softened by the influence of religion and filial affection.

I pondered well the circumstances. Should I yield to the yearnings of my heart? Should I again offer my hand, perhaps to be repulsed? Perhaps she would not, a second time, reject my offer. I was now rich, and she poor. It would be no sacrifice of principle on my part to offer to wed the poor school-teacher, although I had determined never to renew my suit with the wealthy heiress. It might have been destiny that decided her to reject my first offer; for had she not done so, I never would have left home and friends to wander in foreign climes in pursuit of wealth. I might at this very day have been groveling in abject poverty, I would have been utterly unable to restore the old man and his daughter to their old homestead, as I now fondly hoped to do. Yes, indeed; pride was conquered, and the principle which had never been quite extinguished within me, but against which I had battled with might for eight years, at length triumphed.

I visited their cottage repeatedly, and assured myself that the change in Isabel's character, disposition and manner was deep and radical. She no longer had high aspirations; her only thought was the comfort of her doting old father.

At length I offered my hand again, and this time I felt no scruples about urging my suit, since matters occupied quite a different position from that of former years.

I cannot tell you how happy I was when I pressed her to my bosom, and knew that she was to be mine. If I had loved her in her pride, and desired to make her my wife, how much more I loved her now in her humility when I knew that I could protect her, and restore her and her dear, old father to their home again! I was indeed happy when I saw her shed such copious tears of joy. Ah, thought I, this retaliation, this happiness for unhappiness is sweet both to the donor and the recipient.

THE SONG OF THE SNOW..

BY HELEN M. EARLE.

Down, down,
From the far blue sky,
On the wings of the wind
As it glideth by;
We come to change
Earth's sombre gown
Of russet brown
For one more strange,
More beautiful far,
In a robe of white
She'll be decked to-night,
And gems shall rest
On her spotless breast,
That in splendor would rival a star,
In this gorgeous array
At break of day,
The rising sun
His rays shall fling
O'er the lovely bride
Of the Winter King.

But little ye think who dwell below,
As ye watch the snow,
And little ye know
Of the changes and places we've wandered through,
Ere in such fair form
We come to you.

Our native home
Was the ocean's foam,
And 'mid coral groves and jeweled caves
Way down where the fathomless ocean laves
The walls of our beauteous dome,
We chased the mermaid, and followed the sprite
By the path of light
That marked their way through the deep;
Or perchance in repose,
At the bright day's close,
We would gaze at the Queen of the Night;
Careering in blue
With her retinue
Of stars so gorgeously fair,
And sometimes we would weep
As we thought of the places far, far on high,
A way through the ocean of air,
That could only be viewed by immortal eye.
But this same beauteous Queen
(Quite sincerely, I ween,)

Beckoned always "to come up on high,"

And a fair tale she told
Of the things she'd unfold
When we came to the far distant sky.

With this plausible tale
She would always assail,
Till at length one bright even
Up toward the blue Heaven

We rose on the wings of the wind,
And when evening's first star
Shone out from afar,
Old ocean was far, far behind.

But fair Luna that night
Gleamed not on our sight,
Velled in clouds was her beautiful face;

And we wandered in fear
Through the dark, chilly air,
Till we entered some dismal cold place;
And ere we were aware
Of the deeply laid snare,

Boreas his cold robe did throw
Around us, and o'er us,
Behind us, before us,

And changed one and all into snow;
When the morning's first light
Next broke on our sight,
Delighted we gazed on our fair robes of white,

We went dancing at will
Through bright regions as still
As the moonbeams that shine through the soft Summer
night.

Now we're journeying home
From the sky's fair blue dome—
The earth we'll adorn
For her bridal morn

In a robe of the loveliest sheen;
Then quietly, peacefully sinking to rest,
We'll wake up the flowers asleep in her breast—
The Crocus—the Snow-drop—the Primrose of gold—
The Hyacinth—all their fair leaves shall unfold;

And soon night's fair Queen—
When the Spring cometh on
With its soft, balmy hours,
From her throne shall look down
On the earth, clad in flowers.

CATHARINE LINCOLN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116.

CHAPTER XIII.

A YEAR had passed, a long, terrible year, whose records were better left to perish, silently.

The early summer brightened once again over the old house, and, as of yore, May Lincoln sat on the vine-wreathed terrace, and watched the sun go down behind its temple aisles of blue and gold. She was changed—almost sixteen now—poor little May—grown womanly and tall, with a sort of anxious shadow dimming the tranquil beauty of her face. She was looking down the long avenue dreamily and still, and saw Robert Lincoln riding toward the house.

"May, dear May! I have not seen you in such an age; oh, how you are grown, May! you look pale too."

"You almost frightened me, Robert, that is all."

"But you are glad to see me—say that you are glad?"

"Always, Robert, always!"

"And Mrs. Davenant, she is well? Have you seen your guardian lately?"

"Not for several weeks. I am expecting him and—"

She broke off with a little shiver, growing red and pale.

"You certainly are not well, May! They leave you here too much alone, you ought to have more society."

"Oh, I don't mind; I like the quiet, I am used to it you know."

"But you were not used to wear that dreary sort of look—I don't like it—something is the matter, May."

"When I tell you no, Robert! But come into the house, Mrs. Davenant will be delighted to see you back."

"Not just yet, May—come down to the arbor with me first—don't you remember the last time we sat there, when I read you Walter Seaford's poems?"

She started, drew a little back, looking at him with an eager, inquiring expression.

"Don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes, yes—it is so long ago."

"Then you have missed me—thanks for that."

He took her hand and led her gently down the steps toward the arbor, where they had sat that pleasant summer evening, which seemed to May so far back in the past.

May was not looking at her companion, or she might have seen that he had put off the usual gaiety which made his face so buoyant and light-hearted, seemed serious, almost sad.

"I like so much to find myself here once more," he said, looking around, "after all, this seems to me the only happy valley."

May smiled, growing glad again as she looked in his face and met the glance of those clear, honest eyes.

"Now you look like yourself; I know you once more."

"Did you fancy me changed?"

"Changed—that dreadful word! No, I could never fancy that! Oh, May, not that! See, I want to talk to you, I came here on purpose."

"What do you mean, Robert? It is you who look serious!"

"I was thinking how happy we had been here."

"And did that make you serious?"

"No, no! But I remember that we had left all that far behind—you are almost a woman now."

"I am sorry, Robert, I wish we could be children again, there never will be any happiness like that."

"But there will, May, if you choose to seek it! I don't want to be a child again—I am glad that you are grown up; there is something I have wanted to say to you for such a long, long time, and I never could!"

A womanly consciousness came over her, she looked down, blushing, but happy, forgetful of everything in the pleasant sound of his voice.

"I love you, May, and I think you love me; we are both very young yet, but I want your promise, that as soon as your guardian will consent, you will marry me."

Those words broke the spell—May snatched away the hands which he had been holding, looked into his face with a frightened gaze, striving in vain to speak.

"May, May, what ails you? You are not angry—you do love me—say that this does not come from the thought of being my wife."

She dropped her poor head upon the gestic bench, and hid her face with a burst of low weeping.

"I can't, I can't!" she moaned; "oh, Robert, I am married already!"

He regarded her in incredulous astonishment, but she still concealed her face in her shining hair, weeping silently as before.

"You must be crazy, May; don't talk such nonsense! I could not jest about a thing like that."

"Jest! Does it look as if I were jesting?" She threw back her hair and raised her head, "I tell you that I am married, Robert."

He grew pale and sick, there was that in her face which made him feel that something terrible had happened, but his clear, acute sense refused to credit the tale he had just heard.

"Tell me all about it, May, I must understand everything."

"Do not ask me, I can tell you nothing! I have already broken my word in saying this," she answered, sobbing again.

"I tell you what it is, May Lincoln," exclaimed Robert, flushing with indignation, "if you don't tell me, word for word, all about this confounded mystery, I'll make it worse for those who have brought this on you! Now you are not married. Don't tell me that, for I won't believe it, you have taken an oath or some such thing, but that is all."

"I tell you, Robert, that I am married!"

He sprang up, as if he would have stood between her and some great danger, while his truthful face flushed and paled between a stern indignation and a great sorrow.

"To whom, May, to whom?"

"You must ask nothing more!"

"Don't be silly, I will know everything! Is it your guardian—Jeffrys, has he dared?"

"No, no, not he!"

"Who then, tell me, I will know! Where is he? When were you married?"

May only shook her head in answer to his rapid questions.

"I'll find out some way of getting to the bottom of this affair," he exclaimed, rushing out of the arbor, "I will, by heaven!"

"Stop, Robert, stop—come back—do, oh, do!"

He paused at the wild entreaty in her voice, returned and sat down by her again.

"Then tell me all about it! Does Mr. Jeffrys know of it?"

"I will not say another word until you promise me to do nothing—never even to speak of it to any human being until I have given you permission."

"I promise—yes—who, who?"

"Do you remember those poems that we read?"

"It is Walter Seaford—great heaven!"

"Don't grieve, Robert! I didn't know—I hardly understood—it is a year ago—I was so young! We were married, and then he went away, I have never seen him since."

"Where is he now?"

"I do not even know—he has not once written! Oh, Robert, pity me!"

"Do you love him, May?"

"I have only seen him once or twice! I did not feel unwilling—I did not think much about it until lately, and now——"

She bowed her head for a moment, and the hot tears poured scalding upon Robert's hands.

"Don't cry, May, something can be done! Perhaps the marriage was not legal?"

"I have seen the certificate—I know the clergyman's name."

"Curse them!—I see it all—it was for the money—it was your fortune tempted them."

"Not my guardian—oh, no—I will never believe it! He thought that Mr. Seaford loved me, I know he did."

Robert shook his head.

"You are so innocent, so unsuspecting; poor little May! Oh! God will punish them for this crime, if it be out of the power of man. But there is a way—there must be—you were so young——"

"I will do nothing, Robert, nothing! Perhaps he will never come back."

"And you will wear out your youth awaiting his return! No, by heaven, that you shall not do! I cannot think yet, my head will be clearer by and by—there is some plot and treachery here."

"None, none! My guardian thought Seaford loved me—it may be that he believed so himself."

"May, you drive me frantic! I don't know what thing—what to do. Heaven help me, I am very, very wretched!"

There was a sudden noise of wheels, and May sprang up looking toward the house which was visible, though the arbor itself was hidden from view.

"It is my guardian—it is Mr. Jeffrys."

"I can't see him—I should tear his heart out on the spot! Good bye, May, I will come again, kiss me once, just once, at least I can be your brother still!"

She felt his arms tighten about her waist, the touch of his lips warm upon her cheek, and he was gone.

The next thing she heard was her own name several times pronounced, it was her guardian's voice. She tried to move forward, but before she could leave the arbor, Mr. Jeffrys entered it, pale and convulsed with some strong emotion.

"Come with me, May, quick!"

"What has happened—what is it?"

"Your husband is in America!"

She fell down with a cry.

"This is no time for tears or words, May, you must go."

"To him—go to him!"

"Only for a few moments—go to curse—to hate him as I do—yes, as I do!"

"I cannot move—I shall die, oh, I shall die!"

He raised her up, helped her toward the house.

"Your bonnet—a shawl—anything! We have only time for the train—be quick!"

"He here—here!"

"Yes, and—but hasten! We will see who shall conquer—only come, May, come!"

CHAPTER XIV.

We must go back to other characters in our story, and events which transpired a few weeks previous to those related in the last chapter.

Catharine Lincoln had returned to Paris at the close of that year which we left without record. She had been for many months in the north of Europe—she felt a sense of relief in the companionship of nature and the awful solitude of those mountain passes. How the days dragged on perhaps she herself could hardly have told. For a season she was ill, watched and tended by her faithful Janet, the companion of her wanderings. At length her very misery forced her into action, and once more she took up her pen. Even in that hour she did not once pray for death, believing that the time would come when for the sake of him she had so loved her life would be valuable. Not that she dreamed of happiness—the thought was resolutely put away, and could no more have found a resting-place in her upright heart than the premeditation of a great crime, but there might be a day when he would have need of her, and she must live on. Whither Seaford had gone she knew

not—there had been no communication between them since that parting in the valley of Chamouni—but she felt that he was yet alive, maddened perhaps and desperate beneath the long night through which she still looked up to heaven, though no star broke the impenetrable darkness which enveloped her.

He was living still, that she knew. Was he with May? No, that she felt to be impossible, then she remembered all that the child herself might be enduring—her little May, whom she had prayed to and blessed as an angel in heaven! Even her she could not seek—there was a barrier between them impassable as that which separated her from Seaford. There was no help, no hope, nothing only to endure, to bear on unto the end and trust in the mercy of God.

The days passed in her northern dwelling; she was not waiting or expecting anything, but she felt that the end was not yet, she was to meet Seaford once more; how or when she knew not, but she was to look upon his face again this side eternity.

The year ended, and she returned to Paris, not for herself, but to make some settlements for her faithful Janet, in case that her own death should occur unexpectedly.

One evening she felt unusually depressed, and a strange sort of anxiety came over her, for which she was unable to account. She could almost have believed that something was about to happen; formerly those presentiments had never failed to be the premonition of some ill tidings, but what could occur now—even death to herself or the one afar could have nothing of terror in it.

As she sat there the door opened, and a visitor entered. Janet was out, and Catharine had not even given orders to deny callers, believing that her arrival in Paris was unknown to her acquaintances. She looked up, not even surprised or moving from her seat—nothing startled her now.

She recognized the intruder—it was Duval.

"Are you surprised to see me, Mrs. Graham?" he said, advancing toward her.

"No," and she motioned him to a seat; "I believe almost I was expecting you."

"I meant you to be so."

"Then you still exercise your inexplicable power over the minds of all whom you approach?"

"Even more than formerly!" He brushed his hair back from his veined forehead, and fastened his burning eyes upon her face. "You are troubled to-night! You do not know the cause?"

"There can be none—nothing can trouble me now."

"One thing might."

"What do you mean? What have you heard?"

"Where is Seaford?"

"That is it! he is ill."

"I believe it," returned Duval.

"But I do not know where he is!"

"America—he sailed not long since."

"I must go too—I will leave to-morrow."

"You are right—I came for that—farewell!"

He left the room. Catharine hardly perceived his absence, she only knew that the time had come. Stronger ever came back that strange thrill! She knew what it portended—it was a warning—Seaford had need of her!

Catharine trusted so implicitly to that pre-sentiment and to Duval's words, that on the morrow she sailed, following in the track of him for whom she had lived and suffered so long.

In a chamber of the hotel at which he had descended on landing, Walter Seaford lay feeble and wasted from a long protracted illness.

The past year had changed him so much that he was scarcely to be recognized. He lay back upon his pillows, with his hair falling in damp masses over his forehead—the temples hollow, and the eyes beneath burning with an unnatural brilliancy, which gave sure evidence of the disease that preyed upon his frame.

He had landed only the day before, and was not yet able to quit his chamber, or even the bed upon which he had thrown himself for a little rest.

As he looked back upon the past year, he believed that he had been wholly mad—the fabled wanderer of all time had not held a more restless course than he. From clime to clime he had fled—not daring to allow himself a moment for reflection—only hastening on with a smothered moan upon his lips and at his heart.

He had striven to die, not from a cowardly dread to face the ills of life, but from a mad desire to endure at least another form of torture. He had borne so much that he longed for a new phase of anguish, even that would have been a relief—there is a dead level of suffering which is harder to bear than the most poignant pangs of a new misery.

But there was no refuge—no change—earth had no cure, and no voice came from the beyond to bid him hope.

There he lay, not sleeping, but unable to arise, though he was not conscious of physical pain, and he had so long counted the pulsations of his heart that their added beating was unheeded.

The door opened, but he did not move; a woman stole across the room and knelt by the bed. He opened his eyes and looked at her.

"I am mad then," he said, aloud, "utterly mad! I see Catharine's face close to my own—I can almost feel her breath upon my cheek."

"It is Catharine," she whispered; "it is no dream, Walter, no frenzy—it is I, Catharine!" He raised himself, evincing no surprise, but looked incredulous still.

"Put your arms about my neck, let me feel the touch of those lips."

She flung her arms over him and pressed her lips upon his forehead—a kiss pure and holy as that of a guardian angel.

"Catharine, Catharine! Then it is not a dream—I am not crazed! Oh! this will be too terrible if it prove unreal! Speak again—that voice—I cannot believe it."

"It is I, Walter, it is I! You called me and I came!"

"Ay, every night while on those stormy waters I called upon your name—I bade my spirit seek yours and summon it—once there was a spell upon my soul, which made me believe that you had heard."

"I did, Walter, it was no delusion, I heard and I obeyed."

"Let me sleep, Catharine, I have not closed my eyes for many nights—I am ill, I think! Let me lean my head upon your shoulder—I can sleep so."

She lifted his head, wrapped his dressing-gown more closely about his form and sat supporting him, while he dropped gradually away into a tranquil slumber.

"I shall find you when I wake, Catharine?"

"Here while you need my care, beloved."

"It will not prove a dream like the rest?"

"Do you not feel the clasp of my arms—my kiss on your forehead? Sleep, Walter, it is no dream."

"Perhaps I may die here," he said, after a pause; "that would be too great a blessing—but let us hope it."

"Ay," she replied, without a sigh, "let us hope it! My poor song bird, they have broken your wings, but the tones hushed here will sound the sweeter in heaven."

"Are you singing, Catharine?"

"No."

"It is only that your voice is so soft—I am going to sleep now."

His eyes closed, his breath came even and undisturbed, and still Catharine sat clasping him in her arms, breathing only a prayer of thanksgiving that the appointed moment had come,

and that she had once more found the only companion which her soul had met upon its whole pilgrimage.

CHAPTER XV.

MAY and her guardian made that hurried ride almost in silence. She asked no other questions, for the railway carriage was filled with people, and in her excitement it seemed that every eye was fixed upon her. Mr. Jeffrys volunteered no remark, sitting upright and stern, still pale from the icy gust of passion which had swept over his features on first encountering the girl. There was a sort of steely glitter in his hard eyes, and a peculiar contraction of the thin lips, which to one who had studied his face would have given evidence of some unusual emotion. The deep-locked recesses of that heart were moved, but it could have been no general feeling which paled his countenance into that frozen hardness.

On descending at the station, they entered a carriage and drove away, but neither spoke until they drew up before the private entrance of a hotel. May began to tremble as Mr. Jeffrys gave her his arm.

"Is it here?" she asked, "is it here?"

He led her into the house in silence, gave some directions to a servant, and they were left alone.

"Are we to wait for him here?" May questioned, in the same frightened voice.

"No, we will go to him in a few moments, but I have something to say to you first."

"Let me sit down—I am very weak."

He gave her a seat, said a few consoling words, but there was no softness in his tones, no sympathy in his face.

"I am ready," May said, after a little, "I can go now."

She was trembling so violently that she could scarcely stand. Mr. Jeffrys turned quickly upon her—

"This is not joy—you are not longing for this meeting?"

"Joy, joy! Oh, Mr. Jeffrys, why was this thing done?—what is to become of us all?"

"Hush, child, don't be girlish now! Can you be strong enough for that which I wish you to do?"

"What, what?"

"Do you know who is with your husband at this moment—nursing him—fondling him?" he hissed from between his clenched teeth.

"Husband, my husband!" she gasped, only conscious that he had spoken those words.

"Yes, your husband, and with him——" he broke off abruptly and turned from her, mut-

tering in a tone which did not reach her ear; "we shall see now—oh, Catharine, woman, I can crush you this time! This girl that you believed dead—this sister so long sought—meet her now—stand face to face with her—I oppose it no longer—meet—meet!"

That was a terrible face, but May could not see it, and it was well; the sight of it would have haunted her for weeks like a nightmare.

"Are you rested, May, are you strong?" The voice was more icy than before—rage itself in that man's bosom was cold as Alpine snow, but as dangerous as its avalanche.

"But you wished to tell me something—you——"

"Of your husband—you shudder at the word, be strong, May, strong to hate—to curse!"

"Not that, oh! not that!"

"Will you be a child forever? Rouse up, it is time to prove yourself a woman and to act."

"A child—would that I were! No, Mr. Jeffrys, you have taken my childhood from me—it is gone forever."

"It was his work—all his, and he is here now to insult and outrage you—in his very chamber is the woman for whom he has renounced you."

She started back, looking in his face, scarcely able in her innocence to comprehend the meaning of his words.

"He is married again?" she said, "and I—what is to become of me?"

"Married—no, no, a lighter and a pleasanter tie! Can't you understand? I tell you that he has forsaken you, his wedded wife, for a bad, miserable woman; that he loves her, and will bring shame on you to gratify her malice."

"Mr. Jeffrys!" The crimson rushed up to her forehead, and the horror, half understood, broke from her dilated eyes. "Let me go, Mr. Jeffrys, let me go! This is no place for me—why have you brought me here?"

"Stop! You must see him—stand face to face with her."

"And you married me to him—oh, Mr. Jeffrys! But no, no, I did not mean that—you did not know him—you thought all for the best! Only take me away—do take me away, Mr. Jeffrys!"

"Come to him first—come!"

She covered down in her seat, quaking beneath that terrible revelation which had put another gulf between her and the pure ignorance of her girlhood. He caught her hand, and the pressure of his fingers made her shiver anew.

"You must see him, you must cast them both off forever."

"Both! Who is this woman?—what is she doing there?"

"Come look her in the face, and I will tell you her name—ay, I will tell you," and he ground his teeth like a wild animal crunching its prey.

"But he was my husband—he swore it! Tell me that it is not true, Mr. Jeffrys, only prove that he is not my husband, and let me go away."

"I tell you that you were lawfully married—he can neither disown nor break the tie. You must go with me—come!"

She struggled no longer—her eyes, purple with fear and pain, her bosom heaving with dry sobs, but she suffered him to draw her along until they reached the door.

"And after," broke suddenly from her contracted lips, "after?"

"After—what do you mean?"

"When I have seen him—when we have parted—what am I to do then?"

He shrank for an instant beneath the look in her eyes, but the thirst for vengeance which had grown the master passion in his soul and swallowed up all other sentiments, dispelled the brief emotion.

"We shall see—follow me, May—follow me!"

Walter Seaford had just awakened from the tranquil slumber into which he had sunk a few hours before—the first untroubled rest that he had known for months. Catharine was supporting him in her arms, his head lying upon her shoulder, and her hair mingling with his darker locks as she bent over his forehead.

He woke without a start, looking round for an instant in the belief that he was dreaming still.

"Walter!" she whispered, "Walter!"

A glow of joy broke over his whole face, and his feverish eyes softened into a beautiful calm.

"Then I was not dreaming! Catharine, my Catharine, you are really here."

"Why were you lying in this room alone, Walter?—where are your attendants?"

"I don't remember, darling—have you been here long? Have I been asleep or sick?—is the night over?"

"It is hardly dark yet, you have slept for several hours."

"And in your arms! You will not leave me again, Catharine—never, never?"

"Not till you are well. But where is—May, your wife, you know?"

"May?—oh, yes, little May! Don't let her come here—this is no place for her—poor May!"

"Does any one know that you are here, Walter?"

"No one—don't tell them, dear—we will be

by ourselves, for you will stay with me, Catharine—you won't leave me?"

"I have promised—did I ever break my word with you? But you must lie down now; you are ill, Walter, and I must send for a physician."

"I will not see him—I do not choose to get well—you will go away if I do."

"Walter, my Walter!" she murmured, soothing him again with her gentle voice and caress.

"Where have you been so long, Catharine?—what did you do after we parted?"

"I have waited for you to summon me," she said, "I knew that you would have need of me, it was for this God bade me live."

"And you did for my sake? Oh, Catharine, I was mad—weak—cowardly! I tried to die, but death would not take me; I know why now, I was to see you again—but oh, it was hard, very hard!"

"Never mind—it is over; let us think no more of the past, has not the present been given us?"

"But the future, Catharine, the future?"

"We have none on this earth—hereafter and in another world!"

"Ay, tell me that, make me believe it!"

"You do—there is no doubt in your soul, Walter, it is only this troubled human heart which cries out in its anguish and refuses to have faith."

"With you near me I can believe—but oh, the weeks and months of darkness and despair! I have been mad, Catharine, help me to think so, bring me back to my old self by your presence."

He struggled up from the pillow where she had placed his head, reaching forth his arms with a gesture of entreaty. She bent over him anew, speaking his name and striving to quiet him with her voice. There was a sound without—a quick step—the door opened, and Mr. Jeffrys appeared before them like some evil spirit come to mar their happiness. Catharine shrank toward the bed—the sight of that man overpowered her. Walter saw who it was—sprang almost from the couch, exclaiming,

"Take that man away, he shall not come here—he has tortured me enough, at least I will die in peace."

"And this girl," returned Mr. Jeffrys, drawing May into the room, smiling the while his cold, terrible smile; "this girl, shall she be driven away also—your wife—your own lawful wife?"

"May," murmured Walter, sinking back, over come by weakness and the violence of his emotions, "poor little May!"

"Ay, May!" hissed Mr. Jeffrys, drawing her forward still, while she looked from one to

another in mute horror that found no vent in words.

Catharine had started at the sound of that name—her arms were extended—her eager eyes fixed on that face which had been so long engraved upon her soul—an indistinct murmur escaped her lips, and she seemed ready to fall at the feet of the shrinking girl.

"And you, madam!" continued Mr. Jeffrys; "do you recognize this face?—do you know whom I have brought here? Come forward, May Lincoln—Mrs. Seaford, stand face to face with your sister and the mistress of your husband!"

"Liar!" exclaimed Walter, struggling again to rise, but falling back helpless and exhausted.

Catharine did not speak—her arms dropped to her side—she looked blasted by those horrible words.

"Do you hear, May? Your sister, degraded, lost—the base companion of that man."

"Sister—my sister!" moaned the girl, "I have no sister—take me away, Mr. Jeffrys, take me away."

She clung to him as if she would have forced him from the chamber, shrouding her face in her hands to shut out the objects before her gaze.

Catharine did not move; through her parted lips came the same broken murmur, but more clear and distinct,

"May, little May!"

"Who spoke my name?—whose voice is that? Mr. Jeffrys, speak, what does this mean?"

"It is I, May, your sister, Catharine!"

"Oh, no, no," she shrieked, with a gesture of loathing; "I had a sister, but this is not she—come away, Mr. Jeffrys, come!"

"You see, madam!" said the tormentor, "lost—ruined—disgraced—even this girl casts you off forever."

"She does not, she will not!" cried Catharine, roused to utterance by his mocking words.

"May, that man has deceived you—leave him, come with me, May, come!"

"And share her husband's love with you," returned Mr. Jeffrys, laughing again.

"Listen to me, May," for the girl had retreated step by step as Catharine approached, flinging out her hands to keep her aloof. "May, remember your childhood, remember my love! Walter, speak to her, contradict this slander—Walter, Walter!"

He heard her voice—it would almost have roused him from the insensibility of death.

"May," he said, "little one, come here—come close, this is Catharine, your sister."

"And the woman who has thrust herself between your heart and that of your wife," broke in Mr. Jeffrys.

"You will not believe this, May, you do not—listen to me—oh, believe your sister!"

"You are not my sister!" exclaimed May, rousing herself from that stupor of horror; "I will never believe it—never! I am going now—Mr. Seaford, I shall never trouble you again—farewell."

"Stop, May, stop!"

The woman's voice was like a wail above the dead; she caught the hem of the girl's mantle and would have detained her, but May wrenched it from her grasp and hurried toward the door.

"I have nothing to say to you—I do not know you, madam—how dare you speak my name?"

"Come back, May," pleaded Walter, "that demon has done this! It is your sister—pure and good!"

May looked in Mr. Jeffrys' face with her wild eyes.

"Contradict that," she said, with a choking sob, though she had lost all power to weep, "tell me that it is false."

"She is your sister, May," he returned, "come, leave her to her shame."

"My sister! my sister!"

"He separated us, May," moaned Catharine, "he tore you from me—I believed you dead and with our angel mother in heaven."

"Her own wickedness separated you, May," cried her guardian; "her dying husband cursed her! erased her name from his will."

Walter Seaford had struggled in vain for many moments to rise, but those fiendish words so maddened him that he sprang from the bed and grasped the man in his fevered hold, his long, thin fingers clutching the throat of his opponent. Mr. Jeffrys shook him off, for he was weak as a child, and Catharine aided him back to the couch. Mr. Jeffrys followed, bent over the pillow and whispered in his ear.

Walter covered his face with a moan of anguish, writhing upon the bed like a wounded bird struggling beneath the fascination of some deadly serpent.

"Wretch, you are killing him!" shrieked Catharine, pushing him off. "Go—leave us—you shall not torture him!"

During that moment which seemed an eternity, May was crouching close to the door, watching the scene with her frenzied eyes, longing to fly, but without strength to move from the spot.

"Come, May," and Mr. Jeffrys returned to her side, aiding her to rise. "You have seen

them both—husband and sister! Catharine Lincoln, there is no escape this time, your husband's weakness saved you from disgrace before, but now I will drag your name through every tribunal in the land, and make your infamy so public that you dare not even walk the open streets!"

"May!" she pleaded, not heeding his words, and striving to make one last appeal that should move the creature for whom she had endured so much; "in our mother's name hear me!"

"I cannot—I dare not! Let me go—let me go!"

"You shall listen—I am your sister, I cared for you in your childish years——"

"And since, why did you leave me?—where have you been?"

May spoke the words brokenly, her head averted, unable to realize anything except that this woman was there between her and the man whom she had married.

"I have been away, I was seeking you! This man made me believe that you were dead."

"It is only a falsehood with the rest," said Mr. Jeffrys. "May, she had gone with her lover, not this man, but another; she has lived an infamous life, and now she shall reap the consequences of her own sin."

"Say no more!" and May clasped her hands to her head as if to shut out his words; "I can bear no more! Go back, madam, go back to that man for whom you have destroyed your sister."

"May, he is sick, dying, perhaps—he lies there now pale and insensible—have mercy, have mercy!"

"Oh, my God, protect me, they will drive me mad!" cried May, yielding for the first time to a burst of insane weeping. "Mr. Jeffrys, let me believe her—do not curse them!"

"She relents—she does believe!" exclaimed Catharine. "Come, May, sister, leave this bad man, come to me, come!"

Mr. Jeffrys caught the sobbing girl and drew her away.

"Will you be deceived even now," he exclaimed, "after all that you have seen?"

"I do not know—oh, I cannot understand!"

"They are guilty, May, cast them off forever! That woman is your husband's companion—she lives with him—takes the place that you should occupy!"

May fled toward the door with a despairing cry.

"Sister, sister!" moaned Catharine, and Mr. Jeffrys looked in her face with his terrible sneer.

"The hour is come," he whispered, "I swore to be revenged—I will keep my oath!"

He hurried to May, and would have borne her from the room, but Catharine followed, clinging to his arm and striving to thrust him aside, uttering still that name,

"May—sister—sister!"

The poor girl struggled against the whirl of agony which was bearing away her senses, and turned her white face upon the speaker.

"I forgive you," she gasped, "pray to God for pardon, but I will never see you again!"

Her head fell upon Mr. Jeffrys' shoulder, and he bore her away, leaving Catharine still upon the threshold of the chamber, her arms extended toward them, her lips moving in a vain attempt to articulate that name.

When May recovered, she was in her guardian's house, but that transient waking only gave place to the incoherent ravings of a brain fever, from which it seemed impossible for one so young and frail to recover.

For many moments Catharine remained standing where they had left her. At length a low moan from the bed aroused her; she remembered then that her duty lay there, and closing the door she went back to Walter's side. He was just recovering from that long swoon, and calling feebly upon her name.

"I am here," she said, "be calm, Walter, I am here."

"What has happened?—was that man here?"

"He has just gone—oh, Walter, he has taken May with him!"

She sank down by the bed, hiding her face in the folds of the counterpane, endeavoring even in that moment to change the moan of anguish which broke from her heart into a prayer for resignation and repose.

Walter laid his hand softly upon the golden hair he loved so well, and a few tears wrung from his weakness coursed down his cheeks.

"Bear up a little longer for my sake, Catharine," he said, "you will not fail me now."

She rose, with the prayer still on her lips, very pale, but strong and uncomplaining.

"The end will come," she said, "at least we are together!"

"Together," he repeated, "at last, together!"

"We must go away from here, Walter, as soon as you can travel; we will find some quiet nook in the country, and I will nurse you well again."

"My blessing, my angel, my own Catharine!"

"Try and sleep now, Walter, you must get strength so as to bear a journey."

"Yes, we will go! Poor, little May, will she never know the truth—oh, that man, that man!"

"This cannot last always, Walter, I am sure it cannot—but it is hard to bear, very hard!"

She put her arms about his neck, tearless and still, and sat watching as before, while she soothed him to slumber with the melody of her voice.

CHAPTER XVI.

THEY went away from that crowded city, where no breath of free air came to cool the fevered brow of the suffered—away into the quiet of the country, and the repose of a solitude so complete that it seemed almost never to have been broken.

It was a secluded valley shut in by a belt of great trees and hills from the bustling world, so peaceful and calm that the most troubled soul must have found rest from association with it.

There was a small village where a continual Sabbath seemed to reign—a single street of prim houses, but so hidden in trees that they looked not unpicturesque. The dwelling which old Janet had chosen was a perfect bird's-nest of a place; a quaint, rambling cottage covered with balconies and porches, where the creeping roses grew in unpruned luxuriance, with many cornered rooms filled with the fragrance of the blossoms swept in at the open windows by every passing breeze. The house stood far back from the street, in a garden which had been left to run wild, until it had become a wilderness of fruit trees and flowers.

It was in this spot that those two took refuge from the fierce strife and terrible billows which they had combatted so long. Whether it was to become a place of rest, or only a temporary haven which must soon be left behind, they did not pause to question; they had suffered so much that they snatched thankfully at the faintest ray of sunshine, and warmed their tired hearts in it, lest it should fade before a single reflection of its glory could brighten over those chilled pulses.

Walter was able to rise from his bed, but he could neither walk about much nor undertake the slightest occupation; could only lie dreamily during the long hours of those summer days with Catharine seated by his side, talking to him in her low, sweet voice, reading to him passages from the old poets that he loved, or soothing him with her smiles of consolation, when some wave from the past would dash its chill bitterness across his soul.

And in all this I aver there was no touch of human weakness, no leaning toward human frailty. That woman was so far lifted above the coarseness of earthly natures, that to her the hours thus spent were fuller of bliss than

the maddest moments of mere passion could have been. Her grand, far-looking soul found an entire communion with that of the man to whom she had become more than a ministering angel, and there came no thought to trouble her repose. Walter seemed gradually wasting away—he believed it to be death, but Catharine thought otherwise, though she could almost have prayed that such consummation might be granted. She was stronger for herself than him; her own sufferings were nothing when compared with the remembrance of that which he had undergone during their separation.

There was a small room at the back of the house, which was Walter's favorite apartment. Every morning Janet wheeled his easy-chair near the open windows that looked out upon a little break in the garden where the grass formed a natural lawn, with a single weeping willow swaying its silvery branches to and fro in the sunlight. Walter loved to sit there and look out on the warm glow which chased the shadows over the grass; he had grown to dread the gloom; and the twilight, which had been his favorite hour during their sojourn in Paris, filled him with a wild melancholy, which even Catharine's presence could scarcely dispel. There was a grave, old doctor who visited him daily, but he troubled him with few remedies and no advice, so for Catharine's sake Walter managed to support his visits with a certain degree of patience.

They spoke little of the past, those two; Walter's malady rendered him so excitable that Catharine avoided every subject which could cause him the least agitation. The physicians whom she consulted before leaving the city, had declared that any sudden shock would prove fatal; yet that feeble and ill as he was, time and the most perfect repose might restore him, since his physical ailment had been produced almost wholly by the mental excitement under which he had so long labored.

So Catharine watched him, forgetful of herself, wearing the pleasant smile that he loved, cheerful and hopeful always. The days passed on—those long, golden summer days—and they had been a fortnight in that quiet spot. At first Walter was unable to leave his bed, and after that he so firmly believed himself a dying man, that he asked only to find her by his side, and his only prayer was that he might drift out into eternity with her hand still clasped in his.

They did talk of the future—not a future upon this earth—but of that which shall come when these struggling souls break into the morning of the hereafter. The thought was full of peace

and beauty to Walter; he might understand nothing of the questions mooted by theologians, or of the cold, orthodox heaven which they picture, but his broad poet vision looked far beyond, and his spirit rested tranquilly upon the hope it found.

But the man who had wrought them so much suffering had not yet completed his work, and Mr. Jeffrys never relinquished a project of vengeance until his thirst had been satisfied to the utmost.

While May remained ill and insensible at his house, he had been close upon the track of his two victims, weaving about them the meshes of his plots, and preparing to plant another poisoned arrow in the hearts which he had so tortured and wrung.

The third week of their sojourn in that quiet place commenced, and the curiosity of the village gossips had become strongly excited concerning the mysterious strangers.

Here they lived, never moving out, and the two domestics, a cross old Scotch woman, and a man servant equally uncommunicative, seemed as little inclined to society as their employers. The religious people of the little New England village were solely perplexed, and one or two of the more prominent members of the church, suggested to the minister that it was his duty to inquire into the affair, and there were even some vague hints that it was a case which might well occupy the attention of the select men of the town.

The old parson had opposed this—a rigid, Calvinistic Presbyterian, but with a heart which beat more kindly under his worn bosom than he himself dreamed. So the affair rested, though there were numerous tea drinkings given where the subject was freely discussed, and the men in power sorely blamed for their negligence. One day, there met at the old-fashioned parsonage house a company of the deacons of the church, who were also among the select men, dropping in almost by accident to visit their pastor. While they sat there, conversing among other things of the strangers, concerning whom even the village doctor could give no information, for a physician had been employed from ten miles away, a letter was brought in and given to the clergyman. He took it, and seeing that the writing was unknown to him, began turning the epistle over in his hand, the invariable habit of persons to whom letters are unaccustomed visitants.

At length, when one of the deacons suggested that he might find it more satisfactory to read the contents, he broke the seal, adjusted his spectacles, and began to peruse the clearly

written page. The furrows on his brow grew deeper, and a stern indignation gathered over his features. Some broken exclamation warned the deacons that it contained tidings of importance, but by no means pleasurable ones, and they waited with impatience while the old man re-read the epistle, always with increased excitement.

“My friends,” he said, at length, “our brethren were right—these strangers are children of iniquity. Two fugitives have hidden themselves in our village, the man leaving a fond wife to pine and die, while he yields himself to the caresses of this Delilah.”

When the matter was fully explained, and the letter read in council, it was determined that they should act upon the moment. They left the house, that little band of stern men in whose veins the puritan blood and puritan prejudices flowed uncontaminated, and walked in solemn procession toward the cottage. It is a strange thing to notice how little the descendants of those stern old pilgrims have changed! The leaders of one of the colony churches never moved more unrelentingly toward the dwelling of some excommunicated Quaker, or old grand-dame accused of witchcraft, than those men toward the quiet retreat, where, during the past weeks, those troubled souls had found such profound rest.

The old parson marched at their head, a fit type of the men who in by-gone times went to battle with a prayer, and deemed they were doing God service in putting to death all who differed in belief from themselves. The deacons followed side by side, no one speaking, but stalking on, determined and grim, while the villagers looked out from their windows to see them pass, and a troop of little urchins playing about the school-house, hovered along in their wake to find out the meaning of this unusual solemnity.

They reached the gate of the cottage, opened it and passed in, each wearing a sort of horrified sanctity, which would have been singularly imposing to the common herd of parishioners had they witnessed it. Yet they did this thing in the honesty of their hearts, acting up to the precepts of the sect in which they had been reared, even as their fathers before them.

The hall door was open, and Janet Brown was sweeping away the rose-leaves which had blown over the porch. She paused in her occupation, and recognizing the minister, dropped a low courtesy with the true reverence of a Scotch Presbyterian.

“I wish, my good woman,” said the clergyman,

in his hardest voice, while his companions waited a little in the rear, one old deacon absorbed in silent prayer, "I wish to speak with the man who resides here."

"He is very sick, sir, and cannot be *fashed* with seeing any one."

"Then the other person——"

"Do you mean the lady?" interrupted Janet, somewhat forgetting her respect in the indignation she felt at hearing her mistress styled a person. "Then you can't see her either, sir."

"Let me pass, woman," said the minister, setting his stick firmly down; "I have come here in the exercise of my duty, and I must speak with the person who is within."

"Indeed then, there's no person that you'll need to meddle with," returned Janet, in a louder voice, "and parson though ye be, I'll just say good morning to you and them that's in your company."

She would have closed the door in his face, but he held it back with his stout cane, while the little band of deacons fairly groaned in pious horror.

"I tell you that I will enter; this is a house of iniquity, and I come to warn all herein of the wrath, human and divine, which is at hand."

"Good Lord!" cried Janet, dropping her broom, "the man is daft, clean daft—a raigular Bedlamite."

"Peace, woman, and let us pass; we must speak with the female; our village shall no longer harbor the depraved and sinful."

"Amen!" was the involuntary response from the head deacon, accustomed to complete the minister's prayers with this confirmation.

Janet looked from one to another, and her wrath waxed hotter still.

"I'll tell ye what," she exclaimed, "you're just a set of heathens and no better."

"Put her aside," exclaimed one of the select men. "Woman, we are servants of the law as well as servants of our Lord, and in the name of the law I command you to stand aside."

His voice was raised to a higher pitch with every succeeding word, till it sounded through the hall with an ominous tone.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

IT IS PLEASANT TO LABOR.

BY HATTIE BOOMER.

It is pleasant to labor, with hearty good will—
When the nerve is steady, and strong, and still;
When the step is firm, and the heart is free,
As the dancing waves of the dark, blue sea;
When out o'er creation, in glad surprise,
The young soul looks from the bold, bright eyes;
When the limb has no languor—the soul no stain—
It is pleasant to labor for future gain.

It is pleasant to labor, when sad—oppressed
With a fitful demon of wild unrest;
When the harp is unswept, and the song unsung,
And the soul to earth's music is all unstrung;

When the waves of life's ocean, with madd'ning roar,
Break sullen and dark, on some desolate shore;
It is pleasant to labor—forgetting the pain—
Of the stranded heart—or the shipwrecked fame.

It is pleasant to labor! pure eyes from above,
Look down on our labors for those we love;
The soul may be weary—the arm may be weak—
The brow may be furrowed, and pallid the cheek;
The step infirm—and the heart all tried
With the vexing cares which our lives betide;
Yet the angels smile, when our strength we prove,
In undying labor, for those we love.

LILLIE.

BY E. SUMMERS DANA.

Swart dreamer! thou fairy-like maiden,
My thoughts circle fondly to thee:
And swiftly, as when heavy laden
With nectar flies homeward the bee,
Come memories yet as enchantingly near
As when thy charmed presence had rendered them dear.
And didst by that sweet, timid token,
The quaint, blushing language of flowers,
Seem prophetic of words yet unspoken;
Of happy and swift-winged hours
All too brief for remembrance, for mem'ry to me
Has left but the impress of joy and of thee!

The romance of poetry lingers
And clusters about all thy thought,
While deft and invisible fingers
In magical genius have wrought
A device so rare, that afection might claim
A hope of a dream that dare not have a name.
Were that hope but a dreamless delusion,
'Twere yet cherished sacredly dear;
And the rose which with softest confusion,
In the fragrance and bloom of the year,
Had wafted a message yet near to my heart,
Will be treasured though fragrance and bloom should depart.

NELLY GRAY HAD LOVED BEFORE.

BY MARY J. CROSSMAN.

"NELLY, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," was the somewhat hesitating reply.

"Had you any bad news from home?"

"N—o."

"Oh, well; cheer up then, I can't have you looking so soberly," and the young husband put back the hair from her forehead, and looked tenderly upon the face usually so bright and cheery.

Their eyes met, and the deep yearning, the dewy sadness which Nelly would have hidden in her heart, if she could, smote him painfully, eye, even wonderingly—for this was the first cloud that had obscured their domestic happiness.

"Here's the new book you've been wanting, just published, and they say it's very interesting."

"Much obliged, Ralph, you were very kind to get it."

"And now I must go back to the office for two hours—try and cheer up, won't you? I'm sorry to go, but do the best you can, darling. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Poor Nelly! she wished it were four hours instead of two, a week or two weeks, long enough at least for her mind to resume its usual balance. She saw her husband's form retreating through the foliage, heard the street gate swing to its latch, but sat long afterward by the open window, fixedly, as if heavy fetters bound her. The new volume lay in her lap unopened, the echo, "Cheer up, Nelly," sounded dimly in her ear, and the voice of her heart was like that of a stricken dove. She drew from her pocket the letter and read again.

HILLSIDE COTTAGE, June 14th, 18—.

"DEAR NELLIE—You may be assured that after drifting about so long, I am very happy to cast anchor in the placid waters of your own home-harbor, twenty miles or more inland. It is lonely here without you, that's true—but even your absence couldn't hinder the fulfillment of my promise made at the Springs last summer. I could fill a volume for you, Nellie, but next week we are coming to see you, as your mother purposes to go then. Billy will drive us out in

the new coach; we shall dine at the Mountain House, spend an hour or two enjoying the grand scenery thereabouts, inhale the clear, bracing air, and look again upon the waters of the Hudson.

"You spoke of W—. That has all passed by, and doubtless, as simple Hannah used to say, I shall have to 'dance in the brass kettle!' Well, so let it be—we must all fulfill our destiny, and you know there must needs be some dear aunty to rock the cradle, and bear about spacious, well-filled pockets to the utter delight of children.

"The last day of my journey brought me into company with a gentleman bound for the same depot as myself. He kindly took the oversight of my trunks, was very gentlemanly, and his whole appearance was so faultless that no one could justly have indulged a suspicion against him. Then the mutual acquaintance of our friend Nellie placed us on more familiar ground; strange as it may appear, I said nothing of your marriage, and he, having been long absent, was in ignorance of the fact. Well, he called on us (*i. e.* your mother and myself) to-day, and I know there is a great sorrow on his heart. Is it connected with yourself? Remember I shall shrive you with all the dignity of a real confessor.

"Said gentleman has very expressive eyes, usually quite mirthful—but the least reference to you casts such a shade over them, an expression of anguish almost, controlled only by strong effort. I suspect that hitherto you have rejected him. He visits the city next week.

"Papa and Sarah go south in a few days and stop for me. But I'll not tire you longer, so good-bye for to-day.

"Hoping to see you soon, I remain, now as ever, truly and affectionately yours,

JENNIE WALWORTH."

Poor Nelly! how her head ached as she laid aside the letter! How the strong impulses of her nature in their wild uprisings threw off the present and reproduced the past!

Six years ago that June she had last seen Allyn Ames. He was then a youth of eighteen, with a visionary cast of mind, and an active, restless, and adventurous spirit.

So, it was not strange, that after a two years' companionship with sines and cosines, tangents and cotangents; cases—dative, accusative and ablative; cases—disciplinable, suspendable, &c., he should grow weary, and, at length, turn his back upon college walls, shutting out its aspirations and honors for allurings from the Land of Gold.

Several of his companions were to embark with him, and the journey promised great enjoyment previous to dazzling profits.

Allyn's father was a kind, indulging parent: he listened to the boy's trials with evident sympathy, but tried to dissuade him from his enthusiastic plans. Persuasions were vain, and remonstrances seldom resorted to, so Allyn had been fitted out comfortably, a passage engaged on board ship, and the day already come for his departure.

That day there was a funeral, Sandy Blythe, Mr. Ames' gardener, sat in his cottage with bowed head and clasped hands, speaking not a word, but to say, "There is nae sorrow like my ain." Mary, his wife, had more strength and fortitude; parting the curls back from the little sleeper's forehead, she found voice to say, "Dinna weep sae sair, Sandy; 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

Nellie had made the muslin shroud, robing the child therein, and placed rose-buds and myrtle in the waxen hands.

Allyn had brought a coffin, and they laid the child in it carefully and with sad hearts.

The childless parents took their last agonizing look, and the lid was closed.

"Ah! what towering hopes were hid
"Neath that tiny coffin lid!
Scarcely large enough to bear
Little words that must be there—
Little words cut deep and true—
Sweet, pet name and 'AGED TWO.'"

Allyn walked home with Nelly; he asked her to write him, and the affirmative reply, her love and manner said plainly that his own heart-feelings were reciprocated.

They parted at the gate.

In another hour the iron horse was bearing Allyn speedily away, and engraved upon his heart was an image ineffaceable as the rock-prints of imbedded fossil, or letters carved upon tablets of stone; for notwithstanding Allyn's peculiar temperament, he belonged truly to that class of whom Miss Maitland says, "that amid multitudes thronging like forest leaves, heart hath still clung to heart, and one hath ever chosen one."

Frequent letters telling hopefully of the present and future, gave a golden woof to the first

and second year of his absence. Then came a long silence, then a sad report of death at the hands of savages, which circumstances confirmed.

The third, fourth and fifth years went by, and Nellie turned from her hidden sorrow to become the affianced of another, and in due time his bride.

Allyn, in the meantime, had met severe losses; for weeks he had lain with a burning fever, very near the door of death, and for other weeks and even months he lingered on in a state of slow and undecided convalescence. Letters had been written, but none ever received by himself or friends; so crushing back the thought that he was forgotten, he gave his best energies to the work of regaining his lost fortune, and eventually of seeking his early home.

An hour and a half had passed since Nelly's husband went out—so said the little French clock upon the mantel. She must shake off, at once, the palsy hand that lay upon her heart so heavily, and return from the faded past.

Alas! for the heart that has buried its fondest dreams by the wayside, and after journeying a long way on, hears the sound of a long-hushed voice, and sees the beckoning of an earnest, impassioned hand, and then turns away to the realities of the present, with a resolve to look backward no more!

Nelly bathed her face and arranged her hair. She lit the gas, drew up a favorite chair beside her own, placed a pair of slippers, which her own fingers had wrought, on an ottoman beside it, and entered mechanically upon the contents of the volume before her.

Fifteen minutes, and her husband's step was heard ascending the staircase.

"Why, Nelly, how pale you look! I'm sure you are not well," said he, taking the proffered seat, and unclasping the bracelets from her arm in search of her pulse.

"And what's the disease, doctor?" said she, after a little pause, with an attempt at playfulness.

"As much as to say I'm a quack, or a bogus M. D.," he answered, reprovingly; (and Nelly noted the wistful, affectionate gaze of his eye.) "If those cheeks don't get back their color by morning, we'll have one of the true stamp here."

The next day Ralph returned to his office, and Nelly kept her room. Toward noon her servant girl brought up a letter addressed in a strangely familiar hand. She tore off the seal and read,

"NELLY—Farewell! God help and pity me!
_____."

That night the physician came. Nelly's physical system seemed perfectly prostrate, fever supervened, and for many days they watched fearfully by her bedside. Then her fervent benison went up that for the watcher's sake she might be spared; and they were answered.

Henceforth the flowers of love grew thickly beside her pathway, and in their fragrance she forgot those which once blossomed, faded and

fell, springing up again in mocking beauty when beyond her reach. Or, if their memory chanced to flit before her in an unguarded hour, she remembered that earthly institutions perish with our pilgrimage—that in the other world they "neither marry nor are given in marriage," though permitted throughout eternity to live and love forever!

A DREAM.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I HAD a dream, one night, while on my pillow sleeping,

A strange dream, full of hideous fancies wild!

I dreamed pale spirits o'er me watch were keeping,

While bleak, bare mountains all around were piled.

I lay in anguish, sick with vainly striving,

To break the spell that bound me to the spot—

Cold horror from the demon shapes deriving,

Horror which my poor soul has ne'er forgot.

The winds were hoarse, and groaned along the mountains,

The shell-like whisperings filled me full of dread;

The sad, weird murmurings of the frozen fountains

Gathered in thund'ring round my throbbing head!

And while I looked aloft the air was clouded,

And in my breast was born a strange desire—

And from the high cliffs yet in grey mist shrouded,

I heard a voice which said, "Arise! and come up higher!"

I rose. My limbs waxed strong, and fleet, and agile—

I scaled the mountains with a chamois' speed;

Beneath my step the fern bent light and fragile,

And bowed the sumach like the lowland reed!

A precipice yawned black and dim before me—

A turbid torrent roared in wrath behind—

Dun clouds fell down and threw their dull haze o'er me,

Nor could I pause, nor scarce a foothold find!

Serpents with fire tongues lashed their folds around me,

They crawled close o'er me with their gleaming eyes!

An iron band could not have safer bound me—

And mute despair hushed up my feeble cries!

Ten thousand torments tore my soul with anguish,

Barbed arrows pierced my half insensate breast—

I closed my eyes, content to pine and languish,

Till death should bring me sleep resembling rest.

And while I lay thus silent and despairing,

I heard a voice as coming from the sky—

Saying, "Look up, and see how those are faring,

Who on Faith's wings have mounted up on high!"

I looked, and lo! the bending skies were golden,

And in their midst I saw an open door—

And the same voice rang out like music olden,

"Have faith, tried spirit! go, and sin no more!"

And then the sun came forth in regal splendor,

The mountains glowed and shone in waves of light!

The crimson clouds were full of love looks tender,

And the cool fountains burst out crystal bright!

The almy serpents changed to green twigs springing,

The slippery earth was wreathed with mats of flowers,

The winds were turned to wooing zephyrs, bringing

Odorous sweets from honey-freighted bowers.

My soul arose, and bathed in very gladness,

I looked above, and Faith was by my side—

She took away the dim, dull veil of madness,

And bade me in her cathedral abide.

"Mortal!" she said, "life's path is often dreary,

But if ye'll trust, I'll bring you safely through;

When I am near life cannot be so weary—

Look! the White Fields of Heaven burst on the view!"

She vanished, and I woke; the morn was breaking

Across the East in robes of red and gold—

The Day's bright spirits from their sleep were waking,

And cheerily stood, Morn's portals to unfold!

I rose, and Peace was round me and before me,

Earth looked no longer full of doubt and fear—

A guardian spirit's wings were folded round me,

And well I knew that God's great love was near!

THE MASTER'S COMING.

BY MISS ELIZABETH MILLER.

AH, when of earth weary,

And almost void of hope,

Amid the darkness dreary.

In weariness we grope,

When, through our tears fast falling,

The distant shore of home we see;

'Tis sweet to hear the angels calling,

"The Master comes and calls for thee!"

Or e'en when life has beauty—

And love, and joy, and youth;

Our souls most strong for duty,

And full of grace and truth.

When constant toil is constant praying,

And Fear and Hatred flee;

'Tis sweet to hear—our swift steps staying—

"The Master comes and calls for thee!"

ELLA'S AUNT.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

CHAPTER I.

"POOH! pooh! What wild fancy is this you have taken, my dear?"

"'Tis no wild fancy, Mr. Stanwood, 'tis the sober truth, and so you will soon find if you do but listen to me."

"But I tell you, wife, I will not listen to such an absurdity. Our Ella in love with her drawing master! Ha! ha! That is the best joke I have heard for some time."

"You will find it anything but a joke, Mr. Stanwood. Now, do please lay aside that newspaper, and attend to me for a few moments, I wish to get this subject off of my mind."

"I really wish you would, my dear. It is very absurd in you to trouble yourself with such foolish suspicions."

"Once for all, husband, I tell you they are not suspicions. I have seen enough for some time to convince me that Ella loves Mr. Ardley—you need not laugh so immoderately—just listen patiently."

"I'faith, not I!"

"Then if you will not listen, you shall read," and Mrs. Stanwood unfolded a dainty little note, and held it close before the gentleman's eyes, so that they must, perforce, see its contents. One glance overthrew his smiling indifference, and snatching the note from his wife's hand, he read:

"My dear Frank; I'll dear Frank her, the baggage; I have been thinking over what you proposed yesterday, and I think it is better that you should not speak to papa just yet. He would not consent—I know he would not; and only think if he would forbid our meeting again, what should we do? Let us wait a little longer, Frank; we can still hope for the best, and not fear for each other's constancy. I trust, oh! how undoubtingly in you, dearest Frank, and I know you have the same trust in your own Ella!"

Mr. Stanwood read these lines twice over, closely scrutinizing the handwriting, as if he almost thought the billet'a forgery.

"Perhaps you are convinced now, Mr. Stanwood," said his wife, drily, "If that does not prove that Ella loves Mr. Ardley—"

"She does not! She must not! She shall

not!" thundered the enraged father; "my daughter love one so far beneath her! I'll teach the silly thing—where is she? Send her to me immediately—I will quickly put an end to this nonsense."

"I hope you will not deal harshly with the child, she is scarcely more than that, you know," Mrs. Stanwood ventured to say; but the only reply was a reiterated request to send Ella to him without delay. And while the lady departed rather unwillingly on this errand, the incensed father paced the room with rapid strides, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm." In a few moments a pretty girl came tripping into the room.

"Miss Stanwood," began the father, in a severe tone, "I am shocked and grieved by what I have heard of you this morning. What excuse can you offer for your outrageous conduct?"

"Why, papa, what is the matter? What have I done to displease you?" asked Ella, her bright, smiling face clouding with anxiety.

"What have you done! Is not this precious piece of writing your work?" and the unfortunate note was held menacingly before her.

The young girl caught her breath, and changed color as she saw it.

"Yes, you may well tremble. You, the daughter of the Hon. Horace Stanwood, to pen such a note! Pray, what has your drawing-master to say to me that you wish deferred a little longer? I await your reply, Miss Stanwood."

"He wished to—to speak to you about—me," almost sobbed Ella, struggling hard to subdue her agitation.

"What does he wish to say about you?"

"Please don't be angry, papa; he wanted to tell you that—that he—loves me."

"He loves you!" repeated the father, passionately, seizing his now blushing daughter by the arm. "How dared he to dream even of loving you; and how have you dared to encourage his presumption? He loves you! The audacious beggar! And you were afraid that I would not consent—that I might forbid your meeting him again. Your fears were prophetic. I would rather see you in your coffin than consent to your marriage with a beggarly teacher. And

mark my words, if I ever know you to speak to that fellow again, I will discard you forever. Do you hear me?"

Poor Ella could scarcely be said to hear. Grief and terror had almost paralyzed her; but every word smote keenly on her heart.

Satisfied with the effect of his angry words, and perhaps half regretting that he had been so harsh, for he was not naturally a hard-hearted man, Mr. Stanwood closed the interview by desiring his daughter to retire to her apartment, and there remain till his farther wishes in regard to her should be made known. And the unhappy girl obeyed with alacrity, glad to be allowed to indulge her grief in the welcome solitude of her chamber.

CHAPTER II.

"WELL, Mrs. Stanwood, I have decided how to act in regard to that troublesome Ella. She shall be freed from her imprisonment soon."

"I am very glad to hear it. The poor child looks wretchedly. Every day she grows more pale and languid, and her eyes are dull and heavy with continual weeping."

"Change of scene, and country air will soon restore the light to her eyes and the roses to her cheeks."

"Change of scene—country air, Mr. Stanwood?"

"Yes, I have concluded to take her off to my sister Amelia's."

"Away off in New England?" said the wife, dolefully.

"Only a two days' journey, my dear; and then she will be in no danger of meeting Mr. Frank Ardley—confound him! Though, if he has a spark of feeling he will never seek to renew the acquaintance after the language I addressed to him the other day."

"How long is Ella to be absent?" asked Mrs. Stanwood, after a silence of some moments.

"Until autumn. She will enjoy herself very much at her aunt's, and the entire novelty of her surroundings will soon obliterate the remembrance of this silly, school-girl attachment."

Mr. Stanwood's decisions, as he was wont to boast, were always "as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians," therefore Mrs. Stanwood made no opposition to his project, though she much regretted the threatened separation from her only living child.

Ella's ample wardrobe was soon put in order, and on the next morning she started on her journey. On reaching Boston, Mr. Stanwood, greatly to his dissatisfaction, met with some friends who would pass by the town near which

dwelt his sister, and, placing Ella under their care, with many kind words and caresses, (for his violent anger had entirely died away,) he parted from his daughter, and returned home.

The home of Mrs. Rand, Ella's Aunt, was situated near one of New England's prettiest villages. A narrow path, thickly set with maples, led up to the house, which was a quaint and old-fashioned building, with mossy eaves projecting over long, narrow windows that were almost concealed by climbing roses and woodbine. The long, sweeping branches of two ancient elms completely shaded the front of the house, and to Ella the whole place had a gloomy, forlorn aspect quite repelling.

Mrs. Rand received her young relative, whom she now saw for the first time, with great cordiality; but Ella, low-spirited and weary, was in no mood to appreciate her friendliness, and was glad to avail herself of the old lady's suggestion that she should retire to her room and refresh herself with a nap before tea-time. It was a luxury to find herself alone in the neat, cool chamber, perfumed with the odors of the roses that peeped in through the snowy curtains. No way inclined to take the prescribed nap, she lay vacantly looking out on the broad expanse of hill and vale; while her thoughts returning to the home from which she was now so far distant, dwelt sadly on the change the past two weeks had wrought—on the clouds that had so suddenly arisen in her hitherto unclouded sky.

Her meditations were poorly calculated to raise her spirits, and Mrs. Rand was much concerned, when she summoned her niece to tea, to find her still pale, languid and dejected. The old lady rallied her good-naturedly, saying she did not know what was coming over the girls now-a-days; in her time young girls had rosy cheeks and were full of health, and life, and gayety: very different from the lack-a-daisical creatures of these times. And Ella smiled, faintly, as her aunt talked on, trying to cheer her up, and thought within herself how impossible it would be for her to be lively or gay any more.

Then the kind old lady dropped the subject, and began speaking of a friend whose arrival she expected the following day.

"I am delighted that he is coming at this time," she said, smiling pleasantly on her silent guest, "you will be company for each other: and I predict you will be charmed with my friend Harrison. Ella, my dear, you cannot help it," she added, laughing, as Ella began to utter a faint negative, "he is young, handsome, lively, witty, and all that sort of thing: just the kind

of person to captivate silly girls; but then he can attract us old folks as well."

And the old lady launched into an enthusiastic eulogy, on the many virtues and amiable qualities of her "friend Harrison," until Ella grew quite sick of the subject, took a real school-girl dislike to Mr. Harrison, and resolved to be as little in his company as possible.

The morrow came, Ella, by her aunt's desire, strolled with her through garden, orchard, and meadow; fed the chickens; went down to the brook to see the geese and ducks at their aquatic exercises, all with an air of such utter listlessness, that Mrs. Rand was very much troubled. At length, she had to return to the house, to attend to some preparations for the other guest, whom she was now hourly expecting.

Ella, glad to be alone, sauntered here and there at will, caring for nothing, and then turned to the house, devotedly hoping that something had occurred to prevent the exemplary Mr. Harrison's arrival. But, as she entered the wide hall she heard her aunt's cheery voice in the parlor, and that lady at the same instant appeared:

"Come, my dear," said she, taking the young girl's hand, and leading her to the parlor, "I was just going in search of you—hey-day, what's all this?"

For, without waiting to be presented, Mr. Harrison rushed to meet Ella, and she, with a little scream of delight, nestled very cosily in his arms.

The old lady peered sharply through her spectacles at the pair, who, for the moment, were too much absorbed in each other to heed her astonishment. Then explanations were quickly given, and, it appeared that Ella's lover, Frank Ardley, was a favorite from childhood with Mrs. Rand, who always called him his middle name, and to whom he had now come to impart the story of his unhappy love, and to seek in her quiet old home comfort for his wounded spirit, and truly he had found it.

But Ella, when the bewildering rapture of the unexpected meeting was over, began to talk, tearfully, yet decidedly, of returning home without delay. She knew for what purpose she had been sent from home—knew that under present circumstances her father would not allow her to remain an hour under her aunt's roof—so she must not stay.

Frank, looking very blank at this announcement, declared he would leave on the instant, rather than occasion her departure.

But Mrs. Rand vetoed both motions, "Ella's father had written to her, asking her to take

charge of his daughter for the summer, and she intended to do it, so Miss Ella need not think of running away from her—a pretty thing, truly! And as for Harrison, his home was always with her when he could spare the time to come; so there they were, and there they must remain. And if her brother Horace had picked up the wicked notion that nothing was of value but wealth and grandeur, it was high time for him to drop it again. He thinks his daughter too good for Harrison Ardley, indeed! She could tell him her Harrison was a match for the proudest lady in the world!"

Without doubt Ella Stanwood fully concurred in this opinion, and the result of the old lady's representations was, that the young people submitted with wonderful docility to her decision, and said no more about leaving.

And now what happy hours they spent together, quite fulfilling Mrs. Rand's prediction. Ella forgot her purpose of disliking and avoiding Mr. Harrison—forgot that she had ever thought the old homestead gloomy, and its mistress prosy and garrulous. The latter was now the best, dearest aunt in the world, and her home the most delightful spot. And Mrs. Rand had no cause for farther lamentations over the young girl's paleness and want of spirits; the roses had returned to her cheeks, and her gayety and sportiveness amused and delighted her warm-hearted aunt.

"The dear, young thing!" she would say to herself, as she saw the lovers so happy in each other, "she is just the wife for Harrison Ardley, and his wife she shall be, all her father's prejudices to the contrary, notwithstanding."

So the summer glided by, and from time to time Mrs. Rand sent good reports to the parents respecting their daughter, which reconciled them to her absence, and caused Mr. Stanwood to pride himself greatly on the wisdom of the course he had pursued.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY in September came a long letter to Mr. Stanwood from his sister. It informed him that a mutual attachment existed between his daughter and a young gentleman, whom the writer had known from his infancy, and whom even she considered worthy to be the husband of her lovely niece, "in short, they are meant for each other," the letter went on, "and I am quite certain their union will be a happy one. You see I am counting on your consent, as a matter of course, for I know if you searched the States all through, you could not find a more unexceptionable match for Ella. My adopted son,

Harrison, is a very fine young man in every respect, talented, (an important qualification with us New Englanders, you know,) and he comes of an old family, too, being related to the Harrisons of — county. I have long intended to make him my heir; though, for that matter he has wealth enough of his own, still I have taken a fancy to leave what property I possess to one who will make good use of it, and it rejoices me to think, that with your consent, my two favorites—for Ella has become very, very dear to me—will share my worldly goods." Mrs. Rand closed her letter of three pages, by requesting that the marriage might take place at her house, and that the parents would designate a suitable day for the ceremony, and come to assist thereat.

Mr. Stanwood mused a long time over this letter, read it through once more very deliberately, and then summoned his wife to the library. Mrs. Stanwood perused the letter, and returned it, simply asking if he intended to accede to his sister's propositions.

"I do," was the emphatic rejoinder. "Having considered the subject carefully, in all its bearings, I consider that we may deem it very fortunate that our daughter has fixed her mind on one whom we can approve; for, I have such perfect confidence in Amelia's judgment, that I believe the gentleman whom she regards so highly will merit my full approbation."

"But Ella is so young," remonstrated the mother, "and beside, she should be married at home."

"We would prefer to have it so, certainly, my dear; but Amelia is so desirous to have the marriage take place beneath her roof that I should really be loath to deny her. And again, it would be very impolitic to run the risk of displeasing her. I should not wish her property, which is quite valuable, to be lost to the family, on every account, therefore, it is the wisest course to yield to her desires; you can give as large a party as you please, in honor of Ella's nuptials, on our return home."

And Mr. Stanwood, having thus decided the matter, penned an appropriate letter to his sister, appointing the 8d of October, Ella's birthday, for the wedding.

On the evening previous to the appointed day, the parents reached the farm-house, according to a promise to that effect. Mrs. Rand took care to have the young people out of the way on their arrival, and having conducted Mrs. Stanwood to her apartment to dress for the evening, she began to expatiate very pathetically to her brother, on his daughter's unhappiness and dejection on

her first coming to the homestead. In reply, Mr. Stanwood told of her ridiculous penchant for her drawing-master, winding up with, "A young fellow without any conceivable claim to aspire to the hand of a child of mine—a mere nobody, sister Amelia. I really felt sorry for little Ella, but the thing was too absurd to be allowed to go on. I would never sanction such folly."

"Not even if your opposition had consigned her to an early grave?" inquired his sister, very solemnly.

"Oh, there was no danger of that," and the gentleman smiled, carelessly; "in our matter-of-fact age, people do not die of love or broken hearts."

"Perhaps not; but it is certain many have died of diseases superinduced by continued anxiety or melancholy. We all know something by experience of the power the mind exerts over our physical health; and, for my part, I trembled for Ella, when I saw how prone she was to silent, mournful reveries—how impossible it was to interest her in anything. I remembered how your other children had faded away in early childhood, and I feared for her, so fragile, so young, and with a grievous disappointment evidently preying on her mind."

"But that did not last long," replied the father, more affected than he wished to show; "you wrote me, soon after her arrival, that she was fast regaining cheerfulness and health."

"I did, brother, and glad was I that I could truthfully make such a statement. But who was the person who made such an impression on Ella's fancy? I should like to hear something more from you concerning him."

"To tell the truth, Amelia," said Mr. Stanwood, rather embarrassed by the question, "I know no more of him than what I have already told you."

"Which is surely very little. Then you had no objection to him save that he was teaching for a livelihood?"

"That was a sufficient one."

"But tell me, Horace, if this young Ardley's position and fortune were such as would entitle him to aspire to your daughter—would you in that case consent to their union?"

"Very probably I should, for I rather liked the young fellow, but not as a suitor for Ella; but may I ask the drift of all these questions?"

"Simply, that I know more of the individual in question than you. If I tell you that my adopted son, Harrison, has another name, that he was known to you as Frank Ardley, what

then, brother? Nay, now, don't let passion take the place of reason, Horace; you were wont to judge of matters in an impartial, dispassioned manner, and I trust such is yet your custom."

Mrs. Rand had not forgotten her brother's weak point; the compliment was one especially agreeable to him, and unwilling to have it seem undeserved, he kept down his rising anger.

"But you cannot mean this, Amelia," he said presently, "you wrote me that young Harrison, whom you intended to be your heir, had wealth enough of his own."

"And so he has," replied the old lady, emphatically, "he has the best of all wealth, a wealth derived from his Creator, and of which no 'revulsion in moneyed circles,' no change of 'fickle fortune' can despoil him. He has the wealth of a lofty spirit, strong in unyielding rectitude—of a generous, manly heart—of a sound mind, gifted, too, with some of the brightest talents that heaven bestows. Yes, he is rich in all this; and tell me, Horace Stanwood, have you not seen men rise to the highest eminence by means of these possessions, while the envied sons of millionaires have fallen to the lowest depths of poverty, and worse, of degradation and crime? I have seen such things, and though your years are fewer than mine, I doubt not you can recall many instances of the kind that you have seen or heard of."

Mr. Stanwood mused in silence. "Related to the Harrisons of — county, I think you said?" he asked at length.

"Yes, Gerald Harrison is his uncle on the mother's side," replied Mrs. Rand, with a covert smile, for she saw that she had gained the day. Just then Ella came tripping by the window, and, at a sign from her aunt, entered. She flew into her father's arms, all smiles and blushes; then, oppressed with sad misgivings, she burst into tears.

"Pooh! silly child, you have nothing to fear," he whispered, cheerily. "Ah, Harrison, my dear fellow!" he added, as that personage appeared, and offering his hand cordially to the astonished lover. "I suppose I must give this wilful girl to you; see to it that you never cause me to repent my compliance."

"Heaven helping me, I never will, Mr. Stanwood," was the quiet but firm-toned reply.

Mrs. Rand, having waited to learn thus much, hastened to her sister-in-law to relate how matters stood; and the two soon descended to join the happy trio in the "best room."

A happy evening was spent by all, Mr. Stanwood was in his most pleasant mood, and his sister could see that he was every moment becoming more pleased with his prospective son-in-law.

"I never made but one match," the old lady was wont to say in after years; "but that was one to brag of."

TWO PICTURES.

BY M. F. TUCKER.

THESE came to my ears the story
Of one who had loved me long—
Of one who had caught a rapture
Out of my childish song;
And set in a costly frame-work,
A frame-work of gems and gold,
Was pictured a face as princely
As those of the knights of old;
But I turned me away sad-sighing,
Unheeding the gift of art,
And gazed on a sweet face pictured
Down in my inmost heart.

And yet, from the shining frame-work
Mirrored a forehead high,
And all of the depth of midnight
Shone in the eagle eye.
The smiling lips arched proudly,
And the face it was very fair,

And a boundless wealth of beauty
Dwelt in the raven hair;
Yet I thought of a brow more lovely,
A brow that my hand had pressed,
And remembered my head had rested
Down on a heaving breast.

I thought of the lips that murmured
Sweet as the low wind's sigh;
And I felt that a purer meaning
Dwelt in that milder eye.
I thought of the dark brown tresses
I had parted away so oft,
And I knew in my soul none other
Were ever so silken and soft.
So I laid down the gold-cased picture,
And bade it forever depart,
When a thousand times sweeter than ever
Looked up the dear face in my heart.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

BY FRANCIS L. MAOR.

OCTOBER 7th, 1844.—I have come away to the sea-shore to write a poem. I was weary of the din of the city, and day after day there was a confused undercurrent of music running through my brain, which I longed to put in numbers. My publisher met me three days ago and said,

"Friend Floyd, we are in want of a poem. How soon will you supply us with something excellent?"

Now a request of this kind is always a spur to my imagination. I can work most heartily when I work for a definite purpose and with a prospect of recompense. This does not sound much like fine phrenzy I am aware, but there is nothing like poverty for making poets sensible. So I answered with good cheer,

"In a month from to-day I will bring you a song."

He shook my hand, I returned to my lodgings, packed my valise, and in three hours was journeying toward the sea, where I can have quiet and solitude sufficient for my purpose.

I am living in the upper chamber of an old stone house, close upon the sea-shore. Under my window, night and day, the spirits of the great deep sing. Their voices ever solemn, ever in full chorus, fill me with sensations of delight and awe. Far away, along the coast, stretches a brown shadow of autumn leaves, and the skies are rich with the hazy atmosphere of the Indian Summer. The harvests are gathered in, the mower's scythe and the reaper's sickle have done their work, and there is a hush over the land—it is the Sabbath of the year.

I have chosen my theme, and sitting in this enchanted window, I dream and write by turns.

9th.—I have been here three days, and am more and more in love with my hermitage. Yesterday the day was so delightful and the landscape wore such hues of enchantment, that I could not stay in, and pencil in hand I wandered a long way on the shore. The coast was high and rocky, and thickly grown with oaks. Acorns pattered on the ground as I walked under the branches, and now and then a squirrel whisked across my path. I found a place where I could sit under the trees and get in sight of the sea, and then I gave the hour to poetry.

"Oh, what labor is sweeter than the poet's labor!" I cried, with enthusiasm, when I had written a long time; "what mission is diviner than his!"

"There is but one thing diviner," said a strange voice near me, and, startled, I looked around and beheld an old man standing almost by my side. He was leaning on a staff, his hair was long and very white, and his eyes had an ashen look which betokened perfect blindness.

"There is but one thing diviner," he repeated, dwelling with a tremulous accent on the words, "and that is, to live a poet. It is beautiful to write poetry for the pleasure of other men, but to live poetry, that is diviner."

I felt as if a prophet had spoken and unconsciously rose to my feet. But before I could reply, he began to feel his path with his staff, and to call, "Evelyn! Evelyn Moore!"

"Wait, grandfather," responded a voice at a little distance, and in a moment through the oak trees appeared the form of a girl carrying her straw hat full of acorns. She was not particularly beautiful, but had a ruddy cheek and lustrous, hazel eyes, while a wealth of brown curls tossed carelessly from her temples. Seeing me so near her grandfather, she looked at me with slight surprise, and said as she took the old man's hand, "Who is this stranger, grandfather?"

"I think he is a poet, my child, from what I have heard him speak. Ask him to come and read to us what he has written."

"You hear his request," she said to me, with a smile, in which both frankness and dignity were blended. "Our cottage is not far off, and my grandfather loves nothing so well as poetry."

I could not refuse, but saying something about having nothing worthy to be read, I walked along with them. The aged man leaned upon the girl, and she supported his trembling steps with an ease and tenderness which showed her to be accustomed to the task. In a few moments we emerged from the forest, and approached a pleasant cottage, with sunny, open windows. The girl led the way to the portico, but here the old man paused.

"Let us not go in yet, Evelyn, the sunshine is so warm. We will sit here and listen to the stranger's poems."

She brought some chairs out upon the portico, and I opened my manuscript and read. It was a romance in verse, an old legend of the Rhine, a story of love and heroism. The old man leaned forward to catch every word, and when I uttered some line more musical than the rest, Evelyn's eyes would flash upon mine an appreciating glance.

I had composed but little more than a hundred lines, and was obliged to break off abruptly when their interest was fully awakened. The old man still bent his ear after I had ceased, and Evelyn asked,

"Is that all?"

"It is but the beginning of the poem," I answered, "but it is all I have yet written. I came down to the sea-shore a few days ago, to study and write through the Indian Summer."

"When the summer is ended, will the poem be done?" asked Evelyn, with a smile.

"I hope so," was my reply; and her grandfather said eagerly,

"You must come and read it to us as you write. We are simple people, Evelyn and I, but we love music and books. To repay you for the pleasure you have given us, Evelyn shall sing to you if you will stay until after supper."

Evelyn disappeared as I spoke my thanks, and in a few moments, during which Mr. Moore and myself had introduced ourselves more formally to each other, she came again to the door, and taking her grandfather's hand, led the way to a small apartment where the tea-table was spread for us by her own fair hands.

Never shall I forget that meal, so simple, but so delightful. White bread, pure butter and honey, with bunches of purple grapes from the garden, formed the repast, but a prince's table could not have worn more of an air of refinement and taste. Beautiful flowers filled the room with fragrance, and a canary warbled deliciously from his swinging cage in the window. And the gracious old man, the thoughtful, lovely maiden, were in themselves a strangely interesting picture.

While we yet sat at table, Mr. Moore lifted his hand toward Evelyn with a gesture which she instantly understood, and taking her guitar from the window, she touched its strings and sung a Scotch song, one that will never grow old, "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon."

Sweet song of a sweet old bard—it will ever be sacred now to my ear. As she sung it with a thrilling softness and tenderness of expression, I felt as never before the touching beauty of that simple-hearted poet. What power is sweeter than that which enables its possessor to move

hearts, to waken tears, a century after he has mouldered to dust!

The old man clasped his hands together, and seemed lost in dreams of other days.

15th.—I have seen the Moores every day since my last record, and my poem is growing more and more absorbing to myself and to them. Yesterday it rained all day, and I shut myself up to write, but toward evening my landlady called me down to the door, and there stood my brown-haired Evelyn Moore, dripping with rain, but wearing as serene a look as if she were fresh from a banquet hall. I begged her to come in and dry and warm herself.

"No," she said, "I must go back directly, for grandfather is alone. He is not well to-day, and has watched impatiently for your coming, although it stormed. I waited until he fell asleep, and then I came swiftly across the wood path to bring you to him, that you might surprise him on his waking. Will you come?"

Who could refuse such an appeal from such a source? My foolish heart bounded at the thought that this young girl had come through such a storm to seek me, but I instantly blushed for my presumption when I saw her standing thoughtfully by the fire. Though I was a long time preparing to go out in the rain, she had no glances for me, but stood silent, looking into the blaze, and by the dreamy expression of her eyes, I knew her thoughts were far away.

Our walk was not long, and so silent that I almost felt as if her quick eye had discerned my vain and selfish thought. She spoke of the Indian Summer that was passing away, and asked me what it seemed most like.

I told her of the Sabbath-like impression it produced on me, and repeated the question to herself.

"It is like a beautiful old age," she answered, "like a pure, holy life that is drawing to a close."

I knew she was thinking of her grandfather, the only being for whom she seemed to live.

The old man was deeply gratified when I entered the room and took his hand. "So kind of you," he said, "to come in such a storm."

Evelyn was gone out, so I told him of her coming for me.

"Mr. Floyd," he said, with quivering lips, "do you remember what I said to you when I met you in the forest?"

I did remember, for I have pondered his words ever since, wondering what he could have meant.

"This child of mine is one of those rare ones whose life, simple as it is, might be set to music.

She has wealthy relatives who would be proud to take her into the world and give her every pleasure, but her devotion for me exceeds her ambition for herself. She makes a sacrifice of her brightest, gayest years, that she may console and brighten my old age. Her mind is a rich garden, and all its fairest flowers are trained for my blind, old eyes. I believe she would sacrifice even her life if duty and affection called her."

"Heaven grant that her noble spirit be not put to such trial!" I exclaimed.

She interrupted our conversation here, by coming in with her sewing and drawing a chair close to him, she talked cheerfully, and even playfully with him, very unlike her reserved manner with myself. I wondered if she would ever love like other maidens.

30th.—My hand trembles to record the strange and terrible event of this day. The trial has come and gone, but oh! what a thrilling, what a fearful scene!

The morning sun ushered in a warm and brilliant day, and old Mr. Moore went out, as is his custom, to breathe the fresh sea-breeze. Poor, old man! he wandered too far alone on the steep cliffs, allured by the warmth of the sunshine, and Evelyn busy in preparing the morning meal, had not heeded his absence. Suddenly a faint, distant cry rang through the air, and, missing him for the first time, with wild haste she sprang out-of-doors and ran along the cliffs. Something moved on the waters—again came the gurgling cry,

"Evelyn! darling!"

And the young girl kneeling on the rocks and straining her tear-blinded eyes, saw a pale hand stretched up imploringly, and long, white hair floating on the billows. At this moment, in my morning walk, I came upon an opening in the forest, where at one glance I took in the whole fearful scene. While I paused an instant, dizzy with terror, Evelyn Moore neither trembled nor hesitated. "Courage, grandfather!" she cried, in a clear, silvery voice, and sprang into the angry sea.

"Merciful heaven! must they both perish?" I breathed, and seeing a little boat fastened in a nook of the rocks, I ran forward, cut the rope, and catching an oar, shot out into the sea. They were not far from the shore, but quite distant from where I started. Evelyn had reached her grandfather, and clinging to him, with one arm was bravely striking for the shore when she heard my voice. She did not pause in her efforts to save him, but cried,

"Quick, or he will perish!"

Still no thought of herself! I urged the boat on across the waves, and each instant expected to see them sink to rise no more, but it was not so to be. The strong will and unflinching courage of the girl kept her up, and the old man clung to her and struggled to swim also. It was a moment of dreadful suspense, yet but a moment, and I had reached them and drawn them safely from the yawning deep. The old man fell senseless upon the bottom of the boat, and Evelyn, pale but calm, rubbed his temples and hands.

We could not speak, but I rowed to the shore, and then took him in my arms and carried him to the cottage. He revived when we had laid him on his own bed, and reaching out his arms, he clasped his grandchild to his bosom and wept aloud. I went out and left them to the fullness of their emotion.

At evening I went again to the cottage. No one answered my knock, and opening the door I entered the room where we had laid him in the morning. It was strangely silent.

"Is he asleep?" I asked, of Evelyn, who sat with folded hands by the bedside.

"Yes, he is asleep," she answered, and again that strange, saint-like smile shone upon her features. I approached the bed and looked upon the old man. He was indeed asleep, to wake no more.

NOVEMBER 3rd.—I have been a month at the sea-shore, my poem is written, and I am going home. Yes, I have written a poem, but she has lived a poem. Men will read my pleasant legend and praise me, and forget me, but angels will read thy poem, Evelyn Moore!

I have seen her daily since her grandfather's death, and she meets me calmly and kindly. She is going to her friends in the south, and I shall see her no more. She does not love me—I feel it in my heart—but she beams over me with mild radiance like the evening star. Oh, Evelyn Moore, I would love thee if I dared.

7th.—I could not go without bidding her farewell, though I shrank from a last meeting. Last night I went to the cottage; she was not in, and I walked out in the garden toward the old man's grave. She was leaning over the slab and gazing into the evening sky, where star after star was brightening. I stood very near, but she did not see me. She clasped her hands and looking upward, said softly,

"Good night, my kind, my beloved father—a long, a last good night. Intercede for me that my strength may be equal to my day."

My heart was full, I could keep silent no longer, and with swift, impassioned utterance I

told her all my hope and fear. She turned her face slowly, her lustrous, dark eyes beamed on me a moment, and then she laid her white hands in mine. "Adieu for awhile," she said, "but in another year come to me again."

The Indian Summer is ended, and I am going home, but the love and hope that I bear back from this blessed sea-shore, shall fill my life with fragrance forever.

GENTLE RIVER.

BY MRS. FANNY SPANGENBERG.

GENTLE river, flowing ever
 Onward to the boundless sea,
 Restless still, returning never,
 Bring some token back to me.
 Seek the depths of dark, old ocean;
 Rove his coral halls again,
 Where the waves in constant motion
 Dash against the rocks in vain.
 Seek the mermaid, restless rover,
 Ask for treasures of the deep;
 Roam the coral mountains over,
 Bring me news of those who sleep.

Knew ye the maid whose golden hair
 Oft-times hath kissed your wave?
 In some sea-cave this maiden fair
 Hath found a fitting grave.
 Her spirit free can calmly rest,
 Unfettered, unconfined,
 As free the waves above her breast,
 No bonds nor chains can bind.
 Gentle river, flowing ever,
 Onward to the dark blue sea,
 Seek the dead, returning never,
 And bring a token back to me.

TO AN ABSENT ONE.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

"'Tis said that absence conquers love,"
 But oh! it may not be,
 For all my dreams that wayward rove
 Are filled with thoughts of thee.
 When morning o'er the grassy hill,
 Looks with her golden eye,
 And winds that through the night were still,
 Are breathing softest sighs.
 Then do I think of one, to me,
 The noblest and the best,
 And bid my wandering thoughts and free,
 Fly to my heart's love nest.

When rain-drops patter on the leaves,
 And drench the flowers of earth,
 My soul doth dreamy visions weave,
 To quench her restless dirth.
 When the moon rides in the azure sea,
 With all its magic light,
 I think of hours I have strayed with thee,
 In just such moonlight nights.
 But now thou art gone, far, far away,
 Thy dreams are not for me,
 Yet ever will my spirit stray,
 And sweetly rest with thee.

THOU WERT MY ALL.

BY M. D. WILLIAMS.

THOU wert my all, no heart but thine could feel
 My every grief, no voice but thine could heal
 The wound inflicted by a careless word,
 More soft and gentle than the song of bird;
 When sadness came, thou wert of home the light,
 But thou art gone, and home, 'tis ever night.

The places which have known thee will no more
 Reveal thy steps, thy mission here is o'er,
 And I am lonely, sad, and desolate,
 As bird bereft and pining for its mate;
 But while I bow beneath this rankling pain,
 I know my loss is thy eternal gain.

And while I muse upon the faded past
 With thee beside me, joy too great to last;
 Contrasting that with this, my loneliness,
 How sweet the dream of by-gone happiness—
 But when I wake from memory's dream of thee,
 How painful seems the stern reality!

THOU wert my all, and I was more than blest
 With thee to share and calm the soul's unrest,
 And well I knew if thou shouldst pass away,
 How dark and desolate would be the day;
 It came at last, I tread life's path alone;
 I grieve, but murmur not, God's will be done.

KING PHILIP'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135.

CHAPTER III.

ELIZABETH PARRIS was in her own little chamber, in the gable end of her father's log house. The window looked out toward the sea, and a beautiful glow of sunshine lay upon the neck of land, which stretched between it and the shore, turning the water to sparkling sapphires, and the green of the land to a richer emerald tint, as the day drew toward its noon.

There was something very pretty and picturesque about Elizabeth's room. Though a tiny little place, compared to those she had just left in the gubernatorial mansion, it possessed a score of dainty trifles, that awoke in her heart a sweet home-feeling, that went rippling like a trill of music through her whole being, as she went from object to object, arranging one, displacing another, and fluttering to and fro like a bird that returns to its cage, after a long, pleasant flight in the open air.

"Oh! how white and nice everything is," she said, addressing old Tituba, who stood by the door, watching her with a glow of satisfaction in her sharp, black eyes. "This curtain is soft and pure as the clouds that sleep over the sea out yonder. As for the bed, I shouldn't think it had been slept in since I went away, the pillow-cases shine like snow crust."

"The bed hasn't been slept in since we knew you were coming right away home, child," said old Tituba, casting a well pleased look on the pillow-cases, polished by her own deftly urged smoothing-irons. "I put everything on fresh, yesterday: all for yourself."

"Not used, Tituba, not used! Then where has cousin Abby slept? Where did she sleep last night?"

"She's gone into the back room, at t'other end of the house; the very minute we heard you were coming she went in there."

"What? The store-room, where you kept herbs, and dried apples, and all sorts of things; where the old chest of drawers stands? What does this mean, Tituba?"

"I s'pose Abby was lonesome."

"Lonesome here, in this bright room, with a

glow from the water breaking in whenever there is sunshine, and the first roses always peeping through that window, with the dew on the leaves?—Tituba, you must be dreaming! How could Abby tire of our own room, even if I was away? But then, just as I was sure to come back—I can't understand it, Tituba!"

"Come and see," said Tituba, crossing a little span of open garret, and unclosing a door, which led to the opposite gable. "Sure as the world, this is Abby Williams' room now."

Elizabeth stepped into the little chamber. It was similar in size to the one she had just left; but not enclosed, like that, with wooden panels, of a light, cheerful color, or flavored with fine boards scoured white as snow by the constant exercise of old Tituba's scrubbing cloth. But here the rafters were dismally exposed, crevices of light broke through the shingles here and there, while the rough floor was full of knot-holes, and shook loosely under the tread as it was passed over.

A low, trundle bed, covered with a blue-and-white yarn quilt, stood in a corner, close under the slope of the roof. A single chair was near it, and near to the door a tall chest of drawers towered into the roof. This was all the furniture visible. That the room had been used for rude household purposes formerly, was very evident; for opposite the bed, clusters of penny-royal, sage and coriander, were still hanging to the rafters; and on each side of the windows festoons of dried apples and rings of pumpkins fell, like a drapery from roof to floor, but half concealing the rough logs underneath. The windows looked toward the grave-yard, and beyond that into the deep, deep forest.

Elizabeth gazed around with mingled surprise and distress. After her beautiful city life, this homely floor seemed full of insupportable gloom.

"And does Abby mean to sleep here? She, who loved our own pretty rooms so much? What does it all mean? Do, tell me, old Tituba, what does it mean?"

Tituba shook her head.

"What does it mean?" persisted the young

lady, with a burst of her natural impatience. "I want to understand all about it!"

That moment the door opened, and Abby Williams came in, looking pale and harassed.

"What is all this about?" cried Elizabeth, turning upon her cousin, with a burst of half indignant affection. "I come back, Abby Williams, to find our dear old room white and cold as a snow drift—not a flower in the glasses—not even a branch of pine or hemlock in the fireplace—and worst of all, the bed so smooth that it looks as if no one ever slept in it, or ought to sleep in it, without being chilled to death. Why have you left our pretty room, Abby Williams? the room you and I have slept in since they took us from the same cradle; left it, too, for this dreary corner, just as I was coming home so happy, so very, very happy, at the thoughts of—of—oh! Abby, dear, dear Abby, what has come over you since I have been away?"

Abby Williams stood leaning against the chest of drawers. She looked sad and weary, rather than touched, or excited, by her cousin's almost passionate appeal.

"I came here," she said, gently, "because, since you went away, Elizabeth, I have learned to be alone. It seems unnatural to go back into the old life now: your heart is full of its own joys. But mine—you see I am fond of loneliness now, and that is why we cannot sleep together any more."

Elizabeth's blue eyes filled with half angry tears; her fair face flushed, and turned pale, and then broke into one of those heavenly smiles that seemed bright enough to win an angel from his place in paradise. She went up to her cousin, and flung one arm over her shoulders.

"Oh! I see how it is," she cried, turning the sad face toward her with a gentle pat of the hand, "she is jealous that I shall think of somebody else now, and not all the day and night long of her, as we used to think of each other. I know what the feeling is, Abby darling, and would rather die than give it to you. But then you are so wrong! This love—yes, don't stare, old Tituba. Indeed I love some one, very, very much—you cross-looking old thing—and that very love gives warmth and breadth to all the dear old household feelings, that nothing ever could crowd from my heart, just as a good mother loves all her children, better and better for every new baby. There now, don't be jealous, cousin!"

"I am not jealous, Elizabeth Parris," answered Abby, oppressed by the caressing tenderness of the young girl, "only sad, and in love with my own company. When two girls like us

are once separated, it is not so easy to fall back into the old ways."

"Indeed, indeed, this is jealousy, nothing else. But I do love you so much, Abby Williams, cross as you are; you don't know how my heart leaped, as I came in sight of the house; I wanted to fly, to kiss you, this way, a thousand, thousand times. There—there."

Elizabeth interrupted herself, pressing kiss after kiss on the lips, forehead and hair of her cousin, who shrunk and grew pallid in her embrace, as if those warm kisses had poison in them.

"Why, Abby, you do not kiss me back—you are trying to get away—is it because you do not love me any longer?—is it really that?"

Elizabeth drew back, searching her cousin's face with her reproachful eyes, while Abby turned away, almost sullenly.

"This is hard, very hard!" murmured Elizabeth, choking back the sobs that struggled in her throat. "I am home again, my—my heart brim full of joy, and no one seems to care for it; even old Tituba stands looking at me, as if she expected to be hanged, and I had the rope somewhere about me. What have I done, or left undone, that my own cousin should hate me so?"

Abigail muttered something beneath her breath. It was that fragment of scripture, which speaks of children inheriting the sins of their parents. The poor girl did not remember that endurance and atonement made up the duty of the fell inheritance, not vengeance. But her whole being was in commotion. She began to look upon herself as an avenger, and this iron repulse of her cousin was her first step in the gloomy path, which seemed the only one she could ever tread.

"What were you saying, Abigail?" inquired Elizabeth, softening with what she thought a relenting murmur.

"Nothing. I did not speak," said Abby, moving toward the window, and looking out.

Elizabeth followed her, and her glance took in the outskirts of the grave-yard, along which a female figure was moving rapidly toward the house.

Elizabeth caught her breath. Abigail turned her eyes, that instant, and saw the change that came, like a storm, over that bright face.

"She here!" said Elizabeth, casting suspicious glances at Abby and old Tituba. "She here! Then I understand it all. She is the malignant witch that prowls forever along my path, turning every one against me. Abby Williams, you saw Barbara Stafford before I came home?"

"Yes," said Abby, vaguely, "I saw her; she

is a strange, sweet woman, full of soothing, rich in all that gives tranquility."

"It is her doings!" exclaimed Elizabeth, passionately. "This woman intrigues with the Evil one. I say again, Abigail Williams, and you, old Tituba, this woman, Barbara Stafford, is my enemy!"

Elizabeth was white and stern, as she uttered this denunciation. Every feature bore conviction that she solemnly believed what she was saying.

Old Tituba cowered down in a corner of the room, knitting her hands together in a paroxysm of nervous dread, for the sight of her child's distress made a coward of her. Even Abby, whose soul was full of a trouble more harassing than superstition, felt a shudder creep through her frame, and a strange intangible dread poisoned her. She almost thought her cousin mad.

"See! see!" cried Elizabeth, pointing through the window, "that is my father, she is speaking with him—she dares to touch him—she turns—he walks by her side—he stoops his head to listen. Oh! my God, save him from her subtle power; I cannot move, I cannot run, to warn him: the very sight of the evil woman smites the strength from my limbs!"

A sudden faintness seized upon the young girl, as she spoke. She began to tremble violently, and crept away to her own chamber, moaning as she went. The change in her cousin, the shock of Barbara Stafford's sudden presence, the excitement in which she had been living, recoiled upon her all at once, and she was seriously ill.

For a little time she lay writhing upon the snowy bed, which had seemed so cold to her a few moments before. Sorrow, or any kind of anxiety was so new to her life, that she wrestled all her strength away with the first encounter.

Old Tituba came into the room with a bowl of herb-tea, which the young girl strove to drink; but the first drop was met with a hysterical swell of the throat, and she pushed the bowl away, exclaiming, "I cannot swallow! I cannot swallow!"

Old Tituba stood by the bed; grasping the bowl in her little, brown hands, terrified by a burst of feeling which convulsed the slight form before her with strange throes.

She possessed no skill which could reach or even understand a paroxysm like this, for in those days the hysterical affections that spring from over-excitement and ill regulated tempers, had not reached the dignity of a fashionable disease.

Abby Williams did not enter the chamber. She heard the moans and sobs with callous indifference, with the thoughts of the constable's lash across the white shoulders of her mother, and the Indian tomahawk unmercifully buried in the white forehead of her grandame, Anna Hutchinson. She had no sympathy to cast away on the causeless moans of a young girl. To her they seemed trivial and mocking. With mighty wrongs like those in the past, what right had any one to moan over the capricious rise and flow of mere household affection?

Under the knowledge of a great wrong, Abby Williams stifled the tender impulses of a heart naturally full of human goodness. She had learned to think revenge a solemn obligation. Was not the young creature writhing under the first recoil of her affections, the child of her mother's judge? Was not she, Abigail Williams, the creature of his bounty? From the cradle up, had she not received her daily bread from the hand which placed her mother beneath the lash?

These thoughts froze all compassion in her bosom; but she could not listen to the sobs that broke from that room, without a sensation of terrible regret for the love that had grown so icy in her bosom. In the grasp of that iron destiny, her poor heart, with a thousand kind impulses fluttering at the core, trembled to free itself, but had no power. A wall of granite seemed built up between her and the young creature who had once been her second life. So, stupefied and locked up in the iron destiny before her, she sat down in the open garret, and waited within hearing of her cousin's sobs.

As she sat upon a wooden box, with both hands locked over her knees, holding herself, body and soul, as it were, in a vice, the chamber door opened, and Elizabeth came out. Her hair was disordered, and her face flushed with weeping; but she walked with a gesture of resolve, and descended to the lower part of the house in quick haste.

The sitting-room was empty, but through the window she saw her father, standing with Barbara Stafford. The woman was talking earnestly, enforcing what she said, now and then, with a gentle motion of the hand.

Samuel Parris was looking in her face, with a long, earnest gaze. His heart had not been so moved by a human voice, since the day when the young wife, who lay close in sight, had turned from his embrace to bless her babe and die.

There was something in Barbara's look, or voice, that troubled all the deep waters of his

memory, and yet she was in one thing like the fair young creature lost to him so long ago.

Parris was speaking as his daughter came up. Almost for the first time in his life, he did not take a step to meet the idol of his home, as she approached; but kept on with the invitation he was giving.

"Surely, we will find you food and shelter, so long as you may require either," he was saying, "we are a single family, and live as becometh a servant of the Most High, taking God's gifts in frugal thoughtfulness. You have, doubtless, been used to more sumptuous fare, lady, and a more stately roof; but in my poor home, you will find peace and household love, which is better than cups of gold and trenchers of silver. Sojourn with us, then, so long as it pleases you. See, here comes my daughter, who shall speak our welcome better than I can; who, to own the truth, am somewhat unused to hospitable courtesies; Elizabeth, my child, this lady will be our guest awhile, welcome her as bescometh a lady of condition, for such make sure she is."

When Elizabeth came up, her cheek was on fire, and her eyes sparkled with some passionate resolve; but as she turned from her father to Barbara Stafford, with a proud refusal on her lip, the calm, blue eyes of the woman fell upon her, like sunshine on a thunder cloud. The repulse that had burned on her lip, quivered into a murmur of welcome; her eyes drooped to the earth, and she grew ashamed of her passion. The fire upon her cheek melted into a modest blush, and her voice was sweet with humility.

And all this change arose from a single calm glance, prolonged and vital with that mesmeric power which endows some human beings with wonderful influence; an influence that might well arouse the superstition of an age like that, and prove a dangerous gift to its possessor.

As Elizabeth stood before her, mute and blushing, Barbara reached forth her hand, clasping that of the young girl with a gentle pressure.

"You will not find me troublesome," she said, with a sad smile, quietly guarding the fact that they had ever met before; "I want a little time for rest and thought. You will not grudge me a corner in your home, or a crust and cold water twice a day. My wants will be scarcely more than that?"

"You shall be welcome, lady," murmured Elizabeth, almost in a whisper. "But deal kindly with us, for you have great power."

This was not at all the reply Elizabeth had intended to make; but she had no courage, either to expostulate or protest; her heart swelled, and her limbs shook, but she had lost

all ability or wish to send the stranger from her father's door.

"Shall we go in-doors now?" said Samuel Parris, who saw nothing unusual in the reception his daughter had given to the guest. "I have scarcely spoken to my niece yet; but methought, Elizabeth, that she looked sad, as if the loneliness of our absence had stricken deep. Pray, call Abigail Williams, my child, I would greet her once more, and present her to our guest."

"I have already seen the young lady," said Barbara, smiling upon the old man, "she gave me some breakfast, this morning, before you came!"

"And in all the time we were together never mentioned it," murmured Elizabeth, with a swell of jealous indignation at the heart; "this is why Abby shuns me so cruelly!"

"She has a fair—nay, that is not the right word—she has a strangely interesting face," continued Barbara, softly, "a sybiline face, full of sweet gravity. I have never seen features so beautiful."

"Nay, nay," said the simple-hearted old man, looking with jealous fondness on his own child, "Abby is a comely girl enough; but great painters, I am told, give blue eyes and sunny hair to the angels."

Barbara smiled. His words bore a double compliment, for her own hair was lightly golden, and her eyes were of that deep velvety blue, which might at one time have been as rich in sparkling life as those of Elizabeth; but were now sad and hazy, like a periwinkle in its dew.

Samuel Parris had not noticed this. His heart was turning back to another fair creature, who had indeed been the angel at his hearthstone years before; and her memory was the very type of human loveliness to him.

Barbara Stafford seemed to understand his thoughts.

"Yes," she said, "you are right; there is something almost divine in a pure, young face like—like——" she broke off suddenly, with a little confusion which satisfied the wrong love of the old man for his child. Of course, the strange lady could not praise the beauty of Elizabeth, and she present; he looked at his daughter, wondering at the cloud on her forehead.

Barbara stepped forward, and laid her hand on that of the young girl, Elizabeth shrunk back, but as Barbara's fingers closed over hers, a thrill of almost imperceptible pleasure stole the pain from her heart, and she blushed like a naughty child, beneath the grave, kind look fastened on her face.

Abby Williams looked out from the gable

window of her little chamber, and saw the action. A vague sense of loneliness drove her back into the room. She locked the door, creating for herself a moral desert, when she sat down, a second Ishmael, ready to lift her hand against every creature of the white race.

A week went by, and all the bitter feelings, starting up in the hearts of those two girls, grew and throve like the nightshade which overruns all the sweet flowers of a garden. Elizabeth was grieved and wounded into coldness. Abby grew silent, and shrunk away from her warm-hearted cousin. Her whole habits of life changed. She gave up all her dainty needle-work and passive knitting, and from choice toiled all day long in the kitchen with old Tituba, doing the hardest and coarsest work with a zeal that threatened to undermine her strength. The sweet, dreamy portion of her life gave place to hard reality. She toiled like a slave, and thought like a martyr.

Samuel Parris sometimes expostulated with his niece, in a solemn, kindly way; but she answered him vaguely, and went on her own course, denying his authority to chide only by a persistent refusal to change her new mode of life.

"I will earn my own bread," she would say to herself, "the hand that smote my mother shall not feed her child."

Then would come bitter, bitter regrets for the shelter she had received, and the food she had eaten from her cradle up. She loathed the very roundness of her limbs, and the richness of her beauty, because both had thriven on the kindness of her mother's arch enemy. Yet it seemed strange, very strange, that any one could feel a moment's bitterness toward that good old man, who had but acted up to the light of an iron age, believing himself even as Paul believed, when he persecuted the saints most cruelly.

Thus the household of Samuel Parris was divided against itself; and in the midst of this growing discord, Barbara Stafford rested, after many a heavy trouble, unconscious of the good or evil her presence created, a stranger in the land, the very reasons for her coming a secret in her bosom, distressed by disappointment, and filled with heavy regrets, she had lost the keen perception which might have enlightened a less occupied person regarding the effect of her visit at the minister's house. Besides, she knew nothing of the previous habits of the family, and had no way of learning that the two girls, now so far apart, had, up to the last two months, been like twin blossoms which a storm had never touched. But the days wore on, as if no discontent were known under that humble roof. When

Abby Williams was not drudging in the kitchen, she spent her time in the woods; and in this lay the greatest danger of all, for during all their lives, the two girls had haunted those forest nooks in company. Now Abigail went alone, in the day and in the night, without a word of explanation when she came in, or when she came out.

I do not know how Barbara Stafford spent her time, or what led her so much into the open air. She sat hours together on the sea-shore, looking wistfully over the swelling blue of the waters, waiting and musing like one who had no world out of her own thoughts. She seldom went to the forest, but sometimes walked slowly out to the outskirting trees, and came back again breathing fast as if something had frightened her away.

Sometimes Elizabeth, weary of the solitude forced upon her, would join Barbara in the sitting-room down stairs, for the young girl seemed constantly torn by opposing influences. In the absence of her father's guest, jealousy, suspicion, and bursts of dislike, embittered every thought; but some strange force seemed constantly bringing the two in company; and thus Elizabeth was like a little child, so gentle, and regretting so much the bitter feelings of her solitude, that her whole character was disturbed with contradictions.

The second week after Samuel Parris' return from Boston, another guest arrived at his house, a handsome young fellow, with the face of an angel and the impulsive manners of a child, but with depth and earnestness of feeling, which only broke out when the occasion was important enough to draw forth high and brave qualities.

When Elizabeth saw the young man coming, she forgot all coldness, and uttering a joyful cry, ran into the little garret room, where Abby William sat brooding over her thoughts.

"Oh! Abby, dear, dear Abby—he has come, Norman is here. Come, look at him as he dismounts, and say if he is not the brightest, the handsomest—oh! do come!"

In her eagerness, she almost lifted Abby from her seat on the bed, and kissed her averted face again and again. Abby was taken by surprise, her heart gave a wild leap, and her cheeks grew red and warm. The good, true heart for a moment flung off its bitter load.

They crossed the garret, each with an arm girding the other's waist, and stood by the window, while the young man dismounted. Abby could not feel that young heart beating and fluttering against her own, without a thrill of warm sympathy, and for a little time the old love triumphed.

"Stand back a little, just a step, cousin Abby, or he will see us watching him," cried Elizabeth, blushing crimson at the idea of her own boldness.

"There now—ha!"

Elizabeth gave a start, and forgetting her late precaution, drew close to the window. The young man had sprung from his saddle, and was moving eagerly toward the doorstep on which Barbara Stafford had paused. The sound of his voice, clear and full of glad surprise, rang up to the two girls where they stood.

"You here, lady—oh! if you only knew how anxious we have been, how lonely the house was after you left so strangely. But you will never believe it. The governor has scarcely spoken since, except on state affairs—and as for Lady Phipps, she has moved about like a shadow. Somehow all the sunshine went out when you disappeared."

Barbara Stafford answered in a more constrained voice, but with gentleness.

"I had but a few weeks to wait, before the ship goes out. My business in this land is accomplished, I only wanted some place to rest in, till the time came; found my way here, knowing that the good minister would give me shelter."

"Oh! but we have been so troubled at your sudden disappearance: it was very cruel."

"And was there any one who felt my loss?" asked Barbara, with a thrill of tenderness in her voice. "Who cared to inquire if I was dead or alive?"

"You ask that question in earnest? I will not believe it. How little you knew of the depths of love you abandoned!"

These words rose to the window less distinctly than the others had done; but Abby felt the form, still encircled by her arm, waver as if about to fall.

"Listen—listen," she said, "it is not of himself he speaks."

Elizabeth did not answer. Her breath was hushed. With all her soul she listened for the next words. They came, like a gush of bright waters.

"But now that I find you safe, and have good tidings to carry back to Sir William and Lady Phipps, I will pass in, lady, for I should see her before my hard gallop is quite rewarded. Surely, Miss Parris is not away from home, or ill?"

"He thinks of you—he inquires for you!" whispered Abby. "It was surprise, only surprise, that kept him at the door so long."

"I will go down. Shall I go down at once? Dear cousin, tell me—don't let me go if it is

unmaidenly, or if you think he has been too cold. Shall I go, cousin Abby?"

"Yes, go," answered Abby Williams, withdrawing her arm. "He is waiting for you!"

Elizabeth smoothed her hair with both hands, looked shyly at her cousin as she turned from the little mirror, and glided away. She entered the lower hall; but between her and her lover stood Barbara Stafford, with the sunshine on her hair, but casting a dark shadow across the door-sill. So the young people met with constraint, and each thought the other cold.

Barbara Stafford glided away, when she saw Elizabeth, and bent her course to the sea-shore. Young Lovel watched her, with a long, earnest look, and when she disappeared behind a clump of orchard trees, he sighed deeply, and fell into thought. Elizabeth stood on the threshold, leaning against the mouldings of the door. Her cheek grew red, and she began to tremble beneath the rush of a terrible idea, that took distinct form on that fatal moment.

"Strange, strange woman!" muttered the youth. "By what power does she drain the heart of all thoughts that do not belong to herself?"

Elizabeth began to tremble. The young man seemed unconscious of her presence; yet they had not seen each other for a week; and since the solemn engagement had never been parted till then. She turned proudly, and went into the house. The movement aroused Lovel. He withdrew his eyes from the retreating form of Barbara Stafford, to which they seemed drawn by some fascination, and followed the young girl, unconscious that he had done anything to wound or offend her.

Elizabeth sat down in the oaken chair, that had belonged to her mother. She could not understand the iron feelings that crept over her.

"Had that woman's shadow chilled all the love from her heart as well as his?" she said to herself. "Was she too bewitched?"

This word made the idea, that had haunted her so long, painfully tangible. The young girl began to shudder at the thoughts that crowded upon her. All the feelings, connected with her love of this young man, had been strange from the first. There had been so much of pain mingled with them, so much of passion, temper, and the bitter tears which spring from both, that she could not comprehend it. The very development of her own nature, under the workings of a passion utterly unknown to her before, had something mysterious in it, which aroused ideas of some supernatural power, checking and thwarting it into a wild pain.

And Barbara Stafford had connected herself with this evil power, which sometimes held her heart girded like a vice, and again forced the young creature to throw herself upon the woman's bosom in a paroxysm of regretful tenderness.

Why was she to love or hate Barbara Stafford, a woman she had never seen till within the last few weeks: a stranger wrecked upon the shore, and cast up, as it were, from the foam of the ocean, without a history, or it might prove without a true name: or if it must be that their destinies jostled each other, why could it not be all love or entire hate?

Elizabeth Parris sat still, thinking these things over, while Norman Lovel was talking to her of the friends she had so lately left. He brought a score of sweet messages from Lady Phipps, and dignified remembrances from the governor himself. He spoke of the loneliness that fell upon the family when its guests had departed; but after his words to Barbara Stafford, anything he could say to her seemed cold and common-place. Without knowing it, Elizabeth was possessed of that proud hunger, which every true woman feels, when she really loves; that craving desire to be all or nothing, which makes so many noble hearts miserable.

Yes, Elizabeth would be all to Norman Lovel, or she would be nothing. She did not say these words, or think these thoughts; but the resolution rose and burned in her heart like a fire. Filled with the tumult of these sensations, she did not heed what her lover was saying. His voice seemed to come from afar off; and as for the meaning of his speech, her ears refused to drink it in.

Norman saw her distraction, and was amazed by it. Had he ridden fifteen miles through the woods, almost on an unbroken gallop, to be met with half looks, and greeted only by monosyllables? The young man took fire at once. He would give Elizabeth plenty of time to collect her thoughts. His kindest words should no longer be wasted on a sullen statue.

In this heat of temper, Norman took up his hat and went out. Elizabeth started, looked wildly over her shoulder, and tried to call him back; but her voice was too husky; she could neither speak nor move, till he had crossed the threshold, and was gone. For some moments she sat motionless. It seemed as if her limbs were girded to the chair. She thought with bitterness that the power of Barbara Stafford's evil will held her tight, when it was the reaction of her own overwrought feelings. The fiend Jealousy was torturing her silently.

All at once, she started up and went to the door, shading her eyes with one hand as she looked forth toward the ocean. It lay in the distance, blue and sparkling, like hedges and woods of sapphire, breaking through a stream of diamond dust; and moving along through the verdure of the shore, she saw young Lovel walking rapidly, in the path from which Barbara Stafford had just disappeared.

"He is going to her! he is going to her!" cried the young girl, pressing the hand down upon her forehead, to still a thought that seemed gnawing at her brain like a viper. "She has charmed him away, she and the sweet-toned familiar, that whispers in her voice, and looks through those velvet eyes——"

"Elizabeth, child! Elizabeth!"

She did not hear the full voice of Tituba, who had stood in the entry way, behind her, waiting to be noticed.

"Child!" she repeated, touching the uplifted arm with her finger, "child!"

Elizabeth dropped her hand, and shrunk away, looking at Tituba suspiciously, over her shoulder.

"You hurt me, old Tituba. Look, my arm is black and purple where the marks of your nails have been. She has taught you this, old woman. I have seen her in the kitchen, with dry herbs, which you made into tea; and roots, which she dug up with a knife from among drifts of seaweed on the shore. Keep away from me, old woman, my flesh creeps as you come near."

Old Tituba looked confounded. She had only come to consult her young mistress on the propriety of killing a chicken, and making up a batch of blackberry pies, if the young gentleman was likely to stay over night; and this charge of hurting the creature, whom she loved better than anything on earth, struck her dumb. At length she spoke.

"You are sick, Miss Lizzybeth; or something dreadful is the matter, or you'd never say this to old Tituba. Go up stairs, and sit down while I make some tea."

"No, you gave me herb drink last night, and once before this week. I will not take herb tea from any one."

"Why, child?"

"Hush, Tituba, hush! If you love me, I don't mean to be cross; but my head is full of wild, terrible thoughts, and they make me say cruel things even to my poor old Tituba."

"The poor child—and she will take nothing," said the old woman, while her face, dark and wrinkled like a dried peach, began to work, the nearest approach to weeping her Indian blood

ever permitted. What can I do? Where is the young brave?"

"Yonder," said Elizabeth, bitterly, "going toward the sea!"

"Shall I bring him back? Shall I tell him that he has left your heart full of tears?"

Tituba clenched her little hands with energy, as if she were about to give a leap, and start off at full speed, while her sharp eyes followed the retreating figure of the young man. But Elizabeth held her back.

"No, no. See, Abigail is coming down. I will tell her. Abigail! cousin Abigail!"

But Abigail Williams, who had been so caressing and kind half an hour before, came into the passage, with the dull, heavy frown on her

forehead, which had become habitual now, and answering her cousin's appeal with a repulsive motion of the hand, passed by her, and went into the open air. The sun was very bright, and for an instant she stood upon the stepping-stone, shading her eyes with one hand, looking first toward the cool forest, and again, with more lingering earnestness, sweeping the horizon with her gaze, where the sky melted into the ocean. A boat lay like a speck amid the brightness of the water. Had she not been searching for it, an object so diminished by distance would have escaped observation. But she saw the floating speck, and without a look, or word, for those she left behind, started off for the shore.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SPRING PICTURES.

BY LIBBIE D.

Up aloft in the ether,
The white-winged cloudlets fly,
Whiter they look, and fairer,
Against that dark blue sky.
Down below on the fields
Lie fleecy patches of snow,
They look like clouds on the brown old earth,
And like clouds they change and go.
The sky has the blue of June,
And its clear, sunshiny glow;
But bleak winds sweep o'er the barren fields,
It is only March below.
It is March in the frosty air—
It is March in the forests brown,
Where the old trees wrestle with the winds,
And the dry leaves rustle down.

And thoughts of this wondrous life
Rise up before me here,
I think of some, whose faces smile
In sunshine, bright and clear—
Who down in the sunless heart
Are chilled as with Winter snow,
With wailing memories there,
Sounding drear as the March wind's blow.
They wrestle with their pain,
As the old trees with the gale,
Though the sky smiles overhead,
And their faces grow not pale;
But alas! their withered hopes
Are falling, falling fast,
As the leaves are torn from the forest trees
By the stormy North-wind's blast.

PRESS ON.

BY N. F. CARTER.

Flourish of earth, press on, press on;
Nor mind the burning desert sand,
Thy weariness will ne'er be gone
Till thou hast reached the promised land.
Now is the time for manly toil,
For strong, courageous hearts to brave
The dangers, and the wild turmoil,
That crest with foam the ocean wave.
Press on; nor mind the chilly morns
That usher in the weary day—
The jagged rocks, the wounding thorns,
That strew so thick thy dubious way.
Press on; nor mind the rising cloud—
The gathering blackness of the storm—
The thunder pealing long and loud—
The lightning flashing thick and warm:

Press on; and let no love of ease—
No clinging to some darling sin—
No distant gleam of summer seas—
No earthly pleasure thou may'st win,
Rob thine undying soul of good
That crowns the victor in the race,
Blesses the angel brotherhood,
And shows a Father's smiling face!
Press on; oh, christian pilgrim, press
With all thy might and vigor on,
To reach the gates of blessedness,
Where many a ransomed one has gone.
Press on, press on; those pearly gates
Will soon be gleaming on thy sight!
Press on: for lo! the Saviour waits
To crown thee victor in the fight!

FASHION NOVELTIES FOR THE MONTH.

BY OUR "FASHION EDITOR."

In the front pages of this number, are given some exquisite patterns for bonnets, &c., sent



out to us from Paris: and the descriptions of them are to be found under the usual head, at



the end of the number. Formerly, it was necessary, in all cases where style was required, to depend on Paris. But of late years, milliners, in both Philadelphia and New York, have been

found to rival their French sisters in taste and elegance. It shall be our purpose to keep an eye on the best and most stylish productions of these American *artistes*, and have them engraved for "Peterson." For the present number, we have selected three exquisite affairs: two bonnets and a head-dress, from the establishment of R. T. Wilde, No. 253 Broadway, New York. Next month we shall be enabled to present our readers with some of the leading styles of full fashions in bonnets, which report says are unusually elegant.



A bonnet of white crape, laid on the foundation plain, with a succession of narrow folds of crape extending over the head. The brim, and also the crown, are edged by a narrow border of rich plaided ribbon in gay colors. The left side is ornamented by clusters of white marabouts, tipped with colors to correspond with the ribbon: on the right side, a single loop of plaid ribbon forms the only ornament. The curtain is of crape, edged with plaided ribbon. The inside is adorned by a wreath of variegated roses, which terminates on either side in full ruches of blonde. Broad strings of white and plaided ribbon.

From the Head-Dress department we selected a becoming and pretty style of coiffure for a blonde, composed of ribbon, flowers, and tulle

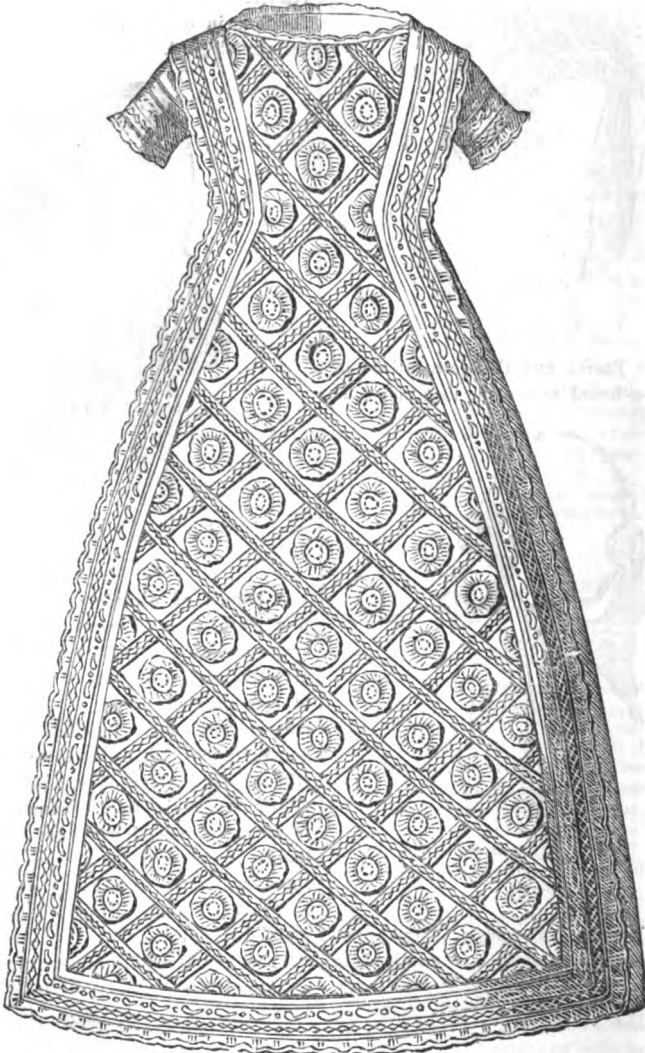
A delicate wreath of pale blue flowers extends over the head, while a wreath of clematis droops over full loops and ends of blue and white striped ribbon, which forms an ornament at the back of the head. The side-trimmings are composed of clusters of snowy phlox and blue-bells, long streamers of tulle are on the right side.

Also from the same establishment a coquetish style of bonnet for a Miss of twelve years.

The materials are Neapolitan lace and gimp: the front is formed entirely of lace with the exception of the edge, which is bordered with a narrow edge of blue silk. The crown is composed of blue silk shirred lengthwise, and the sides are ornamented by loops of blue ribbon, with long fringed ends: the curtain is of straw and silk. The face trimmings consist of a full cap of blonde mingled with forget-me-nots.

EMBROIDERED ROBE FOR INFANT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



DRESSES FOR CHILDREN

BY EMILY H. MAY.



PATTERN FOR BOY'S DRESS.

We give, this month, two different diagrams for children's dresses. The first is a DRESS FOR A BOY. For the fall months it is especially suitable, and is also excellent for winter, if made out of thicker cloth. Of this one the jacket and waistcoat are made of velvet of any color, with military braid to match for the trimmings, and fancy buttons. The skirt is made of Orleans cloth, with two rows of velvet the same color as the jacket, the lower one being the broadest. The skirt is made rather full and quite ample in width.

The waistcoat fastens up the front with hooks,
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and is finished with very narrow velvet braid. The same also goes round the collar. The dress only requires drawers with a deep Broderie edging to make it the most elegant of any out this season. We have made the diagram for this dress particularly plain, as it consists of a larger number of parts than usual.

- No. 1. THE SKIRT.
- No. 2. THE FRONT.
- No. 3. THE BACK.
- No. 4. THE SIDE.
- No. 5. THE SLEEVE.
- No. 6. THE CUFF.

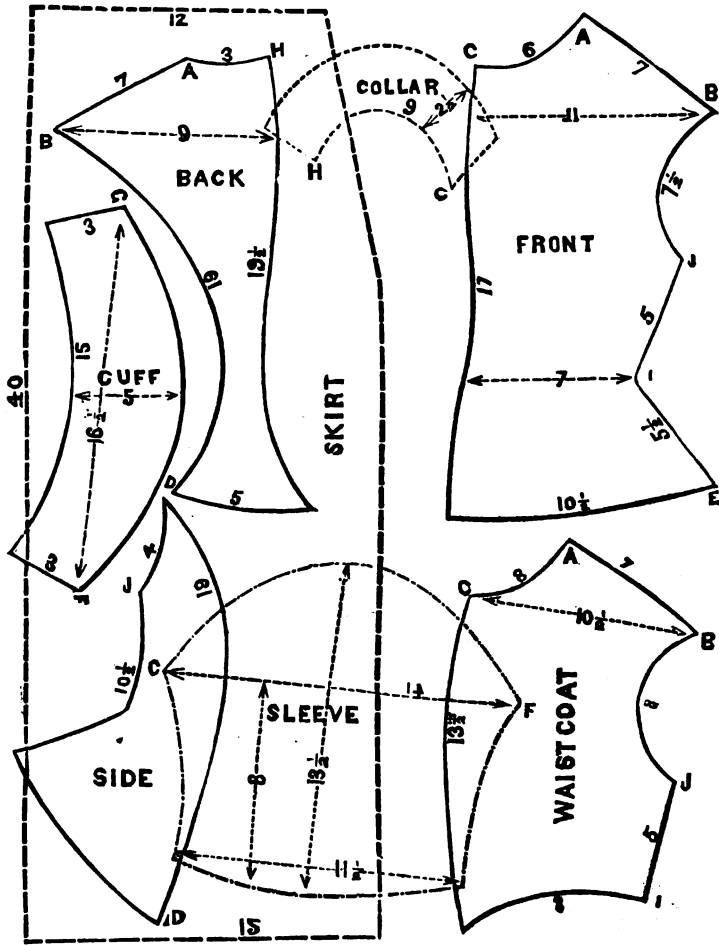


DIAGRAM FOR BOY'S DRESS.

No. 7. THE COLLAR.

No. 8. THE WAISTCOAT.

The lengths of the various parts are marked on the side. Of course, they may be varied, more or less, according to the size of the young lad.

Our next pattern is a SACK FOR A LITTLE GIRL. We omit a drawing of it, for want of room; but give the diagram; and as this dress is much simpler than the last, the diagram is all that is necessary. The Sack may be varied in size, it should be remembered, so as to suit children of different ages. To do this it is only necessary to preserve the proportions of the three parts. We should add, that, for a girl of the ordinary size, the height of the back and front, respectively, are about thirty inches. For the diagram see the next page.

No. 1. BACK.

No. 2. FRONT.

No. 3. SLEEVE.

The beauty of this charming little garment may be much increased, by trimming it in the style seen in the diagram. This way of trimming is, just now, all the rage in Paris, especially for children. It is executed in gimp, and is quite easy to do. Or the Sack may be finished with a pretty braid, if intended for the early fall months, and made out of a light material. The Sack, for later fall wear, may be of velvet, as the boy's dress given before, or of cloth, as the taste of the mother may suggest. A very slight skill will be required to make this garment. The other is more difficult, but still, with the elaborate diagram, may be made, we think, with ease.

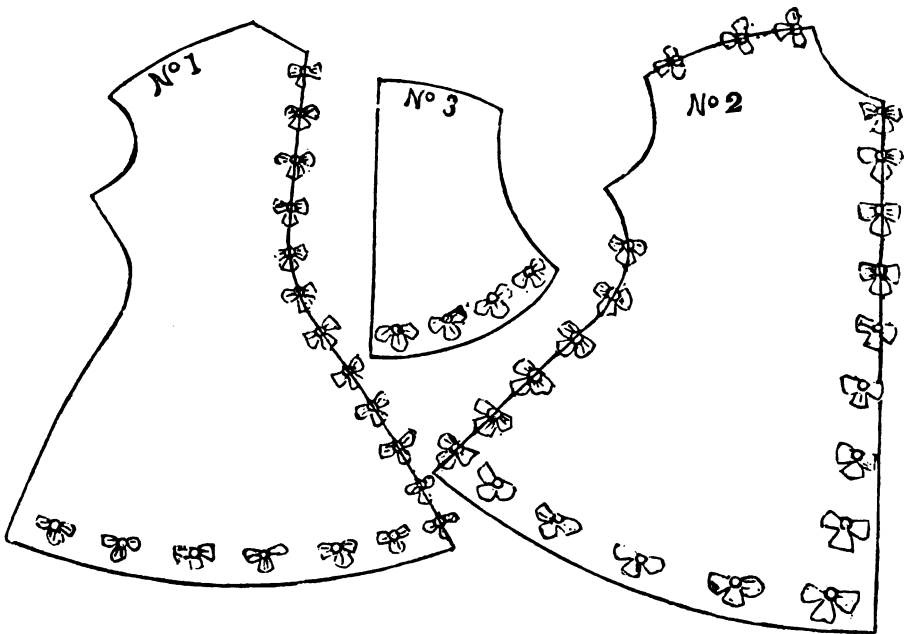


DIAGRAM FOR LITTLE GIRL'S SACK.

OUR DICTIONARY OF NEEDLEWORK.

NO. IX.—CONCLUSION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS IN METAL.

GOLD BRAID.—The Parisian is much superior to the English for flexibility and purity. It is made in various widths. The English braid is usually Russian plait. It may be had either pure, or washed. The former only can be used for any article intended for durability.

SILVER BRAID is very little used.

GOLD CORD OR THREAD.—Sold in small skeins, varying from No. 0 (the finest) to No. 6. This, also, is of various qualities. It is sometimes sold on reels.

Silver thread is not so much used, but it is very pretty for purses, &c.—either for bridal or mourning purses.

BOURDON.—A cord, covered with gold or silver, used much by the Parisians in crochet, with colored silks. It is made in various sizes, and is extremely brilliant, but not very durable.

BULLION.—This is either dead or bright gold. It is a sort of tube of gold, used in embroidery. It, also, is of two qualities.

SPANGLES, though little used, yet make pretty decorations in embroidery.

All these materials should be kept in silver, and then an outer covering of blue paper; and, especially, not be exposed to gas.

FILET.—A French material exactly imitating netting. It is both black and white, and with the mesh of various sizes. To get a piece to imitate square netting, it must be cut on the cross.

GUIPURE NET.—A fancy net, which, laid under muslin and applique, gives the appearance of bars.

BRUSSELS NET.—A very soft, fine net, used in Swiss Lace.

TOILE CIRE.—An oil cloth, much used in muslin work; it is green on one side, and black on the other. If good, it is very thin and flexible. It differs much in quality, the English generally being thick and hard.

BEADS.

POUND BEADS.—These are like seed beads, except in size. Those in most general use are distinguished as Nos. 1, 2 and 3. No. 1 is rarely used, except for grounding mats worked in wools and silks. No. 2 is used for tables,

ottomans, table borders, and such things. No. 3 is fit for footstools, handcreens, and fine articles. The greatest variety of colors and shades is to be had in this size. It is next to seed beads in its dimensions.

SEED BEADS.—Very small beads, for crests, cigar-cases, and very delicate work generally. Can only be used with proper beading or jeweler's needles, and fine white silk. Sold in small hanks of ten strings each.

CUT BEADS.—These, instead of having a round, smooth surface, are cut in angles. They are more brilliant as well as more expensive than the ordinary kinds. Black, ruby, and garnet are the colors usually obtainable.

BUGLES are tubes of glass, varying both in length and thickness. The black and white are used for trimming articles of mourning. Colored bugles have lately been introduced. Green, purple, bronze, and blue. They are sold by the ounce or pound.

PROPER CANVAS FOR BEADS.—With No. 1, Canvas No. 18.

With No. 2, Canvas No. 19.

With No. 3, Canvas No. 22.

Although classed under these three heads, the

beads which will work together are not always of one size. Canvas must always be selected which will suit the largest beads of the size.

TO PRESERVE MATERIALS FROM INJURY.

STEEL BEADS.—If these show any indication of rust, wear them in your pocket for a few days. It will remove any specks, especially if you are near a fire.

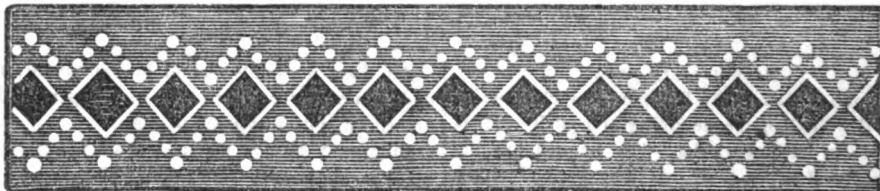
GOLD AND SILVER BEADS.—Keep them wrapped up in silver paper, so that no two bunches rub against each other. They should then be wrapped in coarse brown paper, and kept in a tightly-closed box.

GOLD AND SILVER THREAD IN BRAID should always be kept in silver-paper, and away from air or gas. Rubbing them slightly with jeweler's paper will brighten them.

WHITE ARTICLES, as fringe, ribbon, silk, &c., are best kept in the very coarsest brown paper, and in a closed box.

VIOLET.—It is impossible to prevent this beautiful color from fading; but if kept in silver-paper, and away from air and gas, it will be preserved as long as it can be. Silks, and silk braids of all colors, should be kept in covered boxes.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



INSERTION.



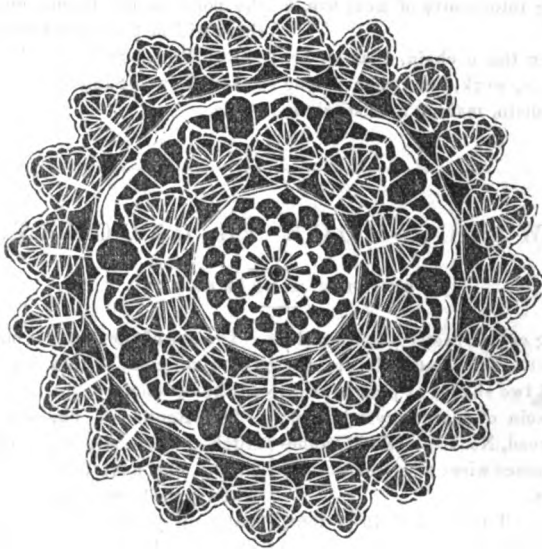
EDGING.



EDGING.

D'OYLEY FOR A ROUND CRUET STAND, OR FOR A D'OYLEY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



If intended for a Cruet Stand, use No. 12, or if for a D'Oyley, No. 16 cotton. No. 4 Penelope Hook.

1st Row.—Make 13 chain, unite, *, 9 chain, dc under this circle, repeat from * 9 times more, in all 10 loops of 9 chains, regulate them, and fasten off; every round must be commenced afresh.

2nd Row.—5 long under the 9 chain, 1 chain, repeat 9 times more.

3rd Row.—3 dc under the 1 chain, 7 chain, repeat.

4th Row.—5 dc under the 7 chain, 7 chain, repeat.

5th Row.—6 dc under the 7 chain, 7 chain, repeat.

6th Row.—The same, only making 7 dc.

7th Row.—1st Row of Leaves.—Begin in centre loop of 7 chain. ‡ 8 chain; make 7 dc down this chain of 8, (this is for centre of leaf.) 1 chain to cross, dc into opposite side of chain, 9 chain dc into next loop, 9 chain dc into next loop but one, 9 chain dc into next loop but one, 9 chain dc into next loop, 9 chain dc into same loop; there will now be 5 chains of 9; 11 chain dc into loop at top of leaf, 9 chain dc into next

loop down the other side, 9 chain dc into same, * 9 chain dc into next loop but one, repeat from * again, 9 chain dc into last loop, 5 chain, turn round on the finger, dc into centre loop of 1st 9 chain, † 2 chain dc into next, repeat from † twice more, 3 chain dc into next, 4 chain dc into 11 chain, 4 chain dc into 9 chain, 8 chain dc into 9, 2 chain dc into 9 for 3 times, 5 chain dc into the bottom of the leaf and through the 1st dc stitch; 5 chain dc into centre loop of the 7 chain. (In the outside circle of leaves do this twice, then 5 chain dc on dc,) 5 chain dc into centre loop of 7 chain, repeat from ‡.

8th Row.—Dc under 1st 2 chain in leaf, * 5 chain dc under next, 5 chain dc under 3 chain, 5 chain dc under 4 chain, 7 chain dc under 4 chain, 5 chain dc under 3 chain, 5 chain dc under 2 chain for 3 times, 3 chain dc under 1st 2 chain of next leaf, 5 chain dc under next 2 chain, repeat from *. (When this row is finished pull out the leaves well at the points.)

9th Row.—(Great care must be taken to work this row tight; the edge must not be in the least full.) 7 dc under the 7 chain at top of the leaf, dc on dc, 5 dc under each of the 5 chain for 3 times, making a dc on dc between each 5 dc,

then dc into the 2nd dc stitch of next leaf, and work the same up the leaf; (by doing this one 5 chain in each leaf is missed.)

10th Row.—Dc into centre loop of the 7 dc stitches at point of leaf, 5 chain, 1 long into centre loop of 5 dc stitches, 5 chain, 1 double long into centre of next five, 5 chain, 1 double long into centre loop of the dc stitch in the other leaf, 5 chain, 1 long into centre of next five, 5 chain, repeat.

11th Row.—Under the 5 chain, that is, between the two leaves, work 5 dc, then 7 long under the other 5 chain, making a dc stitch on

every dc and long stitch in previous row, repeat. This row must be worked tightly, and kept quite flat.

12th Row.—* dc into the dc stitch on the top of the leaf, and work as at 7th row, only at the end there will be an additional chain of 5, repeat from *.

The next leaf will come immediately above the point of the former one, on the dc stitch; there will be 20 leaves instead of 10.

13th Row.—Same as 8th.

14th Row.—Same as 9th, only omitting the dc on dc.

WATCH-HOOK IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

For the engraving of this pretty affair see the front of the number. The materials are two shades of green, and two shades of pink or crimson wool: also a skein of claret crystal wool; one skein of gold thread, No. 10; a reel of canneltile, and piece of coarser wire: also two mother-o'-pearl watch-hooks.

With the crystal wool make a chain of four, and form it into a round.

1st Round.—2 sc stitches in every stitch.

2nd Round.—2 stitches in every stitch, inserting the hook under both sides of the chain in every stitch, in this and all the following rounds.

3rd Round.—2 sc stitches in every one of the eight in the preceding round.

4th Round.—Increase eight stitches in the round, at equal distances, which will be done by working two in every other stitch.

5th to the 11th Round.—Sc all round, increasing eight stitches, at equal distances, in every stitch. Fasten off.

FLOWERS, of which fourteen will be required for the pair of watch-pockets, six being of one shade, and eight of the other. Every flower has five petals, which are worked thus:—Take the pink or crimson wool, make 5 ch. Take a finger-length of canneltile, and work round the chain, miss 1—1 sc, 1 sdc in one stitch, 2 dc in the next, 2 stc in the next, 2 sdc in the next, 1 dc in the same, 1 sdc and 1 sc in the same. Bend the wire, and make 1 sdc in the same stitch, then 1 dc, and 2 stc in the same, 2 stc in the next, 2 dc in the next, 1 sdc and 1 sc in the last, in which work also a slip-stitch, and fasten off. This forms one petal, and five will be required for each flower.

The eye of the flower is made with gold thread. 1st, 5 ch, close it into a round by a slip-stitch on the 1st chain.

2nd Round.—3 ch, slip-stitch on the slip-stitch, † 8 ch, slip-stitch on the last stitch and on the one next to it, † 4 times. Fasten off. When you have done 14 of these, proceed to make up your flowers. Take a piece of fine wire, double it, and slip it through the centre of the little golden star; arrange the petals round, and fix them in their places, by covering the wire and all the ends with green wool, worked closely round it. Then take some very fine yellow silk, and sew each point of the star down to one of the five petals.

THE LEAVES.—With the green wool, 18 ch, take a piece of green canneltile, three times as long as the 18 chain, hold it in, and work on the chain—1 sc, 1 sdc, 1 dc, 2 dc in the next, 1 dc in the next, 1 sdc in the next, 1 dc in the next, 1 stc in the next, 2 stc in the next, 1 stc in the next, 1 dc in the next, 1 sdc in the next, 2 dc, 2 sdc, 1 sc, 1 ch. Bend the wire, and do 1 sc stitch in the stitch in which you worked the last sc; 2 sdc, dc, 1 sdc, 1 dc, 1 stc, 2 stc in one, 1 stc in the next, 1 dc, 1 sdc, 1 dc, 2 ddc in one, 2 dc, 1 sc, 1 slip-stitch in the last stitch. Fasten off.

Do 40 leaves, half the number being of each shade.

Cut two rounds of cardboard, the size of the rounds already made in crystal wool. Cover them with silk on one side, drawing up the other, and covering it with the woolen round. Sew them together at the edges. Take a piece of stout wire, large enough to go more than

twice round the circle. Hold the ends together, ends, and joining them to the thick wire, by having bent it into the form seen in the engraving, and cover the ends with green wool rolled of the wire, including the loop by which it is round it; place the leaves and flowers on the be suspended, is covered, sew the round to it, wire, as seen in the engraving, covering in the and add the mother-o'-pearl hooks.

PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY.



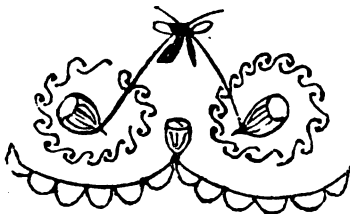
EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.



INSERTION.



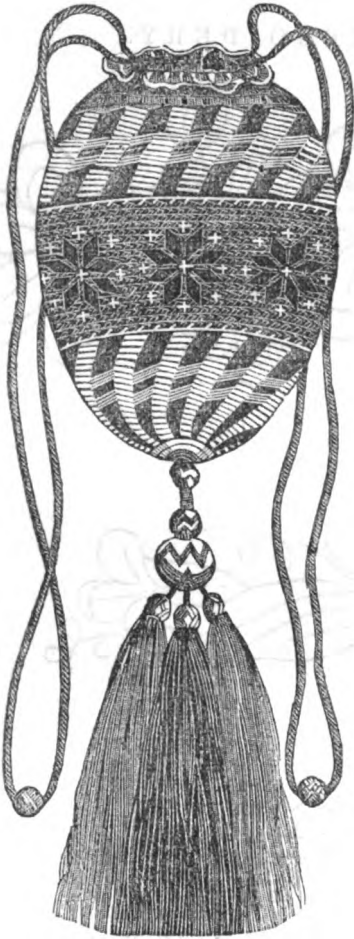
EDGING.



CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

SHORT PURSE IN CROCHET

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—2 skeins of fine Crimson Netting Silk; 2 skeins of Black ditto; 4 skeins of Gold Thread of the same size; a yard of fine Crimson Cord; 2 small Bullion Slides, and a very handsome Tassel of Gold, Crimson and Black intermingled. Use Crochet-hook No. 23—or, if you work loosely, No. 24.

Make a chain of 6 stitches, with the crimson silk, and close it into a round, on which work another round of crimson, increasing to twelve stitches.

2nd Round.—Gold sc, increasing to 24 stitches.

3rd Round.—Gold, increasing to 36 stitches.

4th Round.—Black, † 2 sc on 2, 2 ch, miss 1, † 12 times.

5th Round.—Black, † 1 sc on the second of the two in last round, 2 sc on the first of the two chain, 2 ch, † 12 times.

6th Round.—Black, † sc on the 2nd and 3rd of the three sc of last round, and on the first chain, 3 ch, † 12 times.

7th Round.—Black, † 1 sc on 2nd sc, 1 on the 3rd, 2 sc on the first chain stitch, 3 ch, † 12 times.

8th Round.—Black, † sc on the three last or 4 sc, and on the first chain, 4 ch, † 12 times.

Join on the gold thread, and cut off the black. As only very short ends can be left, the knot must be very carefully made, and the following will be found the best. Make a small slip-knot close to the end of the new color, and pass the end of the old one through the loop, then tighten the slip-knot, as much as possible, by drawing both threads of the new color at once. This forms the most secure knot possible, for every kind of work, as the ends may be cut off quite close.

9th Round.—† miss 1 sc, sc on each of the three others, and on the first chain, 4 ch, † 12 times.

10th Round.—† miss 1 sc, sc on the next 3, and on 1 ch, 5 ch, † 12 times.

11th Round.—Crimson, † miss 1, sc, sc on each of the next two, 2 sc on next, 1 sc on ch, 5 ch, † 12 times.

12th Round.—Crimson, † miss 1, sc, sc on each of the other four, and on the first ch, 5 ch, † 12 times.

13th Round.—Gold. Like 12th.

14th Round.—Like 13th.

15th to 19th Round.—Like the 12th, but with the black silk, and worked rather looser.

There will now be 120 stitches in the round, which is the full size of the purse.

20th Round. Gold. Like 12th.

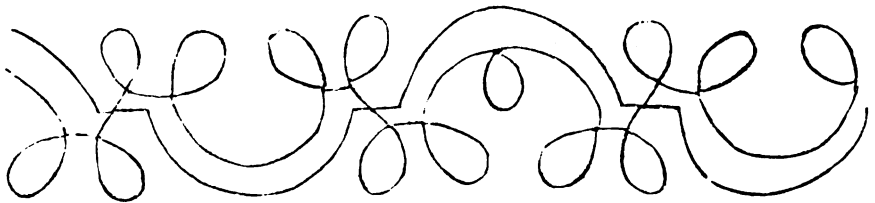
Join on the crimson, without cutting off the gold, and do. for the

21st Round.—† 1 crimson, 1 gold, † 60 times. Cut off the gold.

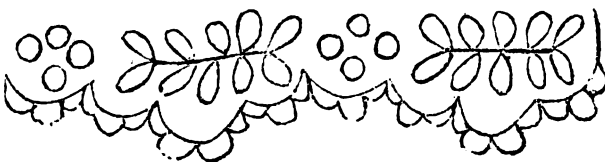
22nd, 23rd, and 24th Rounds.—Sc with crimson only.

- 25th Round.—Join on the gold, which must be worked with the crimson, † 9 crimson, 1 gold, 10 crimson, † 6 times.
- 26th Round.—Join on the black also, † 3 crimson, 1 gold, 2 crimson, 1 black, 1 crimson, 3 gold, 1 crimson, 1 black, 2 crimson, 1 gold, 4 crimson, † 6 times.
- 27th Round.—† 2 crimson, 3 gold, 1 crimson, 2 black, 1 crimson, 1 gold, 1 crimson, 2 black, 1 crimson, 3 gold, 3 crimson, † 6 times.
- 28th Round.—† 3 crimson, 1 gold, 2 crimson, 3 black, 1 crimson, 3 black, 2 crimson, 1 gold, 4 crimson, † 6 times. Cut off the gold.
- 29th Round.—† 6 crimson, 3 black, 1 crimson, 3 black, 7 crimson, † 6 times.
- 30th Round.—† 2 crimson, 4 black, 1 crimson, 2 black, 1 crimson, 2 black, 1 crimson, 4 black, 3 crimson, † 6 times.
- 31st Round.—† 3 crimson, 4 black, 1 crimson, 1 black, 1 crimson, 1 black, 1 crimson, 4 black, 4 crimson, † 6 times.
- 32nd Round.—Join on the gold, † 2 crimson, 1 gold, 1 crimson, 4 black, 1 crimson, 1 gold, 1 crimson, 4 black, 1 crimson, 1 gold, 3 crimson, † 6 times.
- 33rd Round.—† 1 crimson, 3 gold, 4 crimson, 3 gold, 4 crimson, 3 gold, 2 crimson, † 6 times.
- 34th like 32nd Round—After which cut off the gold.
- 35th like 31st; 36th like 30th; 37th like 29th. Join on the gold. 38th like 28th; 39th like 27th; 40th like 26th; 41st, like 25th.
- 42nd, 43rd, and 44th, all crimson.
- 45th Round.—Join on the gold, and do one gold stitch and one crimson alternately all round.
- 46th Round.—Gold. Fasten off the crimson.
- 47th Round.—Black. † 5 sc, 5 ch, miss 5, † all round.
- 48th and three following Rounds, with black; † 5 sc, beginning always on the second so of the previous round, 5 ch, † repeat.
- 52nd and 53rd Rounds.—Same with gold.
- 54th and 55th Rounds.—Same with crimson.
- 56th and 57th Rounds.—Same with gold.
- 58th to 62nd Round (inclusively.)—The same with black.
- 63rd to 68th Round.—All black, † 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, † all round. Fasten off.
- This is the top of the purse. The lace edging which falls back, below the strings, is then worked on the 66th round, thus—
- With the crimson silk, † 5 dc in one chain, 1 ch, miss 4, † repeat.
- 2nd Round.—Gold. Sc on every dc, and under every chain.
- 3rd Round.—Crimson, † 5 dc, over the third of the 5 dc, 1 ch, † repeat.
- 4th Round.—Gold. Sc on every dc, and under every chain. Fasten off neatly.
- Two rounds of open crochet being thus left, above the lace, the crimson cord is to be run in there, for the strings; the ends of the cord to be finally sewed together, and the joins concealed by the small bullion slides.
- The purse is to be finished by sewing on a very handsome French tassel at the bottom of the purse.

BRAIDING AND EMBROIDERIES.



BRAIDING.



EDGING.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"THE DOCTOR SAYS HE WON'T DIE!"—We heard this on a door-step. A blue-eyed child said it—a bright, glad-faced, beautiful child. She smiled as she spoke. Her little hands came together with a glad clasp. There was a look of heaven in the sweet expression that told of more than one joyful heart in that house.

"The doctor says he won't die." Was it the babe? the tender, sleeping babe? If so, we saw a vision of the cradle, and the watcher who had sat wearily beside it all through the long night. But in each pale cheek there was the crimson touch of hope; and in either dim eye a tear upspringing from the deep fount of joy. That was the mother. In what other face on earth could blend that mingling of awe—of joy—of tenderness? And the babe—his lips were parted and moist—and the color of the rose-bud faintly struggling out of its green sheath had crept over their delicate outlines. The darling hands no longer lay in rigid rest—the glazing of disease had fallen from the blue orbs—and he had smiled his farewell to the angels who had come to carry him to their children's play-ground, where blooms never fade—if it had been the Master's will.

"The doctor says he won't die."

Oh! what a throb in the mother-heart when those words were spoken. She will press him again to her breast—watch him in his healthful sleep—hold his little hands in her bosom—make the white robe—but *not for his coffin*. Did ever footsteps sound so gentle as those of the kind physician as he moves softly from the room? Was ever a mother so much blessed before? Did God ever seem so great—so good?

"The doctor says he won't die!"

It might have been the father; the strong man. He came home feverish—said his head felt strangely; he could eat no supper. He pushed the babe from his knee—he was not wont to do so. The wife looked on wondering—and when she smoothed the pillow on the lounge, felt an unnatural heat. The morning came; he said he must go to work—but his hand trembled—his limbs refused to do their office—the coat was not taken from the wall that day; his cane stood in its corner—a carriage before the gate. Dawn after dawn whitened the heavens and the earth—there was no change. The wife slept not—her love watched and waited, and cried yearningly to God for his life. But there are glad tidings; rejoice even as you tremble, sweet wife—"The doctor says he won't die."

Perhaps we did not hear aright. It may be the child exclaimed, "The doctor says she won't die!"

If it was the mother! she upon whose hands, whose feet, whose heart, whose every faculty a little world depended for its sunshine, almost for its continuance, how doubly dear the gentle assurance of the good doctor! Did you ever feel a silence more ominous than reigns in the household when "mother is sick?" The babe mourns at its play—the children look about absently in a hopeless kind of way—the very furniture seems mutely asking where she is whose care it has known so long. Every footstep echoes hollowly, every heart sighs involuntarily, and seems asking itself if it has done that which the sight of a green grave would condemn. There are prayers going up all over the house—the husband comes in hurriedly—asks no questions—answers no queries, but goes stealthily to one darkened chamber, and there, perhaps, when heart and hope almost desert him, he hears the blessed words, "The doctor says she won't die!"

He looks just as grave when he goes down; he tells the

news gravely to the children—but the sun seems brighter as he leaves the house. There is not a man that he could call his enemy. He smiles as he enters the store, there is a blessedness within his bosom such as he never felt before, and strangers say as they leave him, "There is something about that man unusually pleasing."

So there is! they are right there. That vision of a grave has gone, and flowers spring up in its stead. He does not shiver as he passes the window where the coffins stand—"The doctor says she won't die!" and he has perfect faith.

Thus light springs up in darkness—and after the sorrow of a night—joy cometh.

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MOUNT VERNON PURCHASED.—We are glad to hear that the efforts of the ladies of America to purchase Mount Vernon have been crowned by success. Since Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham—long be the name remembered!—of South Carolina, appealed to her countrywomen, the enterprise has progressed under the brightest auspices. It was in response to her appeal that the Hon. Edward Everett agreed to deliver his oration on Washington, for the benefit of the Mount Vernon Fund. Already, more than forty thousand dollars have been realized. On the sixth of April last, an agreement was signed, between John A. Washington, proprietor of Mount Vernon, and Miss Cunningham, Regent of the Association, for the sale of the estate, on the following terms:

\$18,000,00 cash paid Mr. John A. Washington.
57,000,00 to be paid on 1st January, 1859.
41,666,66 to be paid on 22d February, 1860.
41,666,66 to be paid on 22d February, 1861.
41,666,66 to be paid on 22d February, 1862.

\$200,000,00

The deferred payments to carry interest from date, and possession and title to remain with Mr. Washington till paid in full, with the proviso of obtaining possession at any time, by thirty days' notice, when the Association is prepared, and does pay the entire amount of purchase money.

The Association is now in possession of the funds to pay the first instalment of \$57,000, on the first of January next. Mr. Washington has proffered to relinquish the interest entire, if the principal is paid on the 22d of February. It then only remains for every one to use their utmost exertions, so that the *entire sum* will be made available on the 22d of February, 1859; on which ever-memorable day the actual possession may then pass to the "Ladies' Mount Vernon Association." The sum of one dollar constitutes a contributor a member of the Association. Every lady in America ought to be proud to enrol herself among the contributors! We annex a list of the officers of the Association, to whom money may be remitted by mail.

REGENT.—MISS ANN PAMELA CUNNINGHAM, South Carolina
VICE-REGENTS.—Mrs. Anna Cora Ritchie, Richmond, Virginia; Mrs. Alice H. Dickinson, Wilmington, North Carolina; Mrs. Philoclea Edgeworth Eves, Augusta, Georgia; Mrs. Octavia Walton Le Vert, Mobile, Alabama; Mrs. Catharine A. McWillie, Jackson, Mississippi; Mrs. Margaretta S. Morse, New Orleans, Louisiana; Mrs. Mary Rutledge Fogg, Nashville, Tennessee; Mrs. Elizabeth M. Walton, St. Louis, Missouri; Miss Mary Morris Hamilton, New York City, N. Y.; Mrs. Louisa Ingersoll, Greenough, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Abba Isabella Little, Portland, Maine; Mrs. Susan L. Pellet, Secretary, Richmond, Virginia; George W. Riggs, Esq., Treasurer, Washington, D. C.

"A BRISKEE FROM NARANT."—Under this suggestive title, one of our contributors sends us the following:—

"What a delicious sense of exhilaration it gives me—this riding on the beach. The beach, of all beaches; so triumphant in its unbroken reputation, so hard, and smooth, and grand, reaching far out to the throbbing ocean, as if that were its only fit associate, against which its grey bosom rests in perfect contentment.

"I have ridden here often when the life-blood flowed feebly through my veins, and the flush of health had vanished from my cheek, for the beach has no jostlers to give an invalid a throbbing of pain, nor an 'old settler,' a reminder that 'things arn't as they war in his day,' nor a deceiving spinster a fear lest her teeth should drop out, while her wig drops down, but remains the same ancient, pleasant, old conservative. What she laughs so mockingly at the innovating finger of time; or scoffs so loudly at the 'Age of Progress,' or rests so calmly when Young America is prancing about, and threatening in high-heeled boots, aspiring dicky, and tobacco fumes, to alter the world from beginning to end! Surely, nothing else.

"It is an oasis, luring and pleasant; a type of the endless peace lying far beyond the ocean's low boundary line of deepening blue—a landmark well-beloved when other landmarks are changing, or mournfully fading out of sight into the depths of things that were. And, alas! how much that is precious and lamented is there! how much to which the shroud of the past clings ever! how much that the torn heart will not give up as dead! And on such leaves the very soul itself places its marks! Fashion, wealth, and beauty greet me at every turn, until I would fain believe that life has no struggles; nothing to do but place golden pinions beneath the gaily fitting hours. Many a bright-eyed equestrian is leading her beautiful animal close to the water's edge, where the bubbling froth lingers a moment, and then is gone. Fairy and manly forms in gipsy habiliments poise gracefully on the foamy crest; hilliputan skiffs, with others of more pretentious growth lie all about, or with snowy sails transport the voices of mirth and music far out on the ocean's bosom, while I drop the reins as my thoughts roam backward, and I wondering ask, 'Where now is Starlight, the flashing-eyed Indian maiden, whose beauty was the delight of many tribes? Is the music of these waves the same that greeted her as her tiny moccasined feet lingered on the sand, while her quick ear caught with a rare intelligence the varied sounds of ocean language? Where are the shells and mosses her taper, brown fingers lovingly gathered as she softly whispered, 'How good is the Great Spirit! The impulsive admiration of an untrained soul, yet more truly admiration because it was untrained. Where is Eagle King, the brave, young warrior, her lover, with whom in the light canoe on the bounding wave she experienced that wild exhilaration of feeling, that irrepresible sense of happiness, which prudery and conventionalism could not shake a finger at because they did not exist?'"

"Does a thread of the redoubtable garment that purchased yonder celebrated promontory remain, or, with its red owner, has it passed away? Does no echo lengthen, as of old, the war-whoop, or are all traces of the fleet-footed perished out of sight? Sad; they are gone, and none are left to point out the places they loved, nor the forest where they hunted. Gone! gone! and their posterity—where? Marking high on the roll of fame the poet name? Bearing far down as ages run a golden impress? Fondly remembered, and with tears? Ah! no; gone to the dust that gave them birth; and all that is left of them, and all that is found to tell where they made their graves, are a few time-eaten weapons, and bones so vast of size that we are lost in wonder when we think men so large and powerfully strong have lived, 'served their day and generation,' and died.

"Gone, and left no trace behind. KATE CARROL."

"A DOUBTING HEART."—It is not often that a poet's genius is transmitted to his children. Barry Cornwall, however, has a daughter, Adelaide Ann Proctor, who has lately written many beautiful lyrics. Here is one, under the caption of "A Doubting Heart," which appears in a volume of her poems lately published in London. Is it not exquisite?

Where are the swallows fled?

Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.

Oh, doubting heart!
Far over purple seas,
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy Southern breeze,
To bring them to their Northern home once more.

Why must the flowers die?

Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.

Oh, doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow.
While Winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays

These many days:
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?

Oh, doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky,
That soon (for Spring is nigh)
Shall wake the Summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light

Is quenched in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?

Oh, doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

THE REVIVAL OF ARCHERY.—The graceful and healthy practice of archery is again becoming fashionable. Archery clubs are springing up, not only in England, but in the United States. One of the oldest archery clubs in this country belongs to Philadelphia: in fact we believe it is the pioneer one. The cultivation of this healthful amusement cannot be too much recommended. Those, who wish to engage in it, may thank us for the information that the best bows are made by Feltham, in London. They are of various sizes, from five feet two inches to five feet six inches long, and weigh from twenty-two to forty-eight ounces. The backing is flat and of hickory, the inside, or belly, as it is called, of palm, and round. The bows are sometimes constructed of one piece of wood, and are then called slips, and sometimes of two united longitudinally, then they are termed backed bows. Both are made of yew, hickory, palm or lancewood. The arrows are tipped with steel at the point, and delicately feathered at the butt, weighing from three to four ounces, and measuring from twenty-two to twenty-four inches in length. The wood is pine, with rosewood inlaid at the point. The target is made of rye straw, woven into bands, covered with canvas, and is thirty inches in diameter. Four circles are painted around the centre, in gold, red, blue, black and white, outside of which is the petticoat of green. Besides these equipments there are needed the guard, the shooting glove, the belt, the tassel, and the grease-box.

MR. BENDICT'S NOVELT.—The length, to which this novelet has extended, will prevent the publication of the one by the editor and publisher, promised for this year. The public will find the less to regret in this, we believe, because the power and originality of "Catharine Lincoln" has made it one of the most popular stories ever published in "Peterson."

"OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHUT YOUR EYES."—The spirited line engraving, which we give, in this number, is one of the happiest efforts of Mr. Illman.

OUR DICTIONARY OF NEEDLEWORK.—With this number we complete "Our Dictionary of Needlework," which, to judge from the letters received, has been eminently popular. It is our intention, shortly, to issue it complete, in a volume by itself, and at a price to place it within reach of the million: thus, those who wish it for reference, can have it, in a neat book by itself, so that they need not be compelled to refer to the Magazine.

ARTISTS' GOODS, &c.—The well known firm of J. E. Tilton has opened a house in Boston, Mass., a move made necessary by their increased business. The store at Salem, Mass., is still continued as a branch.

OUR STORIES.—The Nashua (N. H.) Oasis says:—"The stories of 'Peterson' are more robust than those of other ladies' periodicals." We are gratified to observe that this is the general opinion.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Cyclopaedia of Commerce and Commercial Navigation. Edited by J. Smith Homans, and by J. Smith Homans, Jr. 1 vol. Royal octavo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a work of two thousand pages, double column, royal octavo; and as the preface sets forth, "is a compendium of commercial knowledge, including articles upon the trade of every important maritime country and city in the world; copious and reliable statistics upon the staple productions of every climate; essays upon commercial subjects; synopses of the laws regulating commerce; and, generally, information and statistics upon every important commercial subject." The want of such a work has long been felt in the United States. The only attempt to supply that want, hitherto, was made about twenty-five years ago, when McCulloch's Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation was reprinted; but the reprint was not only deficient in information regarding the United States, but contained much matter that is now obsolete. The public really owe a debt of gratitude, therefore, to the Harpers, for publishing this later and more satisfactory Cyclopaedia. No counting-room, even that of the smallest country store, ought to be without the work. The copy on our table is handsomely bound in sheep extra; but the volume may be had also in muslin, or half calf, if preferred. There are twenty-six maps and engravings in the book. T. B. Peterson & Brothers are the agents for Philadelphia.

The Bench and Bar of Georgia. By Stephen F. Miller. 1 vol. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—Few states have given a larger number of eminent men to the legal profession than Georgia. We recall the names of R. H. Wilde, W. H. Crawford, Forsyth, Berrien, Lamar, and numerous others. The present volume is an attempt, and quite a successful one, to perpetuate the memory of these men, by personal anecdotes, sketches of their lives, &c. &c. The book is neatly printed.

Lotus-Eating. By G. W. Curtis. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—It gratifies us to chronicle a new edition of this charming summer book. No cotemporary writer has a keener or more delicate relish for outward Nature than Howard J. Curtis, nor a more felicitous style in describing her. Niagara, Saratoga, and Newport, as depicted in this book, shine, goldenly, through an oriental haze, like a sunrise by Turner.

History of King Richard the Second of England. By Jacob Abbott. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a new volume of that fascinating series for juveniles, "Abbott's Illustrated Histories;" and the subject, Richard the Lion-Hearted, makes it one of the most entertaining of the set. The volume is embellished with an illuminated title-page and numerous engravings.

Woman: Her Mission and Life. By Adolphe Novod, D. D. Translated from the French. 1 vol. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.—The author of this work, one of the most eminent Protestant divines of France, was doubtless known to more than one of our readers, for he preached, during many years, to large audiences in Paris. The beauty and simplicity of style, the evangelical piety that breathes on every page, and the ability with which the character and duties of the Christian woman are portrayed, ought to give the volume before us an extensive sale, among our fair countrywomen. The translation is good.

Redgauntlet. By the author of "Waverley." 2 vols., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Co.—These, the thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth volumes of the "Household Edition of Scott's Novels," remind us that this elegantly printed series rapidly approaches its close. Now, therefore, is a good time, for those who have neglected to purchase the work, to place it in their libraries. We may add that the appearance of this beautiful edition has induced us to re-peruse the Waverley Novels, and we find them, in spite of Bulwer, Dickens and Thackeray, head and shoulders above anything of the kind in English or American literature.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

CLAPPERATION; OR, THE GOOSE'S HISTORY.—This game was suggested by the ancient one of Coach, but is much altered to avoid both the necessity of young and old making themselves giddy by twirling round when their names are mentioned, and to effect a compromise in the redemption of the forfeits; the ordinary mode being often singularly tiresome. In the History of the Goose, a commencement of which is appended, to show the sort of story which should be invented for the occasion, no notice is to be taken when her name occurs, but whenever the word Drake or Doctor is mentioned, every one is to clap their hands once, unless the two are joined, when two merry claps must sound. Any one omitting to clap at the right place, or clapping when the Goose is named, pays a forfeit, and all the forfeits may be redeemed by quoting two lines of verse, varied by kissing the mantelpiece, if the little ones present prefer it to the former mode. "A Goose, feeling out of spirits one morning, consulted her favorite Dr. Drake (two claps), who advised her to go a long journey to foreign countries, which she resolved to do. So making, by the Doctor's advice, (one clap) a good meal of cabbage-stalks and apple-parings, she set out from Dingle Farm, escorted by Dr. Drake (two claps.) A shrill scream soon announced some disaster, and the Doctor (one clap) was obliged to extract two thorns from one of the Goose's wings, and to bathe her foot, stung by nettles, in a ditch, before they could proceed. After this they got on pretty well, though Goose was so fat she could not have forced her way through one of the stiles, had not the Doctor (one clap) given her a good push behind. Part of the journey lay through a meadow, in which two Miss Chickens, admiring the Goose and the Drake (one clap,) joined them; but they talked so fast, the Doctor (one clap) soon gave them to understand their company was unacceptable. A Cock in the neighborhood looked disposed to fight Dr. Drake (two claps) for this rudeness to his daughters, but the Doctor (one clap,) not thinking it becoming to his professional dignity to engage in duels, only quacked a haughty reply, and went on with his patient."

ART RECREATIONS.

FOR GRECIAN PAINTING.—J. E. Tilton & Co. Boston and Salem, Mass., publish the following fine and desirable engravings, which they send by mail, *post-paid*, on receipt of price.

	<i>Size of Plate.</i>	<i>Price.</i>
Hiawatha's Wooling,	14 by 18	\$1.50
The Farm Yard,	13 by 19	1.50
Age and Infancy,	16 by 22	2.00
The Happy Family,	13 by 17	1.25
Les Orphelines,	9 by 11	1.00
The Jewsharp Lesson,	9 by 11	.60
The Little Bird,	9 by 11	.60
Evangeline, (Longfellow.)	16 by 22	1.00
Beatrice Cenci,	16 by 22	1.00

These are intended for Grecian and Antique Painting, and have full and separate rules how to paint each object, how to mix each color. They also continue to publish new and desirable things in this line, of which they send notice to their customers.

Seminaries, Dealers and Teachers furnished with the above, and all Artists' Goods at a liberal discount.

Sets of the best English Oil Colors in tubes, varnish, oils, brushes, and the other needful materials for Grecian and Antique Painting, furnished for three dollars. Small trial pictures for use at thirteen cents each.

Improvements made from time to time in these and other styles, will be communicated to our customers, *without extra charge.*

Directions to our new style Antique Painting, Grecian Painting, Oriental and Potchomania, furnished full and complete (so that any child may learn without other instruction, for one dollar, post-paid, with rules for varnish, &c.

Purchasers to the amount of five dollars, are entitled to all our directions free. Persons ordering the directions for one dollar, and after buying materials to the amount of five dollars, may deduct the one dollar paid for directions.

Address, J. E. TILTON & CO.,

Publishers and Dealers in Artists' Goods, Boston, where they have established their principal house, for the better accommodation of a large and increasing business.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR CAKES.

Rhode Island Gingerbread.—Mix the ingredients as follows, and bake them one hour:—Two pints of flour, two pints brown sugar, two pints butter—nicely creamed, one pint milk, two tablespoonfuls of ginger, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls of cloves, one teaspoonful of nutmeg, one teaspoonful of pearlsh, three eggs, some wine, and a wineglassful of brandy. If you please, you can add fruit.

Fruit Cake.—One pound of sugar, one pound of flour, ten eggs, two pounds of raisins, one pound of currants, (picked and washed,) and one pound of citron. Beat the sugar and butter together until creamed, then beat the eggs, and add them in, beating thoroughly; also put in a portion of cinnamon and mace, as much as is agreeable to you, and a small quantity of brandy.

Doughnuts.—One and a half pints of rich milk, half a pint of melted butter and lard, half a teaspoonful of sugar, some salt, half of a small sized tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, and four eggs—well beaten. Let your dough rise in your crock, and then make it up into a loaf not very stiff. Afterward work it up again, cut out your cakes, and let them rise before you bake them.

Cup Cake.—The necessary materials are:—Two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, four cupfuls of cream, three cupfuls of flour, four eggs, and two teaspoonfuls of dissolved saleratus. Bake in small cups—greased, so that the cakes may be readily turned out.

Soft Cakes in little Pans.—Rub one pound and a half of butter into two pounds of flour, and add one wineglassful of wine, one wineglassful of rose-water, two wineglassfuls of yeast, some nutmeg, cinnamon, and raisins. Bake in little pans.

Black Cake.—Dissolve a teaspoonful of pearlsh in a little new milk, and set it by in a warm place. Then cream one pound of butter, and add to it two pounds of flour, nine eggs, (well beaten,) and one pint of molasses. Beat the whole well together, and then add a wineglassful of brandy, and a teacupful of sweet cream.

Another Black Cake.—One pound of sugar, one quart of molasses, six eggs, one teacupful of ginger, one cupful of cream, half a pound of butter, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus, with fruit and spices to your liking. Mix like pound cake, and bake in the same way.

Yankee Cake.—The ingredients are:—One teacupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, four eggs, three cupfuls of bread dough, two teaspoonfuls of soda, (dissolved) four teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and whatever essence you prefer.

York Cake.—One pound of sugar, one pint of molasses, two cupfuls of lard or butter, one pint of sweet milk, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus, cinnamon and ginger to your liking, and enough flour to form a good cake dough.

Dozer Cake.—One pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, one pound of flour, six eggs, half a pint of cream, a teaspoonful of soda, and the flavor you most prefer. Three-quarters of a pound of raisins or currants are an improvement.

Queen Cake.—One pound of butter—well worked, and one pound of sugar. Beat the butter and eggs together to a cream; beat ten eggs very light, and add them in by degrees. Mix in one pound of flour sifted fine.

Pint Cake.—One pint of dough, one teacupful of sugar, one teacupful of butter, three eggs, one teaspoonful of pearlsh, with the addition of some raisins and spices.

Composition Cake.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, seven eggs, half a pint of cream, and a gill of brandy.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR BEVERAGES.

Beer.—To four gallons of water take two pounds of sugar, one quart of molasses, half a teacupful of ginger, one pint soda, two spoonfuls of cream of tartar, one and a half spoonfuls of ground allspice. Put the spices into bags; heat the water and pour it over the spices; mix the whole of the ingredients in an open vessel, let it stand over night, then skim off the top of the liquid, take out the bags of spices, and pour it carefully into jugs, bottles, or a keg; it will be fit for use in twenty-four hours.

French Raspberry Vinegar.—Take a sufficiency of the ripe berries, and mash them well. Then pour the juice, and mashed fruit into a bag, and press the liquor through it into a vessel. To each quart of juice take one pound of white sugar, and one pint of the best vinegar. Mix together the juice and vinegar, and give them a boil; when boiled, add in—gradually—the sugar, and boil and skim until the scum ceases to rise. Cork tightly, and stow away in a cool place.

Nectar Cream.—One gallon of water; four pounds of white sugar; four ounces of tartaric acid; four tablespoonfuls of flour, and the whites of four eggs. Beat the ingredients well together, then boil them for three minutes; let the mixture cool, and then add one ounce of essence of lemon. When using it, take one-third portion of syrup to two-thirds water, and add a little super-carbonate of soda.

Currant Shrub.—Prepare your currants as you would for making jelly. To one gallon of juice, add three pounds of sugar, one quart of brandy or whiskey. Put the juice and sugar on to simmer, then take it off the fire, and let it cool before you add the spice. Put into it orange peel or allspice.

Egg Nog.—Use five or six eggs to half a gallon of milk. Beat the yolks and whites separately, bring the milk to a boil, and then add the yolks. Sweeten to your taste, stir in the whites, and then add the quantity of brandy you prefer. The milk may be either cold or warm.

Blackberry Wine.—Measure your berries and bruise them; to every gallon add one quart of boiling water, and let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain the liquor into a cask, and to every gallon add two pounds of sugar. Cork tight, and let it remain until the following October, when your wine will be ready for use.

Prime Summer Beer.—Take ten gallons of water to three quarts of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of ginger, two tablespoonfuls of allspice, the same quantity of cinnamon, one grated nutmeg, and one tablespoonful of cream of tartar. Mix the ingredients with boiling water, and fill up your vessel with cold water.

Currant Wine.—To one quart of juice extracted from your fruit, add three quarts of water, and three pounds of sugar. Keep the vessel—into which you put your ingredients—open for ten days, and fill it up every day until done working; then cork it closely.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR PICKLES.

Tomato Pickle.—Cleanse your tomatoes, and puncture them slightly. Then fill your vessel with alternate layers of tomatoes and salt, using as much water as will dissolve the salt; let them remain thus for eight or ten days, and then to every gallon of tomatoes add two bottlefuls of ground mustard, four ounces of ground ginger, four ounces of pepper—lightly bruised, one ounce of cloves, one dozen of onions—sliced. Cover the whole with vinegar.

Sliced Cucumbers.—Slice your cucumbers in small pieces, also some onions; let them remain in salt for one day and night, and then squeeze them out, and put them in jars; add to them black pepper—ground, ginger, mustard, and if you choose, mace. Fill the jars with vinegar, tie them up close with bladders, and after standing for four or six hours, pour off the vinegar, boil it, and then refill the jars with it. When cool, tie them up.

Pickled Damson.—Boil together three pounds of sugar, one ounce of cloves, one ounce of cinnamon, and one quart of vinegar. Seed seven pounds of fruit, and pour the boiling syrup over it. The next day scald the fruit and syrup to gether, and if the syrup should not prove thick enough, pour it off, and boil it a few minutes.

Pickled Onions.—Peel some small onions, and lay them in salt and water for one day—shifting them once during that time. Dry them in a cloth. According to the quantity of your onions, take sufficient white wine vinegar, cloves, mace, and a little pepper; boil this pickle, and then pour it over the onions. When cold, cover them closely.

SICK-ROOM, NURSERY, &c.

To CURE RINGWORM.—The hairs are to be cut short, the creamy fluid let out of the pustules, and the crusts removed by linseed poultices. The denuded surface is then to be covered with a thin layer of oil of naphtha, over which a flannel compress is to be placed, the whole being secured by an oil-silk cap. The application is to be renewed twice a day, first well washing the parts with soap and water; and the surface of the scalp is to be carefully searched, in order to detect any small favous pustules that may have appeared. These must be pricked with a pin, the matter removed, and the surface covered with the oil. This evolution of pustules is successive, so that the hair must be kept short in the vicinity, that their advent may be watched. This application secures the rapid abortion of the pustules; but when the scalp is too tender to bear it, it should be mixed with other less irritating oils, of which the *huile de cade* (empyreumatic oil of juniper,) is one of the best.

POULTICE FOR A FASTER.—Boil bread in lees of strong beer; apply the poultice in the general manner. This has saved many a limb from amputation.

To CURE A BURN.—Take a tablespoonful of lard, half a tablespoonful of spirits of turpentine, a piece of rosin as big as a hickory-nut, (of the walnut kind—a trifle larger than a large nutmeg,) and simmer them together until melted. It makes a salve, which, when cold, may be applied to a linen cloth, and lay it over the burn. If immediately wanted, spread it on a cloth as soon as melted, it will very soon cool. It has been applied after the corroding effects of chemical poison, after a foot has been burnt by boiling sugar, after severe scalds; and in every case the sufferer obtained perfect ease in ten or fifteen minutes after it was used. It may be applied two or three times a day, or as often as the cloth becomes dry.

COLLODION IN ERYSIPELAS.—Dr. Baumann employs collodion in all cases, and has found it, even in several cases of erysipelas of the face, and in one case of phlegmonous erysipelas of the thigh, highly useful. He first gives an emetic, and then daily applies the collodion to the parts. The recovery is rapid, and no ill consequences have been observed.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TOILET.

To Cleanse and Prevent the Hair Falling Off.—Take two large handfuls of rosemary leaves, a piece of common soda about the size of a hazel nut, and a drachm of camphor. Put it in a jug, pour on it a quart of boiling water, and cover it closely to keep the steam in. Let it stand for twelve hours, then strain it, and add a wineglassful of rum. It is then ready for use. If the hair falls off much, the wash ought to be applied to the roots, with a piece of sponge every other day, taking care to wet the skin thoroughly. Then rub dry with a towel, brush well, and use only as much pomade as will keep down the short hairs, as the wash makes the hair soft and glossy. This will keep good for several months in bottles well corked, and a piece of camphor in each.

To Improve the Growth of Eyebrows.—Clip them occasionally with a pair of scissors to make them grow long; and rub them once a day (at bed time) with the following mixture—Palma Christi oil, three ounces; oil of lavender, one drachm.

To Remove Sunburns.—Rectified spirits of wine, one ounce; water, eight ounces; half an ounce of orange-flower water, or one ounce of rosewater; diluted muriatic acid, a teaspoonful; mix. This is to be used after washing.

TABLE RECEIPTS.

Tomato Catsup.—One quart best vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. mace, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. black pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Jamaica pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. long pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. ginger, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. mustard seed, twenty-five capsicums, fifty tomatoes, six heads of garlic, one stick of horseradish. On the fifty tomatoes throw $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of salt, and let them stand three days. Boil the above ingredients (except the tomatoes) half an hour, then peel the tomatoes, and add them to it, boil them together half an hour, strain them through a sieve, and when cold bottle it.

Sauce for Plum Pudding.—A good sauce for plum pudding may be made by melting some fresh butter in the way butter is usually melted for sauce. Then add to it some brandy, either a wineglassful or half of one, (according to the quantity of sauce required,) sweeten it to the taste with moist sugar. Give the whole two or three whisks over the fire, and serve it in a sauce tureen.

Baroness's Pudding.—Three-quarters of a pound of suet, three-quarters of a pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of raisins, (weighed after stoning,) and a pinch of salt. Mix well with new milk, and boil in a cloth four hours and a half. We can confidently recommend this pudding, and would advise our subscribers to try it as soon as they possibly can.

Browning for Cakes.—Half a pound of moist sugar, two ounces of butter; add a little water. Simmer till brown. A little of this mixture will give a rich color to cakes.



PH. G. S. 1858

LES MODES PARISIENNES

Liquid Sherbet.—Dissolve two pounds of loaf sugar in one gallon of water, and simmer over a slow fire. When cooling, add one ounce of acetic acid and three-quarters of a pound of tartaric acid; mix it together, and when cold, add one shilling's worth of essence of pine-apple. Put a twentieth part of this mixture into each of twenty wine bottles, and part fill them with clear water. Before corking, add to each one scruple of carbonate of soda.

Substitute for Coffee.—Scrape clean three or four good parsnips, cut them into thin slices, bake till well brown, grind or crush, and use in the same manner as coffee, from which it is scarcely distinguishable.

Lemon Cheese.—Grate the rind of two lemons, half pound of sugar, and the same quantity of butter and eggs.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

A Method of Uniting Bronze Ornaments without Fire.—Take one ounce of sal-ammoniac, and one of common salt, an equal quantity of calcined tartar, and as much of bell-metal, with three ounces of antimony; pound well all together, and sift it. Put this into a piece of linen, and enclose it well all round with fuller's earth, about an inch thick. Let it dry; then put it between two crucibles over a slow fire, to get heat by degrees. Push on the fire till the lump becomes red-hot, and melted altogether; let the whole cool gradually, and pound it into powder. When you want to solder anything, put the two pieces you want to join on a table, approaching their extremities, as near as you can, to one another. Make a crust of fuller's earth, so that holding to each piece and passing under the joint, it should open over it on the top; then throw some of your powder between and over the joint. Have some borax, which put into hot spirits of wine till it is consumed, and with a feather rub your powder at the joint; you will see it immediately boil. As soon as the boiling stops, the consolidation is made; if there be any roughness grind it off on a stone.

The Process of Obtaining a Fac-simile of an Engraving.—The print is soaked first in a solution of potash, and then in one of tartaric acid. This produces a perfect diffusion of crystals in bi-tartrate of potash, through the texture of the unprinted part of the paper. As this salt repels oil, the ink roller may now be passed over the surface, without transferring any of its contents to the paper, except in those parts to which the ink had been originally applied. The ink of the print prevents the saline matter from penetrating wherever it is present, and wherever there is no saline matter present the ink adheres; so that many impressions may be taken, as in lithography.

To Clean and Remove Fly-marks from Gill Frames.—First cleanse the gliding with a camel's-hair brush, using the following detergent fluid for the purpose. Water, one pint; borax, half an ounce; carbonate of ammonia, a quarter of an ounce. Use the fluid freely with the brush, doing the frame in portions of about a foot at a time. Let the frame dry by the ordinary influence of the air, but do not attempt to rub it with either linen or silk upon any account. When the frame is dry, those portions which are very much worn may be restored by touching the parts with another fine brush imbued with shell gold that is sold by the artists' colormen.

To Wash Flannels, &c., without Shrinking.—Beat up a nice lather with soap and warm water; let the flannels lay in it a short time, and then wash them well, taking care not to rub them with soap, as that makes them hard. Hoese should always be hung up by the feet.

Cleaning Black Kid Boots.—Take three parts of the white of eggs, and one of best black ink, mix them together thoroughly, and apply the mixture to the article with a soft sponge. I have never known this to fail.

To Remove Grease Stains from Paper.—Gently warm the greased or spotted part of the paper, and then press upon it pieces of blotting paper, one after another, so as to absorb as much of the grease as possible. Have ready some fine, clear, essential oil of turpentine heated almost to a boiling state, warm the greased leaf a little, and then, with a soft, clean brush, wet the heated turpentine both sides of the spotted part. By repeating this application, the grease will be extracted. Lastly, with another brush, dipped in rectified spirits of wine, go over the place, and the grease will no longer appear, neither will the paper be discoloured.

How to Cool a Room.—The Scientific American says that the simplest and cheapest way to cool a room is to wet a cloth of any size, the larger the better, and suspend it in the place you want cooled. Let the room be well ventilated, and the temperature will sink from ten to twenty degrees in less than an hour. During such a terrib term as we have had this would be worth trying.

To Remove Mildew.—Take two ounces of chloride of lime, pour on it a quart of boiling water, then add three quarts of cold water; steep the linen twelve hours, when every spot will be extracted. This will be found to quite surpass the buttermilk and chalk recipe so often used.

How to Clean Leather Gaiters.—The following will give them a good polish. The whites of three eggs evaporated till the substance left resembles the common gum, dissolved in a pint of gin, and put into an ordinary wine bottle, and fill up with water.

To take Grease Spots out of Papered Walls.—With a piece of flannel, dipped in spirits of wine, go carefully over the injured parts once, (or twice if very bad,) when the spots will be entirely erased from the paper, which will look as well as ever.

To Clean White Feathers.—Wash them well in soft water, with white soap and blue; rub them through very clean, white paper, beat them on the paper, shake them before the fire, dry them in the air, and afterward curl them.

To Curl Feathers.—Heat them gently before the fire, then, with the back of a knife applied to the feathers, they will be found to curl quickly and well.

To Restore Peach-color Ribbon when turning Red.—Salt of potash dissolved in water; place the ribbon on a clean table, and apply the mixture with a sponge.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF BROWN SILK, with a double skirt. The upper skirt is trimmed with diamonds of black velvet and lace. The corsage is made high, with revers trimmed to correspond with the skirt. The sleeves are composed of two large puffs, and finished at the hand with a deep cuff. Cap of lace ornamented with bows of ribbon.

FIG. II.—A WALKING DRESS OF DARK GREEN SILK, made with two skirts. The upper skirt is open at the sides, forming a kind of apron in front. This is trimmed with a lattice work of velvet. The body is high and plain, with a very long point in front. The sleeves are very full, with a large pointed jockey at the top, and a small pointed cuff at the hand. Bonnet of white silk.

FIG. III.—STRAW BONNET, trimmed with long sprays of grass. The face trimming consists of a very full tulle cap, with a bunch of roses and leaves placed low on one side, and a plait of green velvet over the top of the head.

FIG. IV.—NEAPOLITAN BONNET, with a cape and band across the top, of white silk. A bunch of green leaves, scarlet flowers and grasses, is placed on the left side.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The new dress goods have scarcely made their appearance yet, but most of the fall silks which have been opened have either double skirts, or a single skirt trimmed with two wide flounces. Three and four flounces

are also worn, but are not of as new a style as the former, though to our taste they are much prettier than the two flounces. When the flounces have not woven borders, they are frequently edged with puffs of ribbon or silk of a pretty contrasting color with the dress.

The Raphael body is still very popular, but for more common wear, the corsage cut high to the throat is most liked. Pointed waists are more fashionable than round ones, and the points on the hips as well as at the back and in front, still continue in favor.

SLIKVES are in endless variety, only they must not have the effect of fitting too closely to the arm, falling of some kind from just below the shoulder down, is necessary for the present style.

One of the prettiest fall dresses which has been made is of silver-grey silk. The skirt has two rows of trimming formed of puffs. The corsage is high to the throat, and is ornamented in front with horizontal rows of puffs. The sleeves are in puffs from the shoulder to the wrist, and have turn-up cuffs of vandyked lace. Round the throat a quilling of lace, fastened in front by a bow and ends of blue ribbon. The cap adopted with this dress is of the Marie Stuart form, pointed in front of the forehead, trimmed with blue ribbon, and edged round the front by small pendent tassels.

Trimmings in chequered and tartan patterns are at present much in favor with the Parisian ladies. In dresses with side-trimming, those trimmings are formed of some material different from the dress, and in a chequered pattern. Double skirts are bordered with bias rows of chequered poplin, and one or two bonnets have been made with the crown composed of chequered velvet.

A very pretty and simple style of Canezou is made of plain, clear muslin, in the following style. Round the edge, up the front, and round the throat, there is a puffing with running of colored ribbons. The whole is finished by a plaited frill of muslin, in the hem of which there is a running of ribbon. Green and lilac are the favorite colors for trimming these muslin canezous, sleeves, &c. Sometimes both colors are combined with admirable effect. Another very elegant canezou, suited to evening dress, is made of embroidered tulle. It has rounded ends in front, crossed, the one over the other. It is low in the neck, and is edged all round with very fine gulpure, beneath which is run a colored ribbon. This canezou should be worn with short sleeves of the same material, made with two puffs and a frill, trimmed with guipure and ribbon, corresponding with the canezou. The effect of the fine gulpure, over blue or pink ribbon, is exquisitely beautiful. For a plainer style of evening dress, a canezou and sleeves of precisely the same pattern may be made of embroidered muslin, with insertion and trimming of Valenciennes lace.

IN RIDING-HATS there is no material change of fashion. Several of those recently made have long basques. The corsage is high to the throat, and trimmed with rows of bran-debourgs of the same color as the habit; this trimming also extends down each side of the basque. The sleeves are rather loose at the top, and gradually widen toward the lower end, where they are slit up a few inches at the under part and finished by a revers. The under-sleeves consist of puffs of white nansouk fastened on bands at the wrist; and over the bands may be worn wristlets of black velvet. A small, square collar of lawn or cambric completes the dress. The riding hat is usually of colored felt or brown straw, ornamented with a feather, and a colored gauze veil may be worn. In Paris the riding hat of the old form (the *chapeau d'homme*) has of late occasionally been adopted in equestrian costume.

BONNETS are made more in the *Marie Stuart* shape than formerly. They are beginning to flatten on the top, come forward on the forehead and spread more at the side. To most faces this will be a very becoming fashion. A beautiful new fall bonnet is made of fine split straw bordered with cherry-colored ribbon, and ornamented with bunches of black grapes, arranged with an apparent negligence which is the very triumph of art.

MANTILLAS AND TALMAS continue to be made quite large, and covered with pointed hoods.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—(Colored Plate.)—BABY'S DRESS OF WHITE CAMBRIC, ornamented with rows of embroidery on the front. Cloak of white cashmere, embroidered in silk. White silk, slightly wadded, and trimmed with fringe and loops of ribbon.

FIG. II.—(Colored Plate.)—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF DARK BLUE SILK, with a woven trimming of black and white plaid. Talma of blue and white striped cashmere, with a hood. Bonnet of white satin, lined.

FIG. III.—GREEK COSTUME OF MAINE-COLOR QUINCE.—The ornament consists of a Greek pattern formed of white braid. The body has longish skirts cut up in the Greek style, and trimmed with small white pendent buttons. Behind, a large bow of the same tissue as the frock. This costume is appropriate for a boy between two and five years of age.

FIG. IV.—ROUND CLOTH JACKET, white quilting waistcoat, and drill trousers.

FIG. V.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF PLAIDED SILK, with a rose-bud pattern between the plaids. It has two skirts, the upper one of which is trimmed with three ruffles. The body is cut low, but can be worn with a *Marie Antoinette* skirt of the same material as the dress, which fastens behind with long ends. Leghorn flat with plumes.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the names of your post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Pennsylvania, New York or New England bills preferred. If the sum is large, buy a draft, if possible, on Philadelphia or New York, deducting the exchange.

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THE LAUNCH.



THE TELEGRAPH MANTLE.



WHITE SATIN BONNET.



SCARLET CHENILLE HEAD-DRESS.



BREAKFAST CAP.



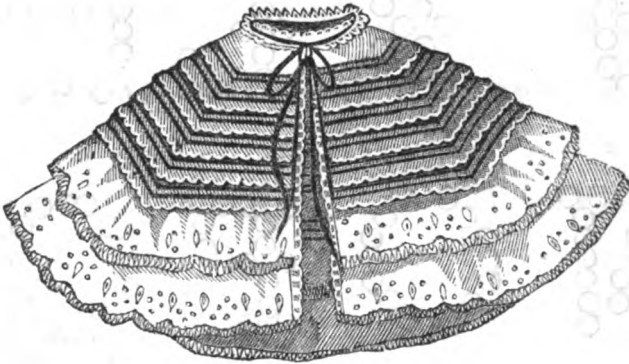
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HEAD-DRESS.



CAP.



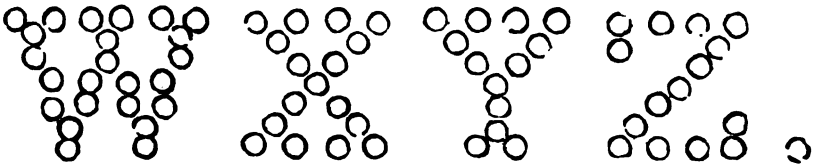
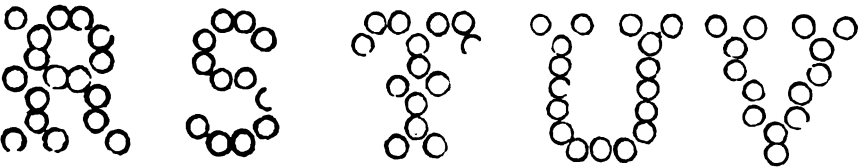
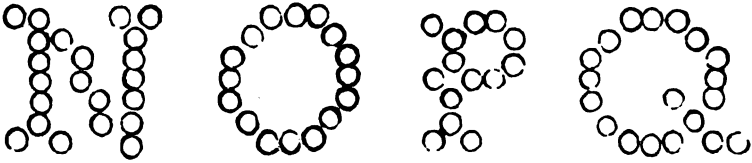
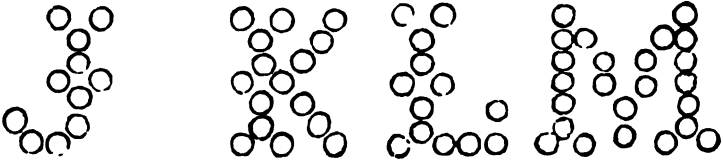
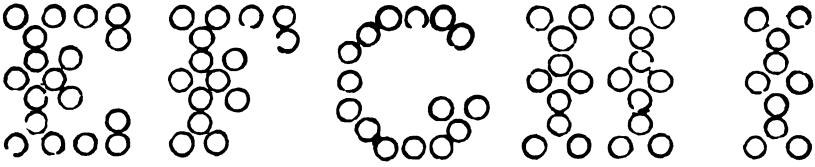
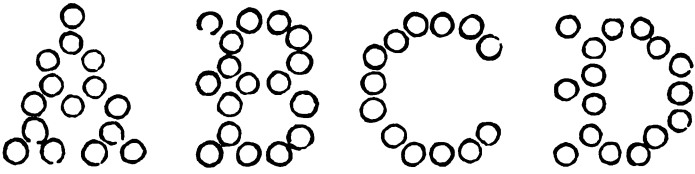
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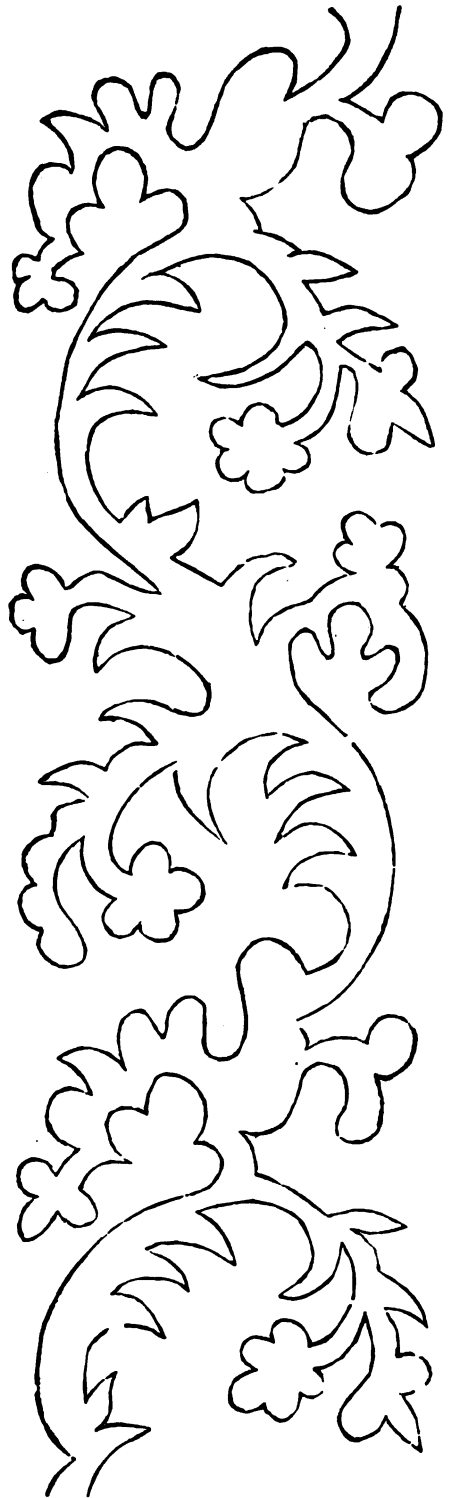
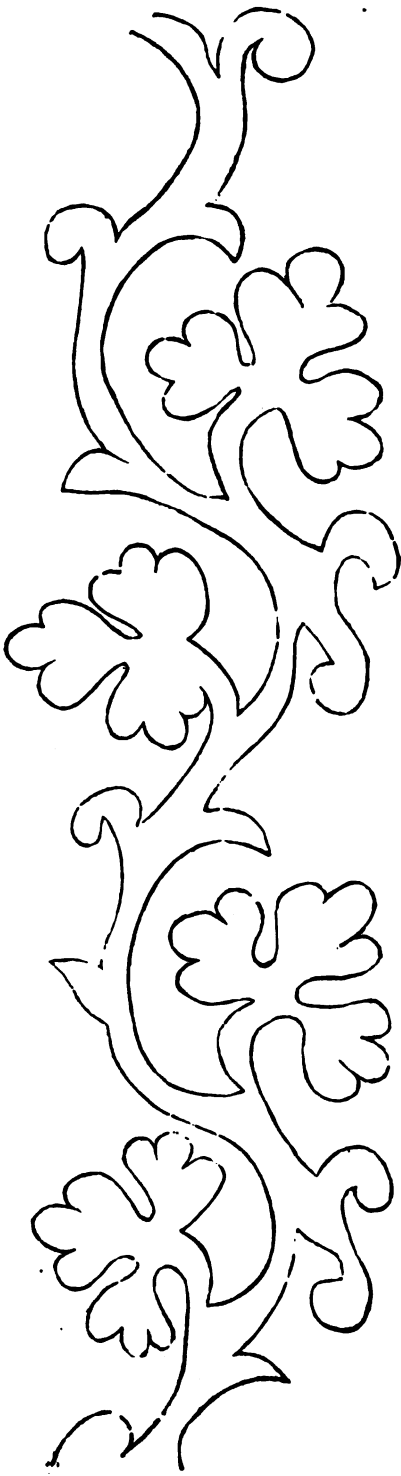
HEAD-DRESS.



LACE CAP.



ALPHABET FOR MARKING: IN EYELET-HOLES.



PATTERNS IN BRAIDING

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

AIR, "LOCH-EROCH SIDE."

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

Musical score for the first system, consisting of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The tempo marking "MODERATO" is written below the first staff, and "SEMPLICE" is written below the second staff. The music features various note values, rests, and dynamic markings such as "p".

'Twas on a simmer's af-ternoon, A wee, be-fore the

Musical score for the second system, consisting of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves. The tempo marking "SEMPLICE" is written below the second staff. The music features various note values, rests, and dynamic markings such as "p".

sun gae'd down, My las-sie, wi' a braw new gown, Cam' o'er the hills to Gow-rie. The

rosebud tinged wi' morn - ing show'r, Blooms fresh with-in the sun - ny bow'r, But Ka - tie was the fair - est flow'r That

o - ver bloom'd in Gow - rie.

2.
 I praised her beauty loud an' lang,
 Then round her waist my arms I flang;
 And said, My dearie, will ye gang
 To see the Carse o' Gowrie?
 I'll tak' ye to my father's ha',
 In yon green field beside the shaw;
 I'll mak' you lady o' them a',
 The bravest wife in Gowrie.

3.
 Saft kisses on her lips I laid,
 The blush upon her cheeks soon spread,
 She whisper'd modestly and said,
 I'll gang wi' ye to Gowrie!
 The auld folks soon ga'e their consent,
 Syne for Mess John they quickly sent,
 Wha tyed them to their hearts' content,
 And now she's Lady Gowrie.



NEW STYLES FOR OCTOBER.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1858.

No. 4.

HOW I CAME TO SAY IT!

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

RALPH SOMERVILLE spent some months at our house. He was a noble-hearted, generous fellow, and I soon found that I took more than a passing interest in him. Though generous—as I have said—his disposition harbored upon sternness. There was something silent and mysterious about him—not repellant, to be sure, but seeming to bespeak a love of solitude, a quiet communing with his own great thoughts. I was a wild, romping girl, and perhaps it was this contrast of dispositions which drew me toward him with a warmer magnetism. He was certainly not handsome; neither particularly well formed; and yet in the fire that sometimes kindled in those grey eyes, or the soft smile that wreathed his lips, there was much of beauty to me. The tones of his voice were clear and distinct, and his earnest words, before we were better acquainted, were the same singular emotions I experienced when I first stood by the “sounding sea,” or earlier still, when the mellow notes of a church organ first dropped down into my soul. It seemed strange that he could bind with the spell of attention a nature so volatile as my own—but he did.

I loved him devotedly—I must confess it sooner or later in this little waif anyhow—and that he returned this devotion I had every reason to believe. A little thing occurred, however, which was near making us go opposite ways through life, like ships that part at sea.

Coming into the study one morning, I found an unfinished letter lying on the desk. Ralph was out—and curiosity—the failing of our sex—led me to glance over it. Part of it was in reference to myself; this discovery made me more than merely glance over it. It was a letter to his sister; the following clause stirred up all the opposition and willfulness my nature was capable of:—

“I am now certain that Mabel loves me. And yet so contrary is she, that were I soberly to ask her to become mine, I no doubt would meet with a peremptory refusal. If I let her alone, she will tell me herself that she loves me before very long.”

I felt my cheeks tingle, and I believe that I bit my lips with vexation.

“Do you think so, Ralph?” I cried. “We shall see?”

In a minute afterward I was down in the parlor, improvising at the piano in a manner which under other circumstances might have made my fortune.

Well—two weeks more passed by. I did not avoid Ralph’s society, yet in other ways evinced an extreme indifference to it. A shade of anxiety and thoughtfulness began to settle upon his face.

One morning Ralph took the cars for G—. A collision occurred, and a number of persons were killed and wounded. The news made my heart flutter like a frightened bird. The most painful solicitude was awakened in regard to Ralph.

In the evening of the same day I heard voices on the porch, among which I distinguished my uncle’s. I heard him say,

“How had we best break it to her?”

My heart seemed to turn into ice at these words; my brain reeled, and I caught at the table for support. What dark forebodings were creeping up into my soul? I rushed out upon the porch.

“You make break it as abruptly to me as you please, uncle. Ralph is dead! Oh, my best beloved! that I should see this hour!”

I felt very faint then, and the tears streamed down my cheeks like down the cheeks of a weary child.

Whose arms were those around me? What

low, sweet voice spoke such earnest words of love? What hot lips pressed such warm kisses to mine?

Why—Ralph's! He hadn't been hurt at all—and had been commissioned to bear sad news to

another. How provoking it was! Well—that is the way I came to say it! but I don't care now. Ralph is worth a dozen of your common husbands.

THE GRAVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

Oh! she will sleep a long, long while,
So make her bed to-day
Where flowers bloom in Summer time,
Where gentle breezes play.

The young and gay will gather there,
And oft their tears will fall,
For she who sleeps in dreamless rest
Was fairest of them all.

Then bind a choice and fragrant wreath
Of flowers on her brow.
Her cheek would vie their beauty once,
Where are its roses now?

The whisp'ring locust there shall bloom
Around her lowly bed,
For God hath given flowers enough
For living, and for dead.

And when the glorious setting sun
Has crimsoned all the West,
Let its departing glory fall
Upon her place of rest.

Oh! lay her where the cypress weeps,
And flowers talk of Heaven,
With grateful hearts, that for a time
This priceless gift was given.

I KNOW THOU ART FREE FROM ALL PAIN AND ALL SORROW.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

I know thou art free
From all pain and all sorrow,
The ills of this rude world
Shall vex thee no more;
No sad Past shall haunt thee,
No dreaded to-morrow,
Thou goest in thy beauty
To Heav'n's silent shore.

In vain I beseech thee,
No more wilt thou waken,
No more come, all smiling,
Beloved to me.

The holy, the pure,
To his far rest hath taken,
And thy footsteps now stray,
Where the bright angels be.

Oh! eyes of calm beauty,
Oh! lips whose caressing
Thrilled ever my soul,
As no others could thrill.
Shall your light and your fragrance
Now others be blessing?
But to me ye are darkened
Forever, and still.

VANISH YE CLOUDS OF CARE.

BY EMANUEL MARQUIS.

VANISH, ye clouds of care,
Nor shall ye now
Linger and longer bear
On heart and brow.
Man was not made a toy
To fortune's sickle maid,
Was by high Heaven made
Life to enjoy.

Throughout earth's wide domain,
In skies above,
Love does and Beauty reign,
Beauty and Love.

Song birds and flow'rets coy,
Stars glitt'ring in the skies,
Sunshine from human eyes
Whisper, Enjoy!

Heavenbid to rejoice,
Nature e'er is
Singing with raptured voice
Anthems of bliss.
Naught can the chord destroy;
Death, though he sway and slay,
Slays that all better may
Live and enjoy.

GRANDMOTHER'S ROOM

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

A PLEASANT room, with southern windows looking out upon the highway, and eastern windows opening upon a bright, green grass-plot—a room where the sun came earliest and shone latest.

"I give and bequeath to my beloved wife, Jemima, the south room"—so commenced a clause in the will of my great grandfather.

Among the very earliest pictures hanging upon the walls of my memory, I can see that square, pleasant room, with its broad, open fireplace, and the solitary figure sitting before the embers, with white hair lying about the placid forehead, crowned by a high, old-fashioned cap. For nearly twenty years had she sat there alone.

My great grandfather was still a hale and hearty man when the wife of his youth died, and left him widowed, and his five children motherless. Jemima Johnstone, spinster, had certainly no idea at that time of filling the dead Mistress Chandler's vacant place. She was twenty-eight years old; a girl no longer, if indeed that sedate, womanly woman had ever felt the light-heartedness of girlhood. She was comely and pleasant to look upon for the pure soul that shone out of the soft, grey eyes, but she had no pretensions to beauty. She had never expected to marry. She may have sighed at this, sometimes, for her heart was the heart of woman; but her manners were shy and timid, and her voice was low and weak, and her gayer and bolder companions had all outstripped her in the race matrimonial. She was left at home—an ungathered lily, in petticoats and short-gown—left to the parents who loved and depended on her, the children to whom sister 'Mimie's face was the fairest sight in the world.

I have always given my great grandfather credit for rare good sense. I know not how it was that he passed by the buxom beauties, any one of whom would have relished a seat upon the scarlet pillion behind his saddle, on the back of his fine bay gelding, and sought this shy, unobtrusive woman. I wish I knew the history of that long-ago wooing—what vows were breathed; what tokens were interchanged—but it is fair to conclude that the language of love has been very much the same in all ages. Sunday night after Sunday night, my great grand-

father's bay gelding was tied at the gate of Deacon Johnstone's yard, until, at last, he went away "carrying double," and the fair Jemima became the mistress of my great grandfather's home—I do think she had been, long before, the mistress of his heart. I have always pleased myself by imagining that this must have been, in every sense of the word, a love match; no mere arrangement entered into for the sake of the house to be kept, the children to be tended.

I think they must have been happy during the long, prosperous years that followed, as they sat together in summer twilights and long winter evenings, in the south room of that old house which could remember the bullets of the Revolution.

No children were given to them, and perhaps, for this reason, Jemima was all the tenderer mother to those of the dead woman sleeping so quietly in the country church-yard, at whose grave she and my great grandfather used to stand together in the hour's recess, after the morning services on Sundays; for whose memory this happy wife used to shed tender tears.

And so, steadily, silently, swiftly, the years marched on, until, in their train, came death. My great grandfather's fight with the destroyer was long and severe; but I do not think, in all those weeks of agony, his faithful wife shed a single tear, save those that fell inward, blistering her heart. Love gave to her timid nature a hero's courage. Her voice, none but hers, soothed the death-throes of his agony; her hand wiped the death-dews from his forehead; her heart, her tender heart, was his pillow, and in her arms he died.

To her this loss was terrible. Before his love sought her out she had had, save her kindly cares for others, no hope, no interest in life. And now she was again alone, and, this time, alone till death should be the high-priest of her reunion with him, in heaven. To her pure mind any second love would have been profanation.

How vividly that south room—"grandmother's room," we always called it—rises before me now. It was simply furnished. In one corner stood a bed, and, at its foot, a tall bureau where grandmother kept the humble accumulations of her life—stores of home-made linen, flannel, and the

yarn, which she seemed to knit unceasingly for step-children and grand children. Another bureau, a black one, stood in front of one of the south windows, and this had been grandfather's. At the other side of the fire-place, opposite her own seat, stood an empty chair; a black, wooden rocking-chair, always empty.

In this latter chair I remember sitting down one Sunday, when I had been left to keep her company, for she was getting too old then ever to go to church. I took my seat in it and began rocking back and forth with childish thoughtlessness. Grandmother spoke to me timidly,

"Hadn't you just as lieve sit somewhere else, dear? That's your gran'ther's chair, and that's just where he left it stannin'."

Child as I was, I was strangely touched by her voice, her words, and the tears I saw on her furrowed cheeks. I never sat in my "gran'ther's" chair again. It moves me now, like sad poetry, sorrowful music, anything else touching and tender, to think of that lonely old woman who had never read a novel in her life, who knew nothing of poetry, save what was between the covers of the hymn-book, cherishing with such beautiful constancy the memory of the dead—keeping ever vacant the chair which he could nevermore come back to fill. I love to think of her sitting there alone; knitting interminable lengths of yarn into countless grey, woolen stockings, and dropping now a stitch, now a tear, as she strove to bring back all the past, the tender, the cherished past to her fancy; to see him sitting once more in the black, wooden rocking-chair; to hear the kindly words he addressed to his "beloved wife, Jemima."

"Is there anything else that was grandfather's?" I asked, that Sunday, with timid curiosity, after I had sat silent for awhile, looking at the inhibited rocking-chair.

I think it did my grandmother good to have an interested listener to her reminiscences. She took me to the old, black bureau, in front of the south window, and showed me her treasures. There were bunches of twine; a pipe; a pair of spectacles, and a jack-knife, the blade notched

by long use. All was just as my grandfather had left it. Humble treasures they were, but gold and gems would have been far less precious in that faithful woman's sight. I saw her wipe the tears from her eyes.

"I like to look at them sometimes," she said, simply. "I don't s'pose they seem of much consequence to anybody else, but your gran'ther had used all of them."

I do not think she was ever lonely. There was comfort enough, companionship enough in memory to cheer the patient years of her waiting. She gave no trouble to any one. Her whole life had been a sort of meek asking the world's permission to stay in it; and, when she died, she died suddenly and quietly, requiring no protracted care; causing no anxious watching.

We laid her worn body down by his side, with a tear, a sigh, and a prayer, which was half a thanksgiving for the morning which had dawned after her night of waiting. Well we knew that her feet were treading now the golden pavements; her lips quaffing the living waters. On earth she had "clothed herself with humility as with a garment," but white robes of wondrous glory were waiting for her there, and a crown is on her forehead.

We make pilgrimages to the homes of genius; the rooms were great deeds were planned, great books written; but, after all, life has nothing so noble and god-like as constant, self-forgetting love; and, when I would brush from my heart the dust of earth, hold communion with angels, and linger tenderly over youth's bright morning visions of

"The love that hopes and endures and is patient,"

I turn away from the city's din, and go back to the scenes of my childhood, and sit for an hour in grandmother's room.

The old, brown house, which remembers in its silence the bullets of the Revolution, is going to decay. Mosses are on its roof, swallows build their nests in its chimneys; but the sunshine gilds yet the southern windows, and shines upon the fireside where I can still see in fancy a bowed figure with high-crowned cap and silver hair.

"G O N E."

Gone, gone, gone

In life's bright morning hours,

Like a star before the dawn,

Like dew from the lily flowers.

Oh, bright are the skies with the dawn,

And the lilies are snowly white,

But we sigh for the soft light gone,

And the flowers must fade ere night.

Gone, gone, gone

A song from the melodies,

That ring over garden and lawn,

And under the grand old trees.

And from songs that stirred our hearts

Like an organ's choral strain,

Music, grandeur, both depart,

And the joy becometh pain.

R. M.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

BY LIZZIE WILLIAMS.

"THERE go the widow and her brother-in-law again! I declare I can scarcely ever look out of the window now-a-days without seeing those two people walking or riding together—its shameful, I think!"

"Oh, its horrid!" chorussed three or four voices together.

"I wonder they do not see the impropriety of their conduct," said a very sedate-looking lady, (Mrs. Miller,) who, with her mother and sister, had come to spend the evening with their dear friend, Mrs. Webb. "It seems to me," she went on, "that if I were so unfortunate as to be left a widow, I would be exceedingly circumspect in my deportment—but some persons have no discretion."

"And Mrs. Gilmer is one of the number," remarked Mrs. Parker.

"Yes, indeed," chimed in Mrs. Webb. "To think of her being seen out riding and walking so often with any man, and she not yet out of deep black for her husband. Oh, that reminds me—ladies, you ought to hear how aunt Sally cut her up—very innocently, of course—the other day Tell all about it, aunt Sally, do."

"Aunt Sally" needed no pressing. Very deliberately she knit round to the seam-stitch, then folded her stocking evenly, and laid it on the table beside her; took off her spectacles and placed them near her knitting; then taking a pinch of snuff, leaning back in her chair, and looking around at the ladies, who were all awaiting her narration, she commenced,

"Well, there ain't much to be told, but howsomever, what there is of it you're welcome to hear. You see, the other day I made up my mind that I'd take a good, long walk. I don't go about so much as I used to, but sometimes I get sort of low-sperited, you know, and I find nothing is so good in that case as a long, brisk walk. So as I was saying, I made up my mind soon after breakfast that I'd go out, so I got on my things and off I went. 'Twas as purty a day as one would want to see; maybe you remember it; let me see—last Tuesday, I think it was—or was it Wednesday, Clara?"

"It was Wednesday, aunt Sally," replied Mrs. Webb.

"Well, Tuesday or Wednesday, whichever day

it was, 'twas a proper fine day; so I went along, stopping at the dry-goods shops to look at all the cheap things. I was always a great hand for that. I remember when I was a young girl like Lucy or Becky here, there was nothing amused me so much as to look at all the calicoes, and silks, and the rest, at shop doors, or in the windows. Well, as I was going to say, I went on and on, enjoying myself every bit as well as if I was looking at a play, when all of a sudden, just as I had crossed a street, who should I see a few feet ahead of me but Mr. Edward Gilmer and his sister-in-law. They must have turned the corner while I was picking my way along the crossing, for it was very muddy. They were going along as slow as could be, jest putting one foot in front of the other, as 'twere, and talking, talking all the time."

"Hadn't they the little boy with them?" interrupted Mrs. Miller. "I should think she'd like to have him along."

"So they do most always," put in Becky Webb. "Just for a blind, you know."

"Of course, nothing else in the world," said Mrs. Webb.

"They had him along that day," resumed aunt Sally, "I kept my eye so on them, for fear I might lose sight of them in the crowd, that I didn't notice 'little Arty,' as she calls him, at first; but I saw that his uncle lifted him over every gutter, and set him down again as careful as if he was a chany toy that he was afraid of breaking. And when they got to Smith's—you know there's always a crowd about there, he picked the child up and carried him in his arms the length of maybe five or six houses."

"How I hate such hypocrisy!" exclaimed Mrs. Miller, biting off the end of her sewing-cotton energetically. "Much he cares for his dead brother's child, to be sure."

"But you see, he's courting the child for the sake of the mother," and Mrs. Parker laughed disagreeably. "Of course they want the little dear to love the new papa that is to be. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if they are learning the boy to say papa instead of uncle."

"Oh, shocking! His father's ghost ought to appear to them."

"I'm sure I wish it could," said aunt Sally.

"So I kept them in sight, as I was going to tell you, and at last in they went to one of the biggest stores, and in I went after them determined to see what they were after. The store was purty well filled, and they did not see me where I took my stand, but I could see them plain enough, and what do you think it was they were looking at?"

"White satin, I suspect," said Mrs. Miller.

"Brussels veils," "blonde lace," suggested the others.

"No, you're all of you wrong, though Mrs. Miller came near being right. 'Twasn't white satin, but it was the purtiest silk you ever sat eyes on, a kind of light fawn color, and every bit as shiny and good as satin."

"That's for wedding visits," said Becky Webb.

"Well, let it be for what it may," said Mrs. Parker, "isn't it the most shameful thing for a woman to be looking after such things, and she not out of her year's mourning for her husband?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Miller, "it's even too soon yet for her to be thinking of second mourning. I do say that a widow ought to keep to full black for at least two years, if she has any respect at all for her husband's memory. But how we do interrupt you, aunt Sally, you must excuse us indeed."

"It doesn't matter a bit, I'm most through now. But where was I? Oh, about the silk. Well, they looked and looked, and talked and talked, and at last they agreed it would do, I suppose, for the shopman began measuring it off. So you may guess how I felt about such doings then, and thinks I, 'I'll give her something to think of anyhow.' So I crossed over to the counter and stood close beside her, and asked to see some black silk. She turned round, surprised-like when she heard my voice, and we shook hands and talked quite friendly, and she stood her boy up on the stool he'd been setting on to shake hands with me. He seemed kind of bashful, and she laughed a little, and said that Arty was forgetting me, he saw me so seldom. Thinks I there's a chance for me, so says I, 'Like enough he doesn't know me, but I'd remember him if I hadn't seen him for years.' Then she smiled again and said, 'You think you would?' 'Why,' says I, 'I'd know him at the other end of the world, he's so like his father.' Then she colored a little, and began to smooth down his curly hair, and says she very quietly, 'Yes, Arty is very like his father, I am thankful the resemblance is so great; if it extend to mind and heart as well as to person, I shall have nothing to wish for in his regard.' 'Except

that he may be longer-lived,' says I. 'Yes, Mr. Gilmer was a proper good man, and it seems hard he wasn't spared awhile longer. I suppose Arthur doesn't remember him, though to be sure it isn't very long since he died. It seems like 'twas only the other day.'"

"Oh, that was cute of you, aunt Sally," said Mrs. Parker. "What did she say to that?"

"Nothing for a minute or maybe more. I wish you'd been there to see her; she first turned red, and then white, and she had as much as she could do to keep from bursting out crying right there at the counter. I saw that plain enough. But after a bit she says, 'It seems a long, dreary time to Arty and me.'"

"Yes, I expect it does, but she ought to be ashamed to tell it, if it does seem so long to her," said Mrs. Webb. "And such a good, kind husband as he was, too, and to see her choosing finery for her second marriage before he's hardly cold in the ground."

"How any woman can act so!" exclaimed Mrs. Miller. "But what more, aunt Sally?"

"I didn't say any more to her. I was satisfied that she was struck with what I said, for she only shook her head when Edward Gilmer wanted her to look at something else. So they went away, he looking at her very anxious as they passed out, for he hadn't heard what I was saying to her, and when he saw her face he must have thought she was sick, or fainting, or something of the sort. So he took charge of the silk, and I guess that was all the purchase they made that day."

"And that was one too many. But that was a capital hit of yours, aunt Sally. I'm so glad you thought of it. But is it not strange that she does not get some lady to go shopping with her?"

"Oh, she wants to keep it secret, you may depend," rejoined Mrs. Webb. "Besides, how could she have the face to begin to talk about it? For my part, I'd give her a piece of my mind if she would but hint at such a thing to me—oh, here you are, Mrs. Black," rising to meet a lady just entering. "I had quite given you up. You see you're the last to get here, for all you have only to come from the next house."

"I thought I should not be able to come at all," replied Mrs. Black, after exchanging salutations with the other visitors. "For just as I was ready to come, Betsy Smith ran in to tell me that the two good people over the way had gone out together again, and I do believe she stayed more than an hour talking about them."

"We were just talking about them too," said Mrs. Webb."

And thereupon the inexhaustible subject was renewed with fresh interest.

Poor Mrs. Gilmer was unfortunate in her "over-the-way" neighbors, Mesdames Webb and Black. For several weeks her "going out" and "coming in" had kept all eyes and tongues in both houses busy. The domestics of both were taken into confidence—to what meannesses will not people descend to gratify a paltry inquisitiveness?—and between mistress and maids the widow's house was well watched.

One day, Mrs. Black came running in to Mrs. Webb's, brimful of excitement,

"I haven't a moment's time to sit down, but I want to tell you. While ago I saw Mrs. Gilmer go out, and I thought I would send Ann over to borrow something, and see what she could find out from Letitia. She was in one of her huffy moods, and wouldn't hardly speak to Ann; but Ann is no dunce, and she found out something."

"What was it?" questioned all the Webb family in a breath.

"Why, maybe you recollect that embroidered Swiss robe that Edward Gilmer gave to his sister-in-law, not very long before his brother died?"

"I do," said Becky, eagerly. "She never got a chance to wear it only once, and then I saw her all ready for a party, and it was the loveliest dress I ever saw."

"Well, that identical dress—I know it must be from Ann's description—Letitia had just done ironing, and most beautifully too, Ann says. So Ann was admiring it, and says she, 'That looks like getting ready for a wedding.' Said Letitia, 'Maybe it does, and maybe it doesn't,' and that was all the speech Ann could get from her. She always was a hateful girl, that Letitia, there's no getting a word out of her. If she was like other girls we could have found it all out long ago. However, the Swiss dress settles the matter to my mind. What use could she have of such a dress at this season if she was not going to be married?"

"None at all. Oh, we'll see something before very long," said Mrs. Webb, and nodding acquiescence, her friend hurried off.

"Things must be coming to a head if the Swiss dress is done up ready for wearing," said aunt Sally. "Now we must watch close, or we'll miss it after all."

The others agreed that she was right, and a regular plan of espionage was adopted, the watchers relieving each other at stated times. The day passed, and the next was nearly drawing to its close, when Becky, who was then on duty, gave the signal, and all rushing to the

windows, saw a carriage standing before the widow's house. Pretty soon they saw a trunk brought out and placed very carefully on the carriage. Then Mrs. Gilmer and little Arthur appeared and took their seats in the vehicle, Mr. Edward Gilmer followed, and the carriage drove off. Peeping through the Venetian blinds, the Blacks and the Webbs had seen all, but so far from having their curiosity satisfied, they were sorely troubled for farther knowledge. That the trunk contained the bridal apparel was evident to all, since the bride-elect wore her usual dress of black: but why so much mysterious secrecy about their proceedings? To be sure they might well try to keep them secret; she, at any rate, might well be ashamed to have it known that she was already thinking of marriage; but still, as they were going to get married, why not be honest and above board? as aunt Sally said. Farther "observation" was evidently needful, and aunt Sally volunteered to watch through the night, as she was certain they would come back late, and she wouldn't miss seeing their return for the world. So she took her station in an easy-chair by the window. Whether curiosity was powerful enough to prevent her "sleeping at her post" the family doubted, when next morning she was obliged to confess that she "heard nothing," though "she never slept a wink the whole night through." What was to be done now? In spite of Letitia's "huffiness," it was decided to send Ann again to reconnoitre, on pretence of returning what she had previously borrowed. She came back with the intelligence that there was no one in the house but Letitia, who was as "close-mouthed as ever." There was nothing for it but to continue a vigilant watchfulness, which they did, and were rewarded ere the close of the day by seeing the carriage return, but lo! it contained only the lady and her child.

"Where on earth is he?" queried the irritated gossips.

"There's the trunk back again, too, and she's in her mourning attire yet—the deceitful thing. You may depend the marriage is to be kept secret. Wait till to-morrow; if 'tisn't in the morning papers, then it's to be kept secret."

It was not in the morning papers, at least as far as they could ascertain, although, after consulting their own paper, they sent all round the neighborhood to borrow other journals of intelligence.

"Now don't it beat all?" was Mrs. Webb's exclamation at last. "You see they do mean to keep it secret, but if I live till after dinner I'll find it out—that I know."

In pursuance of this determination, the worthy lady (in company with Becky) sallied forth early in the afternoon, "called in" at Mrs. Parker's, related all they knew, (which was very little,) and all they surmised, (which was a great deal,) and very easily prevailed on Mrs. Parker to bear them company in a call upon "the bride."

She was in the back parlor, teaching her little boy to read. On the appearance of the visitors, she rose to meet them in a friendly, unembarrassed manner, somewhat to their surprise.

"We have come to offer our congratulations, Mrs. Gilmer," said Mrs. Webb, with a meaning smile.

For an instant Mrs. Gilmer looked slightly perplexed; then with a bright smile she replied, "Oh, you have heard of the wedding! I—"

What she would have added the ladies could not guess, for she was interrupted by the entrance of Letitia in search of Arthur, and when she next spoke, it was to make some polite inquiries after Mrs. Parker's family.

"But what has become of the groom?" asked Mrs. Webb, returning to the charge at the first opportunity.

"He has gone to New York."

"To New York, and without you?" queried the amazed gossips.

"Certainly. I could not think of taking such a trip even to gratify Edward," replied Mrs. Gilmer, looking down at her black dress with an expression that told she had not forgotten that "she had buried her dead."

"Well, no, you could not be expected to go on a wedding trip, all things considered," said Becky, "but it is a wonder Mr. Gilmer was willing to go without you."

"He was rather disappointed, I believe, when I declined going, but, I fancy, his regret at my absence did not long continue," and again that bright smile, which the observant visitors thought so uncalled for.

"I suppose we will soon lose you as neighbors?" said Becky.

"Oh, no. I like this house very well, the neighbors also, and Edward will continue to board here, at least for a time, his bride being too young and inexperienced to take charge of a house yet."

The ladies had fairly started with surprise.

"Why, we all thought—" began Mrs. Webb; but Mrs. Parker, who was a woman of presence of mind, interposed, giving her a significant glance at the same time.

"I suppose the young lady is an acquaintance of yours."

"She has been like a younger sister to me from her infancy," was the reply. "Our parents were neighbors and friends. But since my marriage I have only seen Celia a few times, as she was at boarding-school till within the last few months. She is a dear, sweet girl, and I am greatly pleased that Edward has won her, I have no doubt they will be very happy."

"We thought there must be a wedding in prospect," said Mrs. Parker, smiling, "when we saw you out so often with Mr. Gilmer."

"Yes, I had to do all the shopping Celia required, and that kept me busy for a few days. Besides, there were matters connected with the settlement of my husband's affairs that frequently demanded my attendance, and I was glad to have Edward's company and advice on those occasions."

"I presume so, indeed. Women are so helpless in law matters. Of course, you were at the wedding?"

"I should much rather not have gone, but I knew both parties would have felt hurt had I declined going, especially as it was quite a family gathering, no one but the relatives being invited."

"That is the kind of a wedding I like," said Mrs. Parker. "Some people do make such a parade and show on such occasions. I think it is ridiculous. But, I declare, it is high time I was on my way home."

And rising as she spoke, her movement was gladly imitated by her friends, who were yet in a state of bewilderment from the complete "upsetting" of all their fancies and imaginings.

"What minnies we have been making of ourselves!" was Mrs. Parker's exclamation, as Mrs. Gilmer's door closed upon them.

"I am so thankful that you stopped me that time," said Mrs. Webb, drawing a deep breath. "I should have blundered out that we all thought she was the bride."

"I knew it, and I was resolved she should not hear of our folly. I do not wish to lose her friendship."

"Nor I. I declare I will never again believe any report until I ascertain that there is some foundation for it."

And Mrs. Webb looked as if she had been imposed upon; quite oblivious of the fact that it was she herself who had started the report, and worked herself and friends up to a virtuous indignation against a "match" that had never been in contemplation.

THE DEFORMED.

BY SARAH HAMILTON.

CHAPTER I.

"Sweet is the image of the brooding dove!
Holy as Heaven a mother's tender love!
The love of many prayers and many tears,
Which changes not with dim, declining years."

"Poor little Harry!" said the tender mother, stooping down and kissing the pale forehead crossed with faint lines of blue. Then she brushed back the damp masses of hair, and gazed long and lovingly on the face of the sleeper. His breath came quick and short, and his chest heaved with the labor; his arms were thrown forward, and the hands fervently clasped.

"Poor little Harry!" repeated the mother, still more sadly, and the blinding tears fell thick and fast; her boy, her only child, was deformed, a wretched hunchback. She went back to the time when he was as straight and vigorous as any neighbor's child—when his laugh rang with the merriest—and now he was a frail floweret crushed at its opening. It was very trying to think—it must always be so—that there was no relief—no blessed Saviour upon earth to lay his hand on the diseased body, restoring all its former strength and beauty. But the mother's faith was strong, and kneeling by the humble couch, she asked the Father in soft, trembling tones to watch over her flower—bruised though it was—to keep firm this little thread of life—to purify and make beautiful the inner temple—to make him strong in goodness and courage. The child moved uneasily on his pillow, murmuring incoherently in his slumbers. The mother quietly arose with a sweet consciousness her petitions would not go unheeded, and arranging the curtains so the light might not fall too strongly on the face of the sleeper, she seated herself where the pale moonbeams stole softly in, and looked out upon the night—it was a scene calculated to arouse a less appreciative nature than hers. "And what are we," she murmured, "that God should note our trials?—should sympathize in our sorrows? This little island of life—how small a thing to Him who holds countless gems of much greater magnitude in his hand, if all its happiness be wrecked or wasted!" and a long, long sigh fell shudderingly on the still air.

A low, sad note stole upward—a robin's moan

—and with it came the words, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father? But the very hairs of your head are numbered, fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows" Holy, comforting words! Again she looked forth, and while the heavens shone blue and fair, the earth seemed smiling in its borrowed light—an untold joy rustled in the bending branches of the tall elm that shadowed the lowly dwelling, there were bright tears on the opening buds of Harry's prairie rose, that had perseveringly climbed where he could see it grow. Every leaf, every bud, every blossom was still more closely watched by a heavenly eye, crimped and shaped by His hand, watered by His dew and rain, painted by His sunlight with the flush of early dawn.

Harry loved his rose—but God loved Harry better than many roses. She would nurture, watch over him, even as he cared for this, and a higher power would bless her labors.

Her child was a rational being, within that little bosom beat a warm, affectionate heart. There were also the same germs of evil that weed the hearts of the best—must she from a wrong sensitiveness allow these to go unrooted? Should his mind glow with the golden setting of intellectual beauty? Oh! she would like to have him great, talented, so she could look up to him with pride, spite of his misfortune—but who should furnish the means? Her husband was a little man—not in stature—oh, no! and the blushing face of the wife bent low, as she acknowledged the unwelcome fact of his littleness even to herself; his mind was all given to the pursuit of gain—gain.

Long she sat in deep thought—and then a sweet smile chased away the brooding look of care. "I will help him," she said, aloud, "to earn treasures in heaven, a white robe, a shining crown—he shall not be of the world, lost in the mad strife of ambition and pleasure. I will dedicate my child now in this solemn hour to the service of the Most High; his life-sky of necessity must ever be clouded—but the Sun of righteousness can pierce the darkest cloud and warm the coldest heart. I hope shall color all his future brightly," and bending once more

over the sleeper, she touched her crimson lips to the pallid brow, and left him to his dreams.

Mrs. Percy entered her chamber, stealing about very noiselessly as she disrobed for the night, fearful of awakening her husband, whose heavy breathing told her he was in deep slumber. As she lay down by his side, the movement aroused him—with a long yawn he impatiently inquired the time.

"I do wish, Carrie, you wouldn't sit up so nights, ruining your health and disturbing me. Here it is eleven o'clock, and I haven't slept a wink—and I must be up and off by six in the morning."

"But Harry was so restless, Charles, I could not bear to leave him before."

"I wish you cared half as much for my comfort as you do for crooked little Harry's."

"If you were unable to care for it yourself, perhaps I might," was the unpleasant rejoinder on the wife's lips—but she wisely choked it down.

Sometimes she would have been more than annoyed by this seeming indifference, selfishness—but she remembered she had that night consecrated herself to a new purpose, and if she were to discipline herself to walk tranquilly above the trials and perplexities of life, she must at once learn the lesson of control, a quiet submission to things she might not remedy. A few, brief moments stole on, and the deep-breathing again told of the utter forgetfulness of her companion. In vain she closed her eyes—now she was back in the days of her girlhood, the pride of a loving household, listening to the passionate words of—who? surely not the one resting so calmly by her side, unmindful of the sorrow blighting her days. Now she stood at the altar giving up all, home and dear ones, feeling only in his love could her own happiness be perfected.

Then together they watched over a tiny infant daily growing more beautiful, more winning in its baby ways, till at last it could proudly walk by the father's side—but, alas! a blight was to fall upon their beautiful child, bringing long sorrow-days, months of anguish to all. Mr. Percy seemingly growing colder and harder all the while, more immersed in business, less at home—the wife more prayerful, more watchful, and little Harry sadder and more fretful—and where was it all to end? The little, small voice again came, "Fear not, I am with you always," and from the gloomy depths of despondency her heart went up in thanksgiving for the blessed assurance, "I am with you always."

All the morning had Harry's darling mother been at work, washing the dishes, baking nice,

flaky pies for the hard-working man, who wanted them on the table, morning, noon, and night, who guessed not—how should he? with his strong hands, how the more delicate palms of his wife ached with the labor?—how the drooping shoulders smarted and tingled with the much beating, rolling, sweeping, and scrubbing, all coming on one? More weary, more discouraging than the hardest work, is the thought that our services are unappreciated—that when the weary frame and sinking heart tries to bear up bravely for the beloved one's sake, he sees it not, but carelessly turns away without one kind, sympathizing word. This it was that saddened the wife's face; but as she glanced at the window and the soft eyes of her child met hers, a new expression stole into them; and going close to him, laying her hand on the brown curls, she called him her sweet, prairie rose. The new title pleased Harry, and turning to the open casement, he selected the brightest and most fully-blown of all his treasures, and with a beaming face presented it to his mother. She took it and playfully twisted it in her hair. This pleased Harry still more, and he said, half crying with the strange fluttering joy in his bosom, "Mamma shall have one every morning."

At last the work was all finished, the kitchen bright in its every day cleanliness; the sitting-room swept and dusted; chairs arranged, and fresh cut flowers placed on the mantle; wearily Mrs. Percy seated herself on the sofa by her boy.

"Harry," she asked, in a trembling voice, "do you love mother?"

"Very much," answered the child, laying his head in her lap. "Harry tired—sing."

"Yes, Harry, and then you will be very still, and let mother read till the short hand," pointing to the clock, "gets to twelve."

"Yes," said the little wondering face raised inquiringly to hers, hardly understanding how she could read on any day but Sunday, it was such an unusual thing. Sweetly the mother chanted the words of Mrs. Hemans,

"I hear thee speak of the better land."

After answering her child's many questions, she brought the pillows, and Harry, remembering his promise, watched the clock and was very quiet—watched it till sleep curtained his eyes.

Mrs. Percy sat down, not to a charming volume that would banish the present and relieve the tired brain. No, with slate and pencil she was employing those few leisure moments in that to her hard, dry study, mathematics, sadly neglected in her school days, now resumed for Harry's sake. Courage and strength did she need in her ignorance and weakness to make

herself a competent teacher to that strong, active mind; affection could alone have prompted her to the effort. Early and late was this the one grand purpose of her life, and yet no household duty went neglected. Her husband's dinners were as punctual, as nicely cooked as ever; his linen as scrupulously clean and shining; his rooms as free from dust and blemish. A few times he seemed aroused to the fact that she was becoming thin and pale, and said if she wished he would hunt up a girl to wait and tend on Harry—but this she did not wish. He was becoming a very good boy, learning of his tender-hearted parent the great lesson of sacrifice; her cheerful looks and tones were reflected back from his patient, little face.

Sometimes, as a reward for his goodness, she would take him out in the shadow of beautiful trees, far off in the green woods amid emerald mosses, bright colored flowers, a very paradise to the little housed-up cripple. These were bright holidays to both, making them feel it was a great thing to live, a great thing to be able to appreciate God's works—especially did Harry's mother feel this. There was such a loving peace resting in her bosom—such a thankfulness for all her earthly blessings—such exalted views of the true end of existence. If he, the dear husband, could only realize the joy of such emotions—could know and approve as he must—could he only know them once, then her happiness would shine perpetual, nothing could come between them, for he would understand, and understanding, would love her all the more, she was sure of that—she was a better woman now than when he married her, more worthy of love, more patient, not so ambitious and worldly; if he could only be led from the gaining of riches to the accumulation of something better, he too would find his happiness increased—it would be such a blessed thing, and was so much to be desired for them all. Perhaps God would in time bring him, as she had been brought, lovingly to a new life, she would hope, and hoping trust.

CHAPTER II.

It is impossible for us to follow Mrs. Percy and her deformed boy in their daily life—impossible to note all the evil that came to sadden and discourage—the good to bless and lighten up their lives. We can only now and then glance at the cases by the way, not forgetting that desert paths led to them. Harry and his mother were a help each to the other. Mrs. Percy felt more than repaid for all the exertions made for her child's welfare by his filial obedience and love.

Mr. Percy continued to labor for that which satisfieth not; but his voice was becoming modulated to a softer key; the influence of his home could but wear an impression on his heart, though it were harder than rock.

The voices of wife and child, blending in happy song, in the long, mellow twilights, refreshed the wearied father, bringing a feeling of satisfaction that they were his own household jewels. Often too stirring his mind with longings and conscience-gnawings, that troubled him long after the hour of usual rest.

It was at one of these seasons he suggested to his wife the propriety of sending Harry from home to obtain a classical education, as he had given evidence of possessing a mind of more than ordinary ability. This had long been her ardent wish; but she, fearing a repulse, had delayed naming it; now the suggestion was embraced as a good to be immediately acted upon, and now a loving pride sprang up in her bosom at this new proof of a growing generosity on the part of her husband. He felt something of this, and although the next morning, with the darkness, had fled the weary weight on his heart, and the old avaricious love of gain predominated, he was too proud, too chary of his wife's good opinion to willingly lose it; he entered cordially into all her plans, and wondered, and was made glad by the new interest, the new happiness he experienced.

So Harry was sent off to find a home among strangers, and his mother calmly, cheerfully had arranged all, had said, "Good-bye," with tearless eyes, had watched him out of sight—but now that it was over her fortitude forsook her. The re-action had come, trembling and weak, she re-entered the now dreary, little sitting-room. The small table by the window, the study-chair without its accustomed occupant, the bare branches of the prairie rose stripped by autumn's winds and frosts of its beauty, brought to her heart such a feeling of desolation as she had never before experienced. But this state of mind was not lasting, because, like an unselfish mother she willed herself to submit cheerfully to his greatest good, though it shadowed her present comfort. Therefore her countenance was bright and hopeful, ready to greet her husband with calmness and pleasant words when he returned at night. He wondered at this—wondered so much he could not help speaking of it, tenderly as if he felt for her; and she, with her head resting on his shoulder as it had not rested for years, told him how hard the trial had been throughout, what a struggle with self; he listening, smoothing her hair now and

then, touching his lips to the white brow in the old lover-like way, saying too, she was the best of women—the best of wives, and ought to have had some one very different from him for a husband; he had been a brute, or but little better; he wished he could be different, more like her. At first poverty, or the fear of that, had choked all his better aspirations, he had been so fearful they might suffer for a home, and home comforts, and by laboring so steadily, daily counting his expenses, studying economy, he had acquired the habit of being parsimonious, adding riches and subtracting happiness from their home. He had given himself no leisure for improvement, and so they had both suffered; he began to think threadbare coats were better than threadbare minds—a poor cottage than an empty heart.

At first too, he had been wickedly unreconciled to Harry's misfortune, he did not know what he or his child had done that they should be thus afflicted; but Harry was a good boy, his face was like an angel's, he would not now exchange Harry for the tallest, straightest lad in the country. Well may you smile, little wife, weeping joyous tears, for you are gathering golden fruit of your own planting.

Here for the present we must leave them, meanwhile giving a letter from the wanderer, written long after, when the novelty of school life and new scenes had worn off.

H—, May 2nd, 18—.

"DEAREST MOTHER—I can hardly realize the length of time that has elapsed since I left you for the first time, four years ago! Vividly comes before me, not only the outward picture of loneliness upon which my gaze rested that morning, but the inward darkness and strife warring in my bosom. I remember how serenely the golden sun rose, dispelling the grey vapors that lay like a cloud upon the whole landscape, the growing clearness of every object, as the dense mist floated upward, and I tried to think just so would the black shadows creeping about my heart flee away.

"How I shrank back from contact with the world, how little and wretched I felt without your encouraging smile! I feared ridicule, mother, but worse than that, the visible pity and curiosity of my companions. I gazed upon the surrounding country, at the bold sweeps of willow trees, at the broad, sparkling river shining in the distance, at some late, autumn flowers held in the white, plump hand of one of my traveling companions, a beautiful girl—into her sunny face, and I murmured, 'that I alone was crooked and deformed.' Never before

or since have I felt the bitterness of my lot, as I did on that long, wearisome ride. My school-mates and teachers have been invariably kind and attentive. Truly the Lord has been better than all my fears; I once thought the good things of this world very unequally distributed, but I am not of that opinion now; riches and power may hide sorrow and care; Fame's laurels so ambitiously sought for may pierce the brow when worn with unseen thorns; and a proud, erect form, such as one like me might be led to covet, oft carries within a sad, depressed heart; on the other hand, the poor may be rich in love, the humble and un aspiring happy in possession of a contented mind, and a poor, deformed youth like myself possessing that which naught could purchase. There is a true greatness of the soul that can come not to any unasked, unsought, a fountain of living waters, free to all, and he that drinketh shall thirst never more. Mother, when life was darkest, when I was ready to faint by the wayside, worn-out with its burden, this living stream sprang up in my soul, fertilizing all its barren, uncultivated ground; weak, feeble, I have yet something great to live for when I look upon the world, gazing upon so much misery, such a seeking after the jewel happiness afar off, and ever in the wrong direction, when it lies sparkling at their very feet. I long to cry aloud, to lead my erring brothers back to the fold of God's love, and, mother, with your sanction this shall be the aim and end of my poor life.

"I follow all of your directions, do not keep late hours or study hard. I find I can accomplish as much by my temperance in these things as some of my more ambitious companions, who are wearing their health by a too close application to their books. I am counting the intervening days between this and my visit home; and, mother, I have something strange to suggest, the adoption of a child that I think will require nearly as much of your attention as did your invalid boy formerly, a little, forlorn thing I picked up in the street the other day, left, it appears, on account of sickness, by a band of roving musicians. My room-mate, Ralph W—, would gladly give her a home—but has none to offer—never having known the luxury of one himself; his mother died before he was old enough to realize her worth, and his father since has spent most of his time abroad. May I bring the little girl, Marcella, she calls herself, and ask Ralph to accompany us? I know it would do him good to make your acquaintance.

"Hoping you will think favorably of all my plans, I remain affectionately yours,

HARRY PERCY."

CHAPTER III.

HARRY PERCY had finished his collegiate course, and had come home preparatory to commencing the ministry. A stranger would observe naught but the crooked outline of the young man's form; but the memory of that first unpleasant impression invariably faded upon a near acquaintance—the broad, white forehead, unmarked by time, or knitted by passion—the clear, gray eyes—the open countenance, at once revealed something of the spirit reigning within—of the music, purity and beauty dwelling in a soul unstained by the vices of the world. There was also a fascination in the voice and manners of Harry, when engaged in conversation, that won upon all hearts—he was kind to all, forgetting not to be courteous to any—refusing never the cup of cold water to one of the Father's little ones. Oh! 'tis the heart that loves, that wins affection—the mind that reigns conqueror."

"This is good!" exclaimed Harry, on the night of his arrival home, "very good!" repeated he, in tones of satisfaction, holding out both hands before the open grate, for the mere pleasure of feeling the glowing warmth of a home fire, while he glanced rapidly about the room from one familiar object to another, till his gaze rested on a thin little figure lying on the sofa. "Marcella," said he, leaving his comfortable seat to re-assure her, in his own kind way, now she had come to look upon strange faces, "this is my home—your home—when you are strong and well once more, and find out what a home can be, you will learn to prize it even as we do. There's the big orchard behind the house, with golden stars at your feet, and pink clusters in the thick boughs over your head, and a clear, shiny spring in the edge of yonder wood, where smiles the waxen-leaved arbutus, and sweet-scented violets, that will give you such dreams of beauty as your childhood never knew; and here, this was my study-room, Marcella, it shall be yours."

The child looked eagerly into the speaker's face, her own quivering with new and exciting emotions.

"Why, Ralph, what have you there?" interrogated Harry, as his friend entered with a tiny goblet in his hand.

"Something to preserve Marcella's tears in; I shall need some precious memorial of her when far away. Look here, little one, art willing I should treasure those bright pearls raining down your cheeks?"

Marcella's countenance brightened, and she laughed heartily at the strange idea.

"Harry," said Ralph, in a low voice, as they

drew their chairs together by the window which looked out upon the prairie rose, "in striving to comfort yonder little invalid, you were doing her the greatest injury imaginable; dilated eyes, flushed brow, feverish from excitement—she feels too keenly—let her alone."

In the evening Marcella felt able to sit up and look over some prints with Harry and Ralph, Ralph keeping her alive to all that was ludicrous, while Harry, who sat quietly by, wondered, and was gratified at the keen enjoyment manifested by both his brilliant friend and the forlorn child, a few days since a common beggar in the streets.

Marcella was an Italian by birth—but little could she remember unconnected with the roving life she had led for years. There were floating fragments passing through her mind of a home somewhere, way back, and loving voices; to-night, as Mrs. Percy drew her to her side, and endeavored to draw from her something of her early history, the vague impressions grew strong and were almost clear; as she rested her head on this new friend's bosom, a dreamy, satisfied feeling stole over her—the rest, long sought, she had at last found.

Mr. Percy treated the new-comer with the same interest manifested by his wife. She gave life and animation to the little family circle. When the glow of health came to tinge the brown cheeks, and the tangled masses of black hair were daily brushed, plaited and decorated with gay ribbons—when the coarse, tattered robe, had been replaced by pretty prints, and the dark eyes had learnt to sparkle and beam with new and ever-varying thoughts, the child appeared altogether a different being from the trivial-looking creature that had first excited Harry's sympathy—as for Ralph, he declared he had never made the acquaintance of any drawing-room belle who proved half so bewitching.

It was a great wonder—a great trial to Marcella, to learn from her adopted mother, that her whole time must not be given to bird, bee, and flower—that she must learn to read—to sit still in the house and pore over unintelligible words

No, she "could not," and with an impatient stamp of her little foot, she declared she "would not!"

"But Harry wishes it," urged Mrs. Percy. "Will you not do so to please Harry?"

It was enough—no further argument was needed.

Was it strange, that the child, rescued from death, or a life worse than death, came to make an earthly idol of her preserver and teacher—strange that her quick intellect learnt to read

and appreciate the abstruse beauties of that master mind—strange that his words, his wishes, were treasured up, remembered, and acted upon, as were no others?

Years passed, and it was a dark day at the cottage when Harry left his childhood's home to proclaim the glad news of a Saviour's love to a flock afar off.

In a thriving town in one of the western States, he accepted the charge of pastor over a flourishing society for an indefinite period. Close beside the church of S— stands the Parsonage, a low, grey building, half concealed from the street by the over-shadowing trees, the numberless vines and flowering shrubs that encompass it. Two windows in front are thrown open to admit the fresh morning breeze into a bright little study, whose only occupant at the present time is Henry Percy.

Years have but added attractions to an interesting countenance; but as he turns from his book and leans from the window, dreamily gazing on the beautiful landscape before him, you notice an air of sadness—newly acquired, it may be—rests on his features. It is evident his mind is afar off, lost in some painful reverie. He leaves the window abruptly, takes from the side table an open letter, and slowly he reads:

"Ralph is home, my dear boy. He is a noble man, worthy of your friendship; he has improved much since he left us eighteen months since; Marcella's spirits seem to have revived since his visit; she was so lonely after you went away; not a pleasant day passes but some excursion is enjoyed, and another planned for the next. I am glad to see them happy, but Harry, this mere physical enjoyment is not your portion, but thank God, you have that left which is richer and more enduring. I must not murmur if the innocent pleasures of youth are debarred my child, for it was God's will."

Harry's lips for a moment rested upon the paper, and he murmured, sadly, purified by affliction, "It is well—he will win her—and I—I must learn to grope my way alone. It is strange that I cannot find in my heart to wish them joy—strange that the bitterness of my lot has all returned when I thought it had fled forever."

Harry Percy now learned, that he too, with the rest of the world, was but a poor dreamer; his imagination had built fancy castles, and inhabited them. He saw it all, and more assiduously than ever before did he apply himself to the earnest life before him, asking the Father to keep him in all his ways, learning anew the lesson of trust. Trial and toil was not always

to be his portion—patiently would he learn the task allotted him—he had loved—how much beauty, how much joy, the sentiment had brought him! Did he wish because the flower beyond his reach, blossomed not for him alone—that no other could see, admire and transplant it to a more congenial soil?

None would have thought, looking into Harry's calm, pleasant face, of the inward struggle warring with his peace—all noticed the glory that radiated it, when the full sacrifice of his own selfish desires had been made of another, of two others; for when had Marcella's smiles been the brightest? when had her laugh rang merriest? was it not when Ralph W— was her companion? He remembered, too, the care and devotion, the constant thoughtfulness, manifested for his comfort; but this arose from pity, a sisterly affection, sympathy.

Not at all surprised was he, to receive, not many months later, an invitation to attend his friend's wedding, which was to take place immediately on Mr. W—'s return from Europe, who was daily expected. But Harry was unable to leave, nor did he regret that his numerous engagements prevented him. But when summons came for him to visit the bedside of a dying parent, no consideration would have prevented him answering the call—sympathy for his mother, that best friend—thoughts of the constant care and wearisome watchings weighing her down—of the poor, dear father hastening to that dark valley, drove from his mind all the lingering pain that tarried, when he thought of one whose sunny face would not be there to greet him.

It was a beautiful eve in mid-October, when, wearied and travel-stained, he alighted at the little garden gate of his home.

The windows were closed, all but one in the room occupied by his father—the slow movement of the drooping curtain, as it swayed back and forth, catching up the faint breath that stirred its folds—the pale, clear moonlight lighting up and throwing in shadow—roof, tree and shrub—all seemed to whisper to his heart one sad tale, desolation. The stillness was oppressive; he vainly summoned courage to meet the loved ones; a white hand gently pushes back the curtain—a familiar face glances out—quick steps pass through the hall—a light form glides down the garden walk, and stands by the crooked figure.

"Oh, Harry, how glad we are you have come!" And the lips tremble, and the eyes fill with tears. "He is now sleeping very sweetly, mother watching beside him." Passing her arm

through Harry's, the two silently enter the house together. Marcella insists upon his resting on the lounge while she goes for refreshments.

She saw the suffering painted on his face. "Can't I do anything more for you, Harry?" said she, timidly, leaning over the arm of the sofa, trying to smile as she laid her hand on the feverish brow. The touch was pleasant; he closed his eyes, slowly, opened them, apparently not heeding her question, saying cheerfully,

"You have grown very beautiful, Marcella—very beautiful; you will allow a brother to say it. I have heard that great happiness has the power of painting the plainest face with beauty. What then must be its effect when nature was lavish before? But where is Ralph? You have not yet mentioned your husband!"

"My husband!" repeated Marcella; "of what are you thinking?"

It was now Harry's turn to start.

"Yes, Marcella, are you not married?"

"Harry, Ralph has been married but a month; he became acquainted with his wife in Italy. She came to America but a few weeks since, in company with some of her friends, and Ralph's father, Mr. W——. She is a dear little creature, and Ralph insists, the resemblance is so great between us, we might pass for sisters."

The door opened, and Mrs. Percy came in, surprised and much gratified, to find her son.

Marcella glided out, but immediately returned from the sick room, saying that Mr. Percy was awake, and had recognized Harry's voice—would he go to him now?

The meeting was very affecting, father and son felt it was the last to take place on earth, both knew there was a more joyous one in store for them. Mr. Percy seemed to realize that death was very near. He took a cheerful farewell of each, leaving, he said, gladly, the road that had become so beautiful, as he drew near the close of his pilgrimage, knowing that its termination led to a glorious inheritance beyond; feeling that it was better for him to go

first, that he might be there to welcome the loved who would soon follow; for time there would not lengthen as here, months and years would sink into their true significance. There, too, he should realize the worth of discipline. "Who would not," said he, taking Harry's hand, "battle bravely the greatest sorrow, knowing this to be the end? God bless you, my wife."

Harry persuaded Mrs. Percy and Marcella to visit him in his western home. He rightly conjectured that that change would prove beneficial to his mother. Months passed, Marcella, pale and spiritless, sang no song, but stole softly about her accustomed duties. Harry, too, seemed unusually taciturn. Keenly sensitive, he tried not to break up the icy reserve that crept in between them, he feared she would consider him presuming should he dare whisper to her the dream of past days.

These mothers—how eagerly they watch over the happiness of their loved ones, striving ever to ward off the trials and discomfitures of life, how they tenderly touch one chord, and when the wrong vibration trembles forth, patiently await the music of another! how opportune comes the good advice—the tender council! No, Mrs. Percy was not a meddling woman, but a true mother. She knew that the raven of gloom rested upon her household. 'Twas not the shadow that death left—much as they missed and mourned the absent, they felt their loss was his gain. But the cloud had a present cause, it was a word here, a remark there, uttered in wisdom by Mrs. Percy that scattered it—teaching her children to be true to their own hearts. Marcella loved the cripple even as she was loved, proudly could she wear his name, looking into his good, noble face could feel honored by his preference. She took it, and none who knew Harry Percy, the young minister of S——, none who listened, spirit-rapt, to the eloquent and truthful speaker, none who saw the goodly works and blessed deeds that followed his labors, wondered at the beautiful girl's choice.

THE STORM.

BY PHILA EABLE.

'Twas a wild, dark night, a dreary night,
And along the island shore
The dark, wild waves, the heavy waves,
Broke with a dismal roar,
And the clouds were very black that hung
The weary earth-land o'er.

Forth went a woman, haggard, pale,
Amid the darkness dead,
And kneeling on the wave-lashed shore,

Where briny tears were shed,
She sobbed and moaned in agony
For wrecked ones, lost and dead.

And when the daylight silver white
Came up the waters o'er,
They found her lying white and still
Upon the lonely shore,
Asleep so sound that no wild storm
Would wake her any more.

THE LOVER'S SUSPICIONS.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"WHAT a splendid girl! I'faith she has no equal for beauty of expression, whatever may be said of beauty of form and feature." The young man was gazing admiringly on a lovely girl who was among the dancers, her bright, sylph-like form seeming to float rather than move in the mazes of the dance. After a few moments' silence, he turned again to his companion, who had made no response to his previous remark, and with a manner of blended gravity and playfulness said, "Take my advice, old fellow—you know I am famous for giving valuable counsel—and secure this peerless creature while yet you may. If you dally much longer you deserve to lose your chance of winning her."

"Much chance have I among the flattering crowd that always surrounds her," was the moody answer.

"Oh, well, you can't expect every one to draw back whenever you choose to approach her," said the other, laughing. "You should be all the more pleased that you can win the admired of all admirers in despite of them all. Why don't you propose, and end your doubts and fears?"

"I can perceive nothing in her manner to me to warrant my doing that. Once I did fancy that my love was returned, but I was only deluding myself then. I don't believe she has any more care for me than for any one of a dozen others who are courting her favor."

"Miss Lincoln is not one to meet your advances half way, if I am any judge," replied the friend, more seriously than he had before spoken. "I believe that she does care more for you than for the others, principally because she is more reserved with you than with them. There is a sort of conscious embarrassment in your presence that would lift me to the pinnacle of blissful hope were I in your place. Rely on it, you are trifling with her happiness as well as your own."

"See how she smiles on that Ralston," said the lover, evidently paying no heed to what his friend was saying. "He is ever at her side, and her pleasure in his society is very evident."

"Yes, too evident to be a symptom of love. You are not fancying him in your way, surely?"

Oh, Ralph! Ralph! what has become of your wits? Pluck up courage, man; pop the question, and if you do not find me a true prophet, punish me by never believing me again."

Ralph Morris thought over what his friend had said, and the result of the reflections was, that on the following morning he repaired to the house of his lady-love, resolved to learn his fate without farther delay. When shown into the parlor, he found to his extreme annoyance that several lady friends were present, who manifested no intention of soon taking leave. Ralph, however, had made up his mind, and determining to outstay them, let them stay as long as they would, he entered into a trifling conversation with the ladies.

He soon learned that two of the visitors were in despair, because Miss Lincoln was to leave town the next day. Her sister in Baltimore was going to have a grand party, it was indispensable that Gertrude should be there; but on the other hand, Cad Stevens' party next week would be a failure without her. Cad intended to have tableaux, and Gertrude was just the one for that: they would be obliged to give up three or four that they particularly desired to represent, if she could not be there to take the principal character. And further to Cad's disappointment, Mr. Ralston had begged her to excuse his absence, as he would not be in town on the appointed evening. Cad was quite vexed with them both, for it was her birth-day party, and she wanted to have everything in the finest style.

Ralph forgot to sympathize with the ladies at this point, for on the mention of Mr Ralston he had instinctively glanced at Gertrude, and she meeting his eye colored visibly. Ralph's jealous fears returned, and he paid little heed to the talk now going on; he was deliberating whether it would not be better for him to defer the object of his visit to another time—till he could satisfy himself by close observation whether Ralston was indeed a rival, and still more important, whether he was likely to prove a successful one. Before he had come to any conclusion, the other visitors prepared to depart. As they were stepping into the hall, they met a servant bringing a large basket which she had just received at the door.

"Oh, there is your dress from Madame B——, Gertrude," said one, eagerly. "I know her basket. Let me just take one little peep."

Gertrude objected, but the young lady had an insatiable curiosity, and moreover prided herself on a "pretty, child-like willfulness," which was increased by opposition. Aware of this, Gertrude yielded the point, though she was evidently annoyed by her friend's unceremonious procedure, and Ralph quite sympathized with her. But how were his feelings changed, when he heard the exclamation, "Why, if it is not a bridal dress! and the veil, orange wreath, and all. Just look!" and the laughing girl held up to view a wreath of orange blossoms intermixed with lily of the valley. "Isn't that exquisite? Ah, Gertrude, your secret is out."

It was indeed exquisite, that dainty French imitation of nature, but in Ralph's eyes what a hideous thing it was, and what a finished coquette its beautiful owner! All was plain enough now, and while the ladies were yet bantering her on their discovery of her secret, Ralph took leave, rejoicing that he had escaped the humiliation of "a refusal."

The other visitors did not tarry much longer, being in haste to spread the news. Gertrude tried to convince them that they were altogether in error, but her protestations were heard with laughing incredulity. After they had left, she sent the basket with its elegant contents back to the dressmaker; and in a short time it again appeared, accompanied by the regrets of Madame B——, for the mistake that had been made. Very beautiful was the evening dress that Gertrude now drew forth from the unlucky basket, but she surveyed it with small appearance of interest or admiration. The reproachful look which she had received from Ralph, as he made his parting bow, still haunted her. Though he had never in words declared his passion, yet she had long felt that he loved her; and felt, too, that his love was not unreturned. Vexed by the unlucky incident of the morning, and the impression it had evidently left on Ralph's mind, she prepared for her trip to Baltimore with less pleasure than she had anticipated; though she reassured herself by reflecting that on her return he would discover the mistake into which he had been led, and all would come right.

But on her return, she learned that Ralph had left the city, suddenly, and without apprising any one of his intention. "Doubtless he will return soon," said his friends; but weeks and months went by, and he came not. Gertrude mourned in secret over the unfortunate mistake, which she had no doubt was the cause of his

departure. In society she was gay and charming as ever, and many sought to win her love, but sought in vain.

It was nearly three years from the day of his mysterious disappearance, ere Ralph Morris trod again the streets of his native city. He had not proceeded far, when, to his extreme annoyance, he encountered his former confidant and adviser, Coleman. The latter, overjoyed at his friend's return, plied him with eager inquiries, to which he received vague and brief replies. Ere long Coleman fell upon the very theme that Ralph most wished to avoid.

"Ah, Ralph, you stubborn fellow! why did you not act upon that sage advice I gave you at our very last meeting? Don't you remember it? Confess now that in all your wanderings you have not met one to equal the bewitching Gertrude. I saw her the other day, and, by George, I thought her handsomer than ever."

"Does she still reside in the city?" Ralph put the question carelessly; his friend did not hear him, and he was obliged to repeat it.

"I merely asked if Mrs. Ralston still resides in this city."

"Mrs. Ralston did you say?" Coleman looked slightly puzzled. "Oh, you mean the wife of our old friend Ralston. True, he married soon after your disappearance, but I do not know his wife even by sight."

"Although you were just speaking of her."

"Who? I? My dear fellow, you must be dreaming. Ralston married a lady in the South, and has not come northward since, to my knowledge. I never saw his wife. It was Miss Lincoln I was speaking of—your old flame, you recollect?"

"Well!" Ralph paused in his walk, and awaited farther intelligence with breathless interest.

"Well!" repeated his companion, jocosely; but looking at his excited friend he dropped his bantering tone, and said in surprise, "you did not imagine that Gertrude Lincoln married Ralston, did you?"

"Whom then did she marry?"

"Why, nobody," replied his friend, laughing heartily at his air of bewilderment. "Our peerless belle is still free. I begin to think you will be the lucky man, though, to be candid, you don't deserve such good fortune."

"I don't, indeed," said Ralph, coloring a little. "I believe I have acted like a simpleton, if nothing worse."

And thereupon the particulars of his last visit to Gertrude were poured into his friend's ears. "Now that you know all, do you think—I want

your candid opinion, Coleman," Ralph spoke beseechingly, "do you think there is the shadow of a chance that I can win her?"

"As to the shadow I can't say," was the provokingly deliberate answer, "but a real, substantial chance I do think you have, provided you do not lose it by farther delays and suspicions. What, irresolute still?"

"I fear she despises me," said Ralph. "I should in a like case."

"And so should I," was the consoling rejoinder, "but woman's judgment leans to mercy always, you know; so come to me to-night and tell me how your wooing speeds. I warrant you'll claim my congratulations."

Coleman's surmises, of course, were correct. Ere the close of the evening, his friend bounded into his room in high spirits.

"Just like all accepted lovers—ridiculously happy," said Coleman, shaking him warmly by the hand. "You won't slight my counsel the next time, old fellow; three years of happiness lost just through your own folly; think of that."

"Too true," said Ralph, regretfully. "And

Gertrude has loved me all along; she never thought of Ralston, nor he of her, she told me; that is in the way I suspected. And I have been so miserable, Coleman, but I deserved to be wretched; 'twas far worse that I rendered her unhappy."

"Yes, you merited a long probation for that, I think; she forgave you too readily, like a gentle, loving girl as she is."

"Like an angel, as she is, rather say," exclaimed Ralph.

"No, that flight of fancy is only for lovers," said Coleman, dryly. "I was going to add, that she entrusts her happiness to you too rashly, I also imagine, after you have shown yourself so given to indulging the most groundless suspicions."

"Ah! I have suffered enough from that disposition to be cured of it forever," said Ralph, earnestly, "our married life shall never be rendered unhappy from that cause."

And time proved that Ralph spoke truly: he was done with jealous suspicions forever.

LEAVING HOME.

BY MISS HELEN A. BROWNE.

Ye rocks and hills, along whose base
My childish feet how oft have strayed;
Ye foaming rills and pastures waste—
Ye meadow walks; ye haunts and shade:
Ye purple heath, where erst the bloom
Of childhood's cheeks gave warmth and light;
Ye wildwood glens, so filled with gloom,
Ye shiver in the winds of night.
Ye homestead, grown so mossed and grey
With ruins by thirty Summers sent;
Ye woodbines clamb'ring by the way
With tree and rose together blent;

Ye household ones, grown dearer now
When thought of parting draweth nigh,
And Time, with measured step and slow,
Is stealing on with calloused eye.

I leave ye all with dimming sight,
With raining tears you may not see,
With heart so full 'tis far from light,
And clings alone to none but thee.
I leave ye all; ye rocks and hills—
Ye groves that hear the wood-bird's call—
Ye meadow walks; ye foaming rills—
Ye homestead, household, woodbine—all.

THY HAND WITHIN MY OWN HAS LAIN.

BY D. A. BIBB.

Thy hand within my own has lain,
Thine eyes have looked back love to mine,
While words as links have formed a chain
Which doth around us two entwine;
Then henceforth whatsoever befall,
Whatever space may intervene,
Let us not break this viewless thrall,
Or speak of love as what has been.
But should a time of trial come
To cloud our sky, now bright and blue,
Still let us keep in light or gloom
Our hearts confiding, calm and true.

So shall our spirits soar above
The power of man, or fate, or time,
And we in our exalted love
Prove more than mortals, blest sublime.
But do not say, "I will do this,"
And dream that it is easy done,
Such almost superhuman bliss
Cannot without its price be won.
For we must tutor mind and heart,
Must learn to think and to confide,
E'er we can stand aloft, apart,
By Love and Faith thus deified.

CATHARINE LINCOLN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 186.

CHAPTER XVII.

At this moment a door at the farther end of the passage opened and Catharine appeared, roused by the unusual sound of voices. In spite of their indignation, there was something about her which moved the clergyman and his followers as she walked toward them, her face pale from confinement and watching, and that indescribable air of grace and dignity, which made her as a queen among a score of common beauties.

"What is the matter, Janet?" she said, "did these gentlemen wish anything?"

"It's the parson," whispered Janet, "and ye'll never see a March hare that's madder; as for them that's with him they're only worse."

"I am the clergyman," said Mr. Gray, with all his former severity, "and I come to you, with these friends, upon a painful errand, but one from which we do not shrink."

"Excuse me, sir," Catharine said, courteously, "I think there is some mistake."

"None, madam, none, do not attempt to deceive me—but this letter will say all."

He thrust into her hand the letter which he had that morning received. Catharine recognized the writing, shuddering slightly, but very calm.

"Will you walk this way?" she said, moving toward a parlor at the front, "there is a sick man near here, and I would not have him disturbed."

The minister and his companions followed her, impressed by the simple majesty of her words and manner. Janet Brown looked after them with her scarce spent wrath still shining in her eyes, picked up her broom, and with some Scotch ejaculation retreated to her own dominions.

Catharine stood and read the letter, while those frowning men gathered about her, silenced by the calm dignity of her demeanor. Its contents caused her no surprise, and as for the pain, it was so slight in comparison with that which had lain at her heart for years, that she scarcely heeded it. As she had supposed, it was another stab of her implacable enemy. Mr. Jeffrys had traced their movements, and written to the

clergyman a tale well calculated to rouse his puritan blood. It called upon him as a father of the church to denounce and drive forth the guilty pair who had taken refuge in his village, after deserting a dying wife and bringing lasting disgrace upon all connected with their name.

When Catharine had finished the letter, she returned it to the minister, saying only,

"And you believed this thing?"

She looked full in his face with her clear, truthful eyes, whence a great sorrow broke, and their language went to the old man's soul as no protestations in words could have done.

"Madam," he said, in a changed voice, "you are strangers here, your mode of life has appeared singular from the first—we didn't know what to think."

"We did not come here to argue," broke in the selectman, seeing that the minister was about to soften, "your arts are all wasted on us; we come in the name of the law to warn you out of this place as a criminal."

"Peace, brother," whispered the pastor, "you are too violent."

Catharine looked at the speaker in silence, but he shrunk from the truth in her eyes and the grandeur of her face. After a moment she glanced suddenly toward the clergyman,

"Sir," she said, "have you a daughter?"

The old man turned away his face, pointing to the weed upon his hat; scarcely three months had passed since he buried the darling of his hearth, the fairest girl that the whole village could boast. The deacons themselves were softened by the sight of their pastor's emotion, and Catharine saw that they were almost ready to relinquish their hard purpose.

"By that daughter's memory," she said, "I ask you to deal kindly with one greatly injured, but innocent as she. Tell me now what you require?"

"We should not have spoken to a woman," said the deacon, more kindly, "where is the young man?"

"Did I not say that he was ill?—tell me your errand."

They looked at one another, and she looked calmly at them, but no one seemed inclined to break the silence.

"You wish us to quit your village," she said, "is that it?"

"It would be better," returned the pastor, hesitatingly, "better for all, if you would do so."

She made no answer, but moved toward the door at the end of the apartment, and motioned them to follow. They obeyed her gesture, and looked into the shadowy room beyond. The curtains were flung down over the casements, and on a low couch in the gloom lay the wasted form of a sleeping man. His face looked mournfully youthful in that heavy slumber, the features so thin and sunken in the uncertain light that the gazers started back, almost believing themselves in the presence of death.

Catharine closed the door, and turned again toward her visitors.

"Will you drive that man forth from his last shelter?" she said. "The Saviour whom you worship was less hard upon sinners than you! Even though he were the moral leper you deem him, could you not allow him to die in peace—he asks only that—not even a grave after."

Without a word those men passed slowly out of the chamber with downcast eyes, where the tears would come in spite of their firmness. When they reached the outer door, the old minister turned to Catharine,

"Forgive us," he said, "for verily we knew not what we did!"

"Oh! sir," she said, not bitterly, but with a quiet mournfulness, "oh! sir, so many unasked pardons have gone from my soul that I could not hesitate here! You are old men, but your span of life is not so near run as his whom they are hunting to his grave. Surely here we might be left in peace—there is no sin on his soul or mine, and yet we are without proof against their accusations."

"Any help," suggested the hard old deacon, "watchers, anything that our womenfolks can do!"

"Thanks," she replied, "if I need them I shall not forget your goodness; farewell."

They bowed with solemn aspect, and Catharine stood watching them disappear down the walk. Painful as that scene had been, it left almost a feeling of pleasure—they were not wholly outcasts! For once that man's schemes had failed, or turned to the advantage of those whom he sought to ruin. She re-entered the little parlor and sat down, waiting until Walter should wake and require her presence. The

haunting memories of her past came back, the first crash of the thunder tempest which had darkened her sky, the after desolation, all returned, and in her heart she thanked God that the end seemed so near. Upon the table by her lay two books which she took up, looking at them with a sorrowful bitterness—it was her own last work and a volume of Walter's poems. They had won fame those two—what an added woe it seemed at such a season!

She wondered if the clouds which enveloped her would ever clear up; years had passed since she ceased to struggle, believing that all attempts to penetrate that dreadful mystery would be in vain. The sight of Walter's sleeping face had brought the countenance of her dead husband so vividly before her—must she go into eternity without the power of solving that secret! She checked the thought, almost smiling at her own folly—there all would be made clear—she could leave it still to time and God.

She went into her own apartment, opened a casket where those letters had lain for years, and taking them out returned to the parlor. How often she had studied that handwriting, and sought a clue to the fatal packet! She was folding them up to restore them to their place, when again a sound from without aroused her. She went to the door and saw in the hall a young man, travel-stained and weary, who seemed to have unceremoniously entered at the open door. He walked toward her, saying quickly,

"You are Catharine Lincoln, I suppose, I wish to see Walter Seaford."

"He is very ill and sees no one."

"I tell you what it is, madam," exclaimed the determined-looking youth, "I have made this journey for an express purpose, and I am not to be defeated in my undertaking. That man has destroyed the peace of the dearest girl that ever breathed, and by heaven he shall answer for it."

"This is more of William Jeffry's work," said Catharine, calmly; "you will scarcely wreak your vengeance upon a man so near death, I think."

"Jeffry, yes, I believe that he is a black-hearted scoundrel! Look here, madam, I have no idea that you are half as bad as they have said, for it don't seem to me that May's sister could be—will you sit down and talk honestly with me, and both try to get at the bottom of this thing?"

"May I ask your name?"

"I am Robert Morris, a grand-son of old Judge Morris—you used to know him."

"Yes, yes; I have seen you too when you

were a child; it seems very strange to meet you here now. Yes, I will talk honestly with you! Tell me first of May—my sister, my poor sister!"

Robert's face lost its determined look, his eyes grew misty and his voice tremulous with feeling as he answered,

"Poor May indeed! She is better now; I thought she would die once—if she had," and the fire flashed into his eyes again, and his voice grew hard, "by heaven, I would have killed Walter Seaford and torn Jeffrys' heart out of his body."

"Has she spoken of me—of Catharine?"

"Only once—she could not bear it."

"Did she curse me?—did she think ill of me?"

"Oh, madam, what could she think! But she never cursed you, she wept and prayed for you!"

"And you too believe me a bad, false woman?"

"I did before I looked in your eyes—I don't know what I believe now. At least you will own it has all been a mysterious thing."

"Do you mean that charge?—those letters?"

"No, about Seaford—I don't know much about the first affair—but Jeffrys says you had been living with Walter for a year past."

"Robert Morris, I have not seen him for a year until I met him in New York! I knew him first in Paris—we were both free—it was my right! In the midst of the only month of happiness came that Jeffrys, he dragged Walter away, maddened him with his horrible falsehoods, brought him to America—"

"And then he married May—after he was betrothed to you—then he is a villain, after all!"

"No, no, we were parted forever, Jeffrys told him that I had been his—his—oh, I cannot speak it! Walter was ill, crazed, he married May to preserve his father from ruin! He went back to Europe, found me, and for the first time knew that he had married my sister—my sister whom I believed to be dead."

"This was Jeffrys' doings—how he must hate you!"

"He has followed me for years like a fiend; to gratify his revenge on me he has brought this misery upon you all."

In their earnestness they had unconsciously returned to the parlor and seated themselves. Robert sat leaning his head upon his hand, striving to catch some connecting link in all this wickedness, with the mystery of the past.

"Tell me all about that—those letters," he said, "I have only heard vague hints, for my grandfather Morris has kept it a secret, and Jeffrys fears him more than any other person in the world."

Catharine told him all, every event of her past

life, speaking more freely than she had ever done to any human being. Even under happier auspices hers would not have been a confiding nature, and in her life of trial she had learned to shut in upon her heart the pain that ached and moaned for expression. After her attainment to that celebrity so unexpected, she had been received in the proudest circles abroad, but even there she had found no one in whom she could trust, and old Janet Brown had been dearer to her than all the world beside. When she met Seaford for the first time, she almost forgot her past, shut it out from remembrance in order to enjoy the full bliss of that short season of sunlight. The end came before they had learned to go back to the confidence of by-gone years—the present had fully engrossed them, and since that time she had lived utterly alone, until summoned to watch over Seaford in his illness.

But there she sat and told Robert Morris everything—her departure for Europe—her search for that darling sister—her poverty and privations cheerfully endured, with the thought that she should one day find that cherished idol. Then came the tidings of May's death—another artifice of the arch fiend who had so pursued her—their toil for labor's sake—the new found fame which fell so coldly upon the crushed and broken heart! All, she told him all, sitting there tearless and calm, while he, unused to suffering and endurance, felt the hot tears falling fast as he listened.

"And you are still alive," he exclaimed, "still alive! Oh, Catharine, and I—you do not know how much I suffer! It seems little in comparison with your wrongs, but I am so young, I loved May so fondly, and to have all happiness torn from me—I cannot bear it!"

He clenched his hands in sudden passion and anguish, while Catharine looked at him pityingly as if he had been a brother.

"And you love May—oh, this is hard! And she, does she love you, Robert?"

"I think so, that's the worst of it all—what are we to do? This Jeffrys—oh, if I had my hands on his throat! Look at it, Catharine, we might all be happy now if we were not in his infernal toils."

"Happy!" repented Catharine, while the old look of resignation came over her face; "happy! You and May, yes—but for me and Walter the thought would be sacrilege—beyond, there, Robert, there!"

"I cannot be so resigned—I will not be—this infernal plot shall be broken—no man shall wrest my happiness from me."

"You are so young," sighed Catharine; "alas! poor Robert, poor May!"

There was a sudden cry from the room beyond which startled her, she rushed out with Walter's name upon her lips. He had wakened quickly, and finding her gone called out for her with all his strength, beneath a terrible fear that she had left him—a fear which haunted him always if he woke and found her absent from his side.

When Robert Morris followed Catharine into the room, she was sitting by Seaford's side, holding his hand and soothing his agitation. Robert could not look unmoved upon the man who had come between him and his happiness, but in an instant the sight of that wasted face brought his better nature back, and he loathed himself for the sudden burst of passion which had swept over his heart.

"Who is that?" Walter asked, pointing toward him.

Catharine whispered in his ear, and the sick man held out his hand, saying only,

"Will you take it?"

Robert grasped the thin fingers without a touch of bitterness, though it seemed very strange to him. They returned to the other room, and at once Walter's quick eye caught sight of the open casket of letters, which Catharine had forgotten on the table.

"What are those?"

"The letters which were the beginning of all this sorrow—the letters that Mr. Lincoln found in my desk, and of which I knew and know nothing."

He held out his hand for them, and began looking them over.

"I do not know the writing," he said, reading on. "Stay! Strange—how familiar this seems!"

"What, Walter, what?"

"I don't know—perhaps it is fancy—why, Catharine, I have read these before!"

"Never, you never saw them till now."

"I know it, and yet——" He broke off, opening more letters and reading hurriedly. "I tell you, Catharine, these letters are familiar to me—I recognize the expressions—I could almost swear that I had written them!"

He looked so excited that Catharine was more disturbed than often happened.

"Don't, Walter, you only distress me; do not add to the mystery."

"But it is strange, it is strange!" repeated Seaford, crushing them impatiently in his hand. "If I could only think!"

Catharine feared this excitement, and sought to change the subject.

"Where is May?" he asked, turning to Robert.

"At Mr. Jeffry's house in the city; she was too sick to be moved for a time, and since then she has chosen to remain there."

"I must see her, Walter," continued Catharine, "I must go to her. You are quite strong to-day—I shall not fear to leave you a little time."

"She will not see you, Catharine."

"She will—she must! She trusts Robert, he will tell her how bad and false that man is."

"Oh, you do not dream of the influence that he has over her," returned Morris, "she has trusted in him since her childhood—looked up to him as a saint, it will be very hard to make her doubt now."

Walter Seaford groaned and laid his forehead down upon the table—that man was his father—it seemed the most terrible thing of all—his father!

"I must go—something tells me that it is best!" exclaimed Catharine; "indeed I must, Walter."

"You are right," he said, lifting his head, "go, Catharine, but come back before it is too late; remember how little time is left to us now."

"Hush, Walter, not those words! I will return to-morrow—Janet will watch you! Oh, Walter, it kills me to leave you even for these few hours, but I must go—I feel that something is about to happen."

Almost unconsciously while speaking, she thrust the packet of letters into her dress, shuddering as she always did at their contact.

"Go, Catharine, my Catharine—God help you—go!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

MAY had been much alone since her illness; even the companionship of Mrs. Davenant, kind and gentle as she had always been, was irksome to her. She liked best to sit in her chamber, her hands idly folded in her lap, looking dreamily out upon the children playing in the little park opposite the house, or watching the fountain as it cast up its glittering clouds of spray. She had been very ill, but was now rapidly recovering, though the buoyancy of spirits which had made her lovely was gone; she looked like the shadow of her former self, and her voice was fast falling into that dreary monotone of suffering which is so painful.

Without possessing the genius which was the fatal endowment of her sister, May was a highly gifted girl, cursed with that peculiarly sensitive organization which had wrought half the misery of Catharine's life. She had remained a child

longer than the young are apt to do, and the events of the past weeks had forced her on to a maturity of thought and purpose which brought with it its own wretchedness. The innocence of all those wrongs which darken human lives was gone—the veil had been torn rudely aside, and she forced face to face with a living evidence of guilt which she had not before even imagined. That was more painful than anything else—to be unable to think of that sister so long lost, but whose image had lingered like a beautiful dream in her memory—the feeling of unutterable horror which came over her when the scene of that terrible day presented itself to her mind—all these things, and the shame, the shrinking from herself which they brought with them, were harder to bear than the actual grief flung like a weight upon the brightness of her heart.

Once Mr. Jeffrys alluded to the subject, but she checked him, and when he spoke of the redress which she must claim, and made her understand the legal rights which he intended to seek, her anguish was such that he had not again ventured to recur to it. But his will was immovable, and he determined not to be balked of the full measure of his vengeance though he trampled her heart down to obtain it, even as he had crushed that of the woman against whom he had sworn a hate so deadly and so lasting.

May was entirely alone one day, Mrs. Davenant had gone upon some business to their house in the country, a place to which May would not return, thinking of it only with an added pang, and Mr. Jeffrys was also absent.

She sat for a long time in her chamber, and at length descended to the floor below, wandering about among the vast apartments like some desolate spirit doomed to keep that unquiet vigil. At last her strength began to fail, and she sat down in the library which her guardian usually occupied as his study. She looked idly around for something with which to occupy herself, and was at length attracted by a quaint old cabinet at the farther end of the room.

She went up to it, and with the childish curiosity of recent illness, opened the numerous doors and drawers, without even thinking that there could be anything improper in her aimless researches. At length she reached a compartment which was locked, but the key, apparently from thoughtlessness, had been left in the lock. She unlocked it, and found an antique casket of tarnished silver, curiously wrought and of singular form. She took it out with an exclamation of pleasure, and, finding it heavy, set it down on the table to examine it at her ease.

It seemed to be locked also, for the spring did

not yield to her hand, and she made no effort to open it. Around the front edge of the lid were several curiously cut ornaments, and she stooped to observe more closely the workmanship, passing her hand over each in succession. As her fingers touched the centre-piece, the lid flew open with a sound which startled her, giving to view a roll of manuscript that seemed to have lain there for a long time.

She remembered then that she had no right to examine those things, and was about closing the lid, when the door opened suddenly, and a woman entered the apartment. May gave a little nervous cry, for sickness had rendered her timid, but before she could recover from her astonishment, the stranger had crossed the room, and throwing back the heavy veil, revealed to May the features of her sister Catharine.

The girl looked round, as if for help, feeling no anger, only a vague terror and desire to escape her presence.

"Stop, May, stop!" exclaimed Catharine, "I can do you no harm—do not go!"

"What do you wish?" gasped the frightened girl; "you can have nothing to say to me—let me pass."

"Nothing to say to you! Oh, May, am I not your sister?"

"Don't speak that name, don't!" she returned, shivering from head to foot.

"May, it is not your own heart that I hear, it is the echo of that bad man's teachings. Stop and think—we are children of the same mother—even were I the degraded creature you believe me, would you have the right to cast an only sister off without a word?"

"It isn't that, not that," returned May, swaying to and fro in her anguish, "but it is so terrible—two sisters!"

"What, May?"

"I can't explain—I hardly understand—I could forget weakness, sin; but oh, Catharine, he was my husband, and you my sister!"

"My name, you have spoken my name—bless you, heaven bless you! Listen, May, I tell you that there is no guilt in my heart, nor in my life."

"But I saw—you were there—it was his room—you had come from Europe with him!" she uttered these words in broken gasps, supporting herself against the table, for there was a sudden mist before her sight which was like the faintness of death.

"It was true that you saw me, but I did not come from Europe with him—I had not met him for a year! I knew that he was sick, and I hurried back to this place that I might see him before he died."

"You love him?" May exclaimed; "you love him?"

"I did love him when I had the right, there is no feeling in my heart now for which I need blush, nor you condemn!"

"And he loved you—why did he marry me? I tell you it was wicked, terrible!"

"It was that man's work too! May, he wished to complete his revenge on me. He told Walter that he had spent your fortune, and called upon him to marry you lest it should be discovered."

"But why did Mr. Seaford consent—it was so wicked?"

"Because that man was his father, May, could he refuse to save him?"

May slid slowly to the floor, sitting there with her face hidden, rocking to and fro and gasping for breath.

"Do you believe me, May?—will you trust me? I am your sister—I loved you so fondly! When they drove me away, homeless and friendless, I went searching for you afar in a foreign land—then they told me you were dead, May, and I was all alone in the world! Father—mother—and my little sister—all dead, and I left without a friend. Oh, May, May, do trust and believe me—my heart is so crushed and broken—May, little May!"

May half rose from the floor, extended her arms, and Catharine sank into them with a burst of weeping, which eased her heart as nothing had done for years. Neither spoke for many moments, there they knelt locked in each other's arms, a murmured thanksgiving upon the lips of the elder.

"Have I indeed found you?—oh, May, May!"

The girl nestled close to her bosom like a young bird, murmuring through her tears,

"I know your voice now—I know your voice!"

"And you trust me?"

"Feel my heart beat, Catharine, every pulse throbs in witness to your truth."

"And we shall part no more?"

"No more, never more! Mr. Jeffrys will consent, oh, I know he will."

"Oh, heaven, I had forgotten him! Come away, sister, come away, he will tear you from me—make haste, oh, come!"

It was May's turn to comfort her, and to calm her agitation.

"I tell you, Catharine, there is no power strong enough to separate my heart from yours!"

"But that man—oh, May, you do not know him!"

"I hope not—oh, I hope you are deceived, Catharine! I have loved him so long, trusted him so entirely."

"Hush, May, you make me tremble; you are too young, too innocent to fathom treachery like his. He has caused my ruin, I have no proof, but I feel it!"

"Why, why?"

"He hates me—long ago he swore to be avenged, because, because—oh, May, I cannot tell you! I know that he has done it all—my husband's death—my own wretchedness! Come with me, May, I cannot breathe in this house—he may return and I shall lose you forever."

"Be calm, Catharine, there is no danger."

"Oh, I tremble, I tremble!"

She clutched the table with such force that the casket fell upon the floor with a dull, heavy sound, which made both shudder with fright.

"It is only that casket," said May, after an instant, "the papers have fallen out."

She stooped and picked up the roll of manuscript, as she did so the leaves fell apart, and one fluttered to Catharine's feet. She took it up—her eye fell upon the hurriedly written lines.

"This writing," she gasped, "this writing—what is it?—whose, May?"

"I don't know, I found it here!"

Catharine grasped the sheets, turned them over hastily, yet closely scanning each page, while May stood frightened at the whiteness of her face.

"At last!" she murmured, "at last!"

She fell back in a chair—her eyes closed, the manuscript dropped from her hand and slid slowly to the floor.

When Robert Morris entered the room alarmed at his companion's long delay, he found Catharine still insensible, and May leaning over her with passionate tears and words of wild endearment.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was many moments, in spite of their united efforts, before Catharine recovered from that heavy swoon. She opened her eyes with a start, muttering some incoherent words like one suddenly awakened from a deep slumber.

"Sister, sister!" exclaimed May, "what has happened to you?—is it a new sorrow?"

Catharine's eyes fell upon the manuscript at her feet—she snatched it with a faint cry, repeating quickly,

"It is joy, joy—I am—I am—oh, I told you how innocent I was—thank God—thank God!"

"Speak, what is it?" urged May and Robert, in the same breath, "do speak, Catharine."

"Here—look—the letters—this manuscript—the words are the same—Walter's writing, and he, Walter, recognized the letters!"

May looked at her in bewildered astonishment, but Robert seized the letters which she drew from her dress, and began comparing them with the pages of the manuscript to which she pointed. Catharine was shaking with a nervous tremor, unable to speak, but he understood the agonized appeal in her eyes.

"It is no deception, Catharine—you are saved! I understand it all—look here, this is an old story of Walter's left unfinished—that man has stolen it and copied the letters! Look—look! Where was it found?"

"In that casket," answered May; "I found it. What is it, Robert?—what is it?"

"The proofs, the proofs!" gasped Catharine. "Don't you hear, May, I have them—I am righted at last!"

She strained May to her in a long embrace, wetting her face with her tears, but very quiet in the deep thankfulness of her soul. They allowed her to weep until she could once more look up, when a serene joy broke through the grief which had so long obscured the brightness of her face.

"Tell me all," repeated May, "I am so bewildered."

"I told you of those letters the other day—they ruined Catharine—but she has now the proof of her innocence. Here is the original of those letters, and Seaford can swear to his own writing."

"Oh, Catharine, Catharine!" May could utter nothing more, she knelt at her sister's feet, kissing her hands and garments, giving way to a burst of hysterical joy and remorse strangely at variance with Catharine's silent blessings. "And I shunned you—refused to believe you—can you forgive me?"

"May, darling!" and it seemed to Catharine that all the pain which had weighed so long at her heart went out in that fervent caress. "You acted nobly—my sister, my own, own sister."

"And the fortune is yours—and I shall be your child again—your little May!"

"And that wretch preserved the manuscript!" ejaculated Robert; "it is strange that a villain almost always overreaches himself."

"Mr. Jeffrys—my guardian—did he do that? Oh, I hope not—don't believe it, Catharine—let him go—for my sake—I loved him so well!"

"I ask no more, May, I am content."

"The scoundrel, the black-hearted scoundrel!" cried Robert. "He ought to be torn limb from limb!"

"No, Robert, no," pleaded May, "he was kind to me—so very kind."

"Kind! You say that of a man who has blighted your whole life, destroyed your happiness forever!"

Those passionate words brought back the reality to every heart! A name rose simultaneously to their lips—"Walter! Walter!"

May hid her face on Catharine's bosom, while Robert flung himself into a chair in a sudden paroxysm of grief and rage. Catharine raised the bowed head—extended her hand to the anguish-stricken youth,

"Bear up, my children—this is sinful! God may at any moment set you free—you would repent this weakness then."

They stood up, sobered and awed; that pallid face rose before Robert's, and he bent his head in penitential silence.

"I must go to Walter," said Catharine, "I have left him too long—come with me, both—come!"

"But there is something yet to be done," urged Robert; "my grandfather must be summoned—it is decision, Catharine, which must restore you to your rights."

"And they will disgrace Mr. Jeffrys? Oh, Catharine, my sister, have mercy!"

"Hush, May, could you think me so vindictive? The story of my shame was kept secret—"

"But against his will," broke in Robert.

"No matter—his treachery and guilt shall never be revealed—I promise it, May."

"Bless you, bless you!"

"We must go," urged Robert. "May, you are quite able to make a short journey—get ready while I order a carriage; you and Mrs. Lincoln can start in the first train, and I will follow with my old grandfather as soon as possible."

"Oh, May, is it real?" and Catharine turned again to assure herself by the clasp of those loving arms that it was no delusion. "It is indeed you—my darling is given back to me."

"Catharine—sister! Bear with me—teach me to grow like you—so grand, so resigned."

"I like you to praise me, May, it is very sweet, and the strangest thing is that it seems so familiar—I cannot realize that all this dark past has been."

Robert aroused them again, for it was growing late, and they had no time to lose.

"These papers—they are safest with you, Mrs. Lincoln; as for the casket, I will put it back in its place. Here is another paper," he continued, lifting up the casket, "perhaps this belongs to you also."

He opened the paper, and they saw a shadow steal over his face as he read.

"Look at this, Mrs. Lincoln—poor Walter!"

She looked over his shoulder at the lines—it was a certificate of marriage between William Jeffrys and Lucy Seaford; upon the back of the paper were some lines in Jeffrys' own hand, giving the name and the birth of the child Walter Seaford.

—Catharine took the document reverently and placed it in her bosom.

"It will be a consolation to him," she said, in a low tone, "there has been a doubt upon his soul always, and he had no courage to question that man."

There was sin somewhere—an added crime to the catalogue which darkened the soul of their foe—but the mother was innocent, a wedded wife. Doubtless the certificate had been concealed, and she had gone down to her grave unable to leave a record of her marriage to the child she left behind.

Robert put the casket away, and closed the doors of the old cabinet which had so long been the depository of that fatal secret.

"I will go now," he said, "be ready to start, May, when I return."

He left the sisters together, and they stole up to May's chamber. Catharine's hands prepared her for the journey, her task often interrupted by a mute caress or some broken exclamation.

"At least I found those papers," May said, as they were ready to descend, "I shall feel that I have made some slight atonement."

"Never speak those words again, darling—it is a dismal word—atonement!"

"What ails you, Catharine?—you are growing pale!"

"Walter, Walter! We must be gone, he needs me; why doesn't Robert Morris come?"

"Is he so ill, Catharine?"

"Ill—oh, May!"

They heard Robert's voice in the hall, and hastened down to meet him.

"All right," he said, more cheerfully, "grandfather will be at the station, we can go on together."

Catharine remembered her last meeting with that just old man, and for an instant it seemed to her that there might yet be an earthly future to compensate for that troubled past, but she checked the thought, she could not be ungrateful in a moment like that.

"We will give one more look at this old room," said Robert, "we may have left something."

They went in, but there was nothing there except May's handkerchief lying on the floor; Robert snatched it up,

"It seems contaminated—take it, May!"

"Let us go," said Catharine, "I cannot breathe in this place—oh, let us go!"

May opened the door to pass out, but started back with a faint exclamation, grasping at Catharine's dress as if for protection. Robert Morris sprang forward with a muttered curse, but Catharine pushed him gently back and moved to the door, where, mute with astonishment and wrath, stood William Jeffrys.

He looked from one to another, and for a moment neither spoke.

"What is this?" he exclaimed, at length; "May, what is this woman doing here?"

"Let us pass," Catharine said, with her quiet majesty, "there need be no communication between us."

"How dare you come here, woman?" he returned, in a low, hissing tone. "May, leave that creature this instant, and, madam, quit this house, or I will have you flung into the street, where such as you belong."

The words had hardly left his lips before Robert Morris seized him in his athletic grasp, shaking him violently with a silent rage that was terrible to witness in one so fair and honest-hearted.

"Robert, Robert!" shrieked May. "Don't, don't, for my sake, don't!"

Mr. Jeffrys had been so overpowered by the sudden attack, that he had been unable to free himself, and at May's cry the young man dashed him back with such force, that he staggered against the opposite wall of the window. Catharine moved between them, with the same lofty calmness, saying only,

"This is needless, Mr. Jeffrys, let us pass."

"Go, but this boy shall rue his act! Stop, May, I command you not to stir a step! You thought to steal her away, did you, woman, but I have thwarted you again?"

"You are powerless now," Catharine replied, "my sister goes with me."

"She shall not stir! I am her guardian, she cannot leave my house."

"Even there you have no right, she is Walter Seaford's wife!"

He glared at her in impotent rage, working his hands nervously as if he would have torn her like a wild animal.

"We shall see, we shall see! I will sue for a divorce, and she shall swear that she found you in her husband's room, his head upon your shoulder!"

Robert sprang forward again, but Catharine checked him as before.

"This is idle, Mr. Jeffrys—everything is discovered—you have lost all power."

"Discovered!" he repeated, "what do you mean?—have you——"

"Yes," interrupted Robert, furiously, "we have found the manuscript—ah, ha, you are pale now!"

The wretched man shrunk back, his features so convulsed with rage that May shrunk away in horror.

"Fiends and fury!" he exclaimed; "what have you done?"

Catharine motioned May and Robert to go on, they obeyed in silence, the girl not once turning her head—there was no anger in her heart, but she could not look again upon the man whom she had so revered and trusted. But his iron will would not yield even then, he took a pace forward as if he would have wrenched her from the young man's side.

"Come back!" he shouted; "you shall not go—you dare not!"

But she only hurried on to escape the sound of his voice, there was something in it which filled her with a dread far beyond any emotion of passion or terror.

"Mr. Jeffrys, you can do nothing," Catharine said, "she leaves you forever."

He stamped upon the floor, clutching the ruffles at his wrist, until the delicate cambric was torn to shreds, but he could not articulate a syllable.

"I know all—the proofs of your guilt are already in safe keeping. I have no wish to harm you, but go away, leave this land forever."

The specked foam flew from his lips, and his iron breast heaved with the wrath which could find no expression.

"Your name will be spared, for your son's sake——"

"Curse him!" he exclaimed, uttering the words with a great effort; "curse him forever and ever!"

"Hush, oh, hush, perhaps in a few hours he will stand before that Judge, whom you must one day meet—remember, there is an eternity, a God!"

He laughed hideously, bearing up under his shame with exultant strength.

"Thanks. He will die—I am glad—then you must suffer still—go, I am revenged."

She turned back—looked in his face with her holy resignation and smiled—a smile such as some pure seraph might have bestowed upon a lost and mocking spirit, ere she fled from his sight forever.

"Drive on quick," Robert said, as she entered the carriage where May had crouched still silent

and horror-stricken; "let us quit this terrible place."

"Yes, hasten!" urged Catharine, "Walter, Walter! oh, we shall never reach him!"

When the sound of the departing wheels aroused Mr. Jeffrys to the consciousness that they had really gone, he rushed into his library to pass the first hours of retribution far from any human eye.

He dashed open the doors of the cabinet—for the full fury of his madness was upon him still—wrenched asunder the lid of the casket—it was empty! He trampled it beneath his feet, giving way to a paroxysm of rage which was worse than insanity.

There was no use to struggle—all was over—his own imprudence had thwarted his ends. There was no remorse, no sorrow—he only gnashed his teeth at the thought of his own impotence to carry out his designs.

He must leave America—there was no relenting when he remembered that injured son—he howled forth his curse, and would have followed him into eternity to echo them.

But he went away—it is fallacy to think that such records must always end in the death of a man like him—to live was the most terrible retribution that could have been visited upon him, and he did live, lived on to an old age of wretchedness and vice, ruined and deserted even by the powerful will which had borne him on so long.

"We do not move! we shall never reach him!" was still Catharine's moan, as they speeded away in their lightning-like path. The dread was on her soul—the premonition which had never failed—was it a warning still?

By her side sat the old man who had years before promised her justice—now he held her hand in his and murmured words of comfort, which she strove to heed, but still the cry would rise,

"Walter! Walter!"

May wept encircled by Robert's strong arm, clinging to him as she might have done to a brother, for there could intrude no human thought at an hour like that. So they sped on, but swifter than they flew a pale visitant—welcome, oh, welcome after the years of gloom and night—the weary watching—the endless search! Over at last—peace and rest were nigh—the peace which can never be marred, and the repose that knows no waking.

CHAPTER XX.

WALTER SEAFORD was lying upon a low couch in his chamber, weakened by the change which

had come over him within a few hours. A table had been drawn to his side, and upon it lay a mass of papers which he had insisted upon Janet's placing within his reach. He had been lying there for a long time in the solitude of that room, where during the past weeks his life had been going so tranquilly and so slowly out. He raised himself at length, struggling with his weakness, and took up the manuscript. It was the last effort of his genius—the tragedy which had lain so long unfinished. As he read, the color came back to his cheek, and the old excitability broke through the feverish brightness of his eyes.

He seized the pen and began to write, at first painfully and with a great effort, but after a time an unnatural strength supported him to give voice, for the last time, to the wild thoughts which thrilled his soul with their strong utterance. Never during all those years in which his passionate poesies had been going over the world, and filling it with the magic of his name, had he written with the burning eloquence which inspired him then.

Another hour, and the beautiful work would have stood out in its perfect completeness, but his strength began to fail, the lamp which had blazed up with such brilliancy flickered again, and this time there was no power to kindle it anew. The pen dropped from his nerveless fingers, and he sank upon his pillows murmuring still fragments of the glorious vision which was upon him. He tried to rouse himself, but in vain, then all his waning energies became absorbed in one mad thought—Catharine, would she never come? He should die there alone—she would return and find only his motionless form. A chill seemed slowly creeping over his heart, and he pressed his hand against it as if to keep life in the sluggish pulses and warm them into new vitality.

He would have called for Janet, but his voice had left him, and he felt himself sinking into the lethargy from which he should never waken.

It was wonderful to see the action of his strong will—he struggled up, clutching at the table for support, while the cold dew gathered over his forehead, and his very heart seemed rending with the mighty effort, called out,

"Catharine! Catharine!"

There was a hurried step in the room beyond, and as even in answer to his prayer, Catharine appeared and was kneeling at his side. He recognized nothing more, though he heard faintly her agonized appeal.

"Walter! Walter!"

But it was not the death pang, though she

had deemed it such, and after the restoring cordials which old Janet administered, he sat up again and looked around, then he recognized them all, Robert Morris and May looking sadly on, with the venerable old man lost in silent prayer.

"Catharine! oh, Catharine! I thought I was to die alone; but you are here—all is well!"

They are all here, Walter—there is May, my sister."

"May, poor little May!" he said dreamily, repeating the pitiful appellation which he had always given her of yore.

"She knows all, Walter, she has saved me!"

"Saved—saved?"

Catharine paused, she could not bear to darken that hour by the knowledge of the black crime of the man who was his father.

"I have proved my truth," she said, "I can go before my angel mother without a fear."

"Mother!" he repeated, catching at the word. "That is hardest of all—mother, mine—oh, could I know!"

Catharine understood the pang which crossed him even there. She drew the certificate from her bosom, and held it up before him.

"She will meet you—that mother—Walter, this paper is the certificate of her marriage."

He looked at it with his eager eyes, and a great calm settled over his features.

"It is enough," he murmured, "I knew that she was waiting for me."

He lay still for a few moments, but aroused himself again, and motioned her to raise him up.

Old Mr. Morris came forward, and held out the manuscript.

"If you can only testify that this is yours," he said, "Mrs. Lincoln is freed from the stain which has been so long upon her."

"Yes, it is mine—a story written years ago—where did you find it?"

They evaded his question and he soon forgot it.

"Catharine Lincoln," Mrs. Morris said, "I do believe this testimony—you have been a wronged woman—at least such reparation as can be made shall no longer be withheld—the fortune which was your husband's reverts to you."

"I could not touch it, there would be the stain of blood on it; May must keep it. Remember, in this hour I declare that I will never accept it!"

"May!" Walter said, "little May! come to me!"

She went up to the couch, and he looked long in her tearful face.

"There are shadows on it," he said, "did I bring them there?"

"No, Walter, no, you did all for the best."

"And you can be happy again—think of me kindly, May. Take her, Robert, here in this death hour I give her to you—cherish her—love her. Poor May! poor little May!"

He dropped away into a slumber, holding Catharine's hand.

When he woke, after the brief forgetfulness, he saw the manuscript on which he had spent his last strength.

"Unfinished," he said, mournfully, "give it to the world as it is, Catharine—I have no other legacy to bequeath."

"A great name, Walter," whispered Robert Morris, "you leave that."

"Yes," he said, faintly, "yes, I am glad for your sakes, it will be very dear to you all. Leave me with Catharine now—I am going soon."

He joined the hands which May and Robert placed in his own.

"I shall not forget you—you will find me beyond. No tears, May, it is a brief parting—no tears."

He kissed her forehead, blessed her, and they all stole away, leaving him alone with Catharine.

"Open the windows," he said, "and let me look out."

She threw open the sash, and the soft air of the summer evening swept in pure and fresh. The sun was setting, and its last rays streamed into the room through the branches of the old willow tree, and rested like a halo upon the brow of the dying man.

"I had hoped to die so," he murmured, "at this hour—at this season."

The holy confidence of that time it would be sacrilege to break! There were no tears—no vain regrets—only a deep thankfulness in each heart. They knew that even eternity could not separate their souls—that they should henceforth be nearer than when divided by earthly distances and the pains of earthly trials.

The moments passed—slowly the sunlight faded from the room, lingering still by the casement like angel smiles waiting to light the freed

spirit toward the higher sphere which lay beyond.

"Take me in your arms, Catharine—hold me close—I am going, going, going!"

"Watch over me, and me always! Walter, Walter!"

"Always—always—it will not be for long—not long!"

He closed his eyes—opened them, looking still in her face, as if he would have that the last earthly image which should go forth with his soul. Slowly still the sunlight faded, seeming to beckon him away.

"Catharine—beyond!"

The earnest eyes brightened, then grew dim—he sank back, his head pillowed upon her heart—the last lingering sunbeam was gone, and had borne away his spirit in its flight.

When those who watched without entered the apartment a long hour after, Catharine was yet clasping the pale head to her breast—tearless—calm—answering her sister's burst of weeping with a look at the beautiful face.

"Hush, May, all is over, at last—the hereafter has come!"

So end these records, for I will follow no farther the after course of those who were left to lament the death of that gifted being we have followed through these years of suffering.

The passionate heart was at rest, the grand poet soul had found that higher existence which lies above the threshold of this world, and for which a spirit like his pines always during its earthly sojourn.

Robert and May went on to the tranquil happiness which best suited their quiet natures, and the memory of the past grew only a shadow beautiful from its very sadness.

Catharine did not die—she lived to brighten into immortality the great fame which was already hers; patient, hopeful; conscious always of the presence of that heavenly spirit, which was the counterpart of her own soul. She gathered up, too, every relic of his genius, and gave them to the world, heightening their lustre by the presence of her name: so side by side they went on to an earthly glory, as in the endless spheres beyond, their souls should go up to that perfect bliss which is everlasting.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

BY HARRIET SYMMES.

Poor orphan babes! Heaven yet is kind;
Unconscious now ye lie,
But better thus, than feel as he
Who drove you forth to die.

The robin-redbreasts deck your shroud,
The winds your requiem wail,
And feeling hearts, till time shall cease,
Shall weep at your sad tale.

THE PARKINSONS.

BY J. H. MAXWELL.

MRS. PARKINSON lived in one of those magnificent dwellings, whose expensive decorations, modern improvements, and elegant finish, leave nothing to be wished for by the occupant. The house has more to do with the character and "inner man" of the inhabitant than would seem to the casual observer. It tells about the taste, habits, station, style, and a variety of things too numerous to mention; just as dress, equipage, and fashion impress with the importance of the individual. And this is a principle so much recognized, that many persons sacrifice much to outside show, and some everything.

Mrs. Parkinson was not one of the latter class. She resided on Walnut street, and her splendid establishment bespoke opulence and luxury. She owned the house she lived in, and several more in the neighborhood. Her husband, a rich merchant, had left her in circumstances of independence; and her sole care now was the education and welfare of two daughters, Jane and Alice, who had arrived at the respective ages of ten and eleven years.

To bring them up according to the usages and rules of fashionable society; to instill into them the precepts of elegance and showy accomplishment; to have her daughters the pride of society as they were her pride, was the grand idea of her life, and the almost sole tie that bound her to the world, after the death of her husband, some six years before. Who will not say that her object was a good one? What more important to a mother than the happiness of her dear daughters? A parent, living in the right discharge of such a duty, becomes an example to others, and deserves the gratitude, not of her children only, but of the community at large, for individuals are its component parts.

The young ladies possessed no great fortunes. But Mrs. Parkinson resolved that her children would be, nevertheless, as gay and fashionable, as elegant and accomplished as any in the city; and if they did not secure such flattering alliances in life, as would be the envy and emulation of their acquaintances, the fault would not lie at her door.

Each of the young ladies had her own maid, and, from the earliest period of childhood, were shielded from the blast that might have blown

too rudely on their young faces, from the heat of the sun that might have tinged their pretty cheeks with brown. Livelier children than they, could nowhere be seen. Every one praised their beauty; and all visitors to the house were delighted with their innocent, childish ways, and with the vivacity and sprightliness, that, with dispositions truly lovely, made them objects of interest and affection to all. At every party, given by Mrs. Parkinson, the children were caressed; and all the guests, knowing the maternal vanity, and wishing to gratify it, praised the young ladies: and this in their hearing, which gave them no little idea of themselves from their earliest childhood. Any communication with servants, however honest, industrious and excellent they might be in their own places, was regarded as a contamination. And, in all the retinue of that expensive establishment, but few were permitted the favor of speaking to the young ladies, and that only on matters of business, for a moment, in cases of indispensable necessity.

Mrs. Butler, a lady of fortune, residing at one of the fashionable hotels, happened to spend an evening with Mrs. Parkinson. Having little business of her own, she usually took a good deal of friendly interest in the affairs of other people; and on this occasion, remarked to her hostess, that now the children were arrived at a proper age, it would be well to provide them with a suitable governess. "And this," said she, "is not so easy a matter to find, for in my opinion young ladies should be so educated, that, from the very first, their ideas should be genteel. A real lady," she added, "far from possessing any of the vulgarity of common, low people, (such as attention to domestic concerns, mending linen, superintending culinary matters, or making a new dress, or even trimming a bonnet,) should breathe only in the atmosphere of Fashion; and possess such ideas only as are truly refined. For what, my dear Mrs. Parkinson, can a lady of fashion require to do, but sit in her parlor at the piano, receive company, appear in the society of the *élite*, and shine forth as some lovely star in her native sphere, distinguished for her rare brilliancy amid the dazzling beauty that surrounds her? What indeed

does she want with the study of accounts, taking care of her children, or giving herself any other concern but how she may gain all the admiration she has a fair claim to? A young lady, I would recommend as governess, is one in every way capable. She is a Miss Simco, who has lately lost her father, a captain in the Navy, who left his family no other inheritance than a fashionable position in society, besides the small income his widow receives from the government, as an annual pension. This lady has all the accomplishments desirable, and is in every way suited to improve those entrusted to her care, and prepares her pupils for moving in the highest circles."

Thus Jane and Alice were placed under Miss Simco's care. They spent several hours, in the forenoon of every day, at their lessons, and were taught the usual branches, the useful being always, however, sacrificed to the showy. Miss Simco, though possessing a really good heart, and sincerely attached to her pupils, could not well be blamed for not imparting what in reality she stood much in need of herself—a just appreciation of her duties to society, as one to whom the happiness of another might be entrusted.

Things went on in the usual way till Jane and Alice had reached the ages of sixteen and seventeen, at which period Miss Simco thought proper to enter the holy estate of matrimony, in accordance with the proposals of a country gentleman, who possessed considerable fortune.

The prudent Mrs. Parkinson now resolved to send her daughters to a fashionable boarding-school for young ladies, that they might get the last "finishing off," and receive the most polished culture possible to complete an education of the most fashionable refinement. For six months did these favorites of fortune enjoy the great advantage of Madame Mariot's establishment, where no expense was spared to make them the most perfect of human beings. At the summer holidays, they returned home, full of health, spirits, and the delight the young feel in having completed their education. Happy epoch! Few days such as these are the lot of any in life! Their mamma received them with much joy. Mrs. Butler was delighted. So was Mrs. Harrington, which was the name of their former governess, who now was on a few days' visit during her husband's absence in Washington.

At a splendid ball given in the autumn by Mrs. De Witt, none in the brilliant circle looked so charming as the Misses Parkinson. Their dispositions, as well as style of beauty, were very dissimilar, though they fondly loved each other.

All that was gay, and light, and careless, that never had a thought for the future, or a care, and gave itself to the enjoyment of the present, was the disposition of Jane. Alice was of a more serious cast, more thoughtful; she considered consequences and looked to the future. Both were equally beautiful. For regularity of feature each might have been a model of Grecian art, and for the expression of their features a fit subject for the painter. The wardrobe of each showed off her perfections to the best advantage. They dressed almost alike, both wore a profusion of jewelry, and no rivalry, or petty jealousy, ever disturbed the harmony between them. Jane danced with young Shelby, a gentleman of Boston, of very large fortune, who fell in love with her at first sight. Alice ran through the giddy mazes with a young army officer, and with a grace that elicited bursts of admiration from those who witnessed her. The ball continued to a late or rather early hour, and the ardent admirers gracefully waited on their fair partners in the dance to the family carriage: when off drove Mrs. Parkinson with her daughters, the objects of so much maternal solicitude. "Jane, my dear," said she, "of course, young Shelby will be a frequent visitor at our house, I wish you to encourage the attentions he has of late seemed desirous of paying." Jane said, "Certainly, mamma, he is so very attentive, he wishes me to ask your consent to a Boston residence, which I am half inclined—" "To accept?" observed her sister. "Yes, to accept," replied Jane. In brief she did accept, became the wife of a worthy man, and gratified maternal vanity and pride in making such a match as her mother could have wished. But Mr. Shelby found, in a short time, that however brilliant and accomplished his wife was, her virtues were not of the domestic kind. She was unacquainted with household affairs; the servants saw her deficiency, and took advantage of it; so that disorder reigned in all departments of Mr. Shelby's expensive house; and its owner, at the end of two years, felt himself much impoverished, very unhappy, and obliged to procure the superintendence of his affairs, by a maiden aunt, to save him from absolute beggary. Since then, the affection that formerly existed between his wife and himself, has considerably diminished; and neither can be said to be happy.

Alice, careful for the future, and having her sister's experience before her eyes, has declined all offers of marriage, conscious of her being no better able to manage household concerns; for she is too indolent to learn what should have been instilled in earlier years. She is, however,

President of a Dorcas Society, and visits the poor, and is rather religiously inclined. The two sisters visit each other, several times a year, and bitterly lament, that, in their education,

they were taught only the showy accomplishments, that failed to do what might have been done by a thorough and judicious training.

COME BACK.

BY FLORA WILDWOOD.

I sit alone within the self-same room
 Where last I saw thee, ah, my own beloved!
 But everything is dressed in sombre gloom,
 Though other eyes would see naught had been moved.
 I see where thou hast been, and as I look
 Out in the twilight, upward at our star,
 Or turn the pages of some dear, old book,
 They satisfy me not—thou art afar.
 Can life be joyous if its all it lack?
 Oh! then come back.
 Thou hast been absent long, and my heart yearns
 To feel thy presence, till almost a pain
 The longing hath become—until it spurns
 The precepts of meek Patience, taught alas! in vain.
 Why dost thou linger when so far away

From each familiar place, each trusting spot!
 Do other friends allure thy lengthening stay!
 Their hearts are cold to mine, they love thee not!
 Doth not thine own heart tell thee what they lack?
 Oh! then come back.
 Dost thou not feel my soul call unto thine
 Through all the weary distance that divides,
 Whether by business' mart or pleasure's shrine,
 By storm or sunshine borne, thy life-bark gildes?
 Its wild, impetuous cry canst thou not hear?
 Come back to this deserted home, and make
 The sunshine pleasant and the twilight dear,
 And fold me to thine own heart lest mine break!
 If love can lure thee to the homeward track
 Thou wilt come back.

DO THE DUTY NEAREST THEE.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Do the duty nearest thee,
 Ask not what the end will be,
 Shrink not, though thy hopes must fade,
 And self be on the altar laid!
 Bid each dear temptation flee—
 Do the duty nearest thee.
 Do the duty nearest thee,
 Painful though its burdens be,
 Grace divine shall thee sustain
 To endure life's sharpest pain;
 Dare not from thy work to flee—
 Do the duty nearest thee.

Do the duty nearest thee,
 Dark although the way may be,
 Fame may beckon thee away,
 Love allure thy steps to stray;
 Love and fame the price may be,
 Yet do the duty nearest thee.

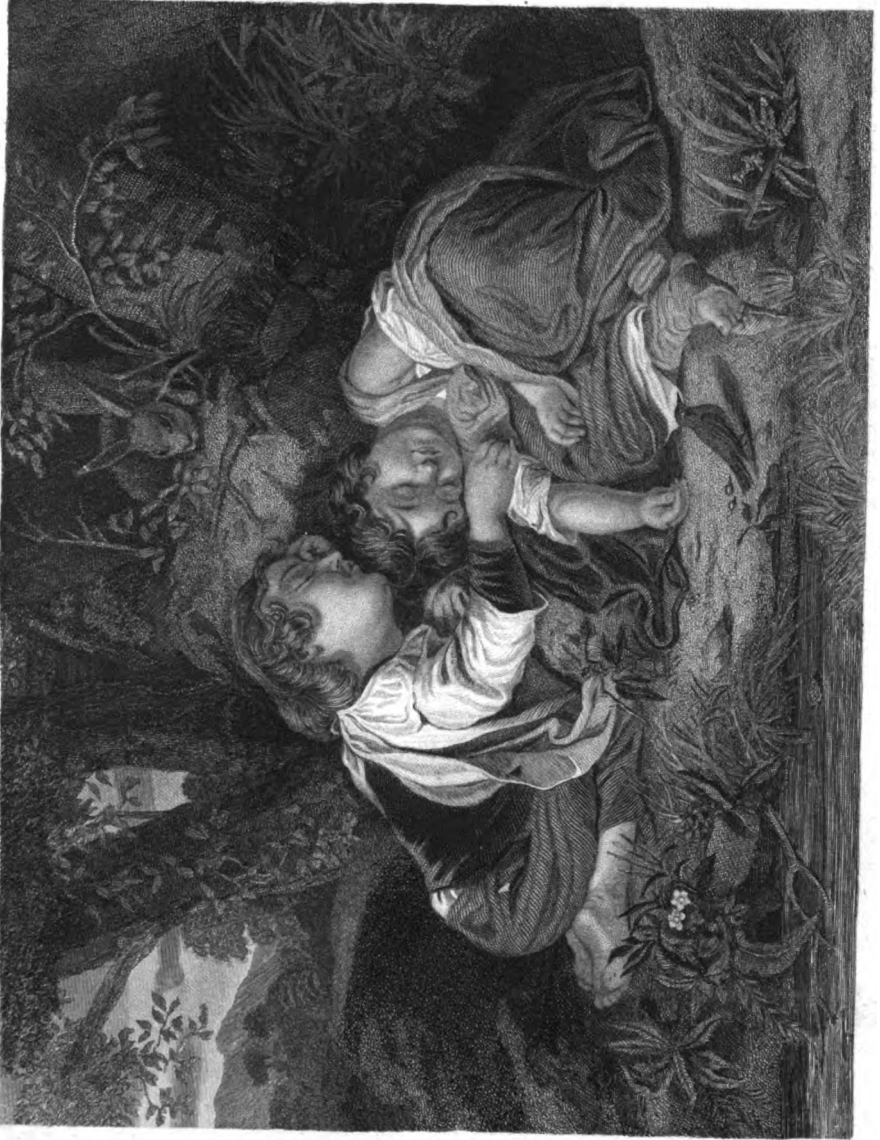
Do the duty nearest thee,
 Let no eye thy conflict see,
 Higher, truer, purer life
 Shall be given thee from the strife,
 Nobler, stronger shalt thou be—
 Do the duty nearest thee.

TO

BY J. S. M'EWEN.

WHAT were this world to me,
 And all its fleeting joys,
 If friends were friends by name—
 In mirth, then cast off toys?
 Oh, no! 'twill never, never be,
 That friend is but a name to me.
 What were the Spring-time here,
 But to revive afresh
 The sore that Winter bore,
 And render friendship's mesh
 The stronger, for that Summer here
 Had bound it closely in the year?

What were the deep-fetched sigh,
 The trickling of a tear,
 If friendships all were feigned,
 And had no lasting hero?
 What were the flush upon the cheek
 When parting comes, hearts fail to speak?
 Nay! they are dear to me;
 And friendship's bonds are true—
 But those are not our friends
 That would a pride imbue;
 Or in the Winter time are flown,
 And when the Spring returns, return.



CHILDREN IN THE WOODS.

Illustrated by Mrs. J. M. W. Turner.

THE CUP AND THE LIP.

BY MEHITABLE HOLYOKE.

CHAPTER I.

"Good morning, uncle Lem!"

"Ah, how do you do, Lemuel? Glad to see you, glad to see you, my nephew! Haven't been here for some time, and I've needed your assistance in several matters. You shouldn't forget your old uncle, he has solid charms you know, boy—solid charms: and they must fall to some one before long—I am growing infirm."

"Oh, nonsense, uncle! you bid fair to live a quarter of a century after I am in my grave."

Lemuel Lisle spoke out of the bitterness of his heart, for he was tired of exactions, which were only paid by promises. He was a young student, slight, shrinking, gifted, poor; his relative, a rich and gouty old widower, past middle age."

"Bid fair to live, do I? To tell the truth that's just what I was thinking, Lemuel, when you came. I am really not so old, and your aunt used to say, if I were only to spruce up a little, with a set of teeth and a scratch and so on, like other men, I should be, ha, ha, ha! quite a beauty. Lem, poor aunt has been dead now nearly a year, and——"

"Yes sir, I have attended to the grave-stone: it is all as you desired, a handsome obelisk, the name—a space left for your own, and the motto 'We shall meet again.'"

"Very well—thank you—thank you—won't lose anything by doing these little things for me, and it's an advantage for a young man—gives him some idea of business. Is the inscription, the—the motto really engraved?"

"Engraved sir, and the letters gilded."

"Ah, your aunt was a good woman, and I hope we shall meet again; but, Lemuel, I have been thinking of—that is, I didn't know but it would be well to—change my situation."

"You surprise me, uncle, there is not so fine a situation in all Wilton as this—so high and breezy, such a glorious view," and Lemuel looked out at the window to conceal the half-amused, half-vexed expression of his face.

"Yes, yes, the view is well enough; I have no thought of selling my house, but you see I—a-hem, I—want some one to enjoy it with me—I think of being married, Lemuel!"

Turning, the young man fixed his clear, gray eyes upon his uncle, and quickly responded,

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"Well?"

The senior quailed, fidgeted in his chair, and feigned a twinge of gout by way of relief from his embarrassment. He had promised Lemuel as plainly as if by deed and bond, that the change now proposed should never be made, and his estates should descend undivided, unencumbered to his nephew and namesake.

"Yes, my dear fellow, both for your sake and mine I think it best—I cannot receive you now as hospitably as I would like to receive and entertain the heir of a great estate, and——"

"I'm in haste, uncle, come to the point; what are your commands to-day?"

"Why, sit down, sit down! never hurry, it isn't dignified. I have met a person who seems possessed of all essential requirements."

"Such as?"

"Good looks, youth, grace, and besides, some literary talent."

"I should like to meet her."

"There, I knew you would, Lem. You are always ready to sympathize with your old—that is, your uncle. This young woman may have gifts and connections which will be of service to one at the outset of his career. I think of you in all my arrangements, nephew!"

"It is exceedingly kind, and now, what return can I offer? Shall I go and make love to the young person by proxy?"

"Ha, ha, ha! not so bad as that. No, but she's young, and a little flighty, and sentimental perhaps, and we old fellows who have made fortunes, have lost the knack at that sort of thing. Now, couldn't you, being young, just indite a line or two to the girl?"

"With pleasure. What shall I say?"

"Oh, anything; you know best. Say she is charming; inspired love at first sight; that she passed as I stood in the railway station, I inquired her name, history; read her beautiful tales in the magazines. Put in about my house, fine situation, carriage—for I may keep one yet; and ask if she objects to such an establishment. Here's plenty of paper in my desk, and don't take that steel pen—use my gold one."

"This paper won't do, coarse, yellow, ruled; young ladies are fastidious."

"It is nine shillings a ream, and good as she

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will have after becoming—a hem—Mrs. Morse, I can tell her that.”

“Don’t tell her yet. And it strikes me I should not begin with an offer, it is too sudden; commence by admiring her works, fancying there is some affinity between your souls, and so on.”

“I will not pretend to dictate in the literary part of your task; but you must let me have my way, Lem, in substantial. I’m older than my nephew.”

“And he is younger than his uncle.”

“And thinks himself altogether more wise in consequence. A singular state of things has come to pass, the rising generation think they have all the acuteness and wisdom—the old are set aside. How they have flocked to hear that crack-brained Emerson lecture this very winter. I don’t hear very well, to be sure, but that was little loss, for I couldn’t catch any thread to the argument, nor hear aught but a medley of words, words; and there was your sister Ellen, drinking in every syllable, and declaring ’twas all ‘inspired, divine,’ and like nonsense. I tell you, Lem, it’s a suspicious kind of wisdom that passes the understanding of the wise and prudent, and, and——”

“Is revealed unto babes?”

“Revealed unto silly chits like Nell, who had better far be churning, or making bread, than reading moral philosophy; as I tell her mother, I wasn’t brought up on moral philosophy.”

“A very good argument against its propagation,” said Lemuel, dreamily, his pen flying over the paper, for he had the missive nearly sketched during his uncle’s speech. “But, uncle Lem, you wouldn’t have the aged monopolize wisdom more than the young, I hope. Chemists don’t pretend to make better honey than bees; let bees condense the sweets of the garden, let pure spirits like Nelly, understand their kin, let young men write of love, and middle-aged ones furnish spending-money and establishments. Now I will read you the letter.”

“But stop—couldn’t you put in what you’ve just been saying? It was a very pretty sentence, and when you write to a woman, no matter about the argument.”

“Listen first, and decide if there’s room.”

Lemuel had written, not as from the respectable soap-merchant, his uncle, but from himself, an appeal that would reach any woman’s heart, timid, yet ardent, delicate, yet manly and honest. Without knowing why—for the mischief, perhaps—he touched the old man’s ugly plot with the torch of genius, and changed it to a secret romance.

CHAPTER II.

IN a large room which served at once for chamber, parlor, and library, sat the heroine of our story, Rose Rivulet, in the magazines, Grace Rivers, at home. An orphan, young, fair, with soft, light tresses that drooped in abundant curls above the paper, across and across which her pen moved in evident haste.

The door opened, and a young girl appeared, like, yet lovelier than the authoress—her sister, and only near relative. “Are you ready, Grace?”

“Yes; but Annie, couldn’t you go to the office without me this once? I’ve hurried so as not to make you wait, I am so tired.”

“Silly girl! when all poor I can do is to wait and watch a little. Yes, I’ll go to the ends of the earth alone for you, dear. Stretch yourself on the lounge, poor thing! and keep up a cheerful heart, I may bring home a letter heavy with yellow gold!”

“Bring home your dear self, that’s all I need to-day. What do we care for money?—fifty dollars in the desk here, every debt paid, and more work engaged than I can well accomplish.”

“Then I’ll bring you a love-letter from the president, or some high poet. Keep up a cheerful heart,” and the laughing face of Annie vanished like a sunbeam from the door.”

Closing her desk with an air of relief, and humming a strain of music as she crossed the room, Grace threw herself on the sofa, shaded with white clasped hands her tired eyes, and dreamed such dreams as only workers know. “That wasn’t a bad story. I improve. The papers copy my scribblings. What if I should yet produce something better than ‘not bad,’ something to last. How it would please Annie! How it would blossom over my grave like a posy after I had gone!”

“But I do not long for the grave now, as when we were poor and so lonely. How happy we are! Content, and fifty dollars beyond our need. Has Rothschild so much? What a blessed thing it is to be independent, and to be occupied, and to feel as I do now, that I have used every faculty to its utmost reach of strength! I would not ask, like Solomon, for wisdom and goodness, but for congenial work that leads to both. I would not pick the flower without the fruit. How wise you grow, Grace Rivers!”

The young girl was startled by a voice as sunny as the face that had lately disappeared. “I have stood here fifteen seconds with my hand full of letters, and you too deep in a dream to see me, Grace. Are you in love?”

“In love with my lot, that’s all. No, dear

I'm too busy for such sweet dolours. It is enough that I can make and break as many hearts as I wish, on paper, every day. When I can build castles of glistening marble and fill them with knights, like Bayard, and Sidney, and Kane, do you suppose I'll stoop to a poor brick house, and a man of straw, though human?"

"I'd rather find one good man made of flesh and blood, if he did live in a brick house, than all your airy castles, full of shadows. Come, read!"

Half rising in the couch, Grace glanced languidly over the contents of her letters, Annie watching, receiving them from her sister's tired hands, and replacing them in their envelopes.

And thus they had reached the last, when the expression of the reader's face changed; she pushed back her curls, reread the letter deliberately, and with a bright smile that proved their kinship, gave it then to Annie.

"Read, here is your hero of flesh and blood; some youth has seen me at an unromantic place, a railway station, and fancies he's in love; as one would know by the pains he takes to hide any such confession. You may have him, all for your own."

"But he didn't fall in love with me!"

"Young hearts are like bees among flowers—now a pansy—now a rose. No matter that the rose did not come first, so long as it is sweeter."

"You are like doctors, who never take their own medicine: you write about love, and then talk like Diogenes."

"Yes, and the dear, trembling heart that wrote this letter, fancies I'm like the ladies I describe; as much as the hermit on Carmel is like the heaven he prays to! The youth is in love with a fancy, and it fits my sister better than myself."

"He hasn't an over-handsome name, Lemuel Morse. Mrs. Lemuel Morse, instead of Annie Rivers! And I guess he's poor: no danger that he owns a brick house."

"Then he has not been spoiled by prosperity."

"That sounds very well: it's an excellent thing to be good enough to go through the eye of a needle; but that same eye is a narrow place to live in. Give me a hero so brave that he can be rich and unspoiled both."

"A shadow, Miss Annie! Very well, burn the letter."

But Annie answered the letter, declining the correspondence in her sister's name, half-declining in her own. Her style was graceful as her sister's, with more vivacity, for Annie had led a joyous life, protected always by the soft wing of Grace.

In due time, uncle Lem received her missive. The old man had eyes but for the half that refused, and was discomforted; the young man saw the half that hesitated, and was radiant with hope.

"Once more I will try," said Lemuel, "and this time, nephew, set down my house, my carriage—I bought a gig yesterday—my prospect, my position, and just mention, will you, that the house is brick, fire-proof? No demurring, now! I tell you, if the girl will refuse to be mistress of so much property, she's underwitted, and I do not want her"

"And the grave-yard, and the scratch, and teeth, and gout; yes, I will set down each particular."

"These particulars are not at all essential. I won't have one of them alluded to."

"But the lady will feel insulted—it is like proposing to buy her."

"Do as I bid. All people have their price."

"Worth so many cakes of soap, more or less, I suppose?" ventured Lemuel, whose courage this love affair was developing. "There, I have written as much about your property as is delicate; if you don't like it you may send for another scribe."

"I don't like your behaviour, Lemuel; you are saucy. Be careful, young man, my will is not yet signed. I may cut you off without a farthing."

"You cannot cut off my sense of right, my independence. And as for farthings, I have talents, uncle, of my own, and shall be rich, I hope, before I die. I do not want your money!"

Before Rose Rivers, or any lady fair, or man of worth, Lemuel might have trembled like an aspen leaf; but he had too much manliness to stand in awe of his mercenary uncle.

"Very well, sir, very well! I shall remember your words. This letter is good for nothing. I will burn it."

"Do that or send it, as you please: it may result in good, it cannot in harm."

Ah, thoughtless Lemuel!

"And you refuse to alter? Recollect, you speak at your peril."

"I refuse. Good morning, uncle Lem!"

"Stop, take the letter: as you say, it can do no harm."

CHAPTER III.

THE sisters were together at the village post-office, when a second missive came from Lemuel Morse; signed with the signature of uncle Lem, but written with the heart and hand of his nephew. It was directed to Annie Rivers.

She tore open the envelope, her sunny face all radiant. "A love-letter, think of it! and to me—the first I ever had in my life. How droll! he has sent an inventory of his worldly goods—a Gothic cottage in brick, a stock in trade, a gig, &c., &c., &c. And yet there's a kind of delicacy in the way it's told—and yet, yet, when I know the weight of his heart, what do I care for the weight of his money-bags?" Poor little Annie was falling in love with a "shadow."

Grace read the letter and sighed, and smiled, and left the result to heaven. Too grave and gentle herself not to recognize the sweetness and purity of the soul that was singing its love thus from afar; she had also known too well the rough chances of human experience, to anticipate much from this little ray of romance which had fallen into their quiet life.

For a long summer, letters full of loving thoughts slipped back and forth, through the tortuous course of stage and steam conveyance—slipped from one heart to the other easily as strung pearls slip when two hold the ends of the string; and autumn came, and old Lemuel was ready for his bride, well pleased with his prospect, though he had grown weary of so much love, and did not always read the letters which his nephew brought.

And Annie Rivers smoothed back the bright hair that waved in such graceful folds about her little head; and looked in her glass at a face she could not but think fair, and yet—would it be fair to him? Would it even not disappoint him? Wouldn't he think her too young, too foolish for his wife? Wouldn't he fancy Grace more, after all? Dear, splendid Grace, she was worthier of him! Annie would make an excuse for delaying the bridal, and he should choose between the sisters. Yes, she could bear to give up even a lover to Grace; for what else had she ever done to repay her sister's constant care, and indulgence, and bounty?

Ah, Annie! It is what our friends are, not what they do for us. In your dependence you are more to Grace, than all the goods and chattels of old Lemuel Morse could be to either of you—though he should lay the title-deeds at your feet.

But he will not! "No, sir: not if I lose her. Catch me sending diamond rings to a girl I only hold by a few love-letters. It's enough that I have bought two scratches, and this set of teeth, and am on the point of ordering a whole new suit of clothes," said uncle Lem.

"They will do for another wedding, in case you are disappointed," his nephew replied.

"But the ring, where would that be? Write

that I'm going on Thursday, that urgent business will prevent my remaining more than a day—it will: the rents are due Saturday—and that she must have the minister engaged, and all her boxes packed."

Lemuel wrote. His fine romance was coming to an end. The lady would meet uncle Lem, and smile, and shrink, and—

What would follow?

Lemuel had never thought of this before. The lady's chagrin, perhaps disappointment—uncle Lem's boisterous anger—and she so young, an orphan!

Lemuel had not thought, because he would not. He was neither deaf nor blind; but he was in love, and his reason all wrapped up in a purple haze. His joke had turned to earnest—this young thing whom he had never seen, never expected to see—he loved her better than his soul.

And what then?

He sent uncle Lem's letter, sealed as it left his presence. He went by car and stage to Millbrook, Annie's residence. He saw and recognized her—saw her read the letter—saw the color come and go in her cheek as she glanced at him—felt the clear, thoughtful eyes of Grace searching his own—and he introduced himself as the messenger of Lemuel Morse.

And then from first to last he told his story—how what began in mirth had ended in crying wrong—how grieved, and contrite, and ashamed he was, as the instrument.

But Annie did not listen—displayed neither anger nor chagrin; only she looked at Lemuel as in a dream, and the color came and went in her fair cheek.

And Grace looked on and smiled, and sighed, and left the result to heaven.

Then followed a longer conversation in the parlor at home—the sisters had taken a parlor now; and Grace listened and did not sigh, and said at last, "We can all live together, all work together, we three shall be so happy!"

And on the Thursday morning Annie donned her wedding-gown of white; and the good old minister, who had been like a father to her, came and blessed her a bride; and Lemuel made the responses dreamily, bewildered with joy; and Grace thought of the future and smiled.

So while all the woods were arranged in purple and gold, in the beautiful autumn weather, the three set forth together for Niagara. What the woods, what the Falls, what life was to them all thereafter, let young hearts judge.

But for such as like facts more than fancies, I will tell how uncle Lem went for his bride and

found no Rivers' at Millbrook, none, none—they had left with all their effects, and were not to return. Their smiling old landlady was very dull when uncle Lem came fuming, all red in the face, back to her door; the townspeople had a twinkle in their eyes when they told of the recent wedding, and the sweet, young bride; for secrets cannot be kept in a country town, and country people are keen in putting events and appearances together. Every boy in the streets knew uncle Lem for Annie's disappointed suitor, and they laughed as they said a hippopotamus might as well fall in love with a humming-bird.

So uncle Lem went home and fell in love with his waiting-girl; but before he had taught her to write, and her wedding *trousseau* was ready, the old man had a sense of propriety, for all the slander of the village boys; before his plans were completed, uncle Lem's situation was in reality changed. I saw—on his wedding day I saw men gilding a second inscription on a certain obelisk, and the motto above was, "We shall meet again."

Lemuel Morse had died of apoplexy; and in a will duly signed and sealed, had bestowed his

property, to the last farthing, to "my dear wife, Bridget Wilcox."

Bridget was not his wife, and the property fell to the legal heir, the namesake, Lemuel, junior.

The bridal party returned to find themselves rich in worldly goods, richer they could not be in happiness and love. But Lemuel never enjoyed wealth until he had earned it with his own stout hand and brain. A living once secured, and a marriage portion for Grace, he invested all uncle Lem's accumulations in a public library.

You may still see at Wilton, the old man's native town, in the grave-yard his obelisk, though the gilding is worn from its letters now; and conspicuous in the centre of the village, a graceful building, lettered with his name, which contains the unintended bequest of Lemuel Morse.

But the cup that never reached his lip, it ministers life and consolation yet to a gentler soul, its nectar was not spilt upon the ground.

So, reader, if we have not all our price, we have all our pay. The great heart gains beauty and gladness, heart's-wealth—the plodder, lands and goods—the money-boarder thanks, scanty and grudging, yet in some low way deserved.

DREAMING OF THEE.

BY EDWARD A. DABBY.

I AM lying in a garden
Where the whitest roses bloom,
And my brain is almost drunken
With the wealth of their perfume.
Roses, roses, sweetest roses
That are regal in their pride,
Red and white, and pink and yellow,
Looking love on every side—
Roses for the dead maid's coffin,
Roses for the happy bride—
Let her wear them, they will crumble
Like the darling hopes that died.

While I lie among the roses,
How ineffable and sweet
Are the dreams that chase each other
Through my soul with footsteps fleet;
Fairy dreams of love and loving,
Sweeter, aye, a thousand times
Than the sweetest rose that ever
Bloomed in Flora's fairest climes.

How the snow-white roses tumble
As the zephyr wantons by,
Like a fickle, faithless lover,
Raising hopes to see them die!
How he steals the hidden sweetness
From the roses red and rare,
And as soon as it is tasted
Scatters it upon the air!
How he emulates the lover
Who delights to gally rove
'Mong the sweetest, fairest maidens,
Toying with their precious love!

How bewildering the beauty
Of the visions flitting by
As I tarry in the garden,
And among the roses lie!
Thou, my darling, girl with glory,
And with eyes so full of light,
Comest here to bless my dreamings,
Radiant as an angel bright.
What emotion fills my bosom,
Welcome as the morning's beams,
As the vision of my fairy
Dances lightly through my dreams?
Beautiful the dreams that bless me,
Sweet the roses red and white—
What their beauty, or their sweetness
Unto thine, my airy sprite?

Let me dream a little longer
In the garden 'neath the rose;
Let me taste thy Lethæan kisses
That have charmed me from my woes.
Let me gaze again in rapture
On the beauty of thine eyes,
And be blessed again with blisses
That are wafted from the skies.

Shall I e'er be filled with joyance,
As my weary days go by,
Such as greets me in the garden
As beneath the rose I lie?
Oh, the waking! how it chills me!
Dreams and roses, where are they?
Scattered like the friends that loved me
When my heart was young and gay.

KING PHILIP'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER IV.

BARBARA STAFFORD sat upon the roots of an old oak, that held the edges of forest turf together, just where they verged into the white sands of the beach. The woods had been thinned on that portion of the coast, and the old oak stood out almost alone, amid a sea of whortleberry bushes, ferns, and low-vined blackberries, that covered the sparse soil with their many tinted herbage. Behind her loomed the forest; before her rolled the ocean; and the sunshine lay upon both, lay everywhere, save in her own heart—that was unutterably darkened.

I do not say that all this brightness in nature fell upon her, like a mockery; for her soul was too heavy, even for a thought of eternal things. It is only sudden, or light sorrows, that shrink and thrill to outward things. When depression becomes the habit of a life, it weighs upon the existence, as stagnant waters sleep in a landscape. When they are disturbed, miasma starts forth, and makes the earth feel that a weight is forever upon its bosom, whose breath is poison, and which the brightest sunshine cannot warm.

This great burden lay upon Barbara Stafford. Had the ocean been lashed with storms, she might have looked upon it with awe, for she was a woman full of feminine timidity, and only a few weeks before had been snatched from the waves, when in the jaws of death, by the very youth from whom she had just parted. She was thinking of the youth, but not of the waves from which he had rescued her—thinking of him with vague yearnings of fondness, which seemed all of human tenderness that gleamed across the desolation of her hopes. She felt something like joy singing through the dreariness of her life, whenever the image of this young man presented itself. Why was it? she asked herself again and again. Were the blossoms of a new love springing up from her soul, after it had been laid waste for so many years? Had the ashes of dead hopes fertilized her life afresh, that she should feel this fresh glow of affection, when the lad spoke or looked into her eyes?

Barbara was no girl to waver these questions

with blushes. She knew their meaning well, and searched her own heart to its depths, as the surgeon probes a wound. The unnaturalness of this attachment did not startle her pride as at first; for she was one of those who measure souls by their capacity, not the years that have fallen upon them. Still every sensitive feeling of her nature was wounded by the very idea of love, in its broadest and most beautiful meaning, as connected with this youth. Affection deep and pure, a love that thrilled her with a thousand holy impulses, she found; but nothing that could bring the pure matronly blood warmer to her cheeks, or cause her frank eyes to turn aside from his glances. The feelings that she was forced to acknowledge to herself, were inexplicable, for gratitude alone was never half so tender, love never in a degree so unselfish. She had never known the sweet worship which a mother feels for a living child, and could not judge how far these strange sensations approached that most holy feeling; but she knew that the presence of this had filled her with ineffable content. The hard realities of her condition faded away at his approach, and all the gentle sensations of her youth came singing back across the desert of her life, keeping her soul from the despair that for a time had threatened it.

She was thinking of the youth, nothing else, though her eyes gazed wistfully across the sea, and her face seemed thoughtful, as if she expected some pleasant approach from the far off blue of the deep. So, when footsteps came across the beach, she started, and the wings of a brooding bird seemed to unfold in her bosom, as Norman Lovel approached, and seated himself on a fragment of stone at her feet.

Barbara could not resist the impulse, but laid her hand caressingly on his head, burying her fingers in the rich waves of his hair.

He looked up, and smiled. This gentle caress was pleasant, after the coldness with which Elizabeth had driven him from her side.

"How profoundly you were thinking!" he said, "I was almost afraid to disturb you."

"Yes," answered Barbara, "I was trying to find out what has swept so much of the darkness from my life, within the last hour."

"And did you find a happy conclusion? I hope so, for then I shall think that some pleasure at my coming was mingled with your thoughts. Oh! dear lady, you never will know how keenly we felt your loss."

"And yet I am a stranger to you all."

"Some people are never strangers, lady. I feel as if I had known you from the cradle up, as if my happiness would never be complete if you were away. The touch of your hand soothes me, and your voice stirs my heart, like music heard before thought or memory come. When I am near you, a solemn gladness quiets me into a very child. Oh! lady, I love you so dearly."

Barbara did not start, or change color. This language seemed natural to her, as the rush of the waves on the beach. She simply bent down and kissed the youth on his forehead. He drew a deep breath and was silent. The smile upon his mouth was like that of an infant Samuel when he prays.

"I have found you at last; you will never, never leave us again!"

"When the ship sails I must go yonder," she answered, pointing seaward.

"To England again! Why should you go? Have you friends more dear than those you will leave behind?" questioned the youth, anxiously.

"I have no friends there, but many duties," said Barbara, and her voice trembled painfully. "When I leave these shores, every living being that I have loved will be left behind."

"Why go, then? Why abandon those who regard you so much, for a land that contains no friends?"

Barbara turned pale, as she looked down into those beautiful, eager eyes.

"Because," she said, extending her hand toward the ocean, "because that must roll between me and—this continent, before I can fall into the heavy rest, which is all I hope or ask for now."

"But why go away? This is a new country; a mind and energy like yours may find ample scope for exertion here. Become the missionary of intelligence. We have school-houses, but few teachers. What grand men and noble women would be given to the world, from a teacher at once so strong and so gentle!"

Barbara smiled a little proudly. The idea of becoming a school-teacher in one of the colonies had evidently never entered her imagination.

Norman saw the smile and blushed.

"You think it a humble means of good," he said, "and are, perhaps, offended with me for naming it. But Governor Phipps thinks it a calling of most importance in these settlements. He says that the man, or woman, who gives wisdom and christianity to our little ones, holds an office higher than that of any judge or statesman in the land."

Barbara gazed wistfully in Norman's face, while he was speaking. An earnest gloom came into her eyes, and her lips began to quiver. Why was her voice so like a hoarse whisper when she spoke?

"Did—did Governor Phipps speak of me in this connection?"

"No, but when I had been speaking of you, he said it, as if the idea came with your name."

Barbara shook her head, slowly and mournfully.

"It can never happen. This land holds no corner of rest for me now. Here is struggle, temptation, bitter soul-strife; there is rest, that leads rest, which comes when there is nothing to hope or fear. Oh! my young friend, it is a terrible thing, when one reaches the hill-tops of life, and finds a broad, ashen desert beyond, with nothing but a grave on the other side, which you long to reach, but must not."

"But surely this is not your case, lady?"

"I think so. Alas! what else?" she whispered, casting that wistful look seaward again. "What of joy, or hope, can ever come to me again?"

"And are you so unhappy?" questioned the youth, almost with tears in his eyes.

"Unhappy! I do not know—but let us talk of other things, this fair girl Elizabeth."

"Do not speak of her—she wounds me with her coldness, she insults me with suspicions—let us talk of anything rather than her."

"But she loves you, for all that."

"I do not believe it!" cried the youth, impetuously, "love does not turn a maiden into stone, when a true heart appeals to hers. You would not repulse me one hour, and adore me the next. I am tired of girls!"

Barbara smiled, as if the prattle of an infant had amused her.

"My fiery young heart," she said, laying her hand on his shoulder, "how little you comprehend the feelings that trouble you!"

"I can only understand how much sweeter your voice is than hers, how grand your words are, how like heaven the earth seems when you permit me to rest as I do now at your feet, and look forth on the ocean. With you all is rest—"

with her excitement. She does not love me, and I begin to think that I do not love her."

"Boy, forbear. This is madness. Your heart does speak out here. This impetuosity will end in evil. Check it. Your wild temper belies a noble heart. Remember Elizabeth Parris is your betrothed wife!"

"I can remember nothing, except that I have offended you," answered the youth, passionately, "and I would rather have died."

"Hush," said Barbara, "here comes Elizabeth Parris, with her father. I will walk toward the beach, while you converse with them."

"Nay! I will follow you."

Barbara had arisen. The young man started to his feet, and prepared to walk forward with her. His color rose, and a glow of haughty resentment came to his forehead, as he caught a glimpse of the young girl's face, which was flushed and eager, while that of Samuel Parris lowered with sombre anxiety.

"Stop," cried the old man, lifting his staff. "Move not to the right, or the left, till I have spoken with you both, face to face."

Barbara Stafford drew her proud figure to its height. There was something too imperative in his command for her humble endurance. At times, blood, that seemed born of emperors, mantled over that broad forehead. It rose red and warm now.

Norman Lovel stood by her side, his lip curved, his eyes flashing fire. The two looked strangely alike, in their haughty astonishment at the voice of command, which sought to arrest their footsteps.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Elizabeth Parris was left standing on the stepping stone, and saw every one drift by her toward the shore, a sensation fell upon her, so strange and even terrible, that she thought herself dying. The blood seemed to stop in her veins, blocking up all the avenues of life. The breath choked up her throat, and from heart to limb she seemed turning to stone. During some heavy minutes, she stood in this position, like a thing of marble, save that her hair had sunshine in it, and her eyes deepened in color till they seemed black. At last she turned, as a statue might have wheeled from its base, and entered the house. A little wing had been added to the building, in which Samuel Parris kept his books, and wrote his discourses. It was dimly lighted, and a sombre gloom hung about, in too solemn accordance with the old man's habit of mind. Samuel Parris had spent much time in this apartment after the excitement of returning

home; and with a feeling of gentle complacency was looking over some of the familiar books that lay on the table. Engaged with these old friends, he did not observe when the door opened, and his child glided through. Her small hand, pale as wax, laid upon the open page he was reading, first warned him of the dear presence.

The old man gently pushed the hand aside.

"It is the Holy Bible," he said, in explanation of the act.

"The Bible," muttered Elizabeth, bending down and attempting to read. But the words all ran together and melted into an intangible network of characters under her gaze. She started back with a moan of horror and clasped both hands over her eyes.

The minister looked up in dumb astonishment.

"What—what is this?" he said, greatly troubled by her emotion. "What have I done to make you moan so piteously, Elizabeth?"

The young girl dropped the hands from her face, and wrung them in bitter anguish.

"Father, I am smitten in my sight. The blood is frozen in my veins. The breath settles in my throat, strangling me when I speak, I scarcely feel your touch. I cannot draw a deep breath. When I bend my looks on the Bible, the pages are striped with ragged, black lines, as if a devil, not God, had written it."

"My child, what is this? A little while ago you were quiet and cheerful. What disease can have fallen upon you? What evil thing touched you?"

She fell upon her knees, groveling on the floor. Her eyes glittered painfully, her lips grew still.

"Father, do not touch me. I am smitten. Lo! I am bewitched."

The old man began to tremble in all his limbs. He shrunk away from his child, gazing wildly at her, as some holy man might watch an angel changing into a fiend before his eyes.

"Elizabeth, daughter Elizabeth," he cried, "oh! my God—my God!"

She bent her face downward, shrouding it with her garments, sobbing out,

"Do not touch me, father. I am unholy; body and soul I am unholy. God blinds my sight to his word. Fiery fiends have tracked their footprints over His promises. Oh! me—oh! me—the curse is here!"

More pale, more terribly stricken than his child had been, the old man stood up, and clasping his thin hands, lifted them slowly to heaven. At last he spoke, in a voice of solemn command, which vibrated to the poor girl's heart!

"Elizabeth Parris, rise up, and say unto me,

who has done this thing, whence comes thy affection?"

Elizabeth arose very slowly, and looked her father in the face.

"Come and see!"

Uttering only this one sentence, she led the way out of the house and into the open air. On she sped, through the sunshine and along by-paths, toward the sea-shore, looking round now and then to be sure that her father followed close, but never turning aside or speaking a word.

At last she came out upon a curve of the beach, within sight of the oak tree, under which Barbara Stafford was sitting with Norman Lovel.

"Behold!" she said, throwing out her hand, with the look and gesture of a priestess. "Behold the strange woman, Barbara Stafford. The evil one cast forth from the depths of the sea to torment us. Behold the WITCH."

After the young girl had uttered these awful words, for awful they were in those days, a dead silence fell upon the father and child. At last they both turned away, slowly retraced their steps, and entered the house together. When they were alone in the library, the minister fell into his chair, and began to weep—to weep and pray with a troubled abruptness, that proved the terrible hold which his daughter's change had seized upon him. He saw now the complete change that had come over her, the wildness in her eyes, the deadly white of her face. The inroads, which a week of anxiety had made upon her person, struck him with consternation and belief. What, save some fiendish influence, could have changed the rosy bloom of her youth into that dull, hopeless look?

"Kneel down," he said, at last, "Elizabeth, my child; for if all the dark spirits of the black realm have entered that form, you are still my child. Kneel down, and with your hand upon the Bible, tell me how this strange woman has poisoned your life; tell me all, that I may ask the Most High God to help us in this strait."

Elizabeth answered more consistently than her state of terror would seem to warrant. She had evidently thought deeply on the matter, and reasoned with an intellect rendered keen by the alarm of a loving heart. She was very pale, and sharp, nervous quivers startled her now and then, but the pretty willfulness of her character had entirely disappeared. She was like a priestess shriving to some solemn oracle.

"First, let me ask you, father, who is this woman whom you and Norman Lovel dragged up from the depths of the sea?"

"In truth I do not know," answered the

minister, greatly troubled. "Did I not tell you, Elizabeth, that it happened on the second day of my arrival in Boston?"

"The second day; and I had not seen you then."

"Truly, your words are sooth, my child. I was beset by this heart to visit you at once, but some feeling, which seemed from above, held me back, whispering ever, 'Do not make to yourself an idol of this fair child, for thy God is a jealous God, visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children.' Then, feeling that the great love in my bosom might fall upon thee in wrath for mine offence, I dared not come within sight of thee, mine only child; but was driven by the storm, as it were, on to the heights overlooking the ocean."

"And what did you see there, my father?"

"A ship, breaking through the clouds, afar off, that waved and surged around, and above it like fiery banners."

"And this woman came down the sides, entered a boat, and was whelmed in the waves, from which you and Norman Lovel, my betrothed, rescued her. All the rest I know also. But who is she? What is her country, and from what good or evil influence did she get that wonderful power, which wins every heart to her glance?"

"Elizabeth, I do not know!"

"Father, let us be just. From the depth of my soul, I believe this woman an emissary of the Evil One, sent hither to break up the harmony of our whole lives. But speak to her, father, question her, as a judge might do, when afraid to sentence unholy. If the conviction fastened here, springs from the selfishness of too keen affections, let me have the proof, and I will kneel at Barbara Stafford's feet till she pardons me. But if there is truth in these things, if she possesses no power to sweep suspicion of diabolical powers away from her, then will I, of my own strength, surrender her to the magistrates, that the evil spirit may be lifted from our house."

Samuel Parris was sorely perplexed. In his simplicity, the introduction of this strange woman into his household had been preceded with none of the usual explanations; and there was something about the woman, a dignity of reserve, that notwithstanding her sweet graciousness, forbade all close questioning. When Samuel Parris remembered all the incidents connected with their first meeting—the reserve maintained ever since—the confusion left behind when she fled so strangely from the governor's house, and the animosities that had sprung up beneath his own roof since it had sheltered her—the justice of

his daughter's accusation fastened strongly upon him. He shivered with dread. Events hitherto of simple solution, took a lurid form in his eyes—he looked wistfully at the pale face uplifted to his—at the trouble in those beautiful eyes, and was ready to cry out with anguish when he thought that it was through him the evil influence had reached that young soul.

"Stay here," he said, rising from his chair, and searching for his staff, for the tremor in his old limbs was painfully visible. "Sit here and pray for help. Before the Lord, I will question this woman."

He kissed his daughter on the forehead, trembling all over as if his lips pressed the brow of a corpse; and taking up his staff went out, followed by her heavy gaze, and a succession of low moans; for with great mental anguish came bodily pain, and for a time Elizabeth Parris seemed as if shrouded in ice.

The old man bent his steps toward the beach once more.

Barbara Stafford had left the foot of the great oak, and was walking along the curving lines left where the forest turf crumbled away into a surface of white sand. Now and then she paused to gather a leaf, or some wood blossom, which she put in a little Indian basket, which hung upon her arm.

As the minister came up with her, she was kneeling on the turf and eagerly unearthing a knobous root, from which two or three rich leaves sprang up, shading a cone of red berries that shone up from their midst like a flame.

She looked over her shoulder, as the minister approached, and half rose, with the little stiletto, with which she had been digging, in her hand.

"Wait a moment," she said, falling to her work again. "This is a rare specimen. I have almost uprooted the bulb. Old Tituba will find it wonderfully useful in making up her drinks."

The minister grew pale, as he stood leaning on his staff gazing at the root. Barbara spoke again, rather cheerfully, for exercise and a bright sea breeze had excited her a little.

"It has a common name, I think, among the people here. Wake robbin—isn't that correct?"

"Wake robbin—wild turnip, a deadly poison," answered the old man, hoarsely.

"Ah! that is as you take it. Well dried, and ground to powder, it is sometimes a wholesome medicine. I will teach Tituba how to use it."

"Tituba—my woman servant, Tituba—and is she of this diabolical confederacy?" muttered the old man, while a sensation of horror crept over him. "Am I beset with fiends?"

Barbara arose from the earth, held up the cone of scarlet berries in the sun, while the bulb was clasped in her hand, with the green leaves falling over it.

"How can poisonous things be so beautiful?" she said, with a sigh. "Now, who would believe that any one of these glowing drops would take a human life?"

"You know it to be deadly then?" questioned the old man.

His voice was so hoarse, that Barbara looked him earnestly in the face.

"Yes," she answered, thoughtfully, "I know all its good and all its evil qualities. Like many other things in life it can both cure and kill."

As she spoke, Barbara cut away the leaves and the red cone with her poignard, dropping the root into her basket. Then she put away the stiletto somewhere in the folds of her dress, and dashed off the soil that clung to her white hands.

"You would speak with me, I think?" she said, a little anxiously.

"She knows that already," thought the old man, feeding his suspicions with every word Barbara Stafford uttered: but he only said,

"Lady, where is the young man who sat with you half an hour ago, under the oak yonder?"

Barbara smiled. These words were a relief to her. She had expected something more important by his strange manner.

"Oh! Mr. Lovel—he has gone into the woods in search of a shrub I wanted. I hope his wish to oblige me has not encroached on grave duties."

"And he too?" muttered the old man—"he too?"

Barbara listened keenly, but the words escaped her. His silence, however, was impressive.

"Let us go forward to the oak yonder," he said, pointing the way with his staff.

Barbara turned, without a word, and walked slowly toward the oak. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN EPIGRAM VERSIFIED.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

"WHAT'S woman's proper sphere, my love?"
Asked John of pretty Jean.

"You give it up! 'Tis thirty feet,
Or more—of crinoline."

LEAVES FROM MY GRAND AUNT'S JOURNAL.

BY A. L. OTIS.

It is a good thing for us to hear, from the aged participators in them, of past times, especially of those noble and stirring events which have now fossilized into mere history. While listening to the enthusiastic narrators, the past becomes the present to us. Our sturdy forefathers take breath, and life, and keen sensation again, and as we realize their excitement, their danger, and their rejoicing at victory, we are shamed in our idle, objectless luxury, by their noble aims, and their "stubborn patience."

Even the minutest particulars relating to our country's past history, have deep interest for some minds. That what follows is really the impression made upon an eye witness of the last war with England, (though she was only a giddy girl,) by some very interesting days of trial and fear, make it worthy of being offered to you, dear reader.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 30th, 1814.

Nobody can talk of anything but the enemy's taking Washington. We are expecting the British here every day, but we are not going to let them have our town for the taking! They have got to fight for it, I can tell them.

Kitty and I are at the window from morning till night looking at the soldiers. Companies of militia are going about all day long, and bands of volunteers come pouring in. They are mostly country boys in homespun, with perhaps a fine young gentleman from some plantation to lead them. They look tired and worn out, for the weather is dreadfully warm.

Mrs. Brenton, who for a boarding-house keeper is very liberal, and exceedingly kind and obliging, has had buckets of water set out on the porch steps, with tin cups—and so have all the neighbors. The poor, tired volunteers run out of the ranks, take a drink, and back again as soon as possible. They are half dead with thirst, after their long, dusty march. This morning I was eating my lunch, (a good square of gingerbread,) and was sitting on the window-sill, when a young soldier came to our steps for water. He looked at me so earnestly (I think hungrily) that I reached out and gave him my cake. He took it and set me all in a smile, he made me such a handsome bow!

This house is now full of boarders, and Mrs.

Brenton says she can't find room for one more. They are all nice young fellows. Kitty and I have a good deal of fun. I like the excitement of it all. Mother says it is very wrong to do anything but grieve over the war, and Kitty, who is older than I, (quite eighteen!) looks on the dark side, and is awfully afraid the British will take Baltimore, and put everybody to the sword.

Aug. 31st.—The people here are so angry about the burning of the Capitol, and libraries, and paintings, that they say they will mob every Englishman in the place! A body of rioters passed our house to-day. Oh, how horrid they looked! I was really frightened for once. I was so afraid they were going to attack Mr. Milman's office, for though I hate him, of course, since he is a Britisher and a tory, yet he is a perfect gentleman, and so good to me, that I wouldn't like to have him, or anybody, ill-treated. The young gentlemen boarders here look at him very coldly, and try to insult him. I am afraid of a quarrel every day, and Mrs. Brenton says she does wish he was in a safe place, for she thinks everything of him. She says he is a noble, true, honest, old school English gentleman.

Sept. 14th.—Oh, what a terrible time we have been having! Day before yesterday, in the morning, the news came that the British had landed at North Point, and all the women were ordered to keep in their houses, and on no account to go into the streets, and the men were all to be ready to fight at a moment's notice. Several young men from our house have gone to meet the enemy. Our army marched out on Sunday. It was a dreadful day, not like the Sabbath at all. The bells rang out now and then suddenly, and we heard the cannonading! We didn't know at every horrid boom! but what some dear friend was swept away. Kitty and I were on our knees half the time, and I was almost crazy—I knew so many soldiers, splendid, good fellows, every one of them! Oh! a battle is so dreadful!

Every woman in town is busy cooking things to send down to our army. Yesterday Kitty and I helped Mrs. Brenton make up a great batch of bread, and roast huge ribs of beef. She

said she had good boarders in the army, and they should not starve while defending us. After we had got through with this, we were standing crying at the parlor window to hear the terrible cannons, when who should come past the house but Walter B——! looking so handsome at the head of his young volunteers, ("minute men," he calls them.) He cried, "Halt!" and they all stopped. Then he said they might get dinner, but to be ready there, upon that spot, when the bells rang. He then came into the house with a good many others, and we ran to hear the news. Folks do not mind laying by their bashfulness a little when so much is at stake.

"Dinner, Mrs. Brenton!" he cried. "Dinner instantly! Perhaps the last we shall eat with you, so don't make us wait for it, and go away to battle hungry."

This made me feel dreadfully.

"Pshaw! Alice," he whispered, "I have no intention of being killed. I only want to hurry up the old lady!" He said the British were now bombarding the forts, and they were only two miles from the city!

The young men, all in their arms, stood around the table. They wouldn't take time to sit down, but hastily swallowed their dinners, standing. While they were still there, the Englishman came in, and they taunted him with staying at home with the women, when every other man was going to fight. He did not want to get angry, but they went on, half joking, half sneering, until he said some very provoking things, and wound up with,

"And if I went, I should not fight for you—rebels and traitors! but for my countrymen, and they can whip you, as you deserve, without me."

"You lie!" called out Walter, fiercely, "and to prove that every individual man of us could whip his three Englishmen, I promise you a horsewhipping at three several times as soon as I get back."

The other young men said they had five minutes more, just dress off the d——d Englishman now! Mr. Milman was standing with his back against the wall. He put himself into a posture of defence, and Walter was rushing at him, when the bells rang out a sudden peal, and our soldiers had to hurry away. Walter only shook his fist at the tory, and laughing fiercely, said, "Mind you are on hand when wanted!"

He waited until the others had gone, and when he and I were alone in the front vestibule, he said with such a different voice and look,

"I was going to behave, in my anger, like a boor and a ruffian, in offering to fight when you

were present! But, Alice—give your soldier boy a good-bye kiss."

What could I do?

How I hate that Englishman because Walter does! Kitty takes his part. She says he is brave, but quiet, and would never quarrel if they would let him alone. She calls their behavior to him persecution!

I didn't sleep a wink last night, and to-day is more horrible still, for at half minute intervals comes the dreadful shock of the cannons; and now that so many of our poor, young fellows have come back wounded, or lie dead upon the battle-field, we know better what that horrid, jarring, stunning sound portends. Every report seems to strike against my heart now that Walter is with the soldiers.

Twelve o'clock at night. Good news! Good news! The British have retreated, and they are embarking at North Point. I'm glad they have lost their Gen. Ross, though Kitty says I am a savage to exult. The cannonading is over! Our soldiers are at home again! Some of them. Kitty and I watched them coming up the street. When Walter rode by, waving his cap and shouting cheerily, "All's well! All's well!" I could have sprung out of the window to welcome my victorious soldier! He was so gallant!

Sept. 15th.—Last night before we went to bed, we waited until Walter came home and told us about the battle. It was quite dark in the room, and I was glad of it, for Mr. Milman was sitting in a corner near Kitty, and I was afraid Walter would begin another quarrel if he saw him, and I was very much afraid he would betray his presence by some taunt, when Walter was telling us about the regiment that ran away! And I was so ashamed to have any Englishman hear of that! But Mr. Milman kept quiet, and Walter went away without observing him.

"He is a coward—that Mr. Milman!" I whispered to Kitty. "He is afraid of my soldier boy!"

She only said, "He is very forbearing!"

At supper to-night, Walter asked for Mr. Milman, and was told he had gone out.

"The truth is," said Mrs. Brenton, "he went away on purpose to avoid a quarrel with you, which was very gentlemanly of him. Do be civil to him, Mr. Walter, for you see he does not want to fight."

"You mean he don't want to take a cowhiding!"

"You are going out after tea, I suppose," Mrs. Brenton said, very anxiously, but pretending indifference.

"I was going, but I see you expect that rascally Englishman, and I must——"

"No," said Mrs. Brenton, very decidedly, "you shall not quarrel in my house."

Walter reddened and bowed. We were all pale with fright, and Kitty told Walter to have done with his boasting! So I am sure she was quite out of her senses with fear.

Mr. Milman came home about eight o'clock, and entered the room where we all were. Walter is a little hot-headed, I must admit. He instantly asked the Englishman to step out and have a few words with him, as he would be on duty for a month after this, and would have to march to a distance.

"No," said Mr. Milman, "you only wish to quarrel, and I will not gratify you. You are but a foolish boy, bursting with bravery, and I am a cool man. Go—I will ascribe your bluffing words to your youth, and take no notice of them. But let me hear no more of them."

Walter was white with rage, as well he might be. "Coward! coward! coward!" he cried, "you dare not meet me——"

"Stop, gentlemen, stop!" cried Mrs. Brenton. "With the enemy rushing down upon us, will you act in this dreadful way, and frighten us to death? Oh, what shall we do—poor, unprotected women, with two angry men just ready to fall upon each other, and no one to part them?"

Mr. Milman said to her, "You need fear no disturbance from me, madam. You have been a kind hostess, and I will never cause you trouble. I will never fight this pretty boy, and"—said he, turning to me—"for your sake, Miss Alice, I will not even chastise him, so do not look so pale. I have secured other lodgings for the present, and I shall bring discord to this house no more. Good night, ladies."

He was manly. I only wish Walter had observed him. But he was busy with his own passion—his own rage—and the moment Mr. Milman stepped into the hall, Walter sprang after him, collared him, shook him, threw him down, and said, "Do you call that the grip of a pretty boy?" Walter was much smaller than the Englishman, but he was furious. However, he could keep the other down but one moment. And when he started to his feet we all screamed with terror. But Mr. Milman was still cool and calm.

"You certainly are not old enough to be a gentleman," he said, to Walter, "when you are, you will blush for this. I see that my forbearance was quite undeserved, but it shall not fail nevertheless."

He slowly ascended the stairs, and then we let

go of Walter. A messenger was waiting with some orders from head-quarters, and he has gone—for I don't know how long. Poor me!

Sept 16th.—There is one comfort in his being away. We are sure he had nothing to do with what occurred last night. The people are so excited against the English, now that they are so near us, and are ravaging our coast—and they are so mad at the politicians who take the British side, that we were afraid Mr. Milman would be mobbed, and our fears were not groundless.

It was about one o'clock last night, when Kitty and I, who were awake talking, heard a knock at the front door. Several of the young men had come home late, and we supposed this was another of them, but yet we feared it might be an enemy. The patrol was out, for fear the British might return, and we had been listening to their tread, and the noisy, restless passers by, for the whole town seemed alive and abroad that night.

The knock was repeated again, and again, but never loudly. Kitty grew nervous, and said,

"Mrs. Brenton's room and the servants' are very far off. The gentlemen came home so tired that they will sleep soundly—hadn't we better look out of the window and see who it is?"

"And perhaps have our heads shot off!" I answered.

"I think I will venture!" Kitty said, after waiting a little while. "It may be some poor, wounded soldiers."

So she got up—her teeth fairly rattling, she was so afraid—and looked out.

"Alice," she whispered. "It is Mr. Milman! He wants shelter. They have mobbed his office, you may depend."

"Well," said I, "I am glad of it. I wish they had tarred and feathered him!" I took Walter's part, of course.

"I hope you won't wake up any of the soldiers. They may treat him badly, they are all so angry with him."

While she was saying this she was putting on her slippers and dressing-gown.

"What are you going to do?" I asked, astonished.

"Let him in," she said, quietly.

"What! go out of your room at night! and down those long, dark stairs! and through the hall! and open the front door with the city so full of horrid people, and perhaps Britishers?"

She was gone. I was so frightened, I sat up in bed crying. It was only a few minutes, but it seemed an hour, before she came back, all trembling.

"The mob did attack his office, just as I said,"

she whispered, "and he barely escaped. He came up here to—to—to——"

"Well, what?" said I, impatiently.

"To tell me he was safe, and to bid me good-bye for a time, while he conceals himself. I am so glad I went down. If I had not seen him I should have gone crazy, to hear in the morning of this night's doings, to know that he was missing and yet be ignorant of his fate! Oh, I am glad I went down!"

So saying, Kitty threw herself upon the bed, and every time all through the night, whenever I woke up, I heard her sobbing. I little thought there was so much in it!

To-day poor Kitty looks miserable, and I can pity her even more than I do myself, for my brave soldier is fighting for his country, and her Englishman is only skulking to save his life.

Nov. 15th.—Mr. Milman is established in his office again. He and Walter are friends. I think Walter apologized, and I like him the better for it.

Since Walter has forgiven Mr. Milman, I have grown quite friendly with him, and think him a fine man. Kitty has told me part of his story.

He came out to this country because his father failed and left his family destitute. Mr. Milman established himself here, and then sent for his mother, and four sisters, all young. He was expecting them at the very time of the attack on Baltimore, and that was why he would not accept

the many challenges which our soldiers sent to him. They called him coward, and everything, but he would not be provoked, because he knew how greatly it would be wronging his unprotected family, to bring them to this strange land and leave them to struggle on in poverty. His arm was strong and his prospects good, and they should find some one here to receive them, and provide for them, he was determined. I like him for sticking to his resolve not to fight, through all kinds of reproach. His mother and sisters are here now, and living in a charming house in —— street.

Kitty is as happy as she can be, and I fancy Mr. Milman will one day be my brother-in-law, though Kitty don't say a word about caring for him—quite different from me. I can't for the life of me help talking about my soldier boy. But it is no matter if I do, for as soon as the war is over he is to be my husband. Mother gave her consent kindly and nicely, but she told me in private that we were the silliest couple in all the Southern states.

Here is an end to the journal. Poor aunt Alice! She was my only maiden aunt. I don't know why she did not marry her soldier boy. Kitty, who married Mr. Milman, was my grandmother. She died when my mother was only one year old, and so there is no one left to tell the rest of my grandaunt's story.

THE GRAVE BESIDE THE SEA.

BY MARY W. JANVRIK.

Once, beside a maiden, told I o'er and o'er,
Legends quaint and olden of the days of yore,
Sitting in the gloaming by the lone sea shore.

When the spell was on us, breathed we words of song,
Weaving glorious dreamings all the dusk eve long,
While the waves, low murmur'ing, sang an echo song.

If, above, in beauty, walked the golden moon,
The golden moon of summer, thro' deepest skies of June,
All our thoughts were music, all our words were tune.

Sometimes airy fingers swept the sounding pine,
Chorus'ing the ocean with an organ chime,
Then I felt her heart beat quicker close to mine.

Once, oh, I remember! not a wave was stirred,
Only in the night-tide sang a late sea-bird,
Swiftly beating homeward; no other sound was heard.

Walked we on the sea-beach, Mildred Lee and I,
Starlights in the heavens, starlights in her eye,
Walked, with hands close clasping, Mildred Lee and I.

Now again 'tis summer. On the white sea-sand
Cold the moon is gleaming, colder yet the strand;
I see no blue eyes beaming, I feel no clasping hand.

Every night the white moon riseth from the sea,
Like a saint she gazeth pitying down on me;
Every night my vessel rides the gleaming sea.

Yonder on the main land the night lies soft and still;
How, while looking thither, tears my dark eyes fill!
Gazing at the cottage underneath the hill.

Gently sway the larches by the cottage door,
Quaintest shadows flicker 'cross the sanded floor,
But a maiden's step there crosseth never more.

I have watched a white cloud melting from the sky;
I have watched a white rose wither, droop and die;
Faded thus my Mildred—passed she from Love's sky.

Now my barque at midnight rides the gleaming sea;
Now, from the skies down gazing, the white moon pitieth
me,

Or veils her face with clouds and weeps for Mildred Lee.

But list! the freshening land-breeze all the white sails fill!
Ah! how my heart wild beateth! nor can I make it still
Till my barque is once more anchored underneath the hill.

Its prow will soon be turning unto a foreign shore,
Yet must I tread the sea-beach—the olden paths once
more,

And I must sing at midnight our old songs o'er and o'er.

And kneeling where her grave is, beside the wounding sea,
I'll say the low prayers over, the prayers she taught to
me,

And kiss the sod that covers my loved, lost Mildred Lee.

W A I F S W E H A V E R E C O V E R E D .

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

BEHIND TIME.—A railroad train rushed along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, and beyond this a station at which the cars usually pass each other. The conductor was late, so late that the period during which the down train was to wait had nearly elapsed: but he hoped yet to pass the curve in safety. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity! and all because an engineer had been *behind time*.

A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated for eight long hours on the enemy posted along the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west; re-enforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight; it was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in season all would yet be right. The great conqueror, confident of its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and led them down the hill. The whole world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; the imperial guard was beaten back; Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena because one of his marshals was *behind time*.

A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had enormous assets in California, it expected remittances on a certain day, and if the sums promised arrived, its credit, its honor, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold. At last came the fatal day on which the firm had bills maturing to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at daybreak; but it was found on inquiry that she brought no funds; and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents; but it was too late; they were ruined, because their agent, in remitting, had been *behind time*.

A condemned man was led out for execution. He had taken human life. But it was under circumstances of the greatest provocation; and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve; a favorable answer had been expected the night

before: and though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive in season. But the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body swung revolving in the wind. At that moment a horseman came in sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved frantically to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve. But he had come too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death, because a watch had been five minutes too slow, making its bearer arrive *behind time*.

It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in what they undertake, simply because they are "behind time." There are others who put off reformation year by year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because forever "behind time." Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune, or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being *behind time*.

THE ANCIENT JEWS.—The popular idea, that the ancient Jews were an inconsiderable people, living entirely on agriculture, has held a place so long that it will be difficult, perhaps, to eradicate it. Yet this notion seems to us contradicted by numerous well-known facts. It is due, we think, to the history of that remarkable race, to correct this error.

The silence of profane history, in reference to the greatness of the Jewish people, is no proof that they were a mere petty nation of barbarians, as an infidel writer has thought fit to call them. For at the culminating period of Jewish history, that is, at the time of King Solomon, there

existed no contemporary historians, at least, none whose writings have come down to us. Greece, itself, was a half-savage country, whose princes lived in the rude manner described by Homer, and whose sculptors, dramatists, painters, philosophers, legislators and annalists were as yet unborn. Rome was still an undrained swamp. Only Assyria and Egypt existed as first-rate powers, and these have left no written chronicles behind. But in their sculptured monuments, to say nothing of the historical books of the Hebrews, there is collateral evidence to show that the Jews, at that period, ranked high among the nations of the world.

It was less, however, as a military than as a commercial people, that the ancient Jews held this eminent position. Even in their later and more degenerate days, when Pompey entered their territories as a conqueror, the enterprise of the Jews had founded commercial colonies everywhere. They ruled the Bourse at Alexandria, they controlled the exchanges at Greece, they were numerous and influential money-dealers in Rome, and they were known at the Indus, the Ganges, and, there is reason to believe, even in China itself. But in the palmier days of Jewish prosperity, when Solomon began to build the temple, they must have held in their hands the financial control of most of the then civilized world. The immense sums contributed to erect the temple establish this almost conclusively. Even in David's time, the free-will offerings amounted to thirty-four millions, an impossible

sum, if donated by a merely agricultural people. In Solomon's reign, the collections rose to nine hundred millions of pounds sterling, a sum so enormous that it suggests the probability of a mistake in the accepted value of the Jewish money of that day. Yet, even if we compute gold at the lowest possible standard, the amount collected still remains gigantic, proving that Judea, with its small territory, could not have contributed such a sum, unless like Venice and Amsterdam at a later day, it was enriched by an extensive commerce.

If we accept this view of the ancient Jews, much becomes clear that otherwise puzzles us, in their career. They rose to greatness under David and Solomon, because they had become the traders, carriers and bankers of the world. They declined when they ceased to be so, because of civil dissensions. There have been many parallels of such a rise and fall; and will be till the end of mankind. When they had sunk to be a petty, warlike state again, they fell an easy prey to the Babylonians, because they had neither native-born men enough to fight their battles, nor wealth to subsidize others. Profane history only knew them in their decline. But even then they were a great commercial race: as, indeed, they continue to be to this day, when scattered, broken up and in exile. What must the Hebrews have been in the culminating hour of their career, when David conquered the Philistines, when Solomon built the temple, when the ships of Tarshish traded with Ophir?

FAIL ME NOT THOU.

BY HATTIE H. CHILD.

THINK you because one little hour
Of cloud, or dreary rain,
Breaks in to hide the sun's full power,
He ne'er will smile again?
Then doubt not woman's constancy,
Whate'er may hide her smile from thee;
Thou know'st the sun is true to earth,
Know then her heart is true to thee.

Think you, if on some darksome day
The bird doth hush her song,
She ne'er again will tune her lay
In carol sweet and long?
The lay still lives, though gloom and fear
May fright its echo from thine ear
Sooner will every bird forget,
Than she the tone love renders dear.

If o'er the fountain hangs a veil
Of mist, to hide its play,
Think you its waters all must fall
In silent drouth away?

Nay, nay, the fount of tenderness
In woman's heart is fathomless;
Oh, traitor doubt! to think it gushed
But once, and never more could bless.

If droops a single floral gem
From where it freshly grew,
Dost think the self-same parent stem
Will never bloom anew?
Fresh buds shall spring to glad thine eye,
Fair as the bow in hope's young sky;
The past hath press'd its own bright flowers,
Then oh! should faith look up and sigh?

When all the vine hath twined itself
About the growing tree,
As all my spirit-thought hath clung,
And clingeth still to thee;
Who would rebuke a tendril new
That hung unfettered as it grew,
And chide its seeming tardiness,
As though it were untrue?

CHILD'S DRESS FOR FALL.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, a pattern and diagram, by which to cut out a CHILD'S DRESS. The dress is suitable for the autumn months, is to be made of scarlet merino, and is unusually pretty, as well as very fashionable.

No. 1. Half the Front.

No. 2. Half the Back.

No. 3. Side-Body.

From A to B is for a plait in front. The pattern is to be enlarged from the diagram, according to the size of the child. The decorations of the body are in the military style, with bands of narrow velvet fastened on the shoulder, and brought to the front as shown in the plate: the skirt is adorned with velvet and steel studs.

In order to vary the style, however, the skirt may be trimmed differently, if preferred. We give two engravings, to show how this may be done: as also to



FRONT OF DRESS.

exhibit the back and front. The front skirt is trimmed with velvet and steel studs, in one style; but the back skirt is trimmed after a different pattern; and many think this second style the prettiest. In all other respects, the two dresses are alike: the decorations of the body are in the military style in both. For the autumn months, nothing more beautiful has been got up, for children, in either Paris or London.



BACK OF DRESS.

The diagram, by which to cut out this tasteful dress, will be found on the next page. We repeat, what we have often said before, that the patterns are to be enlarged, according to the size of the child: a proportion only to be determined by the mother or dress-maker. We have, it will be remembered, often described how to enlarge patterns.

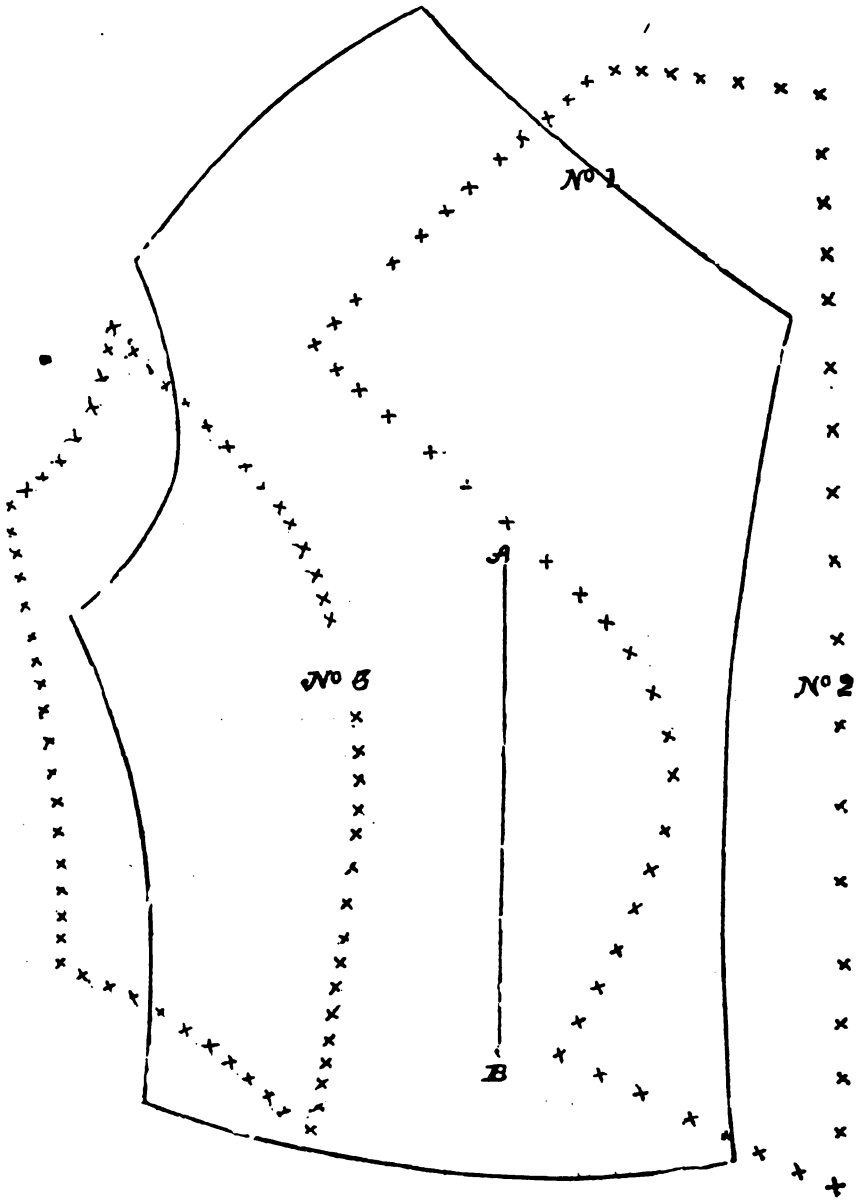
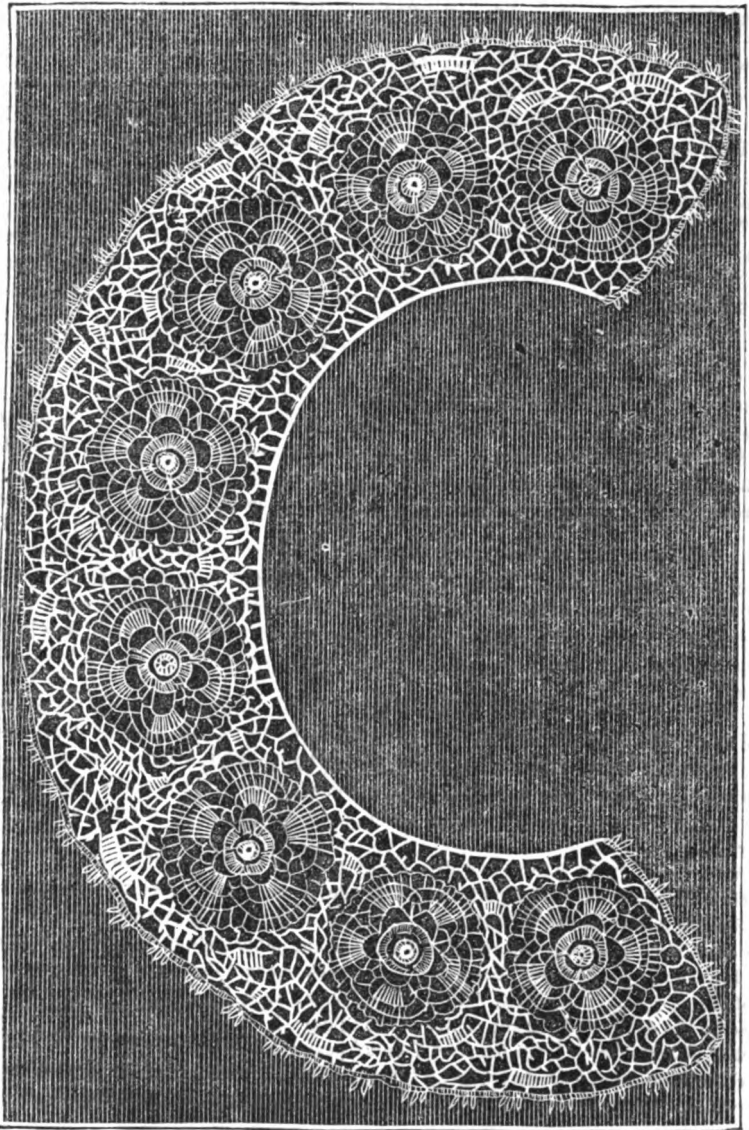


DIAGRAM FOR CHILD'S DRESS.

UNIQUE COLLAR, IN SCARLET AND WHITE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—One reel cotton, and one reel of } 2nd.—5 ch do into every 3rd loop of the 15
Ingrain scarlet, No. 20. } (5 chs of 5.)

For the centre of Scarlet Medallion White } 3rd.—5 ch * 7 L u 5 ch 3 ch. Repeat from
cotton, 3 ch, (or chain,) unite; under this circle } *. End with 7 L.
work 15 dc; loop on the red cotton, 1 ch; leave an } 4th.—5 ch 1 L u the 5 ch before the L stitches;
end of white, pull the latter tight; work with red. } * 7 ch 1 L u 3 ch; 5 ch 1 L u same; 5 ch 1 L u

same. Repeat from *. Tie the red and white ends together in a tight knot at the back.

5th.—* 5 ch 9 L u 7 ch; 5 ch dc u 5 ch; 5 ch dc u next 5 ch. Repeat from *. End with 5 ch dc u 5 for twice.

6th.—* 5 ch 1 L 1 ch on every L stitch for 9 times; 5 ch dc u 2nd 5 ch. Repeat from *. End with 5 ch dc u 2nd 5 ch.

7th.—* 5 ch; 1 L 2 ch, u every 1 ch for 8 times; 5 ch dc u 5 ch for twice. Repeat from *. End with 5 ch dc u same 5 ch as the last.

8th.—Loop on the white, make 1 tight ch, leave an end of red, pull the latter tight. 5 ch 1 L u 2nd 2 ch; 8 ch 1 L u same; 5 ch dc u 3rd 2 ch; ** dc u the last of the 2 chs; 7 ch dc u 2nd 5 ch; 5 ch T 5 dc u 7 ch; 5 ch T 4 dc on dc; 7 ch dc u 5 ch of red; ** dc u same; ** dc u 3rd 2 ch; 8 ch 1 L u 2nd 2 ch; 8 ch 1 L u same; 5 ch T 1 L u 2nd 3 ch; 5 ch 1 L u centre of bar; 5 ch dc u same; 5 ch 1 L u next bar (always u centre;) 5 ch dc u next chs; 5 ch 7 dc u 5 ch at end of dc; 8 ch 1 L u next bar; 7 ch 1 L u next chs; 5 ch T 1 L u 7 ch; 5 ch 1 L u same; 5 ch 5 dc on dc (taking the back loops;) ** dc u chs; 3 ch 1 L u next chs; 7 ch T dc u bar; 5 ch 1 L on centre of dc; 5 ch dc u chs; 5 ch T 5 dc u each of the chs for 8 times; 5 ch dc u chs already worked into where the L stitch is; ** dc u next chs; 5 ch 1 L u next; 5 ch T dc u bar; 7 ch 1 L u chs; 7 ch T dc on dc stitch in centre of bar; 5 ch T do u 7 ch; ** dc u the L stitch; 15 do on dc; 7 ch dc u 2nd 5 ch; 5 ch dc u next chs; ** dc u the L stitch; ** dc u chs between the L stitches. Tie the white and red end together in a secure knot; 5 ch 1 L u 1st chs of red; 5 ch dc u same; 8 ch 1 L u chs previous to L stitches; 5 ch dc u next 2 ch; 7 ch T dc u 5 ch; 5 ch dc u 8 ch; 5 ch T 5 dc in each of the chs; 5 ch T 10 dc on dc; 5 ch 1 L u chs between the L stitches; 5 ch dc u next chs; ** dc u same; ** dc u next bar; 5 ch 1 L u next; 5 ch T 5 dc u 5 ch; ** do u bar; 5 ch dc u next; 5 ch do u next chs; 7 ch 7 dc on dc; 5 ch T 5 dc on dc; 8 ch 1 L u 7 ch; 3 ch 1 L u 5 ch; 5 ch dc u next chs; 7 ch T dc u 2nd of the chs; 5 ch T dc u chs; ** T dc u the chs close by the dc; 7 ch do on the centre of the dc; 7 ch T do u chs; 3 ch 1 L u bar; ** T dc u chs; 7 ch dc u 1st 5 ch; 7 ch do u next; ** dc u chs of white already worked into; 8 ch 1 L u

2nd 2 ch; ** dc u next 3rd 2 ch; 5 ch dc u 5 ch; 5 ch 1 L u next; 7 ch dc u 1st 2 ch; ** dc u 3rd 2 ch; 5 ch 1 L u 2nd 2 ch; 5 ch 1 L u 1st 5 ch; 7 ch dc u next 5 chs for twice; ** dc u 3rd 2 ch; 7 ch dc u next 3rd 2 ch; 7 ch dc u 5 ch; 5 ch 1 L u next; 8 ch dc u next; 5 ch dc u L stitch of white; 7 ch 7 dc u 2nd of the chs; 7 ch dc u next L stitch that goes across; 7 ch 7 dc u chs previous to bar.

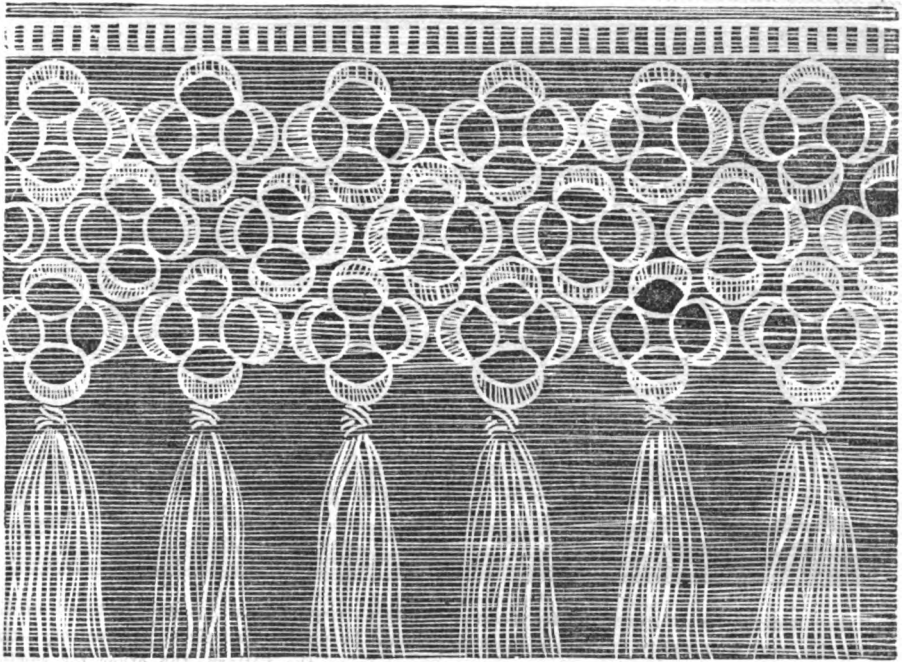
Fasten off; leave an end. Make a second piece the same; do not fasten off, but proceed to join thus:—T, place the first piece at the back of that just completed, but not so that the sides shall match; therefore it will be the opposite side to that which has the end of cotton; dc u centre of bar of b (or back piece;) 5 ch dc u next chs at b; 2 ch dc u chs in f (or front piece;) 4 ch dc u next chs at b; 4 ch dc u same; 2 ch dc u chs in f; 5 ch dc u bar at b; 2 ch 5 dc on dc in f; 8 ch do u bar at b; 3 ch dc u chs in f; 5 ch dc u chs at b; 1 ch dc u chs in f; 5 ch dc u chs at b; 6 ch dc u chs at f; 5 ch, open the pieces; T 9 dc u 6 ch; 5 ch dc u centre of bar of left hand pattern; 6 ch T 7 dc on dc; 2 ch dc u 1st chs of left hand pattern; 5 ch do u next; 5 ch T 1 L on centre of dc; 3 ch dc u next chs; 5 ch 1 L u bar already worked into; 5 ch 1 L u next chs; 9 ch T dc u 2nd of these chs; 5 ch dc u next 2nd; 7 ch dc u centre of bar. Fasten off.

Make and join seven or eight of these divisions. For the neck, make 1 L u bar at corner; 5 ch 1 L u same for twice; * 4 ch 1 L u chs 3 times; 4 ch 1 L u chs already worked into; 4 ch dc u next chs 8 times; 4 ch 1 L u bar. Repeat from *; make both corners alike; do not fasten off, but make the Edge thus:—7 ch dc u chs 3 times; 7 ch dc u bar and u chs twice, and u bar at corner; 7 ch dc u same bar; * 7 ch dc u 10 stitch; 7 ch dc u chs already worked into; 7 ch dc u bar, and u chs three times; 7 ch dc on 4th dc; 7 ch 1 L on next 4th; 7 ch dc u bar; 7 ch dc u bar already worked into. Repeat from * to the other side of the neck; where along the neck, make 4 do u each 4 ch to the other side of neck; then join on the scarlet cotton for the Edge; 2 dc u 1st ch; * 7 ch 2 dc u same. Repeat from * twice more. (8 chs of 7 and 8 dc stitches;) 9 do u next 7. Repeat these two patterns all round, and fasten off.

CROCHET FRINGE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THERE are so many purposes for which a most useful articles in our Work-Table Department. It is quite astonishing to see how much pretty fringe is applicable, that it is one of the



can be accomplished in the way of ornament, with a very small outlay of expense and the exercise of taste and industry. Curtains, toilet-table covers, counterpanes, may all, at a very trifling expense, be converted into ornamental articles of daily use, in this way. The Crochet Fringe we have given has a very pretty effect round any of the articles enumerated; and when these are all trimmed to match, they look extremely well. Each star is worked separately, a chain of twelve loops joined to form a ring,

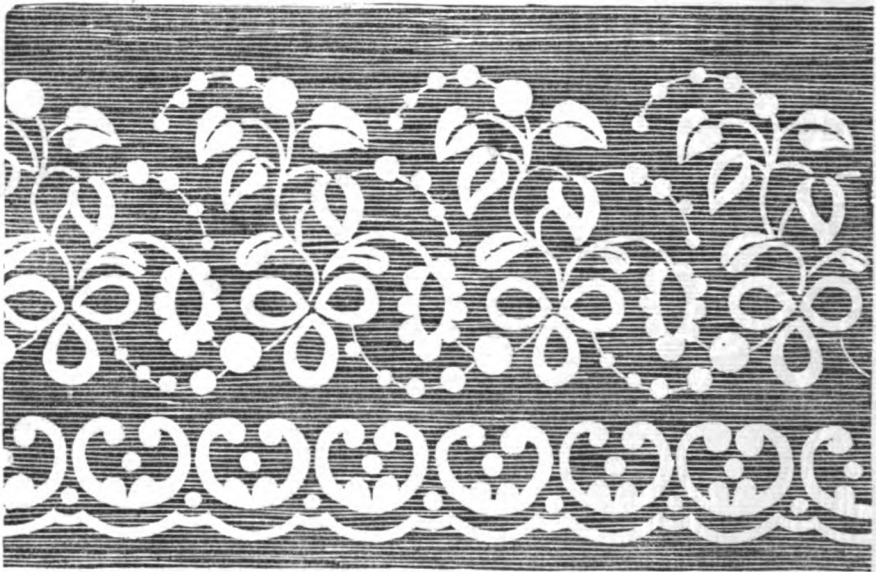
This is worked over with single crochet. The net row is chain nine, loop in third stitch, chain nine again and repeat, making four chains of nine stitches on the ring. On these work over two stitches of single, seven of double, and two of single again, in each of the four loops. These stars are sewn together as many rows as may be preferred, to form either a deep or narrow fringe. Six or eight thicknesses of cotton are then tied into the outer row, in every star. The proper cotton is No. 10 Six-cord Crochet Cotton.

APPLIQUE LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THERE is an elegance about these applique laces which no other sort of embroidery possesses; but to insure this effect very fine materials and extremely neat work are indispensable. Good Brussels net, which will not shrink when washed, and fine, clear Swiss muslin, form the groundwork materials. These must be tacked together before commencing the pattern. The pattern must then be carefully arranged and closely tacked as much in the intermediate parts as at the edges, so that there should be no dragging of either the muslin or the net. It must then be neatly traced in cotton. Every line

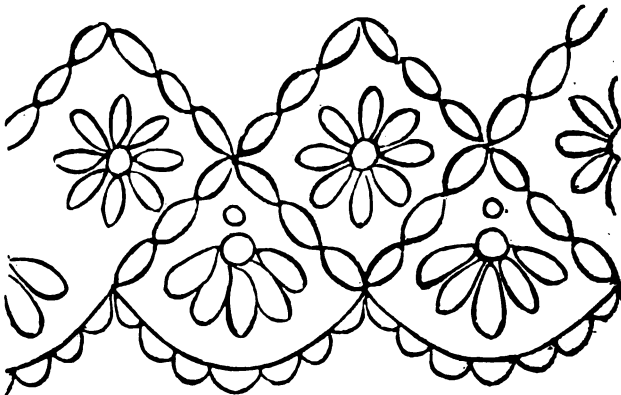
must then be sewn over with the greatest regularity and evenness. When the whole of the design is completed and the paper pattern removed, the superfluous muslin must be cut out, leaving only the pattern in the muslin on the net ground. The designs for applique must be arranged expressly for this sort of work, as they are quite different from those intended for the general style of embroidery. The one we have this month given is extremely elegant, when worked, and for any purpose of dress where a superior degree of ornament is required, this will be found especially suitable. For a berth,



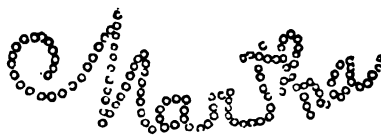
and short sleeves for full dress, or for a cap or a veil, this work would show to great advantage. It is equally important that the best cotton should also be selected for working, as it is

quite as requisite as that good net and muslin should be used. Two sizes are necessary—one for tracing the pattern, the other for sewing over. The first may be No. 20, the latter No. 40.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



BOTTOM OF SKIRT.



NAME FOR MARKING.

THE GERMAN WATCH-HANGER

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER

Dark Orange.

Light ditto.

Dark Yellow.

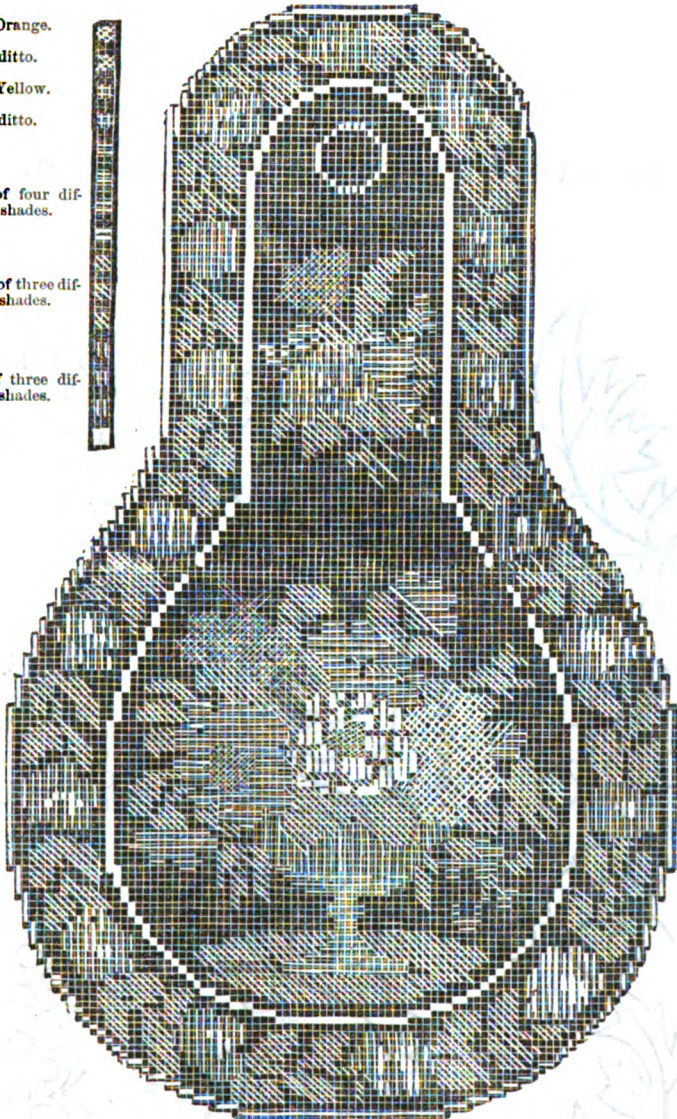
Light ditto.

Blue of four different shades.

Green of three different shades.

Red of three different shades.

White.



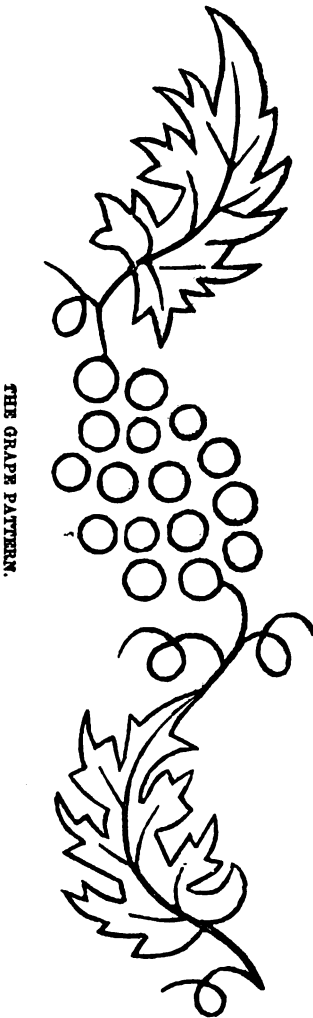
We have this month selected for illustration an article which is as useful in every house as it is ornamental. The colors contrast effectively with each other, and, being of a soft character, their introduction will not disturb the harmony of tone, whether grave or gay, already prevailing in the apartment for which it is intended. The two lines which enclose the border of roses are worked in the deepest of the three shades of the flowers. The roses are worked

in floss silk, the light being in white floss silk. The ground is a very soft, pale blue in Berlin wool. The flowers in the centre group are also in floss silk, but not any of the leaves. Our scale of colors will best explain the flowers. Attention should also be paid to the size of the canvas.

In making up, a cardboard shape must be cut to the exact size, over which the work must be stretched and lined with silk. The stitches are to be concealed by a row of opaque blue beads the same color as the ground, one bead being taken in the needle at every stitch, and using blue reel cotton.

EMBROIDERIES AND BRAIDING.

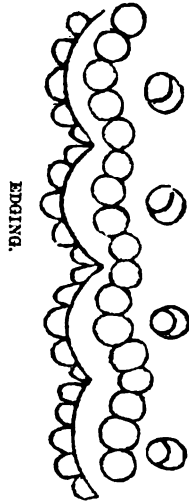
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



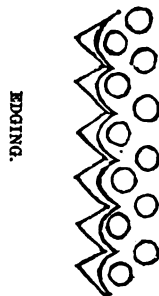
THE GRAPE PATTERN.



THE SCROLL PATTERN.



EDGING.



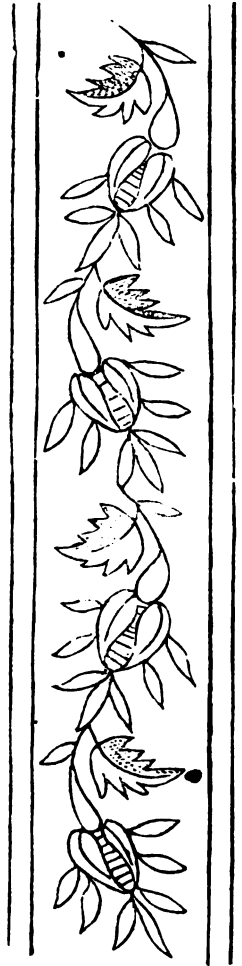
EDGING.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.

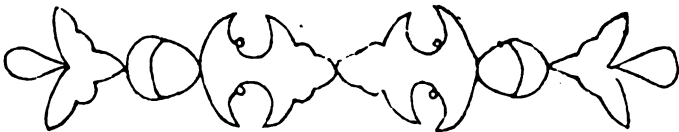
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.



INSERTING.



EMBROIDERY ABOVE THE HEM OF FLANNEL SKIRT.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

STARE, MY DEAR.—Stare, my dear, he's a minister. Don't be afraid, he's used to it. Don't he stand up in a pulpit every Sunday and expect to be looked at? Count the wrinkles in his neck-cloth, and the buttons on his vest; observe whether his eyes are black or blue, or both. Satisfy yourself whether his profile is Greek or Roman, and then tell your friends you had no idea the Rev. Mr. ——— was so plain—positively a dowdy. To be sure a meeting-house, especially with stained windows, is a great flatterer.

Stare, my dear, do stare; she's a widow. Widows go into black to be stared at, you know. They like to have their grief furnish food for impertinent curiosity. If she smiles, though it be with that sad, worn look, tell your dear, five or five hundred, as the case may be, that you don't believe she cared a fig for her husband, and you shouldn't wonder if she was married in a month. Don't scruple to stare very hard, if her veil is thick, so as to see if she has really been weeping. If she is pale, protest that you believe she uses chalk for effect—if her lips are set holding in her grief, declare that she has been practicing "prunes and prisms." Don't pity her; widows are so common—why should you? You didn't see that darkened chamber. You didn't hear that dying farewell—it was not your heart that grew cold with anguish at the pressure of trembling fingers, damp with death-dew.

Stare, my dear, do stare. That woman is worth a hundred thousand. Only look at her; feed her vanity. Note her flounces and the dress that cost not a cent less than one hundred hard dollars. Keep staring, it's polite. You don't often see such women with their hard eyes and independent bearing—look your fill at riches, and then go home and tell what wonderful things you have seen.

Stare, my dear, do stare. That's a country girl. It is indeed! Elevate your eye-glass. Her bonnet cost a dollar, and her gown is cheap chintz. Oh! you needn't mind her annoyance, it's lady-like to stare such things out of countenance, what else do you wear a twenty dollar hat for! Nudge your neighbor and laugh aside at her taste. Poor child! how her cheek burns. Never mind, ladies are privileged.

Stare, my dear, do stare. That's a cripple. His feet are out of shape, and his back is broken. See, his fine, dark eye falls as you look; he notes your smile and hobbles to get beyond you. He loves to be stared at—deformed people generally do. They like to feel their difference—to compare their crooked bodies and withered limbs with your straight forms and supple motions. They love to feel themselves so different—it is pleasant to be singular, you know—so do stare. Don't mind his blushes, his awkwardness. It's your privilege—and a free country to back you up.

Stare, my dear, do stare. She's a very humble woman with a basket of dirty clothes. She really is honest, though poor, and virtuous, though needy. Don't abate your curiosity because with an appealing look she turns away, but keep on staring. She has never known better days, so she won't mind it—not at all. It's a proof that you take notice of her. She hasn't any nerves—poor people never have nerves. They expect to be looked at as if they were orang-outangs. They've got used to it, as lobsters have to boiling water, as eels to being skinned. Lobsters don't feel; eels don't feel; ergo, poor people don't feel.

Stare, my dear, do stare. Stare at everybody. If an author comes along, feed your eyes upon his face till you get the gauge of every freckle, pimple or blemish. Then

whisper to your seven particular friends, so that their seven particular bonnets may turn all at once as if on so many harmonious pivots; it makes one feel exceedingly comfortable. Stare at anybody that has a reputation for celebrity from the perpetration of murder down to the perpetration of a paragraph. Most especially, my dear, regale yourself with the deformed; they are never sensitive. Some people say they are, and compare them with the shivering leaf that curls away if the warm finger comes but near it. All a mistake; don't you believe it, and so withhold the glance of pity—(turned away, however)—or even the smile of derision. A needle is very sharp when it enters the quivering flesh—but what is feeling to flesh; nothing can hurt that, so stare, my dear. Keep your delicacy for those who are perfect; they need it most.

THE CHARM OF PINE WOODS.—There will be thousands, like ourselves, to realize the truth of the following description, which we copy from the Rev. Charles Kingsley, author of "Alton Locke." We know just such an aromatic pine wood, through which we walked only an hour ago—it is our favorite haunt—and the fragrance of which still lingers about us, in imagination, as we write. "The March breeze is chilly," says Kingsley, "but I can be always warm if I like in my winter garden. I turn my horse's head to the red wall of fir stems, and leap over the fure-grown bank into my cathedral; (wherein, if there be no saints, there are likewise no priestcraft and no idols)—but endless vistas of smooth, red, green-veined shafts holding up the warm, dark roof, lessening away into endless gloom—paved with rich, brown fir-needle—a carpet at which Nature has been at work for forty years. Red shafts, green roof, and here and there a pane of blue sky—neither Owen Jones nor Willement can improve upon that ecclesiastical ornamentation—while for incense I have the fresh, healthy, turpentine fragrance, far sweeter to my nostrils than the stifling narcotic odor which fills a Roman Catholic Cathedral. There is not a breath of air within; but the breeze sighs over the roof above in a soft whisper. I shut my eyes, and listen. Surely that is the murmur of the summer sea upon the summer sands in Devon far away. I hear the innumerable wavelets spend themselves gently upon the shore and die away to rise again. And with the innumerable wave-sighs come innumerable memories, and faces which I shall never see again upon this earth. I will not tell even you of that, old friend. It has two notes, two keys rather, that Æolian harp of fir-needles above my head; according as the wind is, east or west, the needles dry or wet. This easterly key of to-day is shriller, more cheerful, warmer in sound, though the day itself be colder: but grander still, as well as softer, is the grand sighing key in which the southwest wind roars on, rain-laden, over the forest, and calls me forth—being a minute philosopher—to catch trout in the nearest chalk stream."

EGGENT'S HEAD-DRESS.—It may not be uninteresting to the ladies to be informed that the head-dress at present worn by the French Empress in the country is a little hat fastened under the chin with a gauze scarf, and christened by her an *Olivia*, from "The Vicar of Wakefield."

MORE FOR THE MONEY.—The Northfield (Minnesota) Journal says:—"Peterson's is a general favorite with the ladies. It gives a large amount of reading matter—larger than any other Magazine, for the money—and it is always of a choice quality."

A WITTY POEM.—Has it ever been noticed how many wits have been clergymen? Sidney Smith, Dean Swift, Robert Hall, and others are familiar illustrations. Perhaps one of the wittiest men of the present day is the Rev. Charles Tisdall, of Dublin, Ireland. He is but little known on this side of the Atlantic, except as an exemplary divine, for his modesty has, as yet, kept him from publishing. But in social and literary circles abroad he is well known. We have, before us, a copy of some verses, sent, by him, to a friend, which are capital in their way: and they have never before appeared in print.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A COUNTRY WASHER-WOMAN.

(NOT IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD AND (NOT) BY GRAY.

Farewell, old friend, to mem'ry ever dear,
Thy toil and labor in this world are o'er,
Let every friend to merit shed a tear,
The faithful Mulligan is now no more!

In humble cot she pass'd a useful life,
Unmindful of the world and all its ills,
A tender mother, a devoted wife,
Perfection—in her doing up of frills.

Oft have I seen her, on a Summer's day,
Prono o'er her task, unmindful of the heat,
With sleeves tuck'd up, she'd stand and scrub away,
And then on hedges spread her work so neat.

Each closing week, at eve, she took the road,
With caps, chemises, handkerchiefs and frills,
Stockings and vests, in wicker-baskets stow'd,
Pinned to the bundles were—her little bills.

Full many a votary at Fashion's shrine
Owed half his beauty to her starch and iron,
From *gens* who sport their shirts of cambrio fine
To little boys with collars *à la Byron*.

One day I chanced to pass her cottage by,
And wondered where its occupant could be,
I saw a heap of clothes neglected lie,
Nor at the tub, nor at the hedge was she.

Returning home I saw upon the ground
An empty basket, with a letter tied,
I broke the seal, and to my anguish found
That morning Biddy Mulligan had died!

Adieu ye spotless vests of white Marseilles,
So white ye give me pleasure to put on,
Ye snowy-bosomed shirts a long farewell—
Alas! poor Biddy's "occupation's gone."

Not all the symmetry of Hoesbach's suits,
Nor hats by Morgan exquisitely glossed,
Nor Asken's ties, nor Parker's Jetty boots,
Console me for the treasure I have lost.

Oh! Mulligan, thy shirts perfection were,
Now I ne'er put one on but feeling pain,
And closing up my waistcoat in despair
Feel I can never show their like again.

Death's ruthless hand hath laid thee out at last,
Thy mangling's done, his is a mangling trade,
Thou'rt bleaching in the chilly Northern blast,
Pale as the shirts o'er which thy fingers stray'd.

Nymphs of the tomb! attend the fun'ral throng,
Plant (mangold) mangle wurtsel near where she is laid,
And scatter snow-drops as ye pass along,
Fit emblems of the whiteness of her trade.

THE EPITAPH.

Let no bombastic verse be carv'd in stone,
No high-flown eulogy, no flatt'ring trope.
Be then the plain inscription—this alone—
"She never yet was badly off for soap"

SIMPLICITY OF REPUBLICAN MANNERS.—The Baltimore Sun tells a story, in regard to President Buchanan, which illustrates the simplicity and frankness of our republican manners. In no other nation could the incident have occurred. It seems that the President, on his return from Bedford Springs, stopped at the Relay House, between Washington and Baltimore, and being dusty and hot, passed into the bar-room, with the rest of the passengers by the train. Here he threw off his coat and his white neck-cloth, carelessly pitching them over a chair, opened his shirt collar, and tucked up his sleeves for a wash, conveniences for this purpose being in the apartment. At the time, however, both basins were occupied by two young men, neither of whom seemed to be aware that the President was present. He waited patiently for some time, when some one spoke and invited him up stairs. He declined, however, quietly remarking that he would "wait for his turn." And as soon as the basins were vacated he "took his turn" in a good wash in the public bar-room. This done, he seemed rather perplexed about the arrangement of his neck-cloth, and seemed likely to tie his nose and mouth up in it. Somebody, however, just then offered assistance, and the President was briefly equipped. But, meantime, a person, who had come into the room, exclaimed aloud, "Look here, I thought the old Pres. was to be here to-day—" The speech was cut short by a nudge, while a momentary comical expression passed across the face of that same "old Pres." A cigar was handed to him by a friend; he took a drink of ice-water, and had barely fired up the cigar, when the bell rung, and "all aboard" summoned the Chief Magistrate of the United States to his seat in the cars, and away they went to Washington. The Baltimore Sun adds: "We took our admiration of this scene of republican simplicity quietly with us into the cars for Baltimore, and mused with some complacency over the sterling honor of being an American citizen."

THE LECTURE SEASON.—We are glad to hear that Park Benjamin, Esq., the wittiest of American lecturers, has prepared several new lectures for the approaching winter. His "Hard Times," which we had the pleasure of listening to, last year, was the best thing of its kind we ever heard. It is rumored that he is the author of "The Finishing School," in Harper's Magazine for September: a satirical poem that is making almost as much noise as "Nothing to Wear" did. If he is not the author, he might easily have been; for in these racy hits at society he has no superior.

INEXPERIENCED WRITERS.—We must again decline receiving manuscripts from inexperienced writers. We still receive, almost daily, crude tales, sketches, &c., which we are requested to read, correct, and publish. This description of articles, we need not say, we do not want. Our subscribers would not thank us, if we published the articles in the shape we receive them; and we have not the time (for time with us, at least, is money) to rewrite them.

AN EDITOR MARRIED.—One of that unhappy fraternity, the bachelor editors of the United States, has lately married a pretty Tennessee girl; and talks as follows of his bills. "A pair of sweet lips, a pressure or two of delicate hands, and a pink waist ribbon, will do as much to unhinge a man as three fevers, the measles, a large-sized whooping-cough, a pair of lock-jaws, several hydrophobias, and the doctor's bill."

HOW TO GET A GOOD WIFE.—Subscribe to "Peterson," and send it to the most amiable girl you know. After that exhibition of good taste, she will say "Yes," the very first time she is asked. Try it, if you doubt us.

THE LAUNCH.—We give, as an extra plate, this month, a mirth-moving engraving under this title. Isn't it capital?

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of Rachel. By Madame de B.—1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The world is always curious about great men and great women. Rachel, the famous French actress, without being morally great, was intellectually so; and hence the desire of so many persons, in both hemispheres, to have a memoir of her. That memoir has now appeared. It is, on the whole, discreet and interesting, and as impartial, perhaps, as could be expected. We cannot deny that it is a readable book. But we are not the admirers of Rachel's genius, much less of Rachel, the woman. Charlotte Bronte, when she saw her act in London, expressed our own feelings when we beheld her, in America, in the part of Phædra. "She is not a woman," exclaimed the author of *Jane Eyre*, "she is a snake." A famous critic has just pronounced her to have achieved the highest possibilities of a false school of art. More than this, or less than what Miss Bronte wrote, cannot be said of Rachel.

Squier's Central America. By E. J. Squier. With numerous original Maps and illustrations. A new and enlarged edition. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This work not only made its reputation long ago, but has been in such demand, that a new and improved edition has been called for, and now lies before us. The increasing interest felt in Central America is doubtless the chief cause of this popularity. Mr. Squier, having been Charge d' Affaires to the Republics of Central America, had unusual facilities for acquiring correct information respecting them; and in this volume has collected and digested all that is known regarding their biography, topography, climate, population, resources, productions, &c., &c. The volume is handsomely printed.

Dr. Thorne. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is one of the most readable novels which has appeared for many months. Mary Thorne, the heroine, is a charming creature, and we do not wonder that Frank loved her so devotedly. The characters of Dr. Thorne, Sir Roger Scatcherd, Lady Arabella, the Squire, and Lady Jane de Courcy, are admirably discriminated. The election scenes are particularly well done. Mr. Trollope is a comparatively young writer, and will yet achieve a leading reputation, if this novel is to be considered a fair specimen of his powers.

Tales of the Crusaders. By the author of "Waverley." 2 vols., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—These two volumes, the thirty-seventh and thirty-eighth of the "Household Edition of Scott's Novels," contain the tales of "The Betrothed," "The Talisman," and "The Highland Widow." This beautiful edition of Scott is now rapidly drawing to a close. No person of taste can consider his or her library complete, unless it has this "Household Edition;" and we advise such, therefore, to lose no time in purchasing the volumes. Considering its elegance, the edition is remarkably cheap.

Two Millions. By the author of "Nothing to Wear." 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—We hear that this poem has had a great success, and can easily believe it, for everybody expected to find a better thing than even "Nothing to Wear." But everybody has been disappointed. "Two Millions" is neither as racy, nor as original as its predecessor, and though not without good passages, will scarcely add to the reputation of Mr. Butler. The volume, however, is very pretty got up.

The Coopers; or, Getting Under Way. By Alice B. Haven. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The merit of Mrs. Haven as a writer, better known to the public as Mrs. J. C. Neal, has become a household word. In this charming volume, she has worked out a pretty little story, full of excellent advice to young people on the subject of marriage. There is always a raciness in what Mrs. Haven writes.

Sermons, Preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton. By the late Rev. F. W. Robertson. Third Series. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—On a former occasion, we noticed the preceding series of these sermons, and we can now only add, that this is not inferior to its predecessors. By a large and influential denunciation, this volume will be welcomed as a most powerful and intelligent exposition of its sentiments; while impartial Christians of all sects will recognize on every page the sincerity, earnestness, ability, learning, and piety of its author.

On the Authorized Version of the New Testament, in connection with some recent proposals for its revision. By R. C. Trench, D. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Redfield.—Whatever Dr. Trench writes will be read, and pondered on, by all thoughtful men. His advice on the best means of revising our English translation of the Bible contains as much sound sense and knowledge, as we have ever met with on the subject, especially within the limits of so small a compass.

Memoirs of Joseph Curtis, a Model Man. By Miss Sedgwick. 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Whatever Miss Sedgwick's pen attempts is worthy of the theme. Whatever her genius touches is so far forth beautiful. The author of "Hope Leslie," in this little volume, has rendered interesting, what, if told by another, would have seemed very common-place.

King Richard the Third. By Jacob Abbott. 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Another of that fascinating series, "Abbott's Illustrated Histories," than which we find no books more popular with young people.

ORIGINAL PUDDING RECEIPTS.

Quince Pudding.—Pare—very thin—six quinces, cut them into quarters, and put them into a pan with a little water and lemon peel; cover them close, and stew them gently until they become tender. Then rub them through a sieve, and afterward mix in some sugar, and a little cinnamon, or ginger. Beat up four eggs with a pint of cream, or new milk—and stir it well into the quinces till they are of a good thickness. Lay a puff paste in a dish, pour your mixture into it, bake it three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven, and serve it warm.

Cocoa-Nut Pudding.—The ingredients are:—Half a pound and two ounces of sugar—the same quantity of butter beaten to a cream—the whites of ten eggs, beaten to a froth—half a pound and two ounces of grated cocoa-nut, one wineglassful of wine, and the same quantity of brandy, and of rose-water. Put the ingredients together, keeping them moderately warm whilst beating them. Bake the puddings in an oven. This recipe is sufficient for three puddings.

Lemon Pudding.—The ingredients are:—One pound of butter, and one pound of sugar—beat to a cream; ten eggs—beat very light; the rind of one lemon—thoroughly grated; the juice of one lemon; one wineglassful of wine, one of brandy, and one of rose-water. Beat the ingredients well together, and bake the puddings in puff paste, in a quick oven, for half an hour. This quantity of material is sufficient for four puddings.

Almond Pudding.—Ingredients:—One pound of butter; one pound of sugar; half a quarter of a pound of blanched almonds—pounded fine; one glassful of brandy; one glassful of wine; one glassful of rose-water, and five eggs—well beaten. Add half the rose-water to the almonds whilst bruising them. Bake the pudding in a quick oven.

Cocoa-Nut Pudding.—To one cocoa-nut—grated—take six eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, one wineglassful of wine, and some nutmeg. Bake in a fine puff paste.

Baked Bread Pudding.—Half a pound of stale bread crumbs, one pint and a half of boiling milk—poured over six eggs, beat light, and added when the milk cools—a quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, one nutmeg, and three-quarters of a pound of currants. Melt the butter in the milk—beat the eggs and sugar together—and butter the dish in which the pudding is to be baked.

Indian Pudding.—The ingredients are:—One pint of molasses, six eggs, one quart of milk, half a pound of suet, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, and six cupfuls of Indian meal. Warm the milk and molasses together; beat up, and add in the eggs; mix the suet with the meal, and pour in the milk. Slice in a few apples. Bake in a pan.

Custard Pudding.—Soak some bread in one quart of good milk, then add eight eggs—well beaten—some raisins and cinnamon; pour the whole into a dish, putting in as much sweetening as you like; butter a few slices of bread, lay them on the top, and bake the pudding in an oven or stove.

Boiled Pudding.—Soak some stale bread in a quart of good milk—add six eggs, well beaten—a little salt, and as much flour as you think will make it thick enough. Put it into a bag and boil it an hour. Raisins may be added if you like them. Serve it with whatever sauce you prefer.

Baked Rice Pudding.—Boil the rice until it becomes perfectly soft; then add to it half a pound of butter, the same quantity of sugar, one nutmeg, and as much wine and nutmeg as you prefer. Beat in also four eggs. Bake in a dish.

Sweet Potato Pudding.—(A sufficient quantity for four puddings.) Take three good sized potatoes, one quarter of a pound of butter, one pint of milk, three eggs, one lemon, and sugar to your taste. Bake in a good crust.

Lemon Pudding.—(To be baked in a fine crust.) Three ounces of butter, the same quantity of sugar, one lemon, one wineglassful of rose-water, and four eggs.

ORIGINAL USEFUL RECEIPTS.

To Dye Wool Scarlet.—Take one gallon of water to one pound of yarn—also one ounce of cochineal, two ounces of cream of tartar, and two ounces and a quarter of solution of tin. When the water comes to a boil, put in the cream of tartar, then the cochineal; when dissolved, add the solution of tin, and then the yarn, stirring it all the time. Let it boil fifteen minutes, air it once or twice, and then rinse it well in soft water.

To Make Indelible Ink.—Put six cents worth of lunar caustic into a bottle, and to it the eighth of a gill of vinegar; let it stand in the sun from ten to fifteen hours. In another bottle put two cents worth of pearlsh, add one cent's worth of gum arabic, and about a gill of rain water. The first preparation is the ink; the second is the preparation to be first placed on the linen. After marking, expose to the sun's rays.

To Destroy Flies.—To one pint of milk add a quarter of a pound of raw sugar, and two ounces of ground pepper; simmer them together eight or ten minutes, and place it about in shallow dishes. The flies attack it greedily, and are soon suffocated. By this method kitchens, &c., may be kept clear of flies all summer, without the danger attending poison.

Starch Polish.—Take one ounce of spermaceti, and one ounce of white wax; melt, and run it into a thin cake on a plate. A piece the size of a quarter dollar, added to a quart of prepared starch, gives a beautiful lustre to the clothes, and prevents the iron from sticking.

Bluing for Clothes.—(Better and cheaper than indigo.) Take one ounce of soft Prussian blue, powder it, and put it in a bottle with one quart of clear rain water, and add one quarter ounce of oxalic acid. A teaspoonful is sufficient for a large washing.

To Clean Black Silk Gloves, &c.—Black silk gloves, kid boots, and shoes may be cleaned by adding to three parts of whites of eggs one part of ink. Mix well together, then damp a sponge with it, and rub it over the articles to be cleaned.

Cologne Water.—The ingredients are:—One half ounce oil garden lavender; sixty drops each of oil bergamot, and essence of musk; two drops oil cinnamon; eight drops attar roses; and one and a half pints of alcohol.

To take Grease out of Cloth.—Make a mixture composed of an ounce of liquid ammonia, and four ounces of alcohol, to which must be added an equal quantity of water. There is no better preparation than this.

To Clean Black Silk.—Take an old kid glove, and boil it in a pint of water for an hour. Then let it cool, and when cold, add a little more water, and sponge the silk with the liquid.

Eye Water.—Take of sulphate of zinc, ten grains, sugar of lead, twenty grains, and rose-water, one pint. Dissolve each separately, and then mix; turn off the clear water for use.

Cement.—Melt together half a pound of rosin, two tablespoonfuls of white lead, four tablespoonfuls of tallow, and a piece of bees-wax the size of a hen's egg.

Cement.—(Good.)—Half a pound of rosin, one-quarter of a pound of red ochre, two ounces of plaster of Paris, and one sixteenth of a pint of linseed oil.

Poison for Bugs.—The ingredients are:—Corrosive sublimate and sal-ammoniac, half an ounce of each; and one pint of whiskey.

To Extract Indelible Ink.—Rub the stain with a little sal-ammoniac, moistened with water.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TOILET.

Scented Wash Ball.—Take of the best white soap, shaved into slices, $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; of Florentine orris, $\frac{3}{4}$ oz.; of calamus aromaticus, the same; of elder flowers, of cloves, and dried rose leaves, each, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; coriander seeds, lavender, and bay leaves, each, a drachm; with three drachms of storax. Reduce the whole to a fine powder, which knead into a paste with the soap, adding a few grains of musk or ambergris. When you make this paste into wash balls soften it with a little oil of almonds to render the composition more lenient; this soap has excellent cleansing and cosmetic properties.

To Remove Stains from the Hands.—Ink-stains, dye-stains, &c., can be immediately removed by dipping the finger in water, (warm water is best,) and then rubbing on the stain a small portion of oxalic acid powder and cream of tartar, mixed together in equal quantities, and kept in a box. When the stain disappears, wash the hands with fine soap or almond cream. A small box of this stain-powder should be kept always in the washstand drawer, unless there are small children in the family, in which case it should be put out of their reach, as it is a poison if swallowed.

A Cheap Pomatum.—Take a quarter of a pound of fresh lard, and about half an ounce of white wax, and twopenny-worth of rose hair oil, mix well together; this makes a good, cheap pomatum, and will not injure the hair. Instead of the rose hair oil you may use a small quantity of any liquid scent you please.

Irritation of the Skin.—Solution of Magnesia one fluid ounce, to be taken twice or thrice a day, combined with a little ginger or bitter aromatic tonics. This distressing sensation does not arise from the black dye of the dress as Olga supposes, but from acidity of the stomach.

A Capital Pomade.—Dissolve thoroughly over a slow fire two ounces of white wax and half an ounce of palm oil, with a flask of the best olive oil. Stir it till nearly cold; then add one ounce of castor oil and about three pennyworth of bergamot or any other perfume you please.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR DESSERT.

Calfs-foot Jelly.—To one set of feet take two quarts of water. Boil them well, let the liquor stand until it becomes cool, then carefully skim off all the fat. Take about one pound and a half of sugar, some cinnamon, a little mace, one large lemon, (or three lemons,) the whites of three eggs, and the shells, and half a pint of wine; (or one pint of wine.) Mix these ingredients with the cold liquor, then put it over the fire, let it come to a boil, and then strain it through a flannel jelly-bag.

Lemon Custard.—Beat the yolks of eight eggs until they become as white as milk, and then add to them a pint of boiling water, and the grated rinds of two lemons; sweeten to your taste, and stir the mixture over the fire until it seems to be thick enough for use, and then add in a large wineglassful of rich wine, and half the quantity of brandy; give the whole a scald, and pour it into cups. To be served cold.

Floating Island.—Beat the whites of two eggs so light that a spoon will stand in it, and by degrees beat in two tablespoonfuls of some favorite jam, two tablespoonfuls of currant jelly, and five tablespoonfuls of loaf sugar. Drop the float upon the surface of a quart of milk poured into a deep glass or china dish. The milk must be sweetened, and flavored with a small portion of wine.

Cherry Toast.—Stone and stew what you consider a suitable quantity of cherries, adding as much sugar as you prefer, and also some sticks of cinnamon. Toast some small, thin slices of bread; put a layer of it on the bottom of a dish, then a layer of cherries, and so on until the dish is filled. The juice should be flavored with a small portion of wine. Serve this dish cold.

Pumpkin Custard.—Mix with one quart of stewed pumpkins, six eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter, half a pint of wine, some nutmeg, and as much sugar as you prefer.

Jelly Custard.—To a cupful of the jelly you most prefer, add one egg—well beaten—and three teaspoonfuls of cream. After mixing the ingredients thoroughly together, bake in a fine puff crust.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

DUMB PROVERBS.—A player thinks of a proverb, and then without speaking tries to make it understood by actions. But it is best before commencing the game to appoint a President, so that if the proverb is not guessed, he can ask any question in reference to it, if he thinks it is not sufficiently intelligible. We give some examples:—

The player leaves the room, and then rushes in and around the room in great fear and trembling, constantly looking behind, as if expecting that some one was chasing him. The one who first guesses "Fugitives fear, though they be not pursued," must take his (or her) turn, and give another one—we will suppose "Some are very busy, and yet do nothing." This can be done by going about lifting and moving different articles and putting them down again in the same place, doing it swiftly, and as though they thought they were very industrious and had so very much to do.

Another proverb that could be acted in this way, is, "They who give willingly, love to give quickly." The player can pick up any of the small articles about the room, and present one to each of the company, and by motions beg of them to accept them, doing so with a cheerful and quick manner. "Two of a trade seldom agree," is another proverb, and requires two performers who leave the room and decide what trade they will represent, and then entering again, they work very pleasantly together, acting as though they were very friendly, when in a few moments a change comes over them, and they end as if they were disputing, and are quite angry with each other.

ART RECREATIONS.

FOR GRECIAN PAINTING.—J. E. Tilton & Co. Boston and Salem, Mass., publish the following fine and desirable engravings, which they send by mail, *post-paid*, on receipt of price.

	Size of Plate.	Price.
Hawatha's Wooling,	14 by 18	\$1.50
The Farm Yard,	13 by 19	1.50
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These are intended for Grecian and Antique Painting, and have full and separate rules how to paint each object, how to mix each color. They also continue to publish new and desirable things in this line, of which they send notice to their customers.

Seminaries, Dealers and Teachers furnished with the above, and all Artists' Goods at a liberal discount.

Sets of the best English Oil Colors in tubes, varnish, oils, brushes, and the other needful materials for Grecian and Antique Painting, furnished for three dollars. Small trial pictures for use at thirteen cents each.

Improvements made from time to time in these and other styles, will be communicated to our customers, *without extra charge*.

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Purchasers to the amount of five dollars, are entitled to all our directions free. Persons ordering the directions for one dollar, and after buying materials to the amount of five dollars, may deduct the one dollar paid for directions.

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ECONOMY IN DRESS.

FEMALE UNDER CLOTHES.—The cost of these is not near so great as many suppose. A lady can procure, if she makes them herself, for little more than ten dollars, the following:

Six good plain chemises.
 Ditto pairs of drawers.
 Ditto petticoats.
 Ditto night-dresses.

Get two pieces of long cloth. The pieces run from $40\frac{1}{2}$ to $41\frac{1}{2}$ yards; and, if properly cut, scarcely a thread need be wasted. The eighty-three yards will make

	Yards.
Six chemises, $1\frac{1}{4}$ long, $2\frac{1}{4}$ in each,	15
Six pairs of drawers, $1\frac{1}{4}$ long, $2\frac{1}{4}$ in each,	$13\frac{1}{2}$
Six petticoats, $1\frac{1}{4}$ long, 4 widths, 5 in each,	30
Six night-dresses, 13 by 16 long, 4 widths, leaving 13 inches for sleeves,	24
	$82\frac{1}{2}$

These should all be cut out at the same time, as the sloppings from the drawers will cut the bands, and bands for petticoats, shoulder-straps, collars, wristbands, gussets, etc., for night-dresses. The sleeves of chemises ought to be cut from the piece taken off the top; the small gores joined on at the bottom from the piece cut out each side. When the set is completed, mark them neatly.

Number each article, and wear them in rotation. It is advisable to get two other pieces of long cloth and com-



LES MODES PARISIENNES

mence a second half dozen, as soon as convenient; by wearing them in turn, the dozen will last four or even five years. If ladies wish for trimming, the best for night-dresses is unveined insertion and scallop edging. A neat crochet edge is pretty for the chemise, and less expensive; the quantity required for chemise is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard; insertion for collar, wrist, and front of night-dress, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard; of scallop work, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

The less trimming there is on under-linen the more lady-like it appears. A nicely vandyked long cloth collar, gauntlet cuff, and piece down the front to correspond, is both simple and elegant, and does not get destroyed in the wash.

To young ladies of limited means who say they have not time to do their own plain sewing without interfering with other duties, we would say, rise an hour earlier for the purpose, and always have some at hand to take up any spare minute that may occur during the day. Try this plan for one week; you will be surprised at the quantity of work done even in those odd minutes. With a sewing machine, vastly more, of course, can be done, in less time.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING DRESS OF PLAID SILK.—Skirt plain. Corsage high, with a very long point in front. Sleeves plaited low down on the arm, and very wide at the lower part. The corsage and sleeves are trimmed with medallions of brown silk, surrounded by narrow black lace quilled. Bonnet of white silk with pink flowers.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF GREY PLaid SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with several rows of velvet, put on in a diamond pattern, with a black floss tassel in each diamond. Corsage high, with a basque cut short, with five points, two in front, one on each hip, and one behind. These points are finished with tassels. Large, wide sleeves, ornamented to correspond with the corsage and skirt.

FIG. III.—WALKING DRESS OF GREY SILK CHEENE WITH PINK ROSES.—Mantelet of black silk, with two deep founcces pinked at the edges. Bonnet of tartan plaid velvet, trimmed with a band and bow of black velvet ribbon.

FIG. IV.—DINNER DRESS OF APPLE GREEN CHEENE SILK.—The skirt is double; corsage high and round, and finished at the waist with a mesh. The sleeve is made wide, and slit on the inside of the arm; there is also a wide "jockey cap" at the top.

FIG. V.—WHITE SATIN BONNET from Wildes, 251 Broadway, New York. Composed of white satin, white moss silk, and blonde. The front is of satin, the edge bordered with a narrow fold of the moss silk. The crown is of silk, and laid on with sufficient fullness to form a ruffle, which extends entirely round the crown, forming a double curtain: the edge is finished with a superb fall of blonde, headed by a piping of white satin. The right side is adorned with a graceful ostrich plume, tipped with marabout. The inside of the brim is edged with scarlet velvet, over which is laid a full cap of blonde, interspersed with green velvet leaves. On the left side is a bow and ends of scarlet velvet ribbon, edged with black lace. Broad white strings striped with satin.

FIG. VI.—HEAD-DRESS, also from Wildes. The band over the head forms two scallops, and is composed of a network of scarlet chenille, interspersed with jet beads. On the left side, and extending down the back, is a full rosette, formed of ruches of tulle, and intermingled with gold and scarlet velvet. Pendent from the rosette, descends a long streamer of tulle, decorated by narrow bands of scarlet velvet, edged with blonde, and laid on in a slanting direction. The right side is formed of a single bow and ends of rich chene plaid ribbon, and clusters of marabout feathers, mingled with gold grapes: a single loop of the ribbon extends down the back, and terminates in a long streamer to correspond with the tulle.

FIG. VII.—RAPHAEL CAPS, made of rows of lace and black

velvet on a blonde netting. Two ruffles of wide lace finish the cape at the bottom, and it is tied in front with a narrow black velvet ribbon.

FIG. VIII.—BREAKFAST CAP, composed of French muslin and Valenciennes insertion. The front and cape are finished with rich blue ribbon, ornamented on each side with frills of Valenciennes lace.

FIG. IX.—DINNER CAP, trimmed alternately with a row of white gulpure gathered, and a pink ribbon also gathered. There is a bow on the top of the head, and a second behind.

FIG. X.—HEAD-DRESS FOR EVENING, composed, behind, of a Spanish net, with small tassels on each knot; in front a bandeau of platted ribbon of the same color as the net. At the side a tuft of small roses with ribbons.

FIG. XI.—HOOD-CAP, to wear with a morning dress. It is made of a deep blonde turning all round; the front row is thrown back on the other to form a barbe, and it is trimmed about the crown with a small ribbon ruche, which comes forward to meet the ornaments of the front. On the top a handsome bunch of ribbons. A double bow of ribbon joins the two barbes under the chin.

FIG. XII.—COLLAR OF FRENCH EMBROIDERY, with wide pink ribbon bow and ends, edged with black lace.

FIG. XIII.—HEAD-DRESS OF BLACK LACE, ornamented on one side with a large pink rose with leaves.

FIG. XIV.—BALL HEAD-DRESS, composed of a net of white pearls, with a rich white ostrich feather on the left side. Loops of pearls commence half way up on the right side, and continue around the back of the head-dress.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The autumn chintzes, cashmires, and de laines are of the very richest colors, and generally in large figures. Many of the silks also are very gay. There are many double skirts, some single ones with one very deep founcc, some with two founcces, and very many with three or more. In fact founcces are usually so graceful that it will be a long while before they are wholly dispensed with. A favorite trimming for the double skirts of silk dresses consists of a gouffering or plaiting of ribbon. This trimming may be placed on both skirts, or on the upper one only. The ribbon employed for the purpose may be either figured or plain, but a chequered pattern is extremely effective. Bias bands, set on flat, are also a favorite trimming. They may be of the same material as the dress, or of some color amalgamating with it. It is scarcely necessary to mention that the trimming of the corsage should correspond with that on the skirt.

Sometimes the upper skirt is made to descend in rounded points at each side, and straight in front and at the back. This style is perfectly new. When both skirts are trimmed, the trimming on the lower skirt should be quite at the edge. The bodies of silk, or even of more simple materials, intended for full evening costume, frequently have corsages rounded in front of the waist; others have corsages pointed both in front and at the back—a style which has the recommendation of giving increased slenderness to the waist. The caprices of Fashion are infinite, and the fickle goddess seems at the present time to be more than ever determined to adopt as her motto the word "Variety." Consequently, on occasions not demanding full evening costume, we see some ladies with corsages high to the throat; others with corsages half high in the style known as the "Infant waist," with the fulginess gathered to a point in front of the waist. Many corsages are shaped square at the neck *a la Raphael*. It is only by reviving what is old that we can get at any thing new; and therefore it is that the *elegantes* of the present generation have adopted the fashions of their grandmothers.

SLEEVES are in every variety. For winter very wide sleeves, closed at the wrist with a large pointed cuff, and a wide, pointed jockey cap, will be much in favor.

LACE is worn in profusion. It is employed for the founcces

of wedding dresses, and for those intended for full evening costume. Lace dresses have again become fashionable. Both black and white are equally in favor. Lace trimmings for mantelets are beginning to recover the vogue they once enjoyed, and mantelets of black or white lace are extremely fashionable. Almost every article of embroidery is now richly trimmed with lace.

COLLARS intended for morning and negligé costume are frequently formed of a flat plaiting of muslin, having a broad hem at the edge, and a colored ribbon run within it. Under-sleeves, suitable for the same style of dress, have two puffings at the upper part, with small bows of ribbon fixed on the lower puffing, and the whole finished by a broad frill of muslin, with ribbon run in the edge. Muslin sleeves, close at the wrists, have cuffs formed of a puffing, within which is run a lilac or green ribbon.

BONNETS, as we noticed in our last number, are gradually assuming more of the Marie Stuart shape. The last novelty is the combination of black with colored ribbon in trimming bonnets. This caprice—for it is a *fantasie* rather than a fashion—is gaining favor in Paris. The black saracenet ribbon employed for this style of trimming is by no means so effective as black velvet; and though the innovation is not in the best taste, yet Fashion has accepted it, and consequently it has been readily adopted by her votaries. Black and pink, black and gold-color, and black and currant-color, are the favorite combinations. In the form of bonnets there is no very marked change, but those of the very newest style manifest a slight tendency to enlargement. The trimmings exhibit the most fanciful variety. Some of the bonnets, however, which have just issued from the rooms of the most fashionable Parisian milliners are distinguished by comparative simplicity. One bonnet is of Belgian straw. Round the crown are disposed ears of maize and wheat, the latter made of black velvet. Two narrow rows of lace, the one black and the other white, edge the front. The crown, which is without stiffening, is made of white tulle, spotted with black. The strings are of broad saracenet ribbon, of a bright shade of Prussian blue; and the under-trimming consists of bows of blue and straw-colored ribbon.

The large flat hat a *la mousquetaire*, which has been so much worn of late at the French Court, has been replaced since the Journey to Fontainebleau by the simple gipsey hat, tied down by a gauze scarf, which fastens it beneath the chin. The Empress is said to have named this hat an "Olivia," from the "Vicar of Wakefield," and has worn it with great success in her rambles about the park and gardens of St. Cloud. The ladies of the Imperial Court have followed her example, and the *mousquetaire* is, consequently, quite exploded.

MANTELETS continue to be made very large, with pointed hoods. Tassels are much used in trimming them.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—(See wood cut.)—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY OF BROWN POPLIN, striped with black, and ornamented down the front with buttons and cord.

FIG. II.—(See wood cut.)—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF SILK, plaided in blue and grey. Side-trimmings of blue and grey silk. Cloak of blue and white striped cashmere. White bonnet trimmed with blue ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—A dress intended for a girl about the age of ten, consists of lilac-colored silk, figured with very narrow horizontal stripes in the same tint. This dress is made with two skirts. Both are bordered with a narrow plaiting of ribbon in a lively chequered pattern of green, rose, blue, and white. On the upper skirt there are side-trimmings formed of quillings of the same ribbon. The corsage is plain and low, and with it is worn a chemisette of cambric. The chemisette is nearly high to the throat, and, at the upper edge, is fastened on a band surmounted by a row of Valenciennes. A *berthe*, formed of folds of silk, finished at the lower part with a quilling of ribbon, ornaments the corsage. This *berthe* is pointed behind, and has long ends crossed in front, then passed under the arms, and linked one in the other at the back of the waist. The sleeves, which descend mid-way down the arm, are slit up their whole length in the inner part, and are edged round with narrow quillings of chequered ribbon. The under-sleeves consist of full puffs of muslin. To complete the costume, a stripe of narrow black velvet, with long pendent ends, is worn round the throat. It is fastened by a black enamel clasp. A bow of black velvet, with flowing ends, fixes the hair at the back of the head.

Another dress for a smaller girl is made of light blue silk, and trimmed with four flounces, each edged with a row of narrow black velvet. Up each side of the dress there are trimmings formed of bows and ends of velvet, placed one above another at the head of each flounce. The corsage is full, shaped square in front, and edged round with a row of velvet. A chemisette of tulle is added. The sleeves are formed of one puff, and two frills trimmed with black velvet.

An out-door dress, prepared for a little girl, is composed of pink silk. With it will be worn a basquine of black silk, trimmed with plaitings of ribbon, and a bonnet of white silk with a soft crown. The edge of the bonnet and the curtain are ornamented with a quilling, and in the inside there is a wreath of pink daisies.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.—If we were to publish all the notices we receive, we should fill three or four pages: but for this we have no room. We have already received hundreds of notices of the September number, similar to the following, from the *Jeffersonian* (N. Y.) Democrat. "Peterson's Magazine, for September, has come to hand ahead of all competitors. The excellence and variety of the articles in this Magazine are much superior to many which appear in some of the Three Dollar publications. Considering its high literary merits it is the *cheapest* Magazine published in this country." Such of our readers, as see only "Peterson," will learn from this how superior, for its price, this Magazine is to all others.

NEVER TOO LATE.—It is never too late in the year to subscribe for "Peterson," for we can always supply back numbers, to January inclusive, if they are desired.

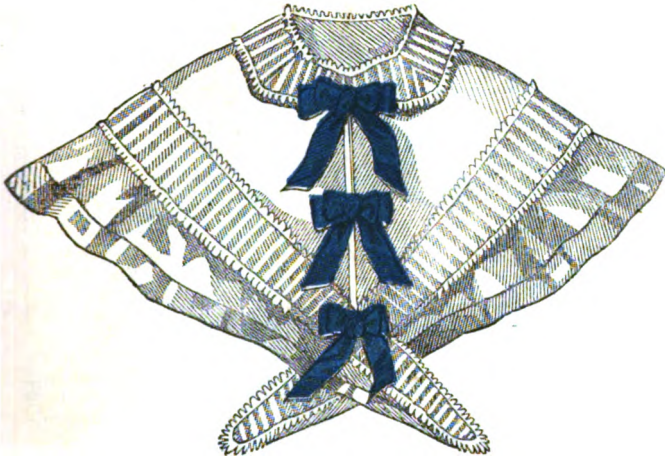
HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the names of your post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Pennsylvania, New York or New England bills preferred. If the sum is large, buy a draft, if possible, on Philadelphia or New York, deducting the exchange.

"PETERSON" AND "HARPER."—For \$3.50 we will send a copy of "Peterson" and "Harper's Magazine," for one year. But where part of a remittance is intended for another publisher, we do not take the risk of that part.

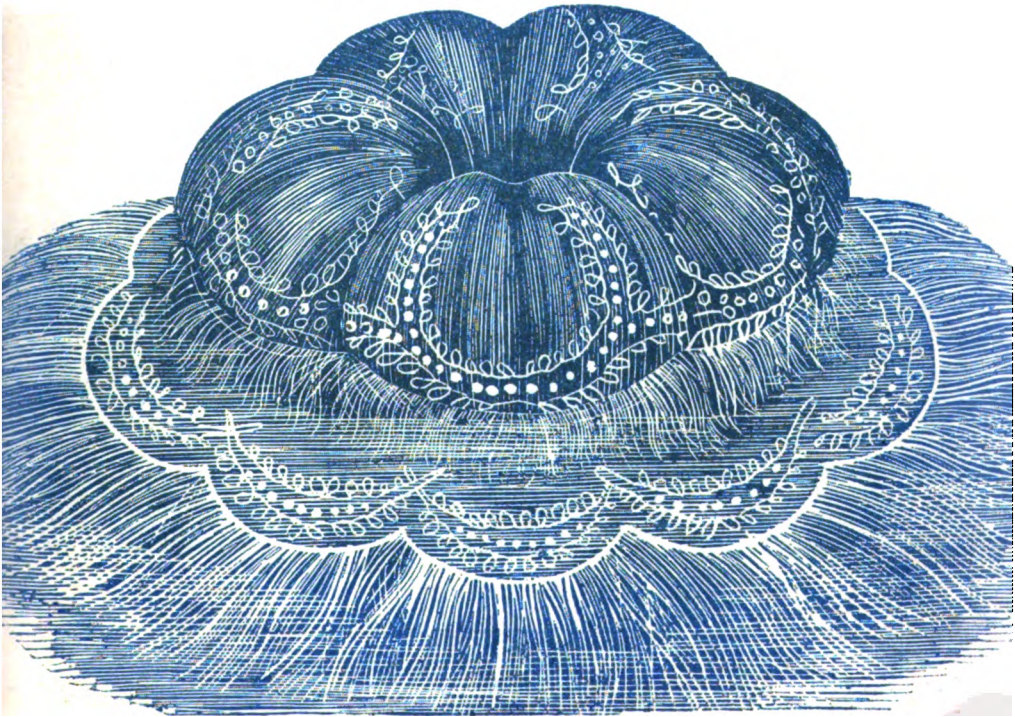
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HEAD-DRESSES.



CAPE AND SLEEVE.



PEARL PINCUSHION.



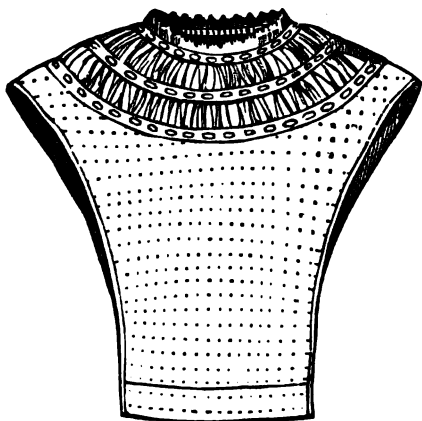
"BEG, SIR."



PARDESSUS FOR LITTLE BOY.



CHILD'S SACQUE.



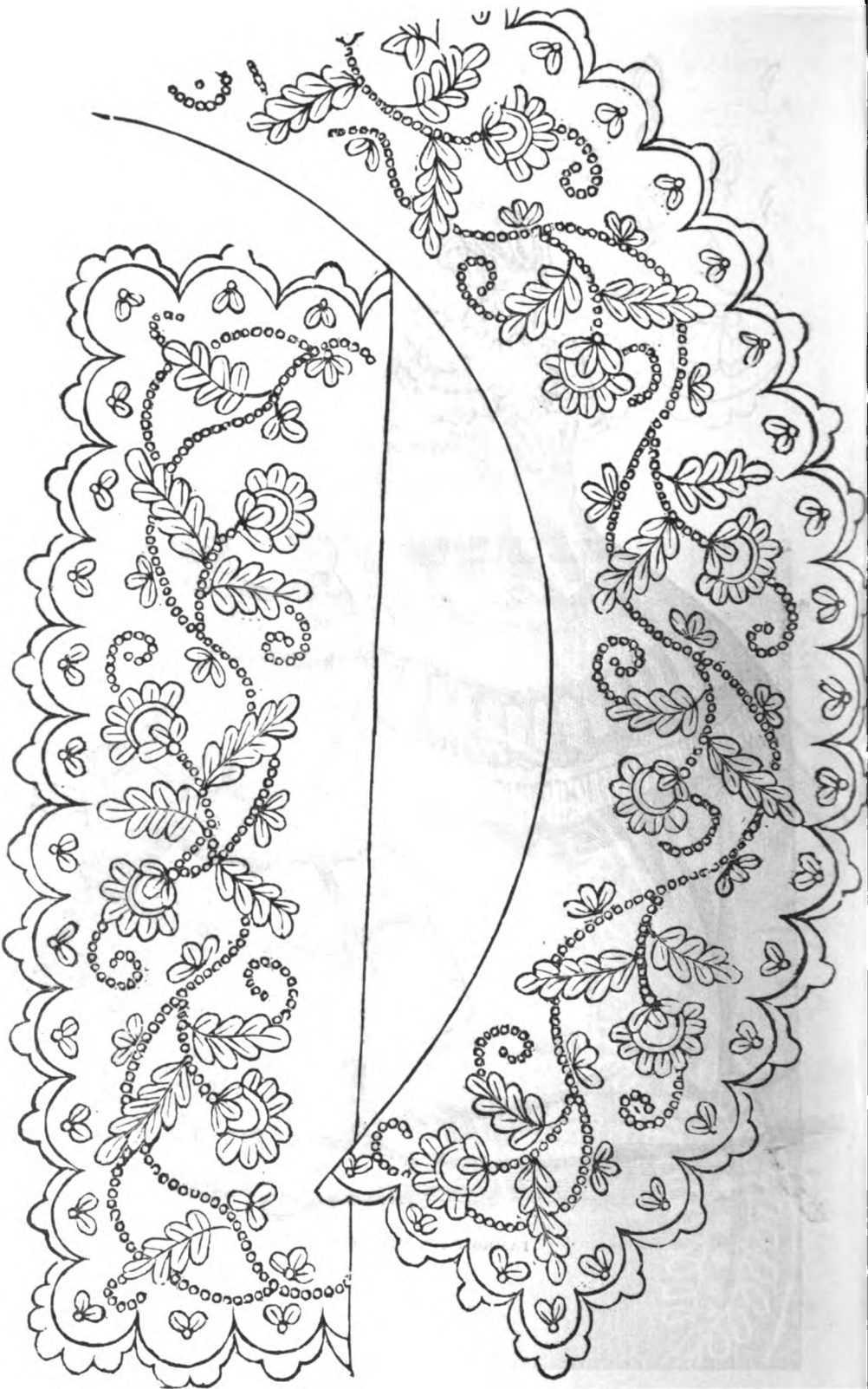
CHEMISETTE AND SLEEVES.



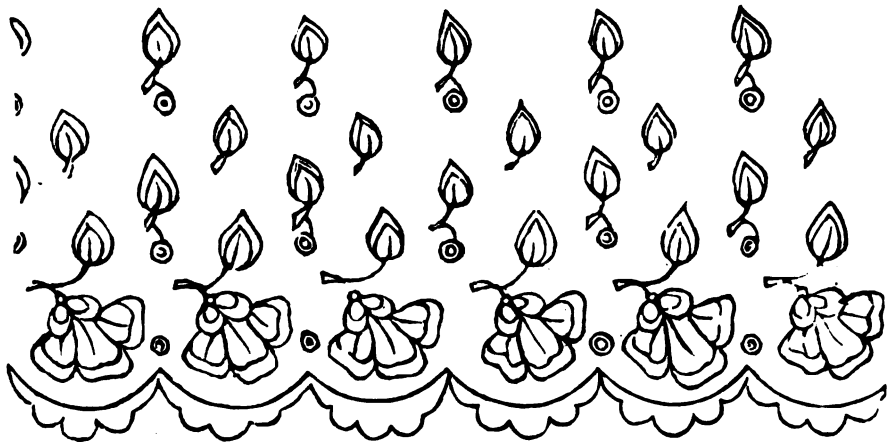
MORNING ROBE.



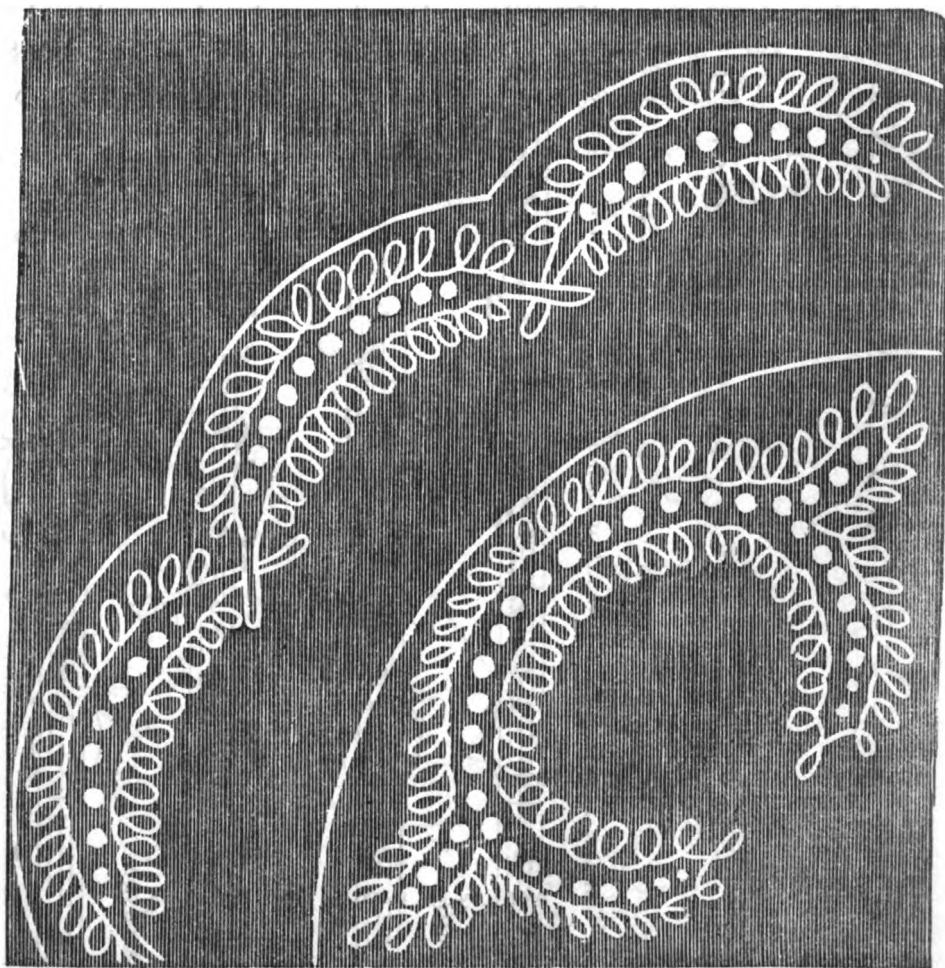
FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.



COLLAR AND CUFF.



BOTTOM OF SKIRT



PATTERN OF PEARL PINCUSHION.

GRAND MARCH.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

The image displays a musical score for a grand march, consisting of four staves of music. The notation is in a common time signature (C) and features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. The score is divided into sections by dynamic markings: *Sra.* (Soprano), *PRIMO.* (First), and *SOTTO.* (Soprano). The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century sheet music, with a focus on rhythmic complexity and melodic interest. The staves are arranged vertically, with the *Sra.* staff at the top, followed by the *PRIMO.* staff, and the *SOTTO.* staff at the bottom. The score is presented in a clear, black-and-white format, suitable for printing and performance.

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p

88

D.C.

D.C.



BONNETS FOR NOVEMBER.



THE CABLE CLOAK.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1858.

No. 5.

BOUND TO ELOPE.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"This is a dreadful matter-of-fact world," said pretty Lola Grahame, as she looked up into her cousin Lizzie's face, "all the romance has departed. Don't you think so, coz?"

"Well, I never gave the subject much consideration," said her cousin; "but I thought I heard you yesterday saying that Anna Grant's marriage was very romantic."

"No, no, not her marriage, that was very stupid and matter-of-fact; it was her meeting with George that was romantic. She fell overboard in one of the boating excursions at Payneville last summer, and George, who had just come, and had never seen her, sprang from the bank and rescued her. To be sure, she was only wet and frightened, and the water was shallow, but still the incident was delightfully romantic. I wanted her to elope, but she wouldn't, and they were married in the old hum-drum style. If ever I marry I am determined to elope. The present style of courting, proposing, and wedding, is just as flat as dish-water, I want a little spice of romance in my matrimonial schemes."

Now, reader, do not think that my little friend Lola was an empty-headed, romantic simpleton. Far from it! She was very pretty, very fascinating, and very intelligent, highly accomplished, and in most things very sensible; but unfortunately Miss Lola had got her pretty head full of sentimental poetry, and highly romantic novels; and had taken quite a dislike to matter-of-fact incidents. As her father was wealthy, and her mother hospitable, Lola, of course, did not lack admirers. Among these there was one that cared nothing for Lola's money, but loved her with a deep, earnest love for her own bright self. He was handsome, talented, well connected, and wealthy, and in every way a suitable match for the coquettish beauty. But Lola treated him with the utmost indifference. Did he bring her flowers? She tossed them aside, while he was

present, with an air of profound contempt, and yet, if he could have peeped into Lola's most cherished books, he would have found, that, between the leaves, were pressed many of these same flowers. Did he ask her to dance? She was invariably engaged, and yet her eyes would jealously follow all his movements if he took another partner. If he wanted her to sing, she was always hoarse, yet, if she heard him mention any air as a favorite, Lola invariably purchased and studied it. In short, disguise or deny it as she would, Lola was in love with Atherton Lascelles.

"Lola," said cousin Lizzie to her, as they sat sewing together, "don't you think you are treating Mr. Lascelles shamefully?"

"Shamefully, Lizzie? Shamefully? Why, I positively accepted an offer to ride with him, this very afternoon."

"Yes, I know that, but you flirt with him outrageously. Are you going to marry him, Lola?"

Lola shook down a shower of golden curls to hide her burning face.

"He never asked me, Lizzie."

"But he will. He loves you, Lola. He told me so, and—and, Lola, he thinks you—you—perhaps that is, you will not refuse him."

"Does he? He will find out his mistake."

"Why, Lola, surely you do not intend to refuse him?"

"But I do!"

"Why? He is everything desirable. Your father will be delighted with the match!"

"There now, you have just hit the very reason. He would ask papa, and then ask me, and there would be nothing romantic about it; no opposition; a real stupid wedding; a trip to Niagara, and then just settle down like all the rest of the world. Bah! the very idea is tiresome! No! I am determined when I do marry, I will elope!"

One week later, Lizzie and Atherton parted at the parlor door with these words,

"You are sure," said Atherton, "that this is Lola's only objection?"

"Sure."

"Well, I am glad it is no worse. Good-bye." And leaving her with a warm shake of the hand, Atherton took his way to Mr. Grahame's private counting-room. He was closeted with Mr. Grahame for a long time, and then came out with a beaming face and light step. The same evening found him alone with Lola in the parlor. He was very silent, apparently very sad, while Lola was remarkably cheerful and chatty.

"Positively, Mr. Lascolles, you are very tiresome," said Lola, "you are as silent as if you were dumb. Have you anything on your conscience?"

"Lola," said he, looking up into her laughing eyes. "Lola, I love you."

"Really. Well, so you have said before. If you have nothing more original to say, you had better relapse into silence."

"Yes, but, Lola," said he, with a lugubrious sigh, "I have loved you long, but I never felt how dear you are to me so forcibly as I do to-night. Before I have loved with hope, now, now that I must lose you——"

"Lose me? I—I mean—that is——"

"Yes, Lola, to-night we must part. Your father forbids our thinking of each other."

"My father!" cried the astonished girl, "why I thought—he said—I—I——"

"Then you have spoken of it?" and there was a joyful thrill in Atherton's voice, "oh! Lola, may I hope you love me?"

"I—I like you."

"Is that all? Alas! your father was right. He said that you were too young to love, and that I was too poor to marry."

"Poor?"

"Yes, did you not know that the Sing-a-poor stock had gone down to nothing, and that all my property was invested in it? Did you not know that I was penniless? And yet I dare to love you. Alas! in vain!" and Atherton's head went down on the arm of the sofa, in an attitude of deep despair.

Lola stood still, looking at him. For a moment romance was forgotten; and true woman's nature was strong in her young heart. Poor and despairing! Ah! now she knew that she loved him. Unconfessed before, even to herself, there stood the strong love in her heart, defying her to tear it out.

"Atherton!"

The voice was low, very low, and the lips close to his ear.

"Atherton. Look up!"

A low groan was the answer.

"Atherton!" And a little, soft hand lay among his masses of curls, and there was almost a sob in the sweet voice,

"Atherton! Look up; for I," oh! how low the voice sank, "I love you!"

Dear me, how the relative position of the parties changed! Atherton, erect, manly, holding her close to his heart, while his whole face glowed with love and pride; and Lola, timid and shrinking, her face hidden on his breast, and clinging close to him.

"Say that again, Lola!"

But Lola, thinking one such sugar plum was enough, raised her head suddenly with a look of laughing defiance, and would have run away, but he held her fast. Then they talked long together. Atherton declared Mr. Grahame to be resolute in forbidding their union, and before these lovers parted, they had planned an elopement.

A few days later, Lola shut herself up in her room one morning, declaring that a severe headache would prevent her joining the family. She refused all medicine, and all attendance, pleading only for quiet; and at last her mother and cousin Lizzie left her alone. After they had gone, Lola employed her time very peculiarly for an invalid. She packed all her jewels and money in the smallest possible compass, and then put some clothes into her traveling-bag. She laid out her traveling dress upon the bed, and arranged a new brown ribbon on her traveling bonnet.

Early in the evening, Lizzie and her mother came to bid her an affectionate good night; and then she was left alone again. Instead of retiring, she dressed herself in the aforesaid traveling suit, and taking the bag, sat down by the window. The evening passed slowly, and just before midnight, there came a low tap upon her window. Looking down into the yard beneath, she saw Atherton, armed with some tiny stones, which he was throwing against the glass. She threw up the sash, a ladder was placed against the sill, and in a few minutes Lola stood beside her lover. A carriage was waiting at the gate, and they drove away. In a little time they stopped before the door of the Rev. Mr. J——, where that gentleman, who was waiting for them, performed the marriage service in a very sleepy manner, and the happy pair drove to the Girard House, to wait for the earliest train for New York.

One little week had passed, and we find our bride in a snug parlor at the International Hotel, at Niagara Falls.

Lola looked weary. Atherton was away, and if the truth must be told, Lola was a little ashamed of her escapade. She remembered her mother's tender care for her, and her father's kind indulgence all her life, and she knew that she had made them but a poor return for their love. While she was thus musing, Atherton came in.

"Lola," said he, "I have just had a telegraph from home; I have bad news for you, my poor darling."

"Father! mother," cried she, springing to meet him.

"Your mother is sick, very sick, dearest, I fear. We should go home immediately."

"Oh! Atherton, can I go home, I have been so ungrateful and naughty? Oh! mother, mother!"

"Why, dearest, if the truth must be told——"

"Father may refuse to let me see her. I did not leave them any word where I was; perhaps it is fretting for me that made mother sick," and the poor, little beauty threw herself sobbing into her husband's arms.

"Why, Lola, I—don't cry so, darling; they are not angry. They knew all about it."

"All about what?"

"Our elopement. Forgive my having deceived you, little wifey; but you were so determined not to marry with your father's consent, that I told several very dreadful fibs to get you to confess that you loved me."

"Why, haven't you lost all your money?"

"Not a cent!"

"And did papa know I was going to run away?"

"Yes," and here a glow of honest pride came into Atherton's face. "I am not a man," he said, "to steal my wife. No, I loved you, but had your father really refused me, I would have crushed out my love——"

"Would you?" said Lola, archly.

"At least I would have concealed it. But come, darling, if we hurry, we can catch the next train."

"And I can go to mamma? Oh, I am so glad. Oh! Atherton, I have felt dreadfully guilty this week; but now I am happy."

"And you forgive my deception?"

"Yes, for it proved your love. That you could feign to do an act from which your noble soul revolted, when you found that I was——"

"Bound to elope," said Atherton, finishing the sentence.

The repentant Lola found her mother getting better, and received a warm welcome home, which she humbly acknowledged she did not deserve. Since then, whenever she has a very willful fit, her husband can always make her submissive, by alluding to her memorable elopement.

S O R R O W .

BY ANNE L. MUZZEY.

Sorrow will come! Our Father has not given
His children power to stay the tempest's wrath!
We cannot chain the thunderbolts of Heaven,
Nor turn the light'ning from its chosen path!

The raging floods must burst their gates asunder,
They will not heed our puny "Peace, be still."
The mad, mad heart must break in passion's thunder,
Ere it can bow submissive to God's will!

Sorrow must come! In vain we weep, we falter,
We pray for some strong refuge from our woe,
Does Heaven heed? Can human pleadings alter
The purposes of God? Ah, no! ah, no!

Is He not wise? Shall we, the weak, and sinning
Presume to question Him, our mighty Friend?
Who knoweth all things, from the far beginning,
And seeth onward, even to the end!

We lack in faith. We sink down broken-hearted
Where'er the shadow of a cloud flits by;
We think the day time of our life departed,
If God but lays His hand upon our sky!

Why not believe? Why not repose securely
In Him who sends the sunshine and the flood?
What right have we to murmur, knowing surely
That all things work together for our good?

Sorrow may come! A thousand cares be pressing
Their sword-points to our bosoms! Shall we fall?
Shall we despair like cowards? No! God's blessing
Is ever with the brave! Bear up through all!

There are some hours in life, of wildest anguish,
When Hope goes down, like a strong ship at sea,
When the sweet flowers of feeling droop and languish;
And the well-springs of gladness cease to be.

There are some things of dark and fearful seeming,
Whose hidden meaning none on earth can tell;
But never mind! It may be we are dreaming,
Yet we shall wake in Heaven! So all is well!

Stand up and face the blast! The true soul never
Bewails its destiny! God knoweth best!
And He will moor us on His grand Forever,
And gather us into His fold of rest!

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

BY MEDITABLE HOLYOKE.

NEW YORK, April 17th.

DEAR FATHER—Now I am happy, safe in this glorious city, and at home for once in “marble halls.” Most kindly received by my cousin, dazzled, bewildered by everything about me—what more could heart desire?

Don't think me wild, pa; but you should see this house, the broad, paved entrance-hall, the frescoed walls, the gilded cornices, the hangings of satin and lace, the general air of magnificence; then think of your simple Nell walking beneath the massive chandeliers, lounging on velvet sofas, gilding above and softest tapestry below, and a fresh, glad heart to enjoy it all. It was so kind of you dears at home to let me come. I thought, as the cars whirled on, how mother would miss me about the house; and how many bushels of wheat dear father must plant, reap, bind, load, draw, thrash and sell, to pay the expense of my journey. It was so kind of you.

I hardly realize yet that I am here; a rapid glance into the various rooms as I passed, a few minutes inside of the parlor, an hour by the basement window, this is all I have seen of the busy world as yet.

But our relatives? I hear you asking. With uncle you are probably acquainted: he looks much older, much more careworn, much less happy, and while making the enumeration I may say, less good, than his country brother. Aunt is a kind soul, but somewhat distracted with household cares, and over-anxious regarding appearances. She dresses like old Mrs. Skewton. I never saw on one mortal form such a bale of furbelows. Cousin Leonora is very stylish. She has such pretty alabaster arms, all manacled with bracelets; such a clear, white complexion; such a pensive smile in her eyes. They must be shocked with my ruddy cheeks, and ringless fingers, and open speech. It seems, here, dreadfully foolish to be so unsophisticated; but I'm an apt student.

Good-bye, my best parents. Think at the morning work and evening prayer, of your

NELLY.

LEW, April 17th.

DEAR HELEN—The news of your safe arrival made us glad; but the remainder of your letter

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made us sober, and yet we only desire, child, that you should be happy, and enjoy whatever may fall in your path. You are dazzled now by splendors, and young hearts will not believe old heads; so we must leave you to find out how much pinchbeck passes with city gold; and how well gilded wood and frescoed plaster indicate the shallowness of city splendors.

I have nothing new to relate, we look to you for news, and are well content that what has always been should always be with us, peaceful work and grateful rest—what better can God give his children?

Your mother is well, and sends her love, and promises to write, a promise she will hardly keep. You know it puts her in such a tremor merely to sign a bill that she must have the door locked first, and our heads turned another way. But the good soul has no less wisdom than one by one she drops her accomplishments, and no less love for you, Nelly, that the message, instead of through her hand, comes through that of your loving father,

MAURICE WELLS.

NEW YORK, April 21st.

DEAR PA—What a nice letter you sent me, and how eagerly I read every word, and then how proudly I read it all aloud, to show that refinement and wisdom can exist in the farmhouse as well as in marble halls.

We have had a rainy week. New York is dismal, dirty, hateful in a rain. It is strange it never occurred to me before that cloudy skies could overshadow palaces as well as huts. I may as well own that I'm homesick. These splendors, people and all, are only made for sunny weather I find. We sit all day in the basement—cellar, we should say at home—beggars lagging by, looking up at the house, then looking in at us, and envying our state, an envy which seems to me the very height and depth of folly. Aunt sits in her wrapper, and talks about servants, and style, and economy, till one grows tired of the words. Leonora, in curl-papers and faded finery, prattles of dress and lovers, and yawns, and wonders which way the wind has changed, and if ever it will be fair. I try to read; but the books are all in such elegant bindings that aunt watches me in a fever of

apprehension lest a leaf should be loosened or soiled.

Don't laugh, dear pa, at my sudden change of mood; you have been young, and must know what real trials in passing, are these disappointments, which may appear trivial enough to calm old age.

You are seated about a blazing fire to-night, thinking of me, longing for me as I long for you. Why cannot I follow these loving thoughts, and take my own dear seat in my dear home, where peace, and plenty, and union, and blessedness abound? Oh, for wings, the wings of a dove, and farewell to marble halls!

Your own NELLY.

LEE, April 28rd.

MY DEAR CHILD—Do not think me stern if I confess that your sad letter made me rejoice. These dis-illusions must come, Nelly, all through life, and the sooner, the surer and better. You are, as you say, an apt scholar: study this hollow world then, while you may. Learn to detect the shams, that you may recognize the realities; for there are glorious virtues and gentle graces in halls as well as in huts.

Nothing to do because it rains! Do all the human hearts in that huge city stop beating because it rains? The wild whirl of life goes on, splendor and poverty, peace and woe. If the gilded books are too fine to read, cannot you find some truth in those "beggars that lag past the basement window?" are not their faces books which society and God "joined hands" to write?

But I don't wish to lecture you, Nelly; be happy, my child, in your own bright way, and we will think of you—yes, at our morning work and evening prayer, and ask that the heavenly blessing may follow ours.

Your loving PARENTS.

NEW YORK, April 25th.

A thousand thanks for your suggestion, father dear. I have, indeed, found deeper than printed books, in the beggars that pass our window every day.

But, like a good physician, you wish, before nearing me prattle, to feel my pulse. Better, thank you—well. Home-sickness gone, heart-sickness comforted. How?

Oh, by a letter I had, from a certain old farmhouse among the hills; by the strong reminder 't brought of my blessed treasures there; of the truth, and wisdom, and content, the something solid in this hollow ball, which the world learned not a day ago.

Yes, and my books! Aunt had told for the

ninth time, a story in six volumes, about a malicious cook, who stole her best silk gown, and seven silver spoons; and Leonore had gaped for the ninetieth time, and sighed, and looked at her rings, and sighed again, when the post-boy appeared with a letter.

No matter what the letter contained, I said, "Cousin, what strange extremes of condition there are in city life!" "Oh, yes, to be sure, fearful," and she gaped, "only this morning, Belle was telling me, that almost within the shadow of our house, there are people sadly poor. "But," I said, "do you never visit them?" "I? oh, no. I don't know what to say to such creatures. And then, coz, it's so expensive living in our style, we are forced to economise as well as they—we have nothing to give " "And you have not even seen the inside of their houses? Let us go now and gratify our curiosity."

She sprang to her feet, "Good! anything to be rid of this *ennui*. Lead, Nelly, and I'm at your service." Up stairs we flew, dressed, found umbrellas, went gaily down the long flight of wet, marble steps; what wings it gives me to have never so poor a purpose!

Then was my discontent rebuked. Ah, father, how narrow a circle we make for ourselves in life! how calmly we walk on, leaving God's children to perish, because, forsooth, we do not think of them, and expecting, nevertheless, a welcome in His home on high.

We passed a few great houses like our own, entered a narrow court, went down some broken steps of brick, and found ourselves in the home of the widow and fatherless. It was no scene of abject poverty such as newspapers often describe; all was neat and orderly, and the sadder for that. One low basement was kitchen, bed-room, store-room, parlor and chapel, to these uncomplaining souls. Its walls were covered with a motley array of household and cooking utensils, clothes and work.

"And this is not all the room," said a girl of fourteen, who sewed diligently as she talked with us, "there's a place for mother, now she's sick," and she pointed toward a door which we had not observed in the dusky afternoon.

Mother, with what an air of trust and security the poor child spoke that word! God help her, for she will not speak it long! In a closet, barely large enough to contain her bed, unlighted and unventilated, lay this woman, her athletic frame wasted to a skeleton, groaning, and coughing, and tossing in the last stage of consumption, now praying to linger with her little ones, now longing to be gone. At night four children

occupy the same bed with the invalid in that fetid apartment: thus doubly exposed once by infection, once by inheritance, to the same disease, the same lot! The older children sleep in the outer room on a pallet with their grandmother, a woman of seventy.

I thought no more of my discontent. I could only think—all the splendor in our home kept repeating the words, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these, ye did it not unto me!"

But *apropos* to splendors, pa, I will tell you a secret! My cousin Leonora is in love, half engaged—you'd never guess to whom; to a count, a live count—think of it! Aunt is so pleased that the ancient honors of our family may be revived! You know she and ma both descended from William the Conqueror. Uncle has a dining-room all frescoed in imitation of solid oak, and with furniture stained in the same style. I hoped we should occupy this in the rainy weather, it would so lead my fancy back to the ancient baronial halls, and the prowess and state of my ancestors! But alas! it's a company dining-room; so in the basement still, in the gathering dusk, I must end my long letter with endless, endless love from

HELEN.

LEE, April 27th.

MY DEAR, BRIGHT CHILD—Your letters amuse us, here at the old farm house. We read them over and over again at evening, for it's lonely without you, Nelly, and yet do not hasten home, it is only at times we are lonely. John Anderson and his old wife are seldom at a loss for conversation. No matter if our talk turn sometimes on a silly bird that has flown away from her nest!

I write hastily, to say that you may expect a rustic beau ere long, even in Gotham. You have not forgotten William Elmer? Ah, Nell, I wish you remembered him as faithfully as he you; he's a man of "prowess" and "honors," such as do not need the advertisement of outside pomps and vanities. Mark this, child: do not meddle with Leonora's count; he is some discarded valet, or worse perhaps. We laughed, mother and I, at your vision of old baronial halls. Don't forget, dear, that you are not only descended from William the Conqueror, but from plain Maurice the farmer, who is still your loving

PARENT.

P. S.—Write more concerning your neighbors. You will surely visit the poor woman again? Give her the money I enclose, spend it for her.

M. W.

NEW YORK, April 29th.

Oh, pa, I've seen the count! and never was anything half so droll as our interview. Let's

see! I must begin at the beginning—you remember I wrote last on a rainy day, after a rainy week. Leonora and I had been out in the streets, came back half drenched. The dinner-bell was ringing as we reached home, and Nora slipped on my wrapper which mother lined so nicely with silk: poor girl, amidst all her finery she has not one loose, comfortable gown. After dinner we sat in the gloomy old basement, a forlorn light straggling in from the gas-burners out in the street. Aunt said it seemed like moonlight—I thought it must be moonlight, then, in the Dismal Swamp. So we had the old topics of saving, and money, and dress, and beaux, when Leonora started to her feet, clasped her hands wildly, and gave a little scream, "The count, the count—I'm sure it's his footsteps—and now he'll think we are out!"

"Gracious Providence!" groaned aunt, "and not even the hall burners lighted!" so she grasped a newspaper, and all the way up stairs was twisting it to its utmost length; uncle ran after with matches, Nora with more; and I behind to witness the fun.

You should have seen us! Uncle and I frantically scratching matches that wouldn't light; and aunt without her spectacles—with her long twist of newspaper all aflame, groping after the burner; filling the hall with gas in her vain attempt. At last it was lighted, flared up half to the ceiling, and reminded us all of our *dish-bille*—I am much taller than Nora, and my long dress swept behind her like a train as she flitted across the hall.

The next I knew I stood alone at the parlor door, and milord, the count, was bowing to me while all the others had fled. I received him quietly enough—his presence did not crush me as I anticipated—I did not think of my dress, which was somewhat plain—I only thought of keeping the count amused till Leonora should appear.

Yes, I talked with a live count! He is not handsome nor ugly; he has a pale, thin face, and such nice English whiskers—not the stiff, odious sort that—well! that do well enough for one of your age, pa—but just a soft fringe at the sides of his face, so graceful, so becoming!

Presently uncle appeared, then aunt; but no Leonora. I did not feel proud of my relatives—one was so narrow in his range of topics, so small in his ideas—the other so over-dressed and under-bred. Strange, I thought, that two sisters marrying two brothers—all the wisdom should range itself on one side, all the wealth on the other! Still no Leonora! Aunt came so late herself, that she did not know but her

daughter had left in search of some book or picture—for Nora talks learnedly to the count—and still she did not come.

Do you know, pa, I really think his highness fell half in love with the rustic cousin—he looked down into her face so earnestly at parting—said so cordially, “Yes, he would come again!” Lingered so at the door; are you frightened?

Poor Nora, in her flurry, mistook for a stairway door one which leads only into a closet: and from this trap she could not escape without being seen by her noble admirer—so passed the evening in full sight and hearing of much that passed in the parlor. Was it not tantalizing?

Poor child! I pity her; for she has some refinement, and uncle is too vulgar. He sent for some wretched sour wine to regale the count, and because the little boy who serves for page in this establishment, spilt a few drops on the carpet, uncle positively boxed his ears before us all; and began to fret about the price he paid for his tapestries—and aunt chimed in with the old strain of servants’ extravagance. I wondered what the count thought!

William Elmer called on that same evening: how much he has improved by his year at the West! I will own that I dreaded his coming, these country swains appear so rustic in town; but I was truly proud of Will, he conversed with such good sense, such elegance. I was vexed though, that he looked amused when uncle boxed the boy’s ears. The count was only shocked.

It is late at night, I am tired; the farm house doors are shut, you are all asleep: heaven’s angels watch over you. So prayeth HELEN.

HELEN’S JOURNAL.

Dear book, how frequently I wrote in your pages at home, our quiet home. I lived there. This is not life, this mere existence on the surface.

A count has been here—a French count—has taken my hand—looked in my face. Well, what of that?

Nothing. The count may go his ways.

William Elmer has been here too: my old schoolmate and friend. No, not my friend now, he no longer cares for me, except—

Why need these dear parents choose a husband for me? Is it my fault if he loved once?—if he left home on my account—if—

• How Elmer has improved! How manly he seemed to-night, what clear eyes he has—beside the muddy orbs of that count! How I keep thinking of Will’s eyes, recalling every glance—I don’t quite see what right he had to send such earnest glances.

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Oh, Helen, sleep, sleep, and forget these vanities!

And Helen did sleep, and forgot the vanities, and dreamed—of William Elmer.

On the morrow she stood by the bed of the dying woman, gently ministering unto her needs; and suddenly one stood beside her, and clear eyes were looking into hers again—and they both went forth together.

“Were not those exquisite flowers? We do not have such in the country, Mr. Elmer!”

“We have hearts that can find such, and give them in delicate charity.”

“Do not overpraise me. Count Lafarge sent the bouquet—the sight of it vexed my cousin, and I brought it away from her presence.”

“That count—”

“Takes all our hearts, he is so magnificent, so interesting. Don’t you admire him, Will?”

“Will!” She had not called him by that name for years, “Will!” He looked in her eyes, and somehow afterward she could not forget the glance. “No,” he answered, abstractedly, “forgive me, Miss Helen, but I think your count a villain—I think your cousin had better be vexed for an hour than wretched for years. If this Lafarge is a count, then I am—”

“Then you are William the Conqueror,” laughed Helen, carelessly.

Those clear, calm eyes met hers again; and she did not forget the glance. “It is very foolish,” she thought, “in Will, a mere country clerk, to be casting such glances; besides—he no longer cares for me. It is very foolish!” and yet she remembered them.

LEE, May 1st.

DEAR HELEN—We can spare you from home no longer, your mother is lonely. At some future time you may visit the city again, but now we are anxious to have you beneath our own roof once more.

Have you seen enough of hollow splendor? We will find you some city friends, who, fine as their outward surroundings may be, lead finer lives; whose outward splendor seems but a natural radiance from their true and noble selves.

I do not like your count, with his interesting face and his soft fringes. Nelly, Nelly, we have not been unkind to you: can you doubt and forsake us now in our old age?

Dear child, come home to your

FATHER AND MOTHER.

NEW YORK, April 3rd.

Yes, pa, I am coming home; and oh, with such a glad heart! Dear, blessed home!—but

what if I own that your letter came too late, that my mind was made up already, my going only delayed by—

I mustn't anticipate. We have had a nice little family tempest to finish up the stormy week. They have fallen upon me with suspicions, accusations, threats, till I am truly bewildered: what do you think? They say I have stolen the heart of Leonora's lover, crushed all the family hopes, blighted their lives, broken their hearts, and I know not what besides. Yes, I am coming home—believe it!

And not alone. Now, pa, don't call me fickle! Don't drop your knitting work, mother. Cannot you trust me, dears, as I trust you? He is so noble, so—

I'm a wicked girl to tease you: my companion is not any ogre of a count, but plain William Elmer—who does not care for me now—and is, therefore, a much more agreeable companion than of old.

Two days more, only two! and the door will fly open, and you'll find yourselves all smothered in kisses from

HELEN.

Two weeks had passed. Helen was standing by the farm house door, in the moonlight.

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Elmer, going so soon—so soon?"

"Yes—what then? It matters little where we abide, if we can but do our work in the world!"

"Yet you sigh. Are you really going?"

"Yes," and a deeper than moonlight flashed from his clear eyes—"if we cannot be happy, we can at least be useful, be true, good! I am sick of this buying and selling; I will fit myself in the divinity school for better work; so good-bye, Helen!"

"Wait!"

He waited an hour, and because of that hour Helen waited years; and now they are standing again at the farm house door, in the moonlight, and again they talk of "going," for Helen was married yesterday, and her husband's parish lies six miles beyond the hill-side farm.

What are they saying in the moonlight?

"Dear Will, you must preach economy: the parish have been extravagant, good souls! in building us such a parsonage."

"Too fine is it, after your dreams of baronial halls?"

"By-the-way, did I tell you the famous Count Lafarge was in States' Prison for larceny?"

"I can believe that; but poor Leonora!"

"The count never returned to her; and she has concluded at length to reward the constancy of an aged millionaire."

"You speak too coldly of such iniquity, dear!"

"It is of such frequent recurrence, that is all! I often feel guilty at the way, in my thoughtlessness, I used to ridicule the habits, while enjoying the hospitality of my uncle's family."

"And to think that you should come home, Nell, to find 'WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR!'"

WE AND OURS.

BY ANGIE HARTLAND.

Two only ones, two petted ones, yet cheerless ones were we
Long, long ago—but now we've learned how happy life can
be!

We've learned to love, we've learned to trust, our mutual
hopes are one,
And ever turns each heart to each, as dial to the sun.

We have two precious mothers—the loving, kind and true—
And in our daily path they walk, and watchful keep in
view

Our daily good, our holiest good—and in their hours of
prayer

We know our names are ever first: God bless them for their
care!

We have two sainted fathers, enthroned in bliss above,
Who trained our steps through childish years in tenderness
and love,

They bade us follow, as they went, their Heavenward,
homeward way—

They watch our path—they love us still: God help us to
obey!

We have a precious infant, a first born, darling son,
And round him are our hearts entwined, as round an only
one!

And ever when we kneel in prayer, we thank our God in
Heaven,
That to our name and to our hearts this little gem was
given!

But we have laid him far away—his tender form doth rest
Not in his father's yearning arms, nor in his mother's breast.
Our Father gave us hopes and cares, and woman's promised
lot,

But when we thought to clasp our babe, we asked—and he
was not!

His shrouded form was all we found—cold, breathless at our
side—

For e'er he looked on earth's sad scene the little one had
died!

God, in His mercy took him Home—while unto us was given
Sweet, blessed thoughts of a dear child, awaiting us in
Heaven.

CHARLOTTE.

BY IDA BOLTON.

THE curtain of the Mannheim theatre had slowly fallen on the last scene of *Cabal and Love*. And now from every part of the vast and brilliantly-lighted playhouse rose a rapture of applause, such as those old walls had never re-echoed before! There was a momentary hush when the favorite actor, Iffland, leading the *Louise* of the play, answered the call of the delighted and enthusiastic audience; but as he and the beautiful girl, having bent in grateful acknowledgment, were about to disappear, the excitement and eager plaudits of the people again burst forth, and voices were everywhere heard demanding the name of the author!

Iffland spoke not, but turning with a slight, yet significant gesture, he pointed to a private box near the stage, where a slender youth with flashing eyes and golden-brown hair swept back from a brow on which genius shone like a star, stood alone, his arms folded on his breast, and his lips wearing the smile of a child under the enchantment of some fairy dream.

"Schiller! *Es lebe* Friedrich Schiller!"

The cry originated with a group of students in the grey uniform of the Duke Karl's Academy at Stuttgart; they had recognized, in the solitary occupant of the private box, their old comrade, Friedrich Schiller, and with a joyous impulse they shouted his name aloud. In an instant a thousand voices had taken up the refrain,

"*Es lebe—es lebe*—long live Friedrich Schiller!"

In one of the court boxes, overlooking that of the young poet, sat the Lady of Lengefeld, with her two fair daughters, Caroline and Charlotte. The mother and elder daughter were magnificently arrayed, wearing their hair elaborately arranged and powdered according to the fashion of the time, but the girlish Charlotte was attired with all the simplicity of a maiden whose footsteps had not yet crossed the threshold of the gay world. Her robe of pale azure, of soft yet unpretending texture, fell in airy folds about her graceful form, but the delicate throat and rounded arms shone with no other ornament than their own fairness. Her complexion was exquisitely pure and clear, and her hair, very dark and fine, was gathered in a rich knot at the back of her beautiful head, thus fully un-

veiling the sweet lines of brow, cheek, and the clear-cut profile. Her eyes were dark and tender—they were shining now with the light of soul—a poetic soul kindled into new and radiant life by the eloquent thoughts to which she had just listened. Bending forward, with a quick, impulsive movement, she swept aside the crimson hangings, in whose shade—seeing yet unseen—she had sat during the play, and looked for the first time on the youthful poet. At that moment his eye, uplifted, met her glance! A joyous premonition trembled through his heart—he knew that they must meet again—he beheld in that pure girl his destiny!

Forgotten now were all those weary years of exile from his dear Suabian land, where his boyish heart poured itself out in one burning prayer:

"In thine arms I cast myself, oh, German fatherland! Take him up who resigns for thee all the joys of love and home—take him up into thy great heart! And if thou canst not, if I am powerless to accomplish the great work before me, grant me, fatherland, an early death in thy service, and deign to write on my lowly tomb: He dreamed of the true, of the excellent, and we bless him for his dreams!

The weary past forgotten—a Hope, purer and sweeter and lovelier than life ever offered before, beckoned him on!

"*Nun bin ich ein Dichter!*" murmured Schiller, bending his bright head before the people, while tears thrice blessed stood in his glorious eyes.

The sun was just disappearing behind the "blue, Franconian mountains," leaving in his wake a train of rosy, golden-edged clouds, which seemed almost to color the soft, summer air with their own bright hues. Far across the valley, through which the winding Saale pursued its course of light and shadow, rose the grey towers of Lengefeld above the dark verdure of its ancient Wald. From the gothic chapel near the castle the sweet evening chimes rang out their plaintive melody, melting into the influences of the hour, and softening each heart into a tender sadness

"—That resembled sorrow only,
As the mist resembles the rain."

Many a time had Schiller wandered amid those scenes by the side of the gentle Charlotte,

to whose home he had been welcomed after his triumph in *Cabale und Liebe*, but it was on the summer eve of which we write that his love first found voice, and Schiller tasted the sweetest draught ever held to mortal lips—the consciousness of love returned!

“What then I felt—what sung—my memory hence
From that wild moment would in vain invoke;
It was the life of some discovered sense
That in the heart's divine emotion spoke;
Long years imprisoned, and escaping thence

From every chain, the soul enchanted broke,
And found a music in its own deep core,
Its holiest, deepest deep, unguessed before.

Like melody long hushed and lost in space,
Back to its home the breathing spirit came:
I looked, and saw upon that angel face
The fair love circled with the modest shame;
I heard (and Heaven descended on the place)
Low whispered words a charmed truth proclaim—
Saves in thy choral hymns, oh, spirit-shore,
Ne'er may I hear such thrilling sweetness more!”

This exquisite souvenir, in “*Die Begegnung*,”
bears the date of that summer evening.

THE STORY OF A SUMMER'S DAY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

’Twas a quiet Summer afternoon,
When over the hills trailed the robes of June;
The clover billows tossed in the breeze—
And a thousand fairies sang in the trees,
The bees were drowsy with all of sweets,
And refuge took from the fever'd heats
In the lily's cup,
When it lifted up

Its love and light to the tender sky,
Close by the edge of the field of rye.

There was a cottage rambling and brown,
On the hillside west of the town;
Apple trees shaded the low, old door,
Flower breaths came from the green-hilled moor;
And close by the step, a deep, cool well,
Fringed with the trembling asphodel,
Slept in its freshness so pure and divine,
As to charm the *bon vivant* from his wine.

A ragged wanderer, tall and grim,
Came down the dusty road—

Looking with wistful, hungry eyes
Up to this sweet abode;

He turned, at last, from the hot sand,
And clambered up the rising land,
Until, in pain, spent, and footsore,
He stood before Dame Edith's door.

He raised his tattered cap to catch

The cooling Western breeze,
Which whispered 'mid the lilac shrubs,
Filled with the breath of ease;

The sweat ran down his feverish cheek,
He wiped it off with gesture meek;

And leaning on his oaken staff,

He gazed out on the scene—

The purple woods, the swelling hills,
The high-heaved pastures green.

Dame Edith, from her dairy door,
Saw the poor wanderer's strength give o'er;
She hastened out, and bade him come
To rest within her “keeping room.”

No velvet carpets met his tread,
No silken curtains soothed his head,
But boughs of fir and mountain spruce
There twined above the mantle-piece.

A sanded floor as white as snow,
Curtains of muslin, drooping low
O'er windows screened with holly-vine,
And draped rich with young woodbine
A few rude drawings here and there,

A rustic lounge, an easy-chair;
And on the rug a sleek, clean cat,
Taking in peace her noontide nap.
Dame Edith looped the curtain up,
To woo the breath of lilac cups.
She made the wanderer rest his limbs
In the chintz rocking-chair,
And brought a comb of ivory
To smooth his tangled hair—
And gave him milk, and cream—white bread,
And new cheese, rich and rare.

Fresh from the hills a gush of song,
Broke through the window-bars—
Chanting a tale of shipwrecked men,
Who died 'mid broken spars—
An ancient song of Love and Faith,
Mixed with old fancies wild;
The traveler left his nectar cup
To see the singing child.
Unknowing that a stranger was within the house,
The little maid flew in—

“Oh, mother, dearest, see the flowers
I've brought from Gowrie Linn!”
She stopped—a bright blush broke the snow
Upon the whiteness of her brow.
“Your pardon, sir; I knew it not,
A guest was in our favored cot.”

The stranger looked; the vision bright
Which burst upon him chained his sight.
Scarce nineteen rosy-bosomed years
Had crowned her with their smiles and tears!
Hair like the sunlight on the brook,
Eyes in whose depths you scarce dared look—
Lest their pure, beaming innocence
Should deem you vile, and flee from hence.
She stood there, timid as a fawn,
Her graceful dress of snowy lawn
Falling unto her feet.

Her little hands crossed on her breast,
Her very look and smile unrest;
Her lips just parted, like the bliss
Of two red rose-buds when they kiss.

The stranger said, uncouth enough,
In truth his voice was stern and gruff—
“Sit down, my lass; a beggar man
Can place all courtesies at ban.
This good dame here has fed me well,
I scarce can tell me why
So much of kindness should be shown
To such a lout as I!”

"Dear sir," the maiden said, "we know
That God is God to all below;
He made us all from humble clay—
Why should we spurn the poor away?
The beggar's soul may be as pure,
His heart as true and good,
As young Duke Athrel's of the Birk—
That prince of gentle blood!"

"Ha!" cried the stranger—"you may say it;
From lips like thine,
The veriest treason seems divine!
Maiden, I'm lowly, you that fact can see,
Say! would you wed yourself to one like me?"

"Sir, 'tis a strange inquiry—passing strange—
But I will e'en reply—
Pd marry Love whether in hut or grange,
Cottage, or palace high!
The King might woo me with his lily hand—
The noblest man in all this favored land—
But not my hand without my heart should go;
Good, sir, pray let me pass, I will it so!"

"Stay, maiden; I had heard that in this shire
None were so fair as she who dwelleth here!—
I thought me I would like this girl to see—
I came, I saw, and lost my heart to thee!
Elva, wilt thou walk with me through this life,
And share my poverty?"

He took her hand, looking into her eyes
He read his blessed fate—
The god of Happiness came near and oped
Love's crystal-paneled gate!
Her bosom throbb'd, she blush'd, and looked adown
Her sweet face shrouded in her tresses brown.
Harold, the stranger, knew her thoughts,
His life was blest!
He took her strongly to his stalwart breast.

Days passed.
He went away, although Dame Edith strove
To keep him at the side of his new love;
In vain; he said his destiny decreed,
He must away,
But at the dawning of next Christ day
He'd come again to smell the new-mown hay.

The morn of Christ day broke o'er the earth,
Its advent welcomed by the bird's rich mirth;
Young Elva woke from sleep; a clarion horn
Sounded adown the hills of blooming thorn!
The royal trumpets blew a shrilly blast,
And down the road Duke Athrel's train spurn'd fast.

"Oh, mother, see the scarfs and helmets bright!
Look, mother! is it not a fair, brave sight?
See! quickly! see, they wind at the steep hill
Leading around the pond of Kellie's mill—

As I live, mother, the fine coursers wait—
Ha! ha! they dash in at our little gate!
What means it, mother?"

Ah, gentle maid, the sentence was undone;
The courtly horsemen riding one by one—
Their rich-plumed hats held in their noble hands,
Waiting Duke Athrel's pleasurable commands.
The kingliest cavalier among them all,
The prince, alike in tented field, or hall,
Sprang from his steed, and sought fair Elva's side—
"Maiden," said he, "I come to claim my bride.

"How?" Elva said; her color came and went
Like the red sunset on the hills of Brent;
"I promised me to one both good and true,
My heart is his—I may not look at you."

"But I am Duke of Athrel; gems of gold
Shall be for thee—diamonds thy bosom fold!
That brow so white, with regal beauty set,
Will well become a Duchess' coronet!"

"Go, my Lord Duke, I cannot be for thee;
I love another, humble though he be!
Not for the wealth of all the King's estate,
Would I exchange with thee my happy fate!"

The proud Duke smiled, and cast his helmet down
Upon the lilac bushes, bare and brown—
"Elva," he said, "look well upon my brow,
Tell me if thou hast seen this face ere now?"

She gazed; her soul seemed to go forth to look,
She nearer drew—one searching gaze she took—
"Great Heaven! my wandering Harold! can it be?
No, no; Duke Athrel, thou canst not be he!"

"Harold, the wanderer, and the Duke are one!
Fair Elva, by a beggar wert thou won—
Wilt thou refuse? lift up thy drooping head—
Wilt thou refuse with royalty to wed?"

His proud lips touched her radiant, rosy mouth—
His blood was fervid like his native South—
He at Love's portal drank life's richness in,
And wondered if such love could be a sin!

One morning in the glorious Autumn time,
The bells of Loch-Fern rang a bridal chime!
The grim cathedral oped its ponderous doors,
And gave to happy feet its sacred floors.
Blushing, fair Elva leaned on Athrel's arm,
Her step, her blush, her very look a charm.
The priest in gown and surplice blest the rite,
And asked the blessing of the God of light.

And Elva, now a Duchess, velvet-robed,
Is to her husband all he wished or sought;
She gives to all his vassals free and glad;
Her life and hope with his brave heart unsought.
Their lives two rivers joined in harmony,
To flow together to the Shoreless Sea.

HAD FATE BUT CAST.

HAD fate but cast thy lot on earth
In some low vale like mine;
I would have clung unto thy side
Like ivy to a vine:
But now, alas! our fortunes are
Too wide apart for me;
I can but cherish in my heart
Grief's bitter tears for thee.

The pangs which on my heart now prey
No human soul shall know;
No murmurings shall e'er reveal
My hopelessness of woe;
Nor shall one sigh of mine through life,
My utter misery tell,
While I can know 'twould wound the heart
Of one I love so well.

F. J.

THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH.

BY MRS. BEULAH C. HIRST.

CHAPTER I.

MANY years ago, on a wild, desolate part of the sea-beaten coast of New Jersey, stood the humble home of George Clayton. He was young, poor and unlearned; but so handsome, industrious and honest, that when he won the heart of a noted beauty—a wealthy farmer's daughter of the mainland, people were not surprised, even though Sarah Wallace was known to be proud and ambitious.

George had been a sailor, but when a fair, young wife lighted his home with the joy of her presence, he abandoned his profession. Still retaining a fondness for the sea, he left the mainland and built a cottage on the waste, sandy beach, where the waves broke in wild, musical tumult near his door. Fish, oysters, terrapins, and game abounded in the vicinity, the capture of which afforded him ample and remunerative employment. The beach was thinly inhabited, and only by those, who, like George, drew their little incomes from the depths of the waters.

Here the fond, young husband brought his wife, anticipating joy, peace, and content in the society of the beloved one; but soon found, to his sorrow, that love had not extinguished in his wife's heart her natural pride, ambition, and vanity, the fatal plants of bitterness which no earthly power could pluck out by their roots.

Years had passed since he carried her to his ocean home, and a lovely daughter made the rude walls musical with her childish glee. But Sarah still continued fretful and capricious, driving peace and joy from the fireside in vain longings after unattainable wealth.

A wild, fearful storm was sweeping over the coast, lashing the angry sea into furious rage, dashing it with mighty force upon the unresisting land, with the sound of many thunders. On the distant mainland, Christians prayed for those "who go down to the deep in ships," and human hearts shuddered in anticipation of the fearful news the morrow might bring of danger, shipwreck and death. They gathered around warm firesides, and told sad tales of nights like this, when weary mariners, so near their haven, were caught up by treacherous winds and seas, and tossed and torn in utter helplessness; then thrown pale, cold, and lifeless on the sandy

shore. They narrated wild adventures of the hardy fishermen—the wreckers of the coast—in their earnest endeavors to save human life, and in subdued tones described the morning walk along the beach, when the winds were calm and the waves had subsided, and naught was left to tell the tale of death, save the shattered fragments of some ill-fated vessel, and the bodies lying stark and ghastly beneath the sun's bright rays, far up on the strand, where the receding waves had left them.

The last prayer in every heart that night was, "God help the mariner," as each remembered how many friends and neighbors whom they loved, were out upon the stormy ocean.

But in a home nearer the scene of danger, no prayer was rising for those in peril. The storm that raged without, and sent the voice of the angry sea far over the land, was mocked by a gust of human passion in the rebellious heart of Sarah Clayton. Some rival had outshone her in dress, and the paltry love of display had raised a mighty tumult in Sarah's heart, which, with most unwomanly speech, she vented on her unoffending husband. He listened long in silence to her reproaches and lamentations over his poverty, and then endeavored to pacify her by promising, that if hard, unremitting labor could give her the objects which she coveted, she should have them.

"But, Sarah," added he, "you know in this season of the year I cannot make money by my calling. Only wait until summer comes, and you shall have silks and gaudy trappings, though I toil without bread to give them to you."

"You always say that," retorted the angry woman; "you have promised me a dozen times that I should have them. When did you ever keep your promise? Never! Nor will you now. I might have them as well as others, only you are so precious honest: how many goods have you picked up from wrecked vessels which you might have kept, but for your foolish scruples? Margaret Green's husband is not so particular, so she and her family ride over me and mine with fine airs which crush us. Are we always to live in this way? Is Alice, with all her beauty, to grow into womanhood nothing but a poor fisherman's daughter—with her pretty face

burned by toil and exposure in the sun, and her slender figure bundled up in linsey-woolsey? Tell me. Don't sit there, with your head down groaning over the truth; but look up like a man, and answer my question! Is this to be my daughter's fate?"

"God help me! God help me! It is not my fault!" moaned the tortured man.

"Help yourself," replied the wife. "That is the way to get rich; and not by sitting there, crying and calling for help, like a whipped baby. And let me tell you, George Clayton, if you do not make money by some means, I will; for I will have it! If I was such a fool as to throw away my youth and beauty on a poor fellow who had nothing but good looks to recommend him, I have learned better since. My father told me how it would be, and you know how unwillingly he permitted our marriage, assuring me, in plain words, if I wedded a beggar, I should abide by my choice, for not a dollar of his should assist me. Love cannot feed on air, nor will it stay in a proud heart for one who brings that heart to poverty and shame. In the distant city, they tell me, my beauty would have won me a rich husband, and I am resolved my daughter shall not throw herself away as I have done. If you cannot dress us decently, and give her, as she grows up, means to equal the people on the mainland, I will take her to the city, although I walk every step of the way, and beg my bread from door to door. You know I will do what I say, and I warn you so that you may set to work as soon as possible, unless you choose to part with the wife and daughter you profess to love."

"What, Sarah, would you take my child from me because I am poor?" asked the husband, cowed by his wife's violence.

"Aye, that I would!" exclaimed she; "and do her thus a kindly deed. My Alice shall be a lady, though I die for it. She shall not live another year in this beggarly way."

"Sarah, be careful what you say. A dozen times you have urged me to the verge of madness by your ceaseless reproaches. Heaven knows, I would give you my heart's blood could I coin it into gold. I have lived, and I hoped to die, an honest man; but if you will have wealth, I suppose I must get it, honestly if I can, or, if not, why then I must even take a troubled conscience, or an unhappy home."

Just then a beautiful child appeared in the doorway of an adjoining apartment, and glancing inquiringly from one to the other, she saw George wipe away the tears which had been called up by his wife's reproaches. In a second her little bare feet pattered over the floor, and springing on his

knee, she clasped her arms around his neck, and nestled her head, with its wealth of sunny curls, beside his tear-stained and sunburned face.

"Papa, dear papa, what makes you cry? Has any one hurt my papa?" exclaimed the innocent child.

He drew her more closely to him, and mutely kissed her.

"What makes you cry?" persisted Alice; "mamma loves you, and Alice loves you. Don't cry, dear papa."

George's tears flowed afresh, and the child turned with a troubled glance to her mother.

"Mamma, why does papa cry?" asked she. "Has he been naughty, as Alice sometimes is?"

"Yes, darling; he has not loved Alice as he ought, and mamma scolded him."

"Not loved Alice!" cried the child. "Oh, papa!" and she burst into tears.

"Sarah, beware!" said George, angrily. "Poison not her young mind."

"If you love her, prove it," retorted Sarah. "Once you professed to love me, but you have given no evidence of it. Look at that pretty face! Is this hut a fit place for such beauty?"

A heavy knock at the door prevented a reply, and George answered the rude summons by opening it. He started back in surprise at beholding two strangers on the threshold.

"Shelter for the love of heaven!" cried one of them.

"Enter, and welcome," responded George, heartily, as the wild wind and rain swept through the partly opened door, plainly exposing the violence of the storm without.

They staggered in, telling by their pale, worn faces, tattered garments, and feeble footsteps, a tale of suffering and danger, quickly read by Clayton's practiced eyes.

"What! is there a ship ashore?" asked he, as he placed them beside the fire.

"Aye! what craft could live in a storm like this?" replied the sailor. "The Sea Gull was as staunch as any ship that rode the waves; but nothing now remains, except her shattered hull on the bar below. But by my faith, Lewis looks as faint as a woman. No wonder: we had a rough time beating about among the breakers. I thought we should scarcely reach the shore alive, for what with the trunks, bales, boxes, and the like, floating around and tossing against us, we were sadly bruised and mangled. Look at that foot: it will take many weeks, and good nursing, to make it fit to bear my weight again."

"Bring some brandy, Sarah, and plenty of blankets," cried George. "Comrade," continued he, turning to the more hardy sailor, "I will

attend to your wants directly; but as your friend seems sinking, we will at him first."

"Aye, do," replied the bluff sailor; "Lewis is young and somewhat delicate; yet he made a good officer—he was our second mate. It will be better to let me get thoroughly warm before my crushed foot be disturbed."

Brandy, mixed with hot water, was administered to Lewis, who seemed completely exhausted; his wounds were dressed, his bruises bathed, his hands and feet warmed, and chafed; and a bed made for him on a settee, where he was closely wrapped in blankets. Under the kind care of Sarah and her husband, the flagging current of life reanimated the sailor's frame, and he soon became able to thank them for their hospitality.

Meanwhile the more sturdy seaman had swallowed a glass of the hot liquor which Sarah gave him, and had drawn around him a thick blanket, and, seated close to the fire, patiently awaited their ministrations to his comfort.

When Lewis revived, George turned to his other guest.

"You are also an officer, I judge?" said he, as he bandaged the bruised foot.

"I was first mate of the Sea Gull," returned the man.

"Your shipmates—where are they?" asked George, when he had completed his task.

"All lost, poor fellows!" replied the mate; "but the captain is still alive, and we promised to send him aid if we could obtain it. We left him on the sand some distance down the shore beneath a group of trees. You will look to him, comrade, will you not?"

"Certainly," returned George: "but how came it that only the chief officers of the wreck escaped? You surely did not desert your ship?"

"Not we," replied the sailor, quickly. "When the vessel first struck, the dastardly crew rushed for the boats, leaving their officers to shift for themselves. Both boats were swamped when they had scarcely left the ship, and the poor wretches were drowned. The captain, Lewis, and I, lashed ourselves to a spar, and were safely washed ashore, though we received many hard knocks from the floating cargo around. When we reached firm land, we cut ourselves loose from the spar, and sought shelter. Lewis and the captain were so weak, I had to assist each in turn as we groped our way along the sand. At last the captain could hold out no longer, and we left him, promising to send assistance. Are there any men in the neighborhood to go with you to his rescue?"

"None near enough," said George. "About two miles up the shore are several families—all the men good wreckers. If you had fired signal guns when your ship struck, they would have hastened to your assistance."

"There is no light on this shore to warn us of danger," returned the sailor; "and we did not know ourselves so near a bar until we struck. Before the guns could be reached, the sea washing over us, wet the ammunition. It is a bad night for a man to venture forth alone in such a place as this; but you will be amply rewarded. The captain carries a small fortune in a belt about his waist."

Sarah's eyes gleamed, as she quickly glanced toward her husband.

"If he was badly hurt, he may be dead by this time," said she. "However, George, you had better go see what can be done for him. Here is a lantern; but first, come up stairs and put on your pilot coat, woollen comforter and mittens."

She led the way, and he followed her to an upper room.

"George," said she, huskily, "if that man is still alive, he is probably insensible; if dead, he can tell no tales; dead or alive—secure that money."

"What! steal?" cried George.

"You might as well have it as another," returned she. "If he still lives, he may not recover from his injuries; if dead, he will not need it. If you do not get it, these men will; and they are nought to him. Have courage, man! Remember your wife and child! I have promised you we will not inhabit this beggarly hut another year, and you well know I will fulfill my threat."

George turned away with a moody brow and compressed lips.

When he went down into the room below, he found Alice standing beside the mate's chair, while his large hand stroked her ringlets.

"By my faith, comrade," said he, "you must have stolen a mermaid's daughter, or some queen's child. This is too rare a creature for a fisherman's dwelling. What is your name, pretty one?"

"Alice Clayton," replied the child; "but papa calls me Lilly."

"Aptly named, pet," returned the mate. "Well, friend," continued he, turning toward Clayton, who was busy with his lantern, "I wish you luck for this fair daughter's sake. Such a picture should have a golden frame."

"It shall," murmured George, inwardly, as he caught her up and kissed her. Then quickly

disengaging himself, he seized his lantern and dashed out into the darkness.

CHAPTER II.

THE fury of the storm was sufficient to appal the stoutest heart. The waves leaped on high, chasing each other in mad career, until they broke with mighty moan upon the shore. The fierce wind swept over the unprotected coast with fearful violence, its deep diapason mingling with the sublime music of the mighty ocean, whose every voice was abroad upon the tempest.

George Clayton heeded neither wind, nor wave, nor sounding voice of storm. His heart was full of one thought, one hope, one firm resolve—to obtain gold, and at once, even at the price of crime.

George was naturally honest, and inclined to do good; one thing, however, he lacked—strength of mind. Unstable and impulsive, he had always yielded to Sarah's great force of character until it obtained complete mastery over him. Had that influence been exerted for good, he had remained a true and upright man. But Sarah coveted finery, and her impatient pride irritated her naturally imperious temper, which was constantly visited on her husband in tears, reproaches, and threats. Her mind was so completely filled with the desire for wealth, that it became a passion of her strong nature—a complete monomania, overpowering all sense of integrity.

The memory of the indulgence which gratified her every whim in her father's house, and readily opened his full purse at her request, made her look backward with longing eyes to those times, when arrayed in costly attire, she swept about among her companions, the acknowledged beauty and belle of her sphere.

She could not recall those luxurious days; but she sighed for their gay trappings, and as her daughter grew in years, with promise of rare beauty, Sarah waxed impatient to surround her with the wealth that had embellished her own youthful reign.

Sarah Clayton was not to be checked by aught that impeded her will, and daily, for weeks, months and years, she urged her husband by every argument woman's ready wit suggested, with every appeal to which his feelings were sensitive, to procure gold to minister to her vanity by any means that might present themselves, were they honest or otherwise.

His ductile mind had gradually yielded to her power, and on the night our story opens her vituperations goaded him to madness. The

words of the sailor seemed to testify to Sarah's assertion, that beauty needed the protection and embellishment of gold; and with the last remnant of honest resistance overcome, George went forth, determined, desperate and reckless.

After her husband's departure, Sarah carried Alice back to her bed, and having sat by her until the child fell asleep, returned to the other apartment and busied herself nervously in preparing food for her guests, clearing away the dishes when they were satisfied, and arranging everything in the room until there was no farther excuse for exertion.

Then she sat down by the fireside, and gazed thoughtfully at the flame. The mate had made several remarks to her, while she was employed, and receiving short replies, left her to her abstraction. Now, however, the entire comfort which surrounded him turned his thoughts to his less fortunate brother officer.

"If the captain were only here," said he, regretfully, "I feel restless while he is still exposed to the furious storm."

Before she could reply, the door was rudely thrown open, and George Clayton rushed in, pale, breathless, his eyes starting from their sockets, his whole manner betraying intense excitement.

Sarah and the mate sprang forth in alarm. Wounded as he was, Lewis arose in anxious fear.

"The captain—have you found him?" exclaimed both sailors in a breath.

"No!" replied George, hoarsely, "I went first to the group of trees to which you directed me, but he was not there. I searched far and wide, and finally concluded he must have strayed into the sea."

"I am not afraid of that," returned the mate, "he was too far beyond the surf when we left him; and even in the darkness the whiteness of the breakers would warn him to keep away."

"He may have been so injured about the head as to have affected his senses, and thus have unconsciously rushed into danger," remarked George.

"Not so," returned the mate, "he said he was only injured about the lower limbs, which made walking so painful that he surely would not voluntarily remove from the spot where he knew we would seek him."

"He was not there, that is all I know about it," said George, abruptly.

"What frightened you so, comrade?" queried the mate. "When you rushed in you looked as if a legion of fiends were chasing you."

"No jesting at my expense, if you please!" exclaimed George, glaring angrily at him.

"I do not understand you," said the mate, in surprise, "going out into the storm has had a strange effect on you. Your look, voice, and manner are vastly different from what they were."

"Ah, do you think so?" returned George, with a forced laugh. "It is all excitement and anxiety. I have seen many shipwrecks, but they are always terrible to me. And a hunt on the beach, at midnight, alone, and in such a storm as this, for the body of one who may prove living or dead—you know not which—and the knowledge that a dozen corpses are floating near you, which, when the sun went down, were hale, hearty, living men, is enough to shake the nerves of the bravest man."

"True sir, true," exclaimed the mate, "forgive my rude thoughtlessness; but I am troubled about the captain. God help him! I am sorry that I left him! It was his desire, however, and we could do no good by remaining. Heaven forbid that after escaping such peril by sea, he should die on land, so near a shelter. He was a good officer, and an honest man. May all good angels guard him, for a fair, young wife would mourn his death, and a lovely child be rendered fatherless!"

"Wife and child!" cried George, starting up, trembling with emotion.

"Aye, sir, a wife as fair as yours, and a child that would almost rival yon sleeping cherub," returned the mate.

"God help them!" exclaimed George, with a groan.

Sarah sat pale and silent—a look of horror in her large, black eyes.

"Let us make another attempt to save him for their sakes," said the mate. "My poor, mangled foot will make slow progress; but I cannot sit here, by this warm fireside, while he lies, dying, perhaps, out in the cold. Nay, Lewis," continued he, as the latter attempted to rise, "you cannot go. Why, boy, your strength would not withstand a single puff of the blast without; you were almost gone when you reached this place, and must stay where you are; but you, comrade," turning to George, "you will go?"

"It is useless," replied Clayton. "I looked carefully.

"Let us try," persisted the mate.

George arose and procured a great coat for the sailor, and relighted the lantern. They went forth and searched long and carefully for the missing man, until his faithful officer, at last, admitted farther effort was useless.

They returned, despondingly, and after warming and drying themselves, George led his guests

into an upper chamber, where a soft, warm bed soon lulled their weary limbs to rest.

George and Sarah retired to their own bedroom on the ground floor. Scarcely were they alone, when he drew from his pocket a heavy belt, and threw it toward his wife.

"There, madam, is the gold you coveted, for which you made my house a place of torment, and which I have sold my soul to win!" said he, with fierce bitterness.

"Oh, George, you did not—you could not—murder!" exclaimed the wife, in agony.

"Heaven knows I did not intend to kill him," returned George, "I found him, as I expected, insensible, and had nearly withdrawn the belt, when he revived, and caught me by the throat with a strong grasp. I struggled to release myself, and in the effort clutched him by the throat. As I tightened my grasp, his relaxed, and he lay lifeless—dead—before me. I seized the belt, secured it, and ran homeward. I soon remembered that the morrow must expose all, and I hastened back and dragged the poor fellow down to the sea, and as the waves receded, threw him in among them! Then, frightened at my own crime, I ran homeward with all speed; ever and anon cowering in terror, as, in the darkness, the white crests of the breakers gleamed, like accusing ghosts. Madam, I hope your gold will give you pleasure: it is dearly bought, at the price of a soul."

"Oh, George! George!" cried the woman, "I meant not this. I never dreamed of murder. How could you? How could you?"

"Woman, be silent!" exclaimed George, fiercely. "Would you hang me?"

She sprang up in fear. He had never before addressed her so harshly.

"Sit down, madam," said he, mournfully, "I will not harm you. I am not a murderer in heart, though my hand is stained with innocent blood."

"Oh, George! George!"

"You would have your gay trappings," continued he, "and I was goaded on to get them as best I could. Woman is said to inculcate all good. A wife, they say, is a man's best safeguard. Have you been such to me? Never! my love for you has ruined me—poor, weak fool that I am—but yesterday, an honest man; now, a thief, a murderer!"

"Dear George," said Sarah, soothingly, "try to calm yourself; you will awaken Alice."

"Poor Alice!" exclaimed he, "would she had died in her cradle, rather than by her beauty have rendered herself a tool for others, to urge her father on to crime. Alas! I have placed a

gulf between me and my sinless child over which I can never pass. How will her very purity accuse me? As for you, Sarah, you are leagued with me in crime, and stand before heaven as guilty as myself."

"Spare me! spare me!" cried the wretched woman.

"I loved you, Sarah, and my soul was in your keeping," said he, unheeding her; "how will you answer for the charge? This man, they say, had also a wife and child—poor, perhaps, and dependent on him for bread."

He paced the room for a long time in silent agony. Sarah's iron will soon composed her troubled spirit, and led her to subdue her husband's agitation.

"George," said she, firmly, "I am sorry for this thing; I would be content to live and die a beggar, could I undo it. I would freely give my life, would that avail; but regrets are useless! We must look to the consequences. If discovered, you know the penalty. Your manner has already excited attention, and when the captain's body is found, and his belt missed, you will need all your self-possession to evade suspicion. For my sake, for your child's sake, compose yourself, that you may be better prepared to guard yourself to-morrow."

"I cannot undo it now," returned George, "so I will brave it out. But oh, how gladly would I exchange places with that poor corpse floating in the deep, could I wash my hands of this deed!"

Sarah carefully concealed the ill-gotten treasure, and persuaded her husband to take an opiate, which soon induced sleep, and soothed his excited nerves for the morrow's trials.

CHAPTER III.

THE sun arose, bright and clear. The waves still roared in angry tumult, and the wind blew violently. Clayton appeared before his guests, calm as marble. All trace of the last night's excitement had vanished, and his manner was grave even to sternness.

At an early hour George and the mate set out again in search of the captain, or his dead body, as the case might prove. At the door they were met by a party of men—bluff, hardy fishermen, ever ready to assist the suffering—who had done more deeds of true heroism, without fame or reward, than many a hero, whose name filled the world, could boast of. Often had they risked their lives to rescue those in danger, whose only claim upon them was the tie of humanity.

They had come down to see if the storm had swept harmlessly by, or whether, again, some

gallant ship lay shattered on their dangerous coast, and suffering strangers required their aid?

When they heard the errand on which George and his companion were bent, they volunteered their assistance, and urged the mate to forbear using his mangled foot, assuring him they could do all that was possible; but his anxiety prompted him to go with them at any hazard of pain to himself.

They manufactured rude crutches for him, and set out on their search. They first visited the group of trees where the captain had been left, with a faint hope that, if alive, he might have returned thither. He was not there; but a neck-cloth was found, which, the mate declared, the missing man wore on the previous day. They now pursued their search inland through the low undergrowth, and down the beach until the inlet barred farther progress in that direction. They next sought the strand, which was strewn with articles from the wreck, which the waves had washed far up on the shore.

Packages, and hampers of goods, with beds, chairs, trunks, and articles of clothing, were scattered far and wide. The fishermen drew them up beyond the tide-mark, and left them there, until the wreck-master should come from the mainland to take charge of them.

They had not walked far, when the sight of a human figure, lying on the sand, made their hearts throb, and their steps quicken.

When they drew nearer, they perceived it was a sailor from the hapless wreck. He lay pale, cold, lifeless, with his open eyes staring full at the sun, which no longer had power to subdue their stony gaze. They knelt beside him, put aside his clothing, and felt above his heart. It had ceased to beat, as the unblanching eyes forewarned them. Carefully covering his face, two of them bore the corpse along, as they continued their search.

They soon found another dead body, which was taken in charge as the first had been.

They passed the spot where the vessel had struck, and where her shattered hull was still visible. She lay some distance from the shore, on a low sand-bar, whose presence was only indicated by the breakers foaming above it.

"My poor Sea Gull!" exclaimed the mate. "It grieves me as much to see her tossed and torn upon yonder bar, as though she were a living friend in peril. How often have I stood upon her deck, and laughed to see her pass her fellows with the swiftness of an eagle! But I shall do so no more; and if I can only find her brave commander alive and safe, I'll whistle all other care down the wind."

Pursuing their course, they found another body, likewise that of a sailor. This corpse was borne along as the others had been. As the men kept on their course with their heavy burthens, they still sought for some trace of the captain. They reached Clayton's cottage, however, without finding any, and laying the dead bodies in an outhouse, despatched one of their number for the wreck-master and coroner; while the others pursued their search along the shore above. They returned at noon, after having visited every part of the beach, without success.

Early in the afternoon the wreck-master arrived, bringing with him the coroner and a number of trusty assistants. They gathered up all the valuables from the wreck, and put them in a place of safety, there to remain until the wreck-master should receive directions from the underwriters in New York.

The bodies were taken charge of by the coroner, and removed to the mainland for burial; it being customary to carry them a great distance, if necessary, to secure them Christian burial, among those who met a more peaceful death.

The first mate was disconsolate and troubled in mind. He ate nothing, and remained out on the strand, even when strongly advised to retire to Clayton's house and rest. He watched George with a lynx eye, which the latter did not fail to perceive, although he affected not to notice it.

Early next morning messengers were despatched to a neighboring beach, to learn if the captain's body had floated thither. It had not been seen, although several sailors had been found and removed for burial.

Lewis had partially recovered from his injuries, and the first mate engaged a fisherman to convey them to the mainland.

"Why does not Clayton take you?" asked the man. "He has a good boat, and is one of the most obliging men on the beach."

"You rate him highly then?" returned the mate, inquiringly.

"Yes, that I do," replied the man, frankly. "George Clayton is one of the best, most temperate, upright men in this county. He has never been known to do an ill deed. Why, sir, the wreck-master always gives him preference above all others, where valuables are to be guarded."

"He is above suspicion, then?" asked the mate.

"To be sure he is," bluntly returned the man; "and I pity the man that hints otherwise among his comrades, who love and respect him."

The mate said no more, but returned to Clayton's to prepare his brother officer for removal.

"It may be, Lewis," said he, after he related his conversation with the fisherman, "that Clayton is innocent of the captain's disappearance. I hope he is; still, I strongly suspect him. His words, manner, and appearance that night, were very suspicious; and I fear our friend has been foully dealt with. However, time will show. I will try to suspend opinion until we find him, or his body. I cannot bear to stay under a man's roof, when I doubt his integrity, and on the mainland we shall hear more readily from distant points of the coast should the captain be found."

"If his body is discovered rifled of his belt, will you denounce Clayton?" asked Lewis.

"Not unless I have positive proof of his guilt," replied the mate. "He stands high in public opinion, and nothing short of clear causes for conviction will fasten the crime upon him. If I cannot offer indisputable testimony to support my suspicions, I shall not mention them."

Clayton parted kindly with his guests, indignantly declining any remuneration for his services.

Several days later news came that a dead body had been found on a beach, not far distant from where the Sea Gull was wrecked, and the first mate hastened to the spot and recognized his long sought friend. The body was somewhat mutilated by fish, but easily identified. Dark marks were upon the throat which might be tokens of violence, or the effect of natural causes—no one could say which. His belt had disappeared; and the faithful mate was fully convinced in his own mind, that George Clayton was guilty of robbery and murder; but on consultation with his fellow officer, concluded the circumstance of finding the corpse so many days later, and in the hands of strangers, without any marks of violence, which could be positively recognized as such, together with the man's high character, which many had asserted in reply to their inquiries, would prevent conviction for the deed; and, while a doubt remained, they would not assail the reputation of one, who had shown them hospitality.

After giving their superior officer proper burial, they departed for their distant homes. The memory of the wreck of the Sea Gull was soon dimmed in the minds of the people of the vicinity, by other occurrences of a similar nature.

Not so with George and Sarah Clayton. It was an era in their lives, beyond which peace and happiness could not pass; back to which, in after years, they looked, as the date, when crime, and its sure follower—remorse, entered their hearts to be driven out no more.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

SQUIRE HOLMAN'S WOOING.

BY MARY W. JANVBN, AUTHOR OF "PEACE; OR, THE STOLEN WILL."

CHAPTER I.

"SQUIRE, I wonder you never got married."

The words rang in the old squire's ears long after his neighbor, Deacon Towers, who had a habit of dropping in often to spend a social evening, had spoken them—bade him "Good night!"—and walked down the graveled avenue leading to the highway, leaving the old squire sitting by his fire-side in profound thought.

I say "Old Squire," because everybody in Dentford called him so; and yet he was a fine-looking, dignified man, still on the sunny side of fifty, with but few grey threads in his still luxuriant hair. Reader mine, mayhap, with myself, you have met some persons in this world who never seem to have had any accredited youth—maidens, dubbed "old maids," because of their "primness" or "shyness," long before they turned "the first corner," and men set down as "old bachelors" ere their prime, perhaps because of the staid, sober gravity of their demeanor, or, as is oftener the case, because they were in their youth guiltless of sowing that very fertile seed whose harvest is denominated "wild oats."

Of this latter class was Squire Holman—for his youth had been pure, kind-hearted, generous; his middle-age of a similar character; and now, when going on toward his fifties, everybody voted him a good, old-fashioned gentleman—a very much appreciated "fixture" in the society of his native Dentford.

It was a cheery apartment the squire was left sitting in that chilly October evening, with its glowing fire, the handsome carpet of rich, warm colors, the massive book-case, a round table covered with papers and magazines, one or two easy-chairs for the squire's lounging, and a little work-stand with its basket of sewing, and a stand of plants near the window—betraying, notwithstanding the squire's bachelorhood, some feminine presence.

Miriam Graves—plain, delicate, yet refined Miriam Graves—was an orphan child of four summers when Squire Holman's mother gave her a home and cherishing care; and it was about that time that William ("the Squire" of to-day,) came from college and opened his law office in the village; and, most faithfully filling

the place of an adopted daughter, did the girl watch over her kind benefactress, and shed tears of sorrow upon her coffin when she died. Miriam had a little property in her own right—a few hundreds left by her father, which was also swollen by a similar bequest from good old Mrs. Holman; but the squire, who was a middle-aged lawyer of considerable renown at his mother's death, would as soon have thought of appropriating to his own use the scanty portion of those widows and orphans whose estates he "administered" upon, as of receiving a cent from Miriam—so it was settled that she should still keep his house like a sister; and when the old mother was laid to her rest, her arm-chair still stood in its old place by the window, her glasses still lay as she had left them on the opened, large print Bible, and Miriam carefully kept in "the press" of her chamber the neat, black silk dresses the old lady used to wear; and summers and winters passed over the Holman mansion house—and William, "the Squire," grew to be a little grey—and Miriam, never a strong girl, still delicate and pale, glided on to her thirtieth birth-day.

Thirty summers over her head, and yet no lover had ever knelt to Miriam Graves! Somehow, she had escaped that usual accredited "lot" of woman. Among all the match-making *cliques* of Dentford—the "sewing circles," and "quillings," and "fairs," where gossiping spinsters most "do congregate," she had not been held up as a target; even as the squire had been set down as a bachelor, for whom *affaires du cœur* were supposed not to exist, so Miss Miriam's remained intact—for nobody seemed to imagine that under the somewhat shy, silent exterior of the girl going about her daily housewifely duties, and ministering so noiselessly, but effectually to the happiness of those around her, lay a strong, earnest nature, and heart capable of great love and devotion.

Thus, had any one in Dentford connected Miriam's name with matrimonial speculations, few believers would have been found. True, some, knowing her worth, had said, "I wonder the squire don't marry her!"—but others replied, "Why, they've been just like brother and sister all their days! Miriam's a good girl—but

then—well, I guess the squire ain't a marrying man!" which "guess" the seemingly fixed bachelorhood of the squire helped to confirm.

And now the squire sat there where Deacon Towers had left him—his slippers on the warm fender, and his head on the back of his comfortable arm-chair, thinking over what the deacon had said—"Squire, I wonder you never got married!"

And, as he thought, and thought it over, it gradually became a matter of wonder to himself too—sitting there all alone with no company save the great grey cat purring on the hearth-rug at his feet, for Miriam had gone up to her chamber early in the evening with a headache.

"There was Richard Allbury, my chum in college," soliloquized the squire, "married now, and his son in college—James Derby, a portly country doctor with a growing family and practice—Tim Halliday, poor Tim! he died and left a scanty income to his wife and children—well, they were all at old Harvard with me—married young—and now—how time flies! Over twenty-five years since then! why, it seems but yesterday since I got my degree and came home to open an office here in Dentford. How consequential I felt when I gained my first case! Jupiter! I was a second Daniel Webster! Let me see—twenty-six years ago, and mother had just adopted Miriam—bless my soul! Miriam thirty years old, and I am going on to fifty! Ah, well, time and tide wait for no man—though the thought never struck me before that I'm getting old. I don't know but Deacon Towers was right in wondering why I never got married—I can look back on all my young mates, and they're all old and grey family men now. I really begin to believe I ought to be married—hey, puss?" at which interrogatory, by way of conclusion to the squire's soliloquy, the grey cat addressed rose, and, purring audibly, put up her back against her master's hand dropped over the arm of his chair.

"Yes, puss, I believe I ought to be married—but whom to get to marry me, is the next question. There's Halliday's widow—poor Tim!—and the six children, with hardly as many hundreds to support 'em—well, Mrs. Halliday is a good-looking woman still, and I always spend pleasant evenings when I go there—but the six Hallidays," and here the squire glanced round his orderly apartment—"No, I couldn't endure it! for I've noticed that she spoils little Tim—the image of his father—and how could I see my calf-bound edition of Blackstone turned into a hobby-horse? Besides, when Miriam has her headaches—no, no, that won't do!" and an em-

phatic shake of his head dismissed Mrs. Tim Halliday and children six! in which decision the grey cat seemed to concur, for she expressed her satisfaction by a very loud purring.

"Let me see—there's the widow Smith," again went on the squire, while Tabby opened her eyes and sprang to his knee, "the widow Dorcas Smith—capital housekeeper—good farm, she owns—attends church constantly—gives liberally to the Foreign Missions—but then they do say that peaked nose of hers isn't for nothing, and Smith led a sorry life of it—no, not the widow Smith, pussy?" and he brought down his hand emphatically on the arm of his chair.

"There's Anna Bradley," he continued, getting interested, "Dr. Ames' wife's niece—good figure, sparkling eye, and pretty ancle, (why, Squire Holman, who'd ever have imagined you'd an eye for a woman's ancle?) but she's too gay and giddy—Miriam'd go crazy with her airs and flounces and furbelows, and this house full of company—and this I know, by Coke! no woman ever comes into this house to queen it over my good, pattern little Miriam—how kind she always was to my mother, heaven bless her!" and the lawyer sat for a moment buried in thought.

"Then there's Miss Betsey Mills—strong-minded Betsey!" he went on laughing and stroking the cat—"Good heavens! how she talks politics! Why, if they'd sent Miss Betsey to stump the country, Fremont and Jessie would now sit in the White House! Now why not Miss Betsey, since she'd copy all my briefs and perhaps get up all my pleas? Ha, ha, pussy! look your old master in the face and see if he'd be fool enough to marry a strong-minded woman! No, no, puss—guess our market isn't made this year!" and straightway dismissing Miss Betsey in the same lawyer-like manner as he had "summed up" and decided upon the "cases" of preceding ones, while the old clock struck ten and the grey cat sung herself to sleep on his knee, Squire Holman sat busy with his thoughts.

And patient, gentle Miriam's head grew easier, and she fell asleep at last in her chamber above, while the squire still sat buried in reverie. But somehow, despite his jocular soliloquy, the old sitting-room had never seemed so lonely, nor his life so lonely, as then. Is Squire Holman the only man who walks blind-folded, stretching out his hand for a distant happiness, while that most suited to his need is within his grasp?

CHAPTER II.

"Good afternoon, squire! Come in and spend the evening socially with us to-night. Haven't

seen you for this long time. Got a little company at our house—my wife's cousin from Boston, come to stop a few weeks. Has lately lost her friend—feels rather down-hearted—drop in to-night,” exclaimed Deacon Towers, meeting Squire Holman just returning from his office.

“Thank you, think I will. You see I've been busy enough for a month past with this case of Drew *versus* Drew. Old Silas appealed, and it went up to the supreme court—but the old fellow was worsted, and to everybody's joy, I've no doubt—for when a man rich as Silas Drew endeavors to wrest away the little all of his dead brother's widow and orphans, the law ought to serve him as it has this day served him.”

“You don't mean to say you've got the case for the widow, squire?”

“Yes, I do mean that! Verdict this afternoon for the plaintiff. I tell you, Deacon Towers, it did the court good to see Silas Drew's crest-fallen look. But I'll be round to-night. Give my respects to your wife, and tell her that business has hindered my being neighborly. Wife's cousin, did you say, stopping with you? Estate to settle?—lost her friend?—a client for me?—ha, ha, deacon!” and with a smile of good-humor the squire hurried homeward.

“Yes, a client for you, squire!” laughed Deacon Towers, at his own tea-table that night, as he repeated to his wife the acceptance of his offer; upon which they too laughed and nodded knowingly to a handsome, showy, black-eyed woman of apparently thirty years, who sat opposite at the tea-table—“his wife's cousin,” the widow Maria Ellis, of winning exterior and pleasing address, who had come down to that quiet country town, as she laughingly told them on the first day of her arrival, purposely “to make her market.”

“Good, cousin!” said the worthy deacon, whose soberness of demeanor, I am sorry to say, did not always comport with his title, “we have the very man for you in Dentford—Squire Holman—not fifty yet, fine house, funded property, and no encumbrance but a sort of old maid adopted sister, Miriam Graves—but she'd be easily got rid of. We must ask the squire over, wife, and make the match. What do you think, wife?”

To which arrangement “wife” eagerly assented, and an early evening was named; while the smiling widow smoothed the folds of her lavender-colored merino, and gracefully listened to a recountal of the squire's virtues and—property.

When he reached home, the squire said,

“Miriam, Deacon Towers' wife has invited us

over to spend the evening;” (the good squire quite forgot that Deacon Towers also forgot (?) to include her in the arrangement;) “how is it, can you go, Miriam?”

“I had promised to sit up with Mrs. Bond's sick child to-night, for it is very sick, William;” (Miriam always called the squire “William,” like a good brother as he was;) “but you go over, and tell Mrs. Towers I am much obliged, but will come in soon—some other evening,” was her reply, passing him his cup of fragrant Hyson. “I saw the stage stop there a day or two ago—and thought likely it brought them company. Oh, did you get the case for the widow Drew, William?”

“Yes, Miriam. Thank heaven! Silas Drew found out that the law brought him up. How contemptibly mean—how devoid of human compassion—must be the scoundrel who would rob his own brother's wife and children of the homestead—the roof that covers them! Why, Miriam, he had brought up claims enough to have covered the whole property; but his villainy was unmasked, and he is utterly defeated. This affair will wind up the old miser's career in Dentford. Miriam, I'd work a thousand times harder than I have for a month past, rather than that scamp should triumph! I declare, Miriam, 'twould have brought the tears to your eyes could you have witnessed the gratitude Mrs. John Drew evinced when I communicated to her the decision of the court this afternoon!”

“Just like him—always doing good—always taking the part of the poor and down-trodden!” said Miriam, as the gate closed behind him on his way to Deacon Towers'.

Well, the trap was set—the bait “took”—and Squire Holman was caught!

Yes, ere that first evening was over, irrevocably, beyond the shadow of a doubt, was the large-hearted, unsuspecting country squire, the victim of the showy, dashy, sweet-voiced, fascinating city widow, Mrs. Ellis.

It was surprising how rapidly the acquaintance progressed that evening ere the clock struck eleven, and he took a lingering, reluctant leave, remarking to the deacon on “the shortness of the evenings;” (for the good squire quite forgot that it was November, and they were growing longer,) while, hardly had his footsteps died along the front yard walk, ere, with a triumphant smile, the deacon turned to his guest, saying, “I told you so, cousin Maria!” and the lively widow, feigning a sudden attack of girlish bashfulness, got up a counterfeit blush, and laughingly retreated to her room.

But fact it was, that the lure was successful;

and the squire went home, to forget his customary chat with pussy at the fireside, but, instead, to linger before his glass—to resolve to purchase a bottle of Bogle's Hyperion on the morrow—and then went to bed to dream of law cases innumerable, in all of which actions were sustained, "Drew *versus* Ellis," each winding up with the decision of the judge of the supreme court sentencing his enemy, old Silas Drew, to marry the beautiful black-eyed widow.

CHAPTER III.

"WELL, Miriam, they do say that the squire is sartinly courtin' that city widder a vlsitin' Mrs. Deacon Towers!" said old aunt Susy Bean, settling herself in the arm-chair at the sitting-room window, and drawing forth her knitting work from her huge black silk work-bag. "La! who'd a thought it, child, to up and marry a stranger? They do say she's powerful handsome tho'! My Mirandy see her at meetin' Sabba' day, and says she is proper lookin', with eyes black as a sloe. The deacon's wife was a city woman, you know; and she's good-lookin'; but then, la, who knows anything else about this Miss Ellis? She's ily and soft as silk, I'll warrant—widders allers is, child—but who'd a thought the squire'd gone to fallin' in love with her?" and the old lady laid her old, wrinkled hand on the girl's thin, delicate one. "La, child! you ain't very well, are you? How cold your hands be! You've been tending Mis. Bond's sick children too much—and now you're almost down sick yourself. There, lay down on this lounge, and don't try to sew this artemoon, while I'll set here and knit. Maybe you get asleep, so I won't talk much—but deary me, child! who'd a thought Squire William would a dreamed o' gettin' married? It's my 'pinion his mother allers thought William'd be a batchelder. Mis. Homan—she was a nice old lady—I recollect as though 'twas only yisterday when William come home from college, and fust opened his office—you was a leetle gal then, Miriam—a leetle pindling creetur"—and straightway, adhering to her resolution of "not talking much," the old lady launched forth into her knitting, and a dissertation on the squire's family and the talked-of courtship.

And Miriam, poor Miriam! lay there with her thin hand shading her aching eyes—would it might also thus shield her aching heart!

Her aching heart—for, of late, within the past two or three weeks, during which reports had reached her often from others, while he was only strangely silent, had plain, shy Miriam Graves

awakened to the fact that a woman may love more deeply, fervently, in her prime than when the flush of youth is hers—and may suffer, too, oh, how much more intensely!

It was a cold December Sabbath evening when Squire Holman walked buoyantly and cheerily toward Deacon Towers' house. Certainly his thoughts ran in the most pleasing vein, for they were of the fascinating widow, in whose society he had passed nearly every evening since that eventful one when we saw him first her victim. And he had resolved on this evening to ask her the momentous question which should seal his fate—for, like men who fall in love when late in years, his wooing was likely to prove a speedy one.

As he reached the gate leading to Deacon Towers' house, the church bells began to ring for evening service, and he encountered the church-going deacon just setting forth.

"Ah, good evening, squire! Walk right in! Glad you called to-night; for Mrs. Ellis has just been talking of leaving us to-morrow, and you must help my wife persuade her to the contrary. Walk right into the parlor while I speak to them; and you'll excuse me, as I had started for the meeting. Sit down, squire; the ladies'll be with you in a minute!" and his host left him to summon them.

Now it so chanced that, instead of remaining in the dining-room where the deacon had left them, the two ladies—engaged in an earnest conversation—had entered an adjoining bedroom, in the rear of the parlor also, where Mrs. Deacon Towers was occupying herself with the double duty of putting the youngest Towers to bed for the night, and continuing an animated dialogue with her fair cousin.

"Yes, I tell you," she went on in a slightly raised voice, which drowned sundry cries of the sleepy, nestling child, "he'll be here to-night fast enough, Maria, and then for the proposal! Just throw out that you're going to leave to-morrow—I'll warrant Samuel will tell him so if he gets a chance—and it'll hurry him up a little. Why, it's all over town, Maria! Dr. Ames' wife pulled my sleeve as we were coming out of meeting this afternoon—hush! go to sleep, child!—and says she, 'I hear strange stories about Squire Holman!' Yes, it's town talk already, Maria—these country people spread news fast—and to-night, I suppose, the crisis will come. That black silk is very becoming to you, Maria. We can't get dressmakers here to fit a basque like that. The deacon says the squire's dead in love, and we shall have you settled over the Holman place before the winter's out. You haven't

seen Miriam Graves yet—she ain't been in here since you came—been sick with a cold, the squire says—but she won't stand in the way, for she's a queer, prim, old maid. I wish you joy of your visit to Dentford, Maria!"

"Oh, nonsense, Sarah!" replied a voice, in which the listener (for the squire could but hear) had no difficulty in recognizing the dulcet tones of his syren, "my visit hasn't ended yet; and, as uncle Jack would say, 'don't crow till you're out of the woods.' I wish you could have heard him give me my parting charge, Sarah. 'Don't show your head here again, Maria, till you bring a husband. Pick up some rich old codger up there—some clever, easy soul, who'll let you hold the purse strings.' Uncle Jack is getting terribly miserly, Sarah; and, to tell the truth, I'd marry almost any man for a home of my own. How much is this good-natured old-fogy squire worth, Sarah?"

"Oh, about forty or fifty thousand, the deacon says—hark! didn't you hear the front door shut? Now, Sarah Ann, what do you want? This is the sixth or seventh time you've put your head into the door while we've been talking!"

"Father said as how somebody—somebody's a waitin' this ever so long in the parlor, mother!" stammered out the youthful Sarah Ann addressed, who had been vainly striving to direct her maternal parent's attention from the conversation and the baby during the last few minutes.

"Goodness! Maria! you don't think anybody's overheard?—that he——" whispered Mrs. Deacon Towers, turning pale, while "Maria" darted hastily by the rear passage to her chamber. But when the deacon's wife resolved to put on a bold front upon it, and trust to the thickness of her walls for protection, entered her parlor, and when the fascinatingly arrayed and handsome widow came rustling down to finish her conquest, the parlor was deserted.

"Goodness gracious! Maria, it was he went out when I heard the front door slam so!"

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was no candle burning when Squire Holman re-entered his sitting-room, after a somewhat hasty walk, during which several epithets, neither choice nor classical—neither found on the pages of Coke or Blackstone, nor consistent with the dignity of an elderly member of the legal profession, were cast upon the keen air of that December evening; but the fire on the hearth burned brightly enough to reveal the slender form of Miriam Graves, reclining in her rocking-chair near the grate.

Very pale and thin she looked, and her whole face had an expression of suffering about it; but a faint blush overspread her cheek, as she rose, saying,

"What? back so soon? I had thought—I was not expecting you—that is, I thought——"

"Thought what, Miriam? That I was over to Deacon Towers'?" asked the squire, abruptly, almost sternly, flinging himself into the arm-chair.

"Yes, William," answered Miriam, somewhat hesitatingly, and dropping her eyes beneath his gaze.

"And why should you have thought that?" he asked, in his strange, quick tone—a tone which Squire Holman had never used before, and which caused poor, gentle, quiet Miriam's heart to proudly resist and rebel against him.

"Why did I think that, William Holman!" she replied, with spirit, raising her eyes, and looking him full in the face. "Do you ask me that question when all Dentford knows why you spend your evenings there? I'm sure I don't know why you have been so cold and distant to me in this matter, squire, unless you felt that it would be unpleasant for me to give up the management here, which I have tried to do faithfully since her death," and here her voice softened, "but you needn't have thought so!" she added again, proudly. "You know that you have the right to do as you please—this house is yours, and if you are to be any happier, William, with this woman whom you are to bring here, I, for one, shall rejoice as much as anybody. I will resign to-morrow—any time you please; I will go away—take a room somewhere—live anywhere by myself, if it only makes you any happier; only don't treat me like a stranger, squire—William!"

"Miriam, what have these confounded gossiping people told you?" asked the squire, abruptly.

"What have they told me? Why, what, but that you're going to bring your wife here—that Mrs. Ellis—William! Don't all Dentford know this?" answered Miriam, with spirit.

"All Dentford lies then!—yes, it lies!" burst forth the squire, with darkening brow, and curling lip, "and I am glad it does lie, for, Miriam, I tell you here what, an hour ago, I never thought to tell any human being; Miriam, I have been a fool for three weeks past—yes, a poor fool!—give me your hand now, my good girl—and here, before heaven, hear me now—that I never will bring a woman here to put coldness and estrangement between us—you and I, Miriam, who all these years have lived so happy together."

There was a long pause there before the fire.

only broken by the ceaseless tick of the old clock, and the crackling of the hickory logs in the old fire-place; but Miriam's hand was still clasped in the squire's, and when she looked up to catch his gaze, there were tears in her eyes. And she looked almost handsome in the red fire-light, with the pink glow on her cheeks that came and went rapidly.

Perhaps there was something in the unconscious clinging of her hand, and in those grateful eyes, that set the squire to thinking; perhaps, in that brow, a sense of her life-long devotion to his mother, and her unceasing attention to his own comfort, flashed over him; and, perchance, like a lightning revelation, came the thought, that happiness might not yet be beyond his reach, for, in another moment, after suddenly putting Miriam away from him, and earnestly reading her grateful, blushing face, he drew her head to his shoulder, and said, "Yes, Miriam, I see it now. I have been a blind fool—walking in the dark, overlooking the tenderest devotion, the best and purest heart that ever beat in woman's breast. I am not the first who has gone astray to seek for pearls when they lay beside my very hearthstone, (the squire was getting poetical, wasn't he, reader?) and now, can you forgive me, Miriam? And, as we two have all our lives enjoyed a large measure of happiness in each other's affection, let us now love one another dearer, tenderer, yet. This ought

to have been years ago, I feel it now, Miriam, and till this hour I did not know how necessary you are to me, and how inferior are all other women to you, my gentle, patient girl. You know what I would ask, Miriam?"

Whether Miriam, sitting there in the fire-shine, with such a sense of new-born joy as had never before knocked for admittance at her lonely heart, now flooding her whole being, comprehended Squire Holman's appeal or not, can only be inferred from the fact, that the squire wore a very sunny face all the remainder of that evening, (and, for that matter, all the remainder of his life, too,) and actually smiled when he learned next day, that Deacon Towers' wife's cousin had received an unexpected letter, whose contents suddenly recalled her to the city, (?) and farther, that, before the winter's snows had begun to dissolve in the genial breath of spring, Squire Holman and Miriam Graves no longer led lonely, divided lives, but learned in the new relation upon which they had entered, the fullness of that happiness which is tasted in "the conjunction of lives and the noblest of friendships."

"Queer, pussy, wasn't it, that after all I should have married quiet, shy, little Miriam?" said the squire one night, stroking the grey cat, as he sat by his blazing fire.

And queer, reader, wasn't it, that "Squire Holman's wooing" should have turned out such a humdrum, common-place affair, after all!

STELLA.—A SERENADE.

BY MISS MARY A. LATHBURY.

BEAUTIFUL one, awake! awake!
The bright-browed moon begins to break
Through the rippling cloudlets over the hill;
And the moonlit lake
Is bright and still—
Calm and still is the moonlit lake.

Bright lies the dew on the violets, sweet,
And waiteth the brush of thy flitting feet;
Hie thee away, oh, fairest flower!
With a footstep fleet,
From thy jessamine bower,
From thy jessamine bower with a heart more fleet.

Stella, my "star," my love, my own,
Beautiful queen of my heart's high throne,
Gleams there a light in thine eager eye
At my lute's low tone?
Doth my Stella sigh—
A half-hushed sigh at its plaintive tone?

Starry eyes, have thy glories flown?
Are the flowers of sleep on thine eyelids strown?
Beautiful head, art thou bending low,
To catch the tone
That thou lovest so?
So fraught with love is the tender tone.

Besteth the lashes, long and bright,
O'er rounded cheeks of rosy white?
Or, asleepest thou not? Do thy wondering eyes
Fill with the light
Of a glad surprise?
With a sweet surprise are thy brown eyes light?

Hush! oh, wind of the twilight hours,
Wooing the buds of the jessamine flowers.
Hush! oh, whispering—murmuring leaves
Of the wild-rose bowers;
For a lover weaves
A crown of song from the myrtle bowers,
For my Stella's brow, of blue myrtle flowers.

MATTHEW GWYN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

WE lived at the homestead with aunt Prudence, my cousin Amy and I. She had taken us one after the other, a pair of homeless orphans, the only children of her two brothers, and cared for us as tenderly as our own parents could have done.

My first recollections are of that quiet old farm-house, which stood back from the road nestled in among the fruit trees, and overgrown with vines till it looked like a mammoth bird's-nest. From my earliest remembrance, aunt Prudence had always appeared the same, her grey hair folded smoothly back under her muslin cap border, and that inexpressible something in her manner peculiar to the race of spinsters. Stiff and angular she might have been, a little given to scolding likewise, but to me she was invariably kind, even affectionate in her undemonstrative way, and I loved her with that depth of affection which only a solitary child can feel.

When I was ten years old, Amy Minturn came to live with us. I shall never forget how sad aunt Prudence was when the news reached us that her only surviving brother had died in a foreign land, and that his child was on her way to her native country a poor orphan. After a little, I forgot my sympathetic grief in the delight of expecting a playmate, and when a few days after, aunt Prudence relapsed into the calm which had grown habitual to her, I overwhelmed her with questions concerning my little cousin, the greater number of which, as she had never seen the child, the good lady found it difficult to answer. But I learned at least that she was one year younger than I, and very beautiful, bits of information which delighted my heart, first, because being the elder, it would be my duty to protect and take care of the stranger, and still more, because I had a childish love for beauty that overpowered almost every other feeling in my nature.

The weeks which elapsed before her arrival appeared endless; at last aunt Prudence told me that Amy had landed in New York, and would come on to our home the next day, in charge of a neighbor whom business had taken to the city.

How I counted the hours, and how interminable they seemed! I went to bed before sundown in order to shorten the time, but excitement kept

me awake later than I had ever been before in my life, and the next morning I was up as soon as I heard a sound. Long before the forenoon was over, I had fallen into disgrace by setting the kitchen clock forward two full hours, in order to make myself believe that it was nearly time for the stranger to arrive, and grew so restless that aunt Prudence became quite alarmed, and was half inclined to believe me ill; indeed it was only on condition of my sitting quietly down in my little rocking-chair, that I escaped being dosed with pennyroyal tea.

I had carefully arranged my slender stock of playthings to the best advantage, and had already appropriated my new tea-service and best doll to my cousin, philosophically deciding that I could do very well with the old rag baby, though its face was dirty.

As the sunset came on I sat down on the door step, growing quiet from expectation, and watching every carriage with a nervous anxiety which I was too young to understand. At length Farmer Haviland's buggy appeared in sight, and I caught a glance of a little form upon the back seat. All my anticipated joy gave place to a feeling which was almost terror; I ran up stairs and hid myself in the front chamber, and it was not until I heard aunt Prudence call me impatiently that I ventured to descend.

When I went into the kitchen, the stranger was seated by the window in my little chair, rocking herself to and fro, and looking rather drearily round the apartment, while aunt Prudence stood looking sorrowfully by the window, as if her presence aroused painful memories.

"Amy," she said, "this is your cousin Ruth—kiss her Ruth—and little children, love each other well."

I went forward and embraced my cousin, while her eyes wandered searchingly over my form, and settled upon my checked apron with a look of disapproval.

"Must I wear one like that?" she asked, abruptly.

"Yes," replied aunt Prudence, "every little girl wears them here."

"It isn't a bit pretty," said Amy, quickly, "I don't think I shall like it at all."

How I wondered to hear her address aunt

Prudence in that manner, but the old lady made no reply, and Amy relapsed in utter silence, while I remained looking at her.

She seemed to me the loveliest creature on earth, with her fair complexion and long curls like floss silk falling over her shoulders, and I was half inclined to believe her a fairy, or some unsubstantial being of like nature. When she had eaten her supper and resumed her seat in my chair, she astonished us by a sudden burst of tears, which quite alarmed aunt Prudence.

"I want to go back," she said, "it's very odd here, I don't think I can stay."

Aunt Prudence explained to her that the farm was henceforth to be her home, and when she grew quiet again, we were both sent to bed with an injunction to wake up bright and early in the morning. My cousin hardly spoke to me that night, and I fell asleep full of wonderment that anybody could be otherwise than delighted with our old home.

It took several weeks to accustom Amy to her new life, then she grew to like it, and became, as she must have done anywhere, the pet of the household. I was never jealous, and loved her too deeply for that, but I sometimes wished that I had been beautiful like her, and once I spoke of it to aunt Prudence: after that she was careful that I was not neglected on the new comer's account.

Amy returned my affection as fully as she was capable of doing, but she was a spoiled little thing, and I always yielded to her. The largest oakes and the brightest flowers always fell to her share—indeed she took them quite as a matter of course, never appearing, even for an instant, to think that any one's pleasure but her own should be consulted.

After awhile we went to school in the old, red school-house at the foot of the hill, and there Amy acquired the same ascendancy over teacher and pupils. No one could bear to oppose her, and she soon became perfectly conscious of her power, as every petted child is sure to do.

So the months passed on into years, quiet and full of peace to our childish hearts. Amy had been living with us two years, and I was now over twelve. Nobody ever told me that I was a pretty child, but sometimes aunt Prudence would smooth the hair back from my forehead and look sadly into my eyes, saying,

"You have your father's face, child."

To me those words were sweeter than any praise, and were enough to make me happy for a whole day. I know now that my aunt must have loved me very fondly; she perhaps petted Amy more, for she was so spoiled and so exacting

that it was impossible to avoid it, but for me she had a deep, earnest affection, for my father was her younger brother, and had been her idol.

When the summer vacations came, Amy and I were wont to spend the long, bright days in the woods upon the hill beyond our house. We carried our dolls there and made a playhouse in a shadowy nook, where even at noonday the sun scarcely penetrated, lying in flecks upon the leaves like golden butterflies, or dancing capriciously over the moss carpet at our feet.

The hours thus spent are among my pleasantest recollections. Amy was always good-natured in those days, for there was no one to witness our sports, and consequently she felt no desire to tyrannize over me, as she often did when in the midst of our companions.

One bright sunny morning we set out for the woods, and were loitering along the hill, when we heard the sound of a horse coming rapidly down the descent. A boyish voice called out gayly,

"Stand from under, little ones," and we had only time to step aside, when a youth, two or three years older than I, dashed past upon a spirited black pony. He checked his horse as quickly as he could, and returned to the spot where I was picking up the contents of a basket that I had let fall in my fright.

"Did I make you do that?" he asked. "I am very sorry I was so careless—any way I'll help you. Stand still, Flash!"

He sprang off the horse, and getting down upon his knees, began collecting the scattered sewing implements, while I looked away in confusion, and Amy sat on the bank a little distance off gazing coolly in his face, and evidently deciding in her own mind whether the stranger were worthy of her notice, for she was very aristocratic in her feelings, and treated the neighbors' boys with the utmost scorn.

"I don't need any help," I said, at last, but the youth paid no attention, laughing gayly as he chased any bits of calico which were intended for block work bed-quilt to and fro.

"There," he exclaimed, as he came up heated and red, to place the last bits in the basket; "it's all right now—you aren't cross with me, are you?"

I ventured then to look in his face, and mentally wondered how such a thing would be possible. He was not a handsome boy, but looked so manly, his smile was so pleasant, his eyes so bright and sincere, that it was much better than mere beauty of features.

"No," I replied, "I am not cross, "it was not your fault."

"No, indeed, it was all owing to Flash—he never will be held in! Bad animal, Flash! don't you feel ashamed?"

But Flash tossed his spirited head, evidently caring very little about the matter, and signifying his desire to go on by a low, restless neigh.

"Do you live near here?" the boy asked.

"Yes; we live just at the foot of the hill, in that brown house there."

"Is that your sister?" he asked, seeming to notice Amy for the first time.

"No, it is my cousin," I said, and as Amy at that moment condescended to rise and come forward, I stepped a little back, accustomed to yield her precedence everywhere.

"Would you like a ride on my horse?" he asked.

"If he's gentle," she said, smiling graciously, evidently mollified by his stylish dress and appearance.

"If you will tell me your names, you shall both have one."

"Oh, my name is Amy Minturn," she replied, eagerly, "and her's Ruth, but she is afraid of a horse, so you can give me first as long a ride as you like."

I thought Amy very unkind, but was too timid for expostulation, and he helped her on to the horse, looking at me with a little boyish contempt. I sat down by the roadside and watched him lead the horse up and down the road, while Amy sat the picture of dignified delight. Finally they began to laugh and talk gayly, and before they returned to the place where I was sitting, had become the best friends imaginable.

"What is your name?" I heard Amy ask.

"Matthew Gwyn."

"Oh, I know; your father has bought that place over there by the village."

"Yes, and we are going to live there every summer."

"Will you come and play with me?"

"If you will, both of you, let me," he said, looking toward me.

"Oh, Ruth is so queer," replied Amy, composedly, "she hardly ever plays anyhow—everybody always comes to see me."

"Oh, I guess you like to play, don't you?" he said, coming up to me.

"If anybody likes to play with me," I answered, looking down to hide the tears that would come.

"Well, I shall like to, for you have eyes just like my mother's when I last remember her!"

From that moment my heart turned toward Matthew Gwyn, with a depth of affection of

which many would deem a child incapable. Amy was a little inclined to pout, but he promised her another ride soon, and mounting his pony galloped off, telling us that he should return the next day.

The next morning he came as he had promised, going first to the house and obtaining aunt Prudence's permission to play with us. We were very happy all that day, though Amy insisted on monopolizing Matthew's attention, and it seemed to me that he occasionally wanted to talk with me. I had just reached the reading age, and he was familiar with the books which were my favorites, but when we began to talk about them, Amy declared that books were stupid things, and insisted upon his going down to the brook with her to look for peppermint.

All that summer Matthew Gwyn came two or three times a week to play with us, and it seemed to me that from that time I ceased to be a child. The games in which Amy found so much delight no longer pleased me, I liked books better than dolls, and read eagerly the romances and volumes of poetry which Matthew supplied. Very often too he would leave Amy and sit down by my side, but that always made her angry, and after awhile I begged him not to annoy her by doing it; it was—though I did not say this—happiness enough for me to know that he desired to be near me.

When fall came he returned to the city, and our life fell back into its usual routine. Amy cried loudly at parting, but I never shed a tear, though when I laid my head on the pillow that night I wept bitter, passionate drops, such as my years ought not to have known. Once or twice that winter he wrote to us, and at Christmas sent each of us beautiful presents, though Amy remarked a little spitefully that she thought I might thank her for my gifts—a bit of confidence which quite destroyed all the pleasure I had felt on receiving them.

The next summer he was with us again, and the next; then we did not meet for several years, for Matthew was at college, and found no opportunity of visiting his father's house. When I was eighteen, aunt Prudence decided that we should both be sent away a year to boarding-school, in which time she deemed that, by close application, we ought to acquire a thorough knowledge of all that was necessary for our quiet station in life.

The twelve months thus passed were very pleasant to me, and to Amy likewise, though she was not very fond of study, and paid more attention to embroidery and a few other trifling accomplishments, than to things which were of abso

lute importance. When one year was ended we returned, but the quiet was very irksome to Amy, and she pleaded to be allowed to return to school. Aunt Prudence would gladly have gratified her, but in truth she could not afford it, for though the farm yielded us a comfortable living, there was not much ready money to be had. Amy fretted and moaned until she made herself really ill, and the rest of us very unhappy. At length I could endure it no longer, and one night after she had cried herself to sleep, I went down to consult with aunt Prudence about the possibility of Amy's going back.

It was settled at last that she should return, though aunt Prudence was forced to sell one of her best cows, and I took in sewing from the village. But we did not tell Amy, it was of no use to pain her, and though we worked hard it was a very happy year to us. Amy did not write to us as often as we thought she should have done, but she had always some good excuse, and when a letter did arrive, we were so overjoyed that somehow we never could help crying over it, though our darling was overflowing with health and gayety, and never once longed to be at home with us.

I was eighteen that summer, old enough to take a good deal of care off aunt Prudence's hands, so that with my household duties and the sewing I was obliged to do, I could not find much time to devote to books, though I used sometimes to sit up at night and allow myself an hour of enjoyment, though I knew I must suffer for it the next morning.

Toward fall Amy came home even more lovely than when she left us, and graceful and light-hearted as a fairy. Work she could not endure, and indeed her reluctant ways fretted aunt Prudence beyond endurance, and I soon took her duties off her hands, till at last we never called upon her to do anything, and she spent as much time over her guitar and her embroidery as she felt disposed. I did not think that Amy meant to be really selfish, it was her nature, and she could no more help it than aunt Prudence could resist carrying everybody's burthen upon her shoulders in addition to our own.

One evening, not many weeks after Amy's return, we were all three sitting in a little room which Amy had fitted up for her own special apartment. Aunt Prudence was busy knitting as usual, and I sat on a stool at her feet with my head lying in her lap, a little tired from the day's duties, and listening to Amy as she sang a pleasant melody. There was no lamp in the room, but the paper curtain was rolled up, and the full moon poured in its rays till it was almost

as light as day, and lent an added softness to Amy's lovely face.

Suddenly there was a step upon the old porch—a tread I had not heard for four years, but I knew whose it was, and a strange thrill ran through my whole being, which left me weak and powerless as an infant. Amy ceased playing, but before we could any of us move, a tall form stood in the doorway and looked down upon us. Those years had changed the boy into a noble man, but I knew him still—there was the same pleasant light in the eyes—the same cordial smile about the mouth, which was sweet almost as a woman's.

"Has everybody forgotten me?" said a voice that made me tremble anew, low and soft as of yore were the tones, with deeper feeling in its melody that found an echo in the depths of my being.

"If it isn't Matthew Gwyn!" exclaimed aunt Prudence, rising to her feet and going toward him. "How do you do?—who'd a thought of seeing you here to-night? Why, girls, come here—get a light, Ruthy."

I slipped out of the room for a candle, and it was several moments before I returned. When I entered the room again Matthew was seated on the lounge by Amy, looking down into her face with the same dear smile, while she prattled on in a childish way she had which was inexpressibly charming. When he saw me he rose immediately, and taking my hand in his held it for several moments, while he asked me a thousand questions which I had no breath to answer. Once as we stood thus I thought his hand trembled, but I knew afterward it was only one of my foolish fancies, and blamed myself for indulging in it, for when Amy spoke to him a moment after, he moved hastily from me and returned to her side.

They had the conversation almost wholly to themselves, for aunt Prudence soon dropped into a doze, and somehow I could not talk much, there was an oppression at my heart for which I could not account, and which was harder to bear than the fatigue I had endured a little while before. Until that evening I never realized how lovely Amy was; there was a bloom on her cheek like the color in the heart of a moss-rose, her blue eyes were soft with a misty light I had never seen there before, and with every movement of her head those long, fair curls reflected the lamp light till they looked like a mass of waving gold.

No wonder Matthew Gwyn was charmed—what man could have resisted the spell? Yet he did come once and sit down by me, but I was

quiet and dull, and Amy soon called him back to her again; so after awhile I stole out and left them together, I seemed too much like a shadow upon their enjoyment. Before he went, however, Matthew called for me and drew me out into the porch—I thought he wanted to speak to me, but I knew in a moment that it was only another of my delusions, for when Amy followed us out he had only eyes and ears for her. I wondered what ailed me that night! Long after Amy was sleeping quietly by my side I lay with my eyes wide open, looking out into the night with a restlessness to which I could assign no cause, and the clock had begun to strike the morning hours before a tranquil slumber came over me.

The next day Matthew Gwyn came again to the house, but I was occupied in the kitchen and did not see him until tea was on the table. All that afternoon I worked I could hear the murmur of their voices through the open doors, Amy's merry laugh blending with Matthew's deep, earnest voice, and the two jarring upon my excited nerves. I was irritated and disturbed, but I did not ask myself wherefore, and for almost the first time I fell to wondering how it happened that the sunny, holiday side of life should have fallen to Amy's share, and I forced to accept the harsh realities of existence which had been forced upon me. But I soon remembered how sinful such thoughts were, and put them resolutely away, and when I had put on a clean collar, seen the tea nicely prepared, and aunt Prudence called me her "good child," my spirits grew lighter, and I was astonished at the bitterness which had been in my heart only a little while before.

As I bent over my sewing that evening rather silent and still, Matthew suddenly asked me if I never talked.

"She never will talk to you," broke in Amy, before I had time to answer; "there is only one gentleman who finds her at all conversable."

"And who may that be, pray?"

"Shall I tell, Ruth?"

I had a foolish habit of coloring without any cause, and now I felt my cheeks growing crimson, though I tried to smile and pass over Amy's jest.

"Oh, I am serious!" exclaimed Amy. "When Dr. Grovner comes here she can talk fast enough, I assure you."

I made no reply at all; Amy's laugh seemed a little ill-natured, and I should have burst into tears had I attempted to speak. I did not see how Matthew looked at the time, but whenever I glanced toward him during the rest of the evening, he turned from me with an expression

of cool displeasure, and fell to laughing again with Amy.

So the days passed, the pleasant sunny days of early autumn. Matthew Gwyn visited us often, but I was so constantly occupied that very often I did not see him at all. Several times I heard him inquire for me, and Amy would reply,

"Oh, she never likes to see anybody—such an odd girl."

After those words I could not bear to go in, and Matthew inquired for me less and less often. One day he came for us to drive, but aunt Prudence was from home, and there was work to do, so I was forced to refuse, and Matthew was very angry.

"I told you so," said Amy, triumphantly; "if the doctor had asked her she would have gone at once."

Matthew led her out to the carriage without a word, passing me with a cold bow. I watched them till they were out of sight, and went back into the kitchen my eyes blinded with tears, but there was ironing to do, and Amy's fine laces to get up requiring clear eye sight, so I forced the scalding drops back till they fell on my heart like molten lead.

After that Matthew and Amy drove out almost every day, and when he found that she was fond of horseback riding, he offered to take her and me too, but Amy told me that she should be afraid if there was anything to distract his attention from her horse, so, as usual, I staid at home.

At length the truth forced itself upon my mind—Amy and Matthew Gwyn loved one another; but there came also a more painful revelation—I too loved Matthew!

May God keep all young hearts from agony such as mine, when the new light rushed in upon my soul—coming like the first flash that precedes a thunder tempest, scathing and blighting, leaving darkness and desolation behind.

There had been an increased coldness for several days between Matthew and me; he had made me several requests, and I had been forced to refuse them all, nor could I give any reason, for to have said that I had work to do would have been casting blame upon Amy. So he grew like ice to me, and I began to avoid his presence—I could not intrude upon him when he treated me with such chilling dignity—he who used in our childish days to smooth my hair and call me his Ruth! But that night as I stood by the window I saw them come up the path from a moonlight walk; they stopped by a tall rose-bush—one that Matthew had given me years before—he began plucking off blossoms—

their hands met—and then, after a gesture of sadness which I could not comprehend, Matthew Gwyn strained her to his heart and rained kisses down upon her mouth.

Oh, if I had been stricken blind an hour before! Everything seemed turning round and round before my sight, and the murmur of those happy voices cut like a dagger through my heart.

How I found my way to my chamber I cannot tell, but when I came to myself I was lying upon the floor cold and weak, with that terrible pain which for months after seemed searing into my heart's core. There I lay reviewing my past life; how cold and barren it appeared; how few crumbs of comfort had fallen to my share! In childhood I had yielded everything to Amy, ever since we had been together the sunshine and tenderness had been for her, and now she had claimed all that could make existence endurable. Life stretched out before me barren and dark—no pleasant spring whereat to drink—no sympathy—no love! It was long before I could rouse myself from that weak, wicked state, and all the while I lay upon the cold floor in the prostration of helplessness, those whispered voices were borne upon the night wind, and rung in my ear like a mockery of my pain. At length I undressed and went to bed, but it was sometime before Amy came up stairs, and when she did, her face flashed out so bright and joyous in the lamp light that I moaned in anguish.

"Are you ill?" she asked, quickly.

"Only a headache—do not mind me."

"But I wanted to talk to you—you are always sick when I particularly want you to hear me."

"I can listen," I said, "only put out the light, for it hurts my eyes."

So she extinguished the lamp, and creeping into bed twined her arms about me and told me—she loved, and was beloved! I listened without moving a muscle, only when she kissed me and asked me if I was not glad, I pushed her arms away—I could have endured a serpent's coil better than her kiss at that moment.

"Do you know, Ruthy," she said, gayly, "I was almost jealous of you at one time—Matthew talked so much about you."

"But that is all over now?"

"Oh, yes, how silly it was! You shall never get married, but just live a nice old maid like aunt Prudence and take care of my house, for you like such things, and I don't."

Soon after she fell asleep, and I raised myself on my arm to look at her. She was smiling in her slumber like a happy child; pleasure gave a singularly youthful look to her face, and she was

prettier than any picture as she lay there. All my bitterness gave way to a resigned melancholy—it seemed right, nothing so fair and frail as she was ever meant to struggle with life, she was to be cherished and guarded, to float down toward the ocean of eternity in a flower-crowned barque, while my course lay over leaden billows lying dead and stagnant, over hidden rocks which the storm never reached, and the sunshine could not penetrate, nor was there any to inform me of the heaven beyond, or pilot my boat into sunny streams where it might find a harbor of rest and peace.

The next morning Matthew Gwyn came early to see aunt Prudence, and had a long conference with her. When he went away she told me that he wanted to marry Amy—whether she noticed my appearance I cannot tell, but she made no remark then nor afterward, though she grew still more gentle, and took me closer and closer to her heart.

A month from that day they were married. It would be a useless task to attempt any description of my own feelings. I was flung helpless into the desolate night—no aid—no sunlight beyond, from which my heart might drink in new life. Every hope was crushed, every joy withered, and no after morning could warm them into blossoming again.

Outwardly I was calm; taking upon myself all the necessary preparations, allowing myself no time for rest or thought, secluding myself as much as possible in my little chamber, for the sight of Amy's happy face was an added pain.

All was over at length! I stood at the window one bright October morning and watched them depart. I had gone through the whole with a sort of gladiator firmness for which I could not account; stood calmly and heard the vows pronounced which bound those two hearts together for life, and now all was over. Even then I did not give way; I was neither romantic nor sentimental; I looked boldly at what fate had offered me, and did not shrink from the bitter cup.

When the house was quiet again, I went up to my chamber and lay down. For several days I was unable to rise from my bed, although I was not ill. There was a sharp, nervous pain in my temples, and a heavy throbbing at my heart, which rendered the slightest movement torture. Aunt Prudence left me much alone—the best medicine I could have had—and at the end of the week I went down stairs again and resumed my usual duties. We did not see Matthew or Amy again that winter, they were spending the season in New York, and it was not till late the next summer that they came out.

One pleasant day a carriage drove up to the door—it contained Matthew and Amy—they had reached their home the night before. That year had changed both somewhat; Amy had grown proud and imperious, and there was a haughty look about her face which dimmed its beauty. Matthew looked sad—the lines about his mouth had settled into a languid melancholy which was painful, and his eyes had lost the frank earnestness of his boyish days. Still the young couple seemed very fond of one another, though before the day passed I could see that their married life had not been all sunshine, and that shadows had crept in between them which might one day blacken to a tempest. Amy was exacting and restless, but Matthew bore it all with a sweet patience, which would have restrained any woman less thoughtless and capricious than she.

Amy was mistress now of the old mansion, for Matthew's father had presented him the house, and it had been newly fitted up in beautiful style. I went up to see them, and spent a good deal of time there, though it was rather sad, for Amy and I had grown less companions than ever. She complained bitterly of the quiet, and blamed Matthew for remaining there. The adulation she had received during the past winter had completely spoiled her, and added to her other faults. She seemed jealous of everything and everybody that pleased Matthew. He was not allowed to quit her side, and yet she scarcely spoke except to chide. Still he bore it all, for her health was not good, and the doctor said that she must be humored in every whim.

When they had been home about a fortnight, they urged me to go and spend several weeks with them; as aunt Prudence wished it also, I went, though I knew the visit could afford me little happiness.

Amy used to lie in bed all the morning, and, as Matthew and I both rose early, he got a habit of coming into the library where I sat, and reading to me. We never conversed much, there seemed a sort of barrier between us which neither could pass, though his manner was very kind, and he appeared less sad when we were together.

One morning, as we were sitting there, Amy came suddenly into the room, full an hour earlier than her custom, and passing both of us without a word, threw herself into an arm-chair.

"Do you feel unwell?" Matthew asked.

"I am sure you would not care if I did," she replied, violently; "you pay no more attention to me than if I were a dog."

"Amy, Amy!" he said, gently.

"Don't speak to me, don't look at me! Pro-

bably I interrupt you—I had better go back to my own room."

"For shame, Amy!" I said, "How can you be so childish?"

She gave way at once to a burst of passion, which was absolutely startling in one so young.

"How dare you speak to me like that?" she exclaimed, "I wonder you are not ashamed to open your lips. But, at least, do not venture to lecture me—I will have none of your airs, nor your false piety, remember that!"

"Stop!" said Matthew, more sternly than I had ever heard him speak; "you must not address Ruth in that tone; I may bear it, myself, but you shall not insult her!"

Amy burst into a fit of hysterical passion, wringing her hands and fairly shrieking.

"It is you who insult me!" she cried, "you two! Do you think me blind although I have been silent! But I will speak now, things shall go on in this way no longer."

"What do you mean?" Matthew asked.

"You and Ruth are together all the time, and I am left to get along the best I can. It's a disgrace for two people to go on as you do—a stranger would think she was your wife, not I."

"You are mad!"

"No, I am not, Matthew Gwyn, though you would be glad to have me so! You may take Ruth and go away with her—she always loved you, and loves you yet—wicked, deceitful thing, and I believe you are no better, Matthew Gwyn!"

She rushed out of the room with a new burst of sobs, leaving us paralyzed by her words. I could not even weep; it seemed to me that I should choke with anguish and shame. After a little Matthew came toward me, very pale and shaking from head to foot.

"You will not mind her," he said. "Oh, Ruth, Ruth, I did not know—I did not dream!"

I broke from him, and rushed from the room without speaking. My bonnet lay on a table in the hall, and, catching it up, I fled out of the house, never once pausing till I found myself at home.

Aunt Prudence was out, and I sat down by the window, striving to think, but in vain; only one idea presented itself to my mind; I must never see Matthew again. I might forgive Amy the cruel words she had spoken, but I never wished to meet either of those two while I lived. She had torn the veil from my heart, and cast me back into the unutterable wretchedness from which I had begun to escape.

While I sat there, a thunder storm came up, grand and terrible. The city grew almost like

night, the thunder pealed and rolled till the very foundation of the earth seemed to shake, and the light blazed out in great sheets that were blinding.

Amid the rush of the tempest, I heard the sound of a horse's feet, and saw Matthew Gwyn galloping frantically toward the house. He turned a corner shortly—the horse reared—a fiercer flash had startled him, and breaking from all control, he shied, and plunging, flung his rider heavily against a fence.

I ran out into the storm, there he lay senseless—the blood streaming from a deep wound upon his temple. How I dragged him into the house I cannot tell; but it was accomplished, and I threw myself beside, calling vainly upon his name.

Suddenly there was a lull in the storm, and recollection came back. I went out to the barn and sent one of the men for help, while another went with me into the house, and we laid the wounded man upon a bed.

At length Matthew opened his eyes with a groan, and his name broke wildly through my hushed sobs.

"Matthew! Matthew!"

He smiled faintly, and his white lips murmured,

"Ruth—it is Ruth! I am dying, Ruth; do not shrink from me now, for this is death! Bend down there—answer me one thing."

I bent my face to his, and he went on in a painful whisper,

"I never dreamed of what Amy said. I thought you did not care for me. If I had but known—oh, if I had but known it, Ruth!"

"There is a hereafter, Matthew," I said, through my tears.

"Yes, and we shall meet there! Take care of Amy. Pray for me, Ruth—pray for me—pray—"

When the doctor reached the house with aunt Prudence and Amy, Matthew Gwyn was stiff and cold. The wretched young widow threw herself upon the body with passionate outcries, but neither tears nor remorse could rouse him from that dreamless rest.

As for me I could not weep. That night, I watched alone by the corpse; but I was very calm, and when they lowered the coffin into the grave a thanksgiving rose to my lips—he was spared forever from trouble and pain, from sorrow and woe. He was no longer Amy Minturn's husband."

All these things happened long since. I live still in the old homestead, and aunt Prudence dwells with me, an aged, venerable saint.

After her husband's funeral, Amy left us. She went back to her new city friends, and, only a year after, married an English colonel. Since then we never seen her, and she seldom writes to us.

I have grown content, if not happy; the restlessness of youth is past, and I have found a source of lasting comfort in that fount which never faileth. I know that it is well to suffer, and I look calmly forth through the mists of time to the haven of rest, where the realization of my dreams awaits me. I know that I shall find Matthew there, and in that higher life there will be no clouds to separate our souls from one another.

FLING IDLE FANCIES TO THE WINDS.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

FLING idle fancies to the winds,
And idle dreams more useless still,
They only clog the soaring will
From its grand element confined.

Up, coward soul! and win from fate
The glorious boon thou most dost'rt;
But a bold hand 'tis thou requir'st,
And lo! success shall on thee wait.

These vain regrets and baby tears
But ill befit thy whitening hair
And face, where many a line of care
Is traced by the sure pen of years.

Oh, sunny youth, I leave you now,
By my dead childhood lay you down,
My temples feel a harsher crown
Than the fair flowers that decked my brow.

The bracing wind that o'er me blows
Is not from childhood's uplands blown,
No Summer sounds are in its tone,
No music that the young heart knows.

Ah! witching dreams, so dear and bright,
Must I resign you evermore?
Close 'gainst your angels' forms the door
Of my soul's shrine ye filled with light!

Oh! youth and I for aye must part,
Old friend, you've brought me many a joy,
And if there mingle sad alloy
I can forgive you from my heart.

Oh! Thou who see'st the fittest path,
Strengthen my feet to walk therein,
Till I the perfect rest shall win
Which only he, the Conqueror, hath.

THE TRIALS OF A FASCINATING MAN.

BY MISS CARRIE E. FAIRFIELD.

I AM not a handsome man. I never made any pretensions to beauty, my features are not regular, my nose is decidedly ugly, and my moustache anything but elegant, being about the color of a well-baked pumpkin pie; yet spite of all these advantages, disadvantages I mean, the girls will have it that I am a perfect lady-killer. I believe I have been regularly through all the ordinary infictions which accompany such a reputation, besides some extraordinary ones. I have received scores of anonymous love letters, and no end of nick-nacks and trinkets embroidered with "remember me," and "dinna forget," and "forget-me-not," and occasionally "souvenir," and "*pensez a moi*." I have been sonnetized all over, from my hair (which is coarse, and in color first cousin to my moustache,) through all the regular gradations of "brow," "eyes," "lips," and "whiskers," down to my very "feet," which one young lady, very poetically inclined, described as

"Made to inspire through Terpsichore's art,
Strange thrilling music in each maiden's heart!"

I registered a vow against dancing the very day I received that sonnet. Valentine's day has come to be a perfect bore to me. My post-office box is always filled to overflowing; little tinted-perfumed *billets-doux* are stuck under the street door, and rained mysteriously down the area steps. Last year some half a dozen were miraculously placed on my dressing-table, and one I found nestled safely under my pillow. These are all ordinary enough annoyances. Any handsome man (but I am not handsome, that is the dogs of it) can count up scores of such petty grievances as these, but I have been martyred in a few ways which I don't think fall to the lot even of all the Adonis' of society. I appeal to you, gentlemen, what man amongst you was ever obliged to shave off a most beautiful and luxuriant crop of whiskers, just because ladies would persist in teasing in the most bewitching way in the world, for "just one little curl, it would never be missed from such a superabundance to keep as a memento." How would you feel if you should go into a friend's house to look at his three months' hair and congratulate his lady, to have her sit down very close by your side on

the sofa, and put the little darling in your arms. and tell you, in the presence of her husband, and in the tenderest manner in the world, that she has named the sweet little cherub for you, "for the sake of old memories," lifting up a blue eye that almost sparkles with a tear, so bewitchingly to your face? Would it be delightful, do you think, to be stopped on the street by an unknown man, a jealous husband, confronted with your own daguerreotype—a very handsomely finished one designed for your sister, but mysteriously purloined from your bureau-drawer—and inquired of if you are the original of that picture, which he had found pressed to his wife's cheek, after she had wept herself to sleep, and threatened with a public cowhiding if you did not cease your machinations against his domestic peace; when all the time you were as innocent of any knowledge of him or his wife as a babe unborn? All this have I endured, and more.

For the sake of the charitable, if there are any among the softer sex, which from the depths of my martyrdom I almost begin to doubt, I make the following sketch of some of my dilemmas; hoping that they, more reasonable and more merciful than I have found the majority of the sex to be, will hereafter pause, before they allow their indiscretion to bring such a series of misfortunes upon any of the brotherhood.

"Alphonse," said my sister Julia, one evening after we had been talking over the above desperate state of affairs, "it is very evident that you are a dangerous man to be lying around loose in a community of young ladies like this; why the havoc you are making is perfectly terrific, and some means must be devised of putting an end to it; there are no two ways about it, my dear brother, you must get married."

"Now, Julia, it is useless talking," I replied. "I am willing to do anything reasonable in the case, but the fact is, I have always entertained some old-fashioned notions about love as requisite for matrimony, and I really don't fancy being hurried into anything desperate, either through charity to the female population about me, or from that stronger instinct of self-preservation; though, to tell the truth, the bore is getting rather intolerable."

"But why, Alphonse, amongst the scores of

young ladies with whom you are acquainted, cannot you select one whom you can really love? I am sure you are not unreasonable in your demands for a wife."

"No, I don't think I am, but I confess I have a desire to marry a rational woman, and I never yet saw one whom the first thrill of love didn't seem to possess with some strange infatuation, not to say insanity. Besides, though I am a constitutionally indolent man, yet I have always had an idea of doing my own courting, and most of my young lady acquaintances, certainly all those whom I might otherwise have fancied, have left me little room for the exercise for my powers in that direction."

"Well, the truth of the matter is, Alphonse, you are so good-natured and so obliging, that young ladies are apt to forget themselves when under the influence of your fascinations, and to repose such confidence in you as no wearer of the bifurcated garments was ever made to receive. But I am going to put a stop to all this. My friend Araminta Douglass is coming here next week, I have known her long and intimately, and if you do not find her an exception to all your previously formed ideas of femininity, and moreover a woman capable of inspiring a genuine affection, I shall be very much disappointed."

"Very well," said I, "if the young lady can really win me, I have no objection to sacrificing myself."

"She will not win you," replied Julia, emphatically, "but I hope you may be so fortunate as to win her."

The appointed day arrived, and with it Miss Araminta Douglass. She was a tall, queenly woman, with the air of a Juno; and her flashing eye and imperious carriage, gave one the idea of a creature formed to command rather than to win the admiration of all beholders. Besides, I knew her to be thoroughly educated and accomplished, and, if the truth must be told, for the first day or two I stood a good deal in awe of her, and being naturally a modest man, I felt a slight degree of trepidation about making any positive advances toward her; but Julia, who has all the tact of her sex, contrived that we should be left much alone together, so that at the end of the first week of Miss Douglass' visit, I began to feel more at ease in her presence. She was a splendid woman; the stately grace and dignity of all her movements charmed me; the elegance of her manners and her wonderful conversational powers awoke my highest admiration; and her amiability completely won my heart. My courtship was not without its trials,

but of these I do not purpose to speak. Suffice it, that after various embarrassing delays, and periods of the most torturing suspense, I at last acknowledged the passion which her charms had inspired, and received, if not a positive acceptance, yet sufficient encouragement to make me the happiest of men.

This latter event occurred during a visit at Beech Lawn, the aristocratic country residence of Miss Douglass' parents. Of course, I could not think of returning to town without carrying with me the miniature of my idol; and in compliance with my request, Araminta presented me with a lovely daguerreotype, which she had had taken while in town, on the conditions of an exchange. Now I had no miniature of myself, but in my fuit-case was a most exquisite medallion locket, elegantly enameled and set with gems; and as there was a very good artist in the village, I concluded to have a picture taken and set in the locket.

The artist succeeded admirably, and the picture was sent home on the afternoon previous to my departure. I intended to present it to Araminta that evening, but before I had an opportunity of doing so, one of these little incidents which have been the bane of my life, must needs occur.

There happened to be at that time a seamstress employed in the family, a pale-faced, light-haired young lady, of whom Araminta had always spoken with respect, as the daughter of an honest and well-to-do farmer in the vicinity. I am an early riser, and often in my morning promenades up and down the lawn I had met this young lady, and not unfrequently she had joined me in my walk, and pointed out to me the various beauties of the scene. By some chance, I found that she was quite poetical in her tastes, and having from long experience acquired a secret horror of all sentimental young ladies, I thereafter quietly avoided her.

On that unfortunate evening, however, as I was walking in the garden awaiting Araminta's return from a shopping expedition to the village, I happened to spy, in passing a little summer-house, Miss Barlow, sitting within in an attitude of despondency, and sobbing violently. My sympathies were instantly aroused, but fearing to be intrusive, I was about to withdraw from the vicinity, when she raised her head and seeing me, exclaimed,

"Oh! Mr. Hathaway, I am overwhelmed with shame at being discovered in such a state as this; but indeed, sir, my heart is breaking."

I apologized for my intrusion, assured her it was entirely accidental, but suggested that as

Providence had led me to the spot, perhaps it was intended that I should in some way comfort her in her distress.

"Oh! it is hopeless; it is impossible," she cried, at the same time moving along to give me room to seat myself beside her.

In spite of an intuitive feeling that I might be getting myself into a scrape, I accepted the offered privilege, and—what man with a human heart in his bosom could have done less?—stole an arm gently around her waist.

"Tell me, my dear Miss Barlow," I said, "is there no way in which I can be instrumental in alleviating your distress? I assure you it would give me a great deal of pleasure to serve you."

Still she sobbed, in such an agony of sorrow, that my heart really bled for the poor thing. "Have you heard unpleasant tidings from home?" I ventured to inquire.

"Oh! no, sir," was the reply, "my distress is all here," laying her hand pathetically upon her heart. I felt the cold chills starting through my veins. I could not speak.

"Oh! Mr. Hathaway," she exclaimed, laying her head upon my shoulder, and bursting into a fresh flood of tears. "Is it possible that you have never, till this moment, suspected the terrible secret which is hurrying me to the grave?"

I fairly trembled in my boots; fortunately, however, I heard the roll of carriage wheels, and knew that Araminta had returned; as she would pass directly by the summer-house, on her way up the lawn, it was necessary to terminate this interesting scene. Therefore hastily pressing the hand which had in some way, for which I was not responsible, found its way into mine, I said something about my sympathy for her, and my sincere hope that she might yet be happy, and withdrew as quickly as possible; not, however, until Araminta had discovered my presence in the summer-house, and Miss Barlow's tears. She was a woman of sense, however, and said nothing.

Tea was waiting for us, and when we had arose from the table, callers were in the parlor, so that it was nearly nine o'clock before I was left alone with Araminta. Then I excused myself from the room, and went to my own apartment in search of the locket which I had left lying on my dressing-bureau. What was my astonishment to find it missing! I searched long and vainly, and at last concluded that some of the servants must have taken it. But what was I to do? I had promised Araminta to leave my daguerreotype with her, and I disliked exceedingly to mention my loss to her, knowing the disagreeable suspicions which would be likely

to follow. A moment's thought decided me. The artist at the village, thinking my picture a good one for exhibition, had reserved one for his own use. This I would have set in as handsome a case as I could find in his assortment, and present it to Araminta in the morning. Banishing my vexation, therefore, as best might, I returned to the parlor, and informed Miss Douglass that I had sat for a picture for her, but it would not be finished until morning, when I hoped for the pleasure of presenting it to her.

The best case which I could procure at the village, proved to be a very common one, but I consoled myself with thinking that as soon as I returned to town I would replace it with something exceedingly elegant and *recherche*.

Araminta accepted the daguerreotype very graciously, and I left in the best possible spirits. Judge of my surprise, therefore, when on the following week I received a note couched in these terms, and accompanied by my letters and miniature.

"MR. HATHAWAY—SIR—Previous to my acquaintance with you, I had been informed of your character as an experienced and most unprincipled flirt. My high respect for your sister, and I may add the frankness and apparent sincerity of your own manners, served, however, to dissipate, in a great measure, the prejudices thereby inspired; though, as you very well know, it was long before I could feel sufficient confidence in your integrity to accept your addresses. Recent developments, however, have not only confirmed my old suspicions, but laid open to my view a blacker phase of your character than any I had ever pictured. Your own conscience will doubtless suggest the circumstances to which I have referred. Sir, I am no longer blinded by your insidious wiles, and this opportunity of expressing to you the scorn and execration in which I hold a man of your character, affords me the highest pleasure. With unfeigned thankfulness I return to you your letters and daguerreotype, and demand my own. Do not have the baseness to undertake one word of defence for your infamous conduct, as it will avail you nothing, but rather sink you in a still deeper pit of infamy.

"In the utmost indignation, I am, sir, your undeceived victim, ARAMINTA DOUGLASS."

Now wasn't that an edifying letter to be received by a man not only entirely innocent of every charge therein contained, but also entirely ignorant of these terrible "circumstances," to which such pointed allusion was made? At first

I stamped with rage, but swearing and all other exhibitions of temper were utterly useless. Any effort at an explanation by letter would evidently be equally futile; there were only two methods of procedure left me. I could either abandon the whole thing, and suffer the case to go by default; or I could confront the irate Juno in person, (that is, if I could gain access to her indignant presence,) and demand the proof of her allegations. This latter a due regard for my reputation as an honest man decided me to do.

I left town by the first train, *en route* for Beech Lawn. Arrived, sent up my card, and was refused an audience, just as I had anticipated. It was time to be resolute, so I wrote on the back of the card.

"Miss Douglass, I am as innocent of the charges you have preferred against me as any man living, and you have no right to deny me the opportunity of exculpating myself. Therefore, allow me to inform you that the letters and daguerreotype in my possession will never be given up until I have justice at your hands. If you do not wish to see me yourself, you can refer me to your father, but I do not choose to apply to him till I am certain of being treated as a gentleman should be. A. H."

This message, after a little delay, brought me an invitation to enter the library, where I found Judge Douglass. I stated my errand at once, and, after a patient hearing, he conceded my right to an explanation. It seemed that Miss Douglass had acted entirely upon impulse, and without consulting her parents; and the judge, therefore, summoned her at once to his presence, and required the proof of the charges which she had preferred.

Araminta was still undaunted. Looking at me with a fixed, indignant gaze, she asked,

"Does Mr. Hathaway pretend to deny that, during his late visit here, he met frequently by stealth, once at least in the arbor at the foot of the garden walk, where I myself saw him in conversation with her, Miss Susan Barlow, my seamstress? That he succeeded in winning her youthful affections, and presented to her on that very occasion his miniature set in an elegant locket? He dare not deny it, for the locket I have myself seen."

Had a mine exploded beneath my feet, I could not have been more astonished. Quickly regaining my self-possession, however, I rehearsed as delicately as possible the circumstances of my acquaintance with Miss Barlow, and the loss of the locket. Araminta was still skeptical, however, and I was obliged to suggest that Miss Barlow be summoned to deny, if she could, the

truth of my statements. She was engaged in an upper room sewing, and the judge instantly sent a message to her. She came down covered with blushes and trepidation, and a few moments' cross-questioning completely sustained me. I was sorry for the pain which I was obliged to inflict upon the poor girl—but what could I do? Araminta, however, evidently could not forget that the poor, self-immolated victim was one of her own sex, and I think it would have gone hard with me still, but for the ludicrous scene which terminated the examination, and in which I certainly bore the least enviable part.

The only point left was to gain possession of the locket, and upon this I was determined. Upon demanding it of Miss Barlow, however, she burst into tears and declared it was no longer in her possession.

"Have you lost it?" I asked.

"It was taken from me, sir."

"Do you know by whom?"

"Yes, sir. Rose has it."

"Who was Rose?" I asked.

"Do you mean the cook?" asked Miss Douglass, indignantly.

"Yes, ma'am. Rose in the kitchen; I showed it to her one day, and she said Mr. Hathaway was the nicest young man she ever saw, and that the woman that got him for a husband would be happier than a queen. She didn't seem to like it because I had his picture, and the next day she got it away from me, and she won't give it up."

It was too much; even the gravity of the judge was not proof against this last development; he roared with laughter. Araminta was more vexed than amused.

"Send for Rose," said the judge. "Let's have it all out while we are about it."

The bell was rung, and Rose called.

"Well, Rose," said the judge, with as much gravity as he could command. "It appears that you have been stealing. Miss Barlow here charges you with having taken from her a valuable gold locket set with stones. Are you aware that the offence is criminal, and would send you to the 'lock-up'?"

"I didn't go for to steal it, Massa Douglass," said Rose, penitently, "fore my heavenly Master I didn't; but it had a handsome picture in it that I liked to look at," looking out from under her eyebrows at me, "and I jest kep it a few days. Miss Barlow, she say she goin' to have him for allurs, and I think she might let poor Rose have his picture, little while."

Fancy my feelings!

"Well," said the judge, "the locket does not

belong to either of you, and must be instantly restored to its proper owner. Rose, produce it at once."

Rose looked sheepish for a moment, and then commenced fumbling among the folds of her dress, and soon produced the locket from her bosom, and stood with it in her hands waiting for some one to take it.

"You can lay it on the table," said I.

The judge roared, Araminta blushed, and the two girls looked defiance at each other from under lowering brows. My state of mind as a modest man in the midst of such a scene, is more easily imagined than described.

As soon as the judge could command himself

sufficiently he dismissed the girls, and I retired from the field on which I had won such questionable laurels I took my dinner at the hotel, and returned post haste to town. The next week I received a letter from Araminta of rather a different temper from her last, which I answered in person. The judge could not refrain from sundry sly hints about "daguerreotypes," "dangerous fascinations," &c., but further than this there was no allusion made to my last visit.

One month ago I became a Benedict, and if there is another poor, persecuted son of Adam, whose experiences have been any way similar to mine, I advise him to go and do likewise, for it is the only remedy of which the race allows.

WEARY.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

THE gates of every earthly hope
Seem barred against my entering tread,
And gloomily my way I grope
Through untried paths of care and dread.

Frozen are Affection's soft, warm showers,
That make life beautiful and gay;
And all the wayside buds and flowers
From my bleak path have died away.

No twilight lingers in the West,
Where Pleasure's golden sun went down;
But winds wail out their wild unrest,
And starless skies in anger frown.

Alone I walk the dangerous way,
Trembling and faint with doubt and fear;
The night grows cold—the shadows grey,
There is no rest nor shelter near.

From many a happy home the light
Slants through the rain across my track,
But to reveal the heavy night,
And make the darkness still more black.

Oh! I am tired, and sick, and faint,
My heart, most heavily oppressed,
Moans forth its own unvarying plaint,
"All-pitying Father! let me rest!"

Father! hast Thou forgotten me,
And left me in this stormy wild?
Thine eyes each falling sparrow see,
Have they o'erlooked thy fainting child?

Father! life's wayside blossoms bright
Give, or withhold! Thou knowest best!
I do not importune for light,
But Father! Father! let me rest!

THE GRAVE IN THE HEART.

BY LENA LYLE.

There is a grave within my heart,
A new-made grave,
And over it fond memory weeps,
And lone thoughts wave!
It is where buried friendship lies,
A friendship broken,
And this is all that's left to me,
This lonely token.

An angel bends above this grave,
Where Love is sleeping,
And o'er the precious dust beneath
Is sadly weeping;
Whilst at her bidding come and go
Each sad, sweet vision;
The memories of other days
Like dreams Elysian.

That grave I must forever close,
That angel leave me;
Those ashes silent must repose,
But oh! 'twill grieve me!
Above them, oh! for many a year
A lonely pleasure,
'Twill be to drop, in secret, tears,
O'er my dead treasure.

Without the storm is beating wild—
What's that to me?
Within my heart's the only storm
That I can see!
The roaring thunder can but be
An echo dim
Of my wailing o'er that lonely grave,
Its fun'ral hymn.

A THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY A. L. OTIS.

My mother was a widow, and I her only daughter, Agnes Brown. She was very beautiful, and quite young, only sixteen years older than myself. My father had left us poor; but she had not been a widow long before she had several suitors, and when I was about fourteen years of age she married Mr. R—, a gentleman of wealth, with four children. They were: Edward, who was in California; Charles, Letitia, and Jack. Jack, the youngest, was about my age.

For one year we all lived happily together, and then my step-father died, leaving his children and myself with equal portions. My mother followed him in a few months, and we were left in the guardianship of a young lawyer, who did not pretend to take any interest in us beyond his legal duties. The old house-keeper managed the domestic concerns, and we all attended school, except Edward, who was still in San Francisco.

I soon began to feel that I was in an uncomfortable position. Letitia would have loved me, and was never intentionally unkind, but her brother let me know that they considered me an intruder, an alien in their home, who had taken a daughter's portion. Daily slights, unkind hints, a contemptuous coldness, and a complete exclusion from all the family consultations, or confidential intercourse, left me cruelly alive to their state of feeling toward me.

I was a very timid girl, without strength to bear up, either against others, or my own self-distrust. I knew myself unwelcome, yet dared not go away. I was fearful of leaving shelter, even so bleak as this, for the wide, wide world.

I tried to make them love me; but I found that the gentleness and patience I struggled for, were called abjectness; my good will, officiousness; and my silence, sullenness. I was not one who could compel affection, I found, to my sorrow.

I endured a whole year of this misery, and then Edward came home. He was welcomed with joy by all but myself. I had never seen him, and therefore feared him. I felt that if he were my enemy too, I must become desperate enough to leave them, though I had no relatives to go to.

The evening of Edward's return was spent in question and answer, among the children of the same father. I sat apart. Edward had spoken kindly to me when he first came, calling me sister Agnes; and several times he tried to give me a chance to enter into the general conversation, as any polite gentleman would. But I was too uncertain of my hearers to talk, so I became a listener only. I judged, from what I heard and saw, that Edward was a quick-tempered, open-hearted man, a gentleman in feeling, yet used to roughing it in a new country.

The next evening, my new brother asked me to give him some music. My hands trembled, and grew so cold, that I continually made mistakes, I endeavored to remedy them, and so grew confused. At last I tried a lively, easy waltz, in hopes of recovering myself, Jack began to beat time. It distracted me.

"You never can keep time with Agnes," he said, "she always breaks down."

Edward was standing by me; I could see by the mirror before me, that he turned quickly, and gave Jack an angry look. It only confused me the more, and I bungled again.

"There—I told you so!" cried Jack. "Hear that!"

"And how dare you beat time at all, you uncivil little monkey?" Edward burst out. "Let me hear any more of your impertinence, and I will put you out of the room!"

I was too frightened to go on, and left the parlor. My room was directly overhead. I heard Edward's voice, in deep tones, talking very earnestly. As they came up stairs to retire, I heard him say to Lettie, as they passed my door,

"She is in a confoundedly uncomfortable situation, any how, and if those boys make it as intolerable for her as they have done since I have been here, I shall see what to have done with them!"

He then kissed her for good night. I laid a happy head on my pillow—I had a friend.

The next day, I went to the library for a book. Edward was there, very busy writing. Jack was getting down some volumes, and as the one I wanted was beyond my reach, I ventured to ask him to get it for me. It was under his hand the moment I spoke. He came down the steps

without it, and stood directly before me, staring into my face:

"Pray who was your last waiter?" he said. "It is an honor I decline."

Edward strode forward, seized him by the collar, and shook him until his teeth rattled.

"Now, you monkey," he said, "climb those steps this instant, and down with the book! Or no—Agnes may not like to take it from such unmannerly hands—I will get it for her myself."

He gave it to me with a kind bow, and a glance of apology towards Jack, who stood before him white with rage. I escaped from the room quite afraid of my fierce defender.

It was Charles' turn to meet with reproof next. He was asking Letitia what had become of his coat. I happened to know, and she did not. I replied,

"The tailor has taken it to alter. He wished to know if you wanted the sleeve-cuffs velvet-lined. Do you, Charles?"

He deigned me no reply. I cared much more for him than for Jack. I felt myself flush painfully as I said,

"I only asked because he is coming again, and desired word to be left about it."

As usual, I fled to my room to conceal my tears. But I was afraid I might be missed if I stayed too long, and thus excite Edward's dangerous compassion. I washed my eyes, and hastened down to find the brothers in loud and high dispute, which hushed as I entered. I knew by the look of hate which Charles bestowed upon me, that I was the subject of it. I saw too plainly that Edward's championship was doing me no good, and that I was sowing dissension in the family. I must go away. This state of misery was killing me. I had become so weakly nervous, that anything sudden or unexpected, made me scream out, or faint away. I could not bear this much longer, and live, even though Edward's kindness had filled my whole heart with boundless gratitude and love for him. While I was trying to summon courage to consult him on the subject of my future residence, he was suddenly called away from home for some weeks. The time of his absence was a time of bitterest trial to me.

One of his friends, a Dr. E——, often visited at the house, and entering into Edward's feeling of pity for my forlorn state, (which he perceived as clearly as if he had been told it in words,) he often showed me little polite attentions. They soon became to me the sunbeams in my wintry weather. After Edward left home, his friend still came. I felt conscious, and joyful; but alas! it was not long before I saw a change in

his manner to me. He grew cold and distant. I often saw him regarding me curiously, with a regretful expression, as if the suspicion of my unworthiness were beginning to take root. This grieved me past telling.

He had a bunch of pretty wild flowers in his hand one day when he came—the last blossoms of autumn. He had always brought them for me, before; but now, when I expected them, and was so foolish as to look glad when I saw them, thinking that, after all, he was not turning from me, he gave them to Letitia with an air that seemed to say, "You need not suppose they are for you!"

I was so weak, and so overwhelmed with shame and grief, that for a moment I felt faint. I sank down upon the sofa, and Lettie fanned me. Just then Charles came in.

"That actress is at her interesting tricks again!" he sneered. "Don't waste your time and sympathy on her. She will come to quick enough, if you retire, and leave no one by to admire her airs!"

"I do think she is ill, Charles," said Lettie, "see her poor white lips."

"Perhaps—but if Dr. E—— had not been here as witness, she would not have fainted."

I sprang up—my nerves stung to spasmodic effort—and ran for the door. Charles' low laugh sounded in my ears. I reached my room, but fell again upon the floor, where I quietly lay until I felt stronger.

I knew what comments would be made upon my sudden recovery. They would say the sickness was all a pretence. Dr. E——, I hoped, would think so; yes, I hoped it, for if my fainting was not "a counterfeit," what interpretation must he put upon it? Unsought love? That is the crime woman fears most of all!

My shame and misery were more than I could bear. I did not leave my room again for a week, being quite feverish and ill. But I determined to be down on Thanksgiving Day, when Edward was expected home; and when the day arrived, with all its bustle of preparation for guests, and their reception, I was so much better that I dressed to be present at dinner. When word was sent to my room that dinner was served, I hastened down, wondering that Edward should have arrived without my knowing it, since I had spent most of the morning listening for him on the stairs. I did not think they would have dinner without him, and I had to try hard to keep my joy, at the idea of seeing him again, within bounds. As I quietly entered the dining-room, I thought I saw him standing before a picture, looking at it, and awaiting the gathering

of the family. I was the only one there beside himself. I ventured to lay my hand upon his shoulder, and say, rather tremulously, "Welcome home, my only friend!" It was the first time I had ever alluded to my troubles to any one. He turned. I started at least three paces from him. It was Dr. E——! His height, and black hair, or my own preconceived fancy had misled me. I was too much startled and confused to observe his manner when thus addressed, but I remember that my hand was detained, and that he was about to speak when the family and guests came flocking in from the parlor.

When all were seated, Charles, who sat in Edward's place, said,

"Edward should have been here; but as the time of arrival of the cars has past, I suppose we shall not see him until to-morrow."

Great regret at his absence was expressed by the others; but I think no one felt it as I did.

As the waiter was removing the soup-plates, a messenger, on urgent business to Charles, was announced, and he was obliged to leave the table. He came back, looking very pale and troubled. He leaned on his chair, and paused a moment, while we all looked at him in breathless anxiety. After a time, he stammered, that there had been a fearful accident on the railroad, and Edward was—lost!

It seemed like a death to me. For hours I was alternately insensible, and conscious of cruel misery.

I was entirely unaware of what was taking place around me. At last I grew more tranquil. The first words I heard were from old Dr. Goodenough, who stood at my bedside. I comprehended that there was a medical consultation.

"This nervous prostration could not be brought about suddenly, even by such a shock. I have long observed this poor girl's unhappiness. It has worn her down to the grave. Between us, I do not think she is treated over-kindly. She ought to have a happy home to make her expand well. She is like my beautiful, delicate, pink oxalises. They never open, sir, unless the sun shines upon them—the full sun, sir, without it they are only twisted up, ugly little wisps."

The answering voice made me tremble. It was Dr. E——'s:

"Have you known her well, doctor? I mean her disposition?"

"Certainly, sir! certainly! Ever since she was a child."

"They say she is deceitful, and an actress, and that occasions their coldness to her. I don't wish to defend them, heaven knows! I would

be most happy—I am quite miserable not to believe her all I once thought her. But the whole family, except Edward, who is a stranger to her, seem to think her not trustful."

"Then harsh treatment has made her so; but I don't believe it, for I never saw a more open child. She was always a timid little thing, ready to shrink, wanting encouragement. No doubt, if repelled, she would conceal her warmer feelings; but the truth, never!"

"But even the gentle Letitia——"

"Fal-de-ral—a little blind mole! Those boys are at the bottom of it. With equal fortune, and superior personal attractions, Agnes has raised their jealous fear of her cutting their sister out in society. That is it, my dear fellow. I see through it."

I had tried many times to interrupt this conversation, but I found my senses acute, while my will was powerless. It was laudanum which so benumbed me, and I soon fell into a short sleep, full of horrible visions, laudanum fancies.

I was awaked again by a nervous tremor. Dr. Goodenough was still talking:

"Very likely, very likely. He is a handsome fellow, and he is no more real relation to her than you are, or than I am."

I turned, and moaned in an effort to speak.

"Agnes! Agnes!" said Dr. Goodenough, arousing me. "Look at old daddy Goodenough, there's a darling. Do you know me?"

"Yes, yes!" I said. "Pat me to sleep again, dear doctor. Please do, and let me forget all about it."

"No, no," he said, "look at your old doctor and nurse, who had you in his arms when you were but a small morsel! Can you listen to your old friend? Be a good child, and try to be strong as a lion. I have got something to tell you, which you must brace yourself to hear."

I sprang up in nervous horror. "Oh, don't! don't!" I said, "don't tell me that again!"

"No, no, pet. She shall not hear *that* again, for certain. Calm yourself now. Look at me to see if I have bad news to tell. How do I look? All pale and grieved? No, no, my gills are rosy, ain't they? Now smile a bit, for I have good news."

At this moment there came a quick knock at the door, and without an instant's pause, it flew open. Edward entered, crying, in no subdued voice, to some detaining person outside,

"She'll be all right the moment she sees I'm safe, and not all smashed up yet."

I reached out my arms, and was instantly clasped in his, gently, affectionately. When I sank back upon my pillow again, my eyes caught

one glance of Dr. E——'s pale, watchful face, but they shrank from him, and encountered Dr. Goodenough's angry dignity. He was looking daggers at the rash intruder:

"I hope you have done no harm, sir," he said to Edward. "You know little of woman's delicate, nervous structure, or you would not have risked that shock of joy!"

"Have I harmed you, poor Agnes, by my impetuosity? Poor girl, do you meet unkindness even from me? I would not cause you pain for the world!"

He was bending fondly over me, often kissing my cheek. Dr. E—— left the room.

Edward then apologized to Dr. Goodenough, and soon made friends with him. He gave him an account of his escape, his delay in order to help others, and his arrival at home ten minutes after that unlucky messenger had caused such consternation.

After some hours' rest, the doctor said I might rise. Edward carried me out to the little verandah, overlooking our own, and a long row of neighbors' gardens. It was a very warm autumn day. We had had frosts; but branches of the climbing roses still hung about the light iron-work arch, with buds half-expanded.

I was in such a deep reverie of happiness that I did not observe Edward's absenting himself, and leaving me alone. Nor did I know that the person who came and stood behind my chair in silence, was Dr. E——. I felt that the moment had come when I could consult Edward about my future plans. I wanted his approval of them, before I thought them all out. So I said, plunging at once to the bottom,

"Edward, I must go away. You know I cannot stay here to create discord. You see I must go—you feel with me, don't you?"

"I feel," began Dr. E——, "that if I cannot win you to go with me, the world is a waste to me."

His tone was so deep and impassioned that I was spell-bound.

"If you will not forgive me my cruelty, I am a wretched man, Agnes, my poor lamb!"

His emotion, perhaps partly pity at seeing me so weak, smothered further words, and he turned away to subdue it. I was only surprised at the vehemence and strength of his feelings—not their nature, for I had read the full meaning of his look when Edward returned, and I was welcoming him.

After half an hour of happiness, Dr. E—— said he must not selfishly forget my welfare in his joy, so he led me in and Edward carried me up stairs.

"Well, Agnes," he said to me, very kindly, "I hope your troubles are all over?"

"This is indeed Thanksgiving Day to me," I answered.

"And do you know I have barely escaped with my life twice to-day, for my old friend, Dr. E——, was ready to bowie-knife me, I believe, for a rival? I had to remind him that I was your brother."

"He will never forget it again, if I am of any consequence to him, for he will see every day how my dear brother Edward dwells in my grateful heart."

When I was married, it was Dr. E——'s wish as well as mine, that the child's portion my step-father had left me, should be returned to the estate. It was done. The boys were candid enough to see that it was justice done, not unwillingly, and we have been on good terms ever since. They all assemble at my husband's house on every anniversary of that happy Thanksgiving Day.

COME HOME.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

Come home!

The hours pass so wearisome!
The stars shone with a gentle glow,
And June walked o'er the world below,
When last we parted by the moaning sea;
And blushing June again is here;
Though but an absence of a year,
It seems like many, many more to me!

Come home!

It is so sad to be alone!
I call thee in my restless sleep—
I very often sit and weep

Tears briny as the waters of the sea!

I know my heart can never learn
To wait with patience thy return,
For thou art more than all the world to me!

Come home!

Each wildly throbbing pulse says, Come!
To kiss me once again, my love!
To call me thine again, my love!
I weary waiting by the moaning sea!
I know that it is very wrong,
But still my heart will sometimes long
At rest within the voiceless grave to be!

KING PHILIP'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 274.

CHAPTER VI.

THEY sat down together, the old man and the strange woman; she with a calm look of preparation; he stern and pale, but hesitating how to begin. Her dignity and the grave attention with which she waited took away all his self-possession.

"You would speak with me," Barbara said, at length; "you look agitated. Surely nothing has gone amiss since I left the house!"

The old man's face changed, and his voice trembled as he spoke.

"Lady, I too saved you from the deep. I surrendered to you the sacred wine after it had touched the lips of the man who stands highest in our land. I have given you shelter in my dwelling, and placed you at the same table with my daughter and my niece; yet, so far as your worldly life is concerned, I know you not, neither your ingoing nor your outcoming. What could I answer to the Lord, were he to say to me, 'Samuel Parris, who is the woman with whom you have broken bread, and shared the same roof?' I could but reply, 'Lord, I know not—for good or for evil she was cast upon my care, like a drift of sea-weed from the great deep—without a history—without a friend!'"

"And in so much your answer would prove correct. Be satisfied, my kind friend, that you have done a christian duty, for which the poor woman you saved will not prove ungrateful."

The old man shook his head, muttering to himself,

"The arch enemy is most potent when he speaks in a sweet voice, and takes on himself the meekness of an angel."

Barbara only heard a word or two of this low speech, but she saw that the old man was troubled, and a mournful smile came to her lips.

"You are weary of me, I have become a burden in your house; do not fear to say this."

"Not a burden, lady; but a mystery—not an unwelcome guest; but one around whom tears and discord centre, like storm clouds over the moon; lady, in the name of God, I ask, who are

you, and for what purpose do you sojourn among us?"

Barbara Stafford arose, pressed both hands to her eyes for a moment, and answered—oh! so sadly—

"I am nothing but a lone, lone woman, Samuel Parris, a sorrowful woman whose way of life lies through the ashes of dead hopes. I am a woman to whom love is a forbidden blessing. This is your first answer; as for my object in coming among you, it is not accomplished, but dead. A few weeks and I shall pass away. The sea which would not mercifully overwhelm me, spreads its waters between us and the land where my grave will be dug. Let me rest in peace, old man, till a ship sails for your parts, then I will trouble no one longer."

"Then she will trouble no one longer," muttered Parris, writing with his stick upon the ground. "God teach me how to deal with this beautiful demon, if such she is, her words disturb my soul with compassion against its will."

He was tempted to go away and leave the gentle lady in peace, with her basket of roots, and the fragrant flowers with which she had interspersed them. The task of questioning her was too much for his kind nature, while influenced by the sweetness of her voice, and under the magnetism of her presence, he felt humbled and gentle as a child. His daughter was quite forgotten; but, as he stood irresolute, a cry came out from the distance, and looking toward his house, he saw Elizabeth coming swiftly toward them, her golden hair all afloat in the sunshine, her blue eyes bright as diamonds, her lips apart and tremulous with the cries that came sobbing through them.

"My child! my child!" cried the old man, stretching forth his arms as the young girl drew near. "Woman, behold your evil works!"

Barbara was bewildered. Her eyes turned from the old man to the girl, who came up swiftly, her face all flushed with fever, her eyes burning, and her lips filling the air with broken words.

"Father! father! Come away! There is witchcraft in her eyes, they have beguiled him

and now turn upon you. Come away, or she will lure you upon the sands, and sing you into the coral caves, which are built by her sisters, the sea witches."

"Alas! the poor child is ill. This is the delirium of fever!" cried Barbara, going toward the frantic young creature, who flung herself back, and with her hand motioned the woman away.

"Avaunt! get you behind me!" she cried, with the voice and air of a priestess in full inspiration, "sister of her of Endor. I denounce you, demon, whom the waves have hurled forth to our destruction. Let the old man alone. He shall not taste your roots, or be poisoned with a touch of your hand. Lo, it is in my veins, it burns in my eyes, and aches on my forehead—body and soul, your evil power possesses me; but remember, he is a servant of the Most High. His heart is full of prayers, his brain armed with holy thoughts. The fiends you serve shall not prevail against the holy man!"

Barbara was struck with astonishment. She turned deathly white as these words were hurled against her, but she had great knowledge of diseases and instantly saw the truth.

"Poor child!" she said, approaching Elizabeth, "this is the delirium of brain fever. She is very ill!"

Elizabeth flung out her arms, staggered back, and fell to the earth, moaning with pain.

"Stand back," said the old man, planting himself before the prostrate form of his child, "your sorcery has done its work; a demon possesses her. Woman, before the most holy God, I denounce you as a Witch!"

Barbara Stafford staggered back, stunned and white, the horrible magnitude of this charge paralyzed her.

"What can this mean? Who denounces me?" she cried at last, rising to her full majestic height, and casting a look of sorrowful indignation at her accuser. "I am a stranger, and helpless!"

The old man was bending over his child. Her flushed face was turned upward to the sun, her eyes wandered to and fro, dazzled and bright with pain. She had ceased to mutter now, and lay motionless.

Barbara would have helped the old man, but he put her aside, and in a stern voice bade her depart.

The unhappy woman looked wildly abroad, upon the ocean and the land, it all seemed a dreary wilderness then. Why should she remain where all men hated her? Why did she wish to escape the awful danger that threatened in the

old man's words? Fleeing, as much from the minister's evident abhorrence as from fear of its consequences, the woman turned and walked slowly toward the woods.

When Samuel Parris arose, lifting his child from the earth, Barbara Stafford had disappeared. Unheard and unseen she had vanished from his presence; and this was remembered as another proof against her.

While the scene had been in progress, a boat grated on the sands of the beach, and two persons stepped out, going different ways: the young man bent his steps toward the forest, the maiden came softly up to the place where Samuel Parris stood staggering under the weight of his child.

"What is this, uncle? Has Elizabeth hurt herself that she cannot keep her feet?" said Abigail Williams, in her cold, still way that had marked her of late.

"She is possessed—God have mercy upon us!—the child is possessed!"

Abigail looked on her cousin's face, and a spasm of pain crept over her own features.

"She is indeed very ill—something terrible is upon her. Let us go to the house, the hot sun makes her worse."

The old man gathered Elizabeth closer to his bosom and turned to obey this suggestion. In moving, his foot struck the little basket which Barbara had carried, scattering some of the roots and flowers on the ground.

"Bring that also!" he said, glancing earthward, "bring that also!"

Abigail took up the basket, replaced the scattered roots, and followed the minister home.

Meantime Barbara Stafford found herself in the deep shadows of the wilderness, walking slowly and steadily on till the gloom lay heavy around her—heavy and dark, like the terror that settled on her soul.

Barbara was a woman, strong to suffer, to endure, and to act; but a woman still, timid like a woman, shrinking from pain, and afraid of violence, as true womanhood is. Though full of that gentle courage which is so beautiful when blended with softer qualities, she was sensitive to blame and easily wounded in her personal dignity. This abrupt charge of witchcraft shocked her to the soul. Was she to give up everything, to suffer a martyrdom of affection, and go down to her grave branded as a demon? Barbara knew well the importance of a charge like that denounced against her by the lips of Samuel Parris. There did not exist a person in the colonies whose power of character would give more crushing force to an accusation of this

character, both in the courts and in the congregation. She felt that the good old man was convinced of her evil power against his own wishes—that added to his natural fanaticism a solemn belief in witchcraft, which had spread from the old country into the colonies, had seized upon his quick imagination, and he would pursue her to death from an honest sense of duty.

She felt the danger to be imminent, but where could she fly?—to whom appeal?—a stranger, without history, with a name utterly unknown in the colonies, with no ostensible motive for leaving her own land, or remaining an hour in this, who would step forward in her defence? Norman Lovel—alas! he was young and utterly dependent on Gov. Phipps, tried and bosom friend of Samuel Parris. What hope could lie in that direction?

There was no shelter—no help. A feeling of strange desolation crept over her. She had thought herself lonely, and life dreary before, but her heart was full of gentle sympathies that would put forth their fibres and search for something to cling to, even in her worst hours. Now she was literally driven forth to the wilderness, branded by a horrible accusation which must turn all compassion into hate wherever she approached. She had gold about her person, but even that all potent metal was valueless here. Who would touch coin which came from a delated witch? Who would believe in its validity, or dare to receive money which might turn to some poisonous drug in the handling?

In her distress, Barbara bethought herself of the broken tribes of Indians that lived in the wilderness, shorn of their savage grandeur, but maintaining something like independence as they retreated back from the settlements. But how could she hope to find their hiding-places in a wilderness so deep and without a guide?

The night was drawing on, dark and heavy. Storm clouds gathered over the sun at his setting, turning all its gold to lead, and filling the woods with pall-like shadows. Then came sounds of low thunder, mingled with a sough of the winds as they swept in from the distant ocean. The loneliness grew, terrible. She fell upon her knees and prayed to God, the only being to whom she could appeal, in heaven or on earth.

As she prayed the rain began to fall. It came patterring among the leaves, breaking up the gloom with opposing dreariness. When the foliage was all saturated and dripping, the drops began to fall heavily around her, but she had no shelter—no friend. The elements seemed driving her from an approach to heaven. She arose heart sick, and seating herself on a frag-

ment of rock, buried her face in her folded arms and wept.

A hand laid upon her shoulder broke the deadness of her grief. She looked up and saw the young Indian who had once before encountered her in the forest.

"Lady, why are you here alone, so far from home, and a storm brewing?" he said.

She looked in his face with a glow of touching gratitude. It was something to feel that human life was near—that she need not shiver in the rain, and be left to starve in the deep woods.

"They pursue me—the white men of my race—they charge me with grave crimes that have driven me into the woods," she answered, with touching mournfulness.

The young Indian drew himself up, and clutched the gun which he held with a passionate grip,

"Again," he said, bitterly, "are they at their old work? Must another bright head stoop beneath their blows? Come with me. I have nothing but savage fare and savage protection to give, but with us you will be safe. When we strike a woman, it is upon the forehead, not the heart. We torture with fire, not with words."

Barbara arose, thankful for his kindness, but her limbs trembled. She had walked many miles, and now that protection came her strength fled.

"Where would you take me?" she inquired. "Is it very far?"

He saw how helpless she was, and his brow fell. The encampment was distant over the broken hills.

"Wait a little," he said, "gather strength and courage. Not far from this are a few of my people, who follow me always when I approach the settlements. We can soon reach them."

Barbara made a brave effort and followed him through the gathering darkness. He did not pause to help her through the undergrowth, though the ground was broken and difficult of ascent. It seemed as if her lonely condition and helplessness had silenced all the fiery devotion that had marked the young man on their last meeting. He touched her hand with reverence when she extended it for help once or twice, but never looked upon her face, nor uttered a word of the passionate homage that had burned on his lips then.

At last they reached a basin in the hills, looked in by a chain of ledges, crowned with trees and covered with creeping ferns and mosses. A fire was burning in this little hollow; the rain beat upon it through the branches, but still it flamed up, giving glow and warmth

to the night. Around this fire a group of Indians sat in patient waiting for their chief. He came up softly and spoke a few gentle words. The Indians stood up and gazed at Barbara in respectful wonder, and she in her turn looked upon their stately forms and worn habiliments with a strange feeling of compassion.

They wore no paint; their robes of dressed deer-skin were faded and without ornament. Nothing about them seemed worthy of care, except the guns that they leaned upon, and the pouches in which they kept powder and lead.

The young chief spoke with his followers in their own language. He told them more of Barbara Stafford's history than any person in America knew except himself. "How she was the daughter of a proud, old chief in the mother country, who owned lands broad almost as the wilderness they stood in, with a vast dwelling which rose from the earth like a mountain peak; that she had come with her father to Bermuda in a great ship, and found him, the son of King Philip, of Mount Hope, a slave, toiling under the lash to which the white men on the coast had sold him.

"This lady, so gentle and so good, now their guest, so far as God's wilderness could afford hospitality, had taken compassion on his captivity and his ignorance. With gold she had bought him of his task-masters, and taken him to foreign countries, where she and her father traveled together in sad companionship, for both were unhappy, and found his affection a solace.

"With gold the lady had unlocked his thoughts, and given him free opportunity for study. She had in her beautiful kindness redeemed his soul from ignorance, as she had purchased his body from the slave driver's lash. After this she and her proud father had taken him to their home in England—that grand home in which they were held as chiefs and princes—and here the old chief died, leaving his daughter alone in his stately home."

Here the young man paused, his eyes fell, and his haughty lip began to tremble. He spoke in the Indian tongue, which Barbara could not understand, but the swarthy blood burned on his forehead as her eye turned upon him, and for a moment he shrank from telling the whole truth—but his brave nature gained the mastery and he went on, yet with humility in his voice, and shame flashing around his downcast eyes.

"My children, I had loved the lady from the hour her hand unlocked my chains, but the secret lay buried deep in my heart, and no one guessed how it burned there. When her father was dead, and I saw her alone, with no one but

me to counsel or comfort her, this love broke from its covert and frightened her almost into hating me. She did not mock me with scorn, but—"

Here the Indians broke into a tumult, and signs of proud anger passed between them. At last one spoke,

"Why should the lady treat you with scorn? If she was the child of a great chief—Philip, your father, was the king of a mighty tribe—your mother was fair as the boxwood in flower, and proud as the hemlock on a cliff. What woman dare receive the love of a king's son, save with her forehead in the dust?"

"Not with scorn, my braves. I said she was terrified, not angry, my wild passion was its own enemy. She commanded me from her presence, told me of the years she had lived before I was born, and with cruel gentleness sent me away.

"But I would not go. Like a disgraced hound I hung upon her track, unseen, unthought of it may be, till she left her home and came down to the sea-shore, where a ship lay ready to sail. I followed her, and buried myself deep in the hold of the vessel, not caring—may the Great Spirit forgive me!—where the ship went, nor how long she might plough the ocean. We were sheltered by the same timbers once more, and that was enough. We entered the harbor of Boston, and I knew that the Great Spirit had been leading me, through my wild love, back to my father's people—back among my father's enemies.

"The lady left our vessel when we neared the land. She descended into a frail boat, and was launched forth into the harbor, which was lashed and angry with storms. I dared not offer to go with her, but looked on sick at heart till the tempest swept her away. She was hurled among the breakers, buried in the sea; but an old man, the persecutor of our people, the minister of Salem, dragged her forth, and with him a youth."

The chief paused abruptly, and his reproachful eyes turned upon the lady.

"He was younger than I am, and a stranger, yet she did not drive him from her presence."

He spoke these words in English, but Barbara did not comprehend their meaning or connection. She only knew that his eyes were full of sad reproach, and, smiling softly, drew close to his side, murmuring,

"I am driven into captivity now, and it is from you I seek shelter."

"I have told my braves whom it is they will defend. While they live you are safe in the wilderness which was my father's kingdom, as you were in old England; but as for me, have compassion and let me go hence."

A flush reddened Barbara Stafford's forehead as she bent it with a gentle sign of acquiescence. The chief gave some orders in their own tongue, and the Indians instantly fell to work cutting away wet branches from the hemlocks and pines, tearing green bark from the giant elms, and cutting down young saplings which they planted in the earth, and curved downward in the form of a tent. Over these they laid the bark, and covered the whole with green boughs, till a bower was formed worthy of a wood nymph. Two of the Indians brought great fleeces of moss down from the ledges and carpeted the bower with them, and over all a noble white pine spread its mossy branches, through which the full moon sent a thousand gleams of silver, as if laughing at the bank of storm clouds from which it had just escaped.

Upon the couch of moss which his people had heaped in this bower, the young chief spread a robe of skins, and laid his blanket, which he unwound from his own shoulders. Then, with the air of a prince offering the hospitality of a royal palace, he approached Barbara Stafford where she sat by the fire, and led her to the shelter they had provided.

Barbara was greatly moved, and with an impulse of thankfulness, she bent down and kissed the young chief's hand as he was about to withdraw it from hers; but it trembled like a wounded bird beneath her touch, and his magnificent eyes filled with tears—the shame of an Indian's soul.

Mad with his weakness, the young man turned from her and dashed away into the woods. All night he hovered around her bower of rest, but in the morning disappeared.

When Barbara awoke in the morning, for fatigue made her sleep heavy, she inquired for the young man with anxiety. The Indians answered that he had gone deeper into the wilderness, where the main body of his tribe lay, and when a cabin was prepared for her reception, he would come back again; till then the five warriors whom he had left behind would protect her with their lives.

CHAPTER VII.

SAMUEL PARRIS bore his daughter home and laid her on her own white bed, where she lay and writhed like a wounded fawn in the snow. Her face was rosy with flushes, that came and went like gleams of light on marble; her lips were in constant motion; she muttered continually about Barbara Stafford and Norman Lovel. Sometimes she called aloud for her mother, and declared with child-like earnestness, that she saw her gliding through the room with

her golden hair smoothed under a close cap, and a white dress sweeping around her like the wings of an angel.

The old minister listened to all this in stern sorrow. His ewe lamb was smitten down before his eyes: God had punished his idolatrous love to find a terrible punishment. What could he do?—how act to save that beautiful one from perdition?

Norman Lovel had come in from the woods to find Barbara Stafford gone like a myth, as she had disappeared once before, and Elizabeth, from whom he had parted in anger, writhing on a bed of pain, muttering her wild fancies and crying aloud for help.

Abigail Williams moved about coldly and in breathless silence. The curse of witchcraft was upon the house, hatred and death clung around it like cerecloths to a coffin: what if she too were possessed—the story of old Tituba, a device of the Evil One, and the young chief so wildly beautiful, who claimed relationship with her, the arch fiend himself? The very foundations of her reason seemed shaken by these thoughts, and as the moans and cries of Elizabeth reached her ear from time to time, she would pause in her work and stand motionless like a block of marble, till some new sound startled her into life again.

All night Samuel Parris sat by the bedside of his child, pallid and thoughtful. Over and again he questioned her in the midst of her wild speeches, as a judge sifts the words of a doubtful witness. Sometimes he fell into audible prayer, and again sat in dull silence pondering gloomily.

When the morning came he went forth, and, mounting his horse, rode to the nearest magistrate, who was a deacon in his own church, and a man of iron domination. Samuel Parris knew well that after his appeal to this man, there could be little free will left to him.

No wonder then that he walked heavily, and paused long upon the door-step before entering upon a pursuit for the life of a fellow creature, from which there was no chance of retreat.

He went in at last, and the door closed heavily after him. The sound of a muffled drum could not have followed his footsteps more solemnly.

After an hour, the old man came forth again, and moved with a slow tread down the village street toward his own dwelling. As he passed the doors of his parishioners, men and women came out and questioned him in low tones, and with looks of awe, regarding the condition of his child. He answered them all patiently, but with a sad weariness of manner that overcame curiosity by compassion.

At his own threshold he met three men, members of his own congregation, who greeted him in silence, as neighbors salute the chief mourners at a funeral. Then the four passed in, and mounted to the chamber where Elizabeth lay with her wild eyes lifted to the ceiling, and her hands waving about in the air.

These four good men—for after the manner of the times they were good—sat down in silence, and each gathered from the lips of the delirious girl the evidence which was to imperil a human life. When they had listened an hour keenly and conscientiously, each according to his light, they arose and went forth, shaking Samuel Parris by the hand with touching solemnity.

The old minister saw his friends file away from the house, and bend their course toward that of the magistrate, and then he felt with a pang of unutterable sorrow that the fate of Barbara Stafford had passed out of his hands.

That day a posse of men, headed by a constable, armed with a warrant to arrest Barbara Stafford for witchcraft, passed through the village and into the forest, taking the track which the unhappy woman had pursued. The moss and forest sward was moist yet, and with the keen eyes of men accustomed to pursue an Indian trail, they found traces of her progress—now a faint foot-print—then a broken twig or a fragment of her garments. Thus step by step they pursued her, till at last the whole group stood upon a swell of land that overlooked the hollow in which the Indians had built that sylvan lodge, which met their search yet green and fresh. At the entrance a red shawl had been stretched, which was now folded back to let the daylight through, and in the warm shadow beyond they saw the object of their search sitting in dreary thought.

A single Indian lay upon the turf a little way off, guarding the lodge with a vigilance, the more watchful because his companions had gone forth in search of food.

The posse of men held a whispered consultation. They understood the condition of things, and resolved to act promptly before help came.

In the savage warfare which had ended almost in the extermination of the kingly tribes, Indian life was held scarcely more sacred than that of the wild deer and panthers that infested the hills. When the constable saw that noble savage lying upon the turf, with his broad chest exposed like that of a bronze statue, he drew the gun which he carried to his shoulder with a grim smile, called on God to bless the murder, and touched the ponderous lock with his finger. A sharp click, a loud report, a fierce cry, and the savage

leaped into the air, fell upon his face, all his limbs quivering, and with a single spasm, lay dead across the entrance of Barbara Stafford's hiding-place.

She came forth white and trembling, saw the dead body at her feet, and looked fearfully around for the murderers. A group of men and a wreath of pale smoke curling out upon the air revealed all her danger. She did not retreat, but fell upon her knees and lifted the head of the Indian up from the ground. Drops of crimson stole down the bronze chest and fell slowly to the turf. The bullet had pierced him through the heart.

Barbara did not attempt to escape, though she saw at a glance that the savage was dead; the sight of so much life and strength smitten down in one instant paralyzed her. She had never witnessed a violent death before, and the shock bereft her alike of hope and fear.

The constable understood, and whispering his men to follow, crept toward her. She saw him without realizing the danger, and shaking her head mournfully as he came up, said,

"Unhappy man, you have killed him."

The constable stooped down, dragged the body from her feet, and cast it headlong down the slope of earth on which she stood; then, without a word, he seized Barbara by both her wrists, and grasped them together with a firm grip of one hand, while he searched in his pocket for a thong of deer-skin which he had prepared for the occasion. Putting one end of the thong between his teeth, he wound the other tightly over her hands—so tightly that they grew purple to the finger ends, and finished with a double knot tightened with both hands and teeth.

Barbara lifted her eyes to his face with a frightened look as he performed this brutal act, but she neither protested nor struggled; once she observed gently that he hurt her hands, but when no heed was taken, she allowed them to proceed with their cruel work without further remonstrance.

When her hands were bound, the constable tore down her shawl from the entrance of the lodge and placed it on her shoulders, crossing it on her bosom and knotting it behind, thus forming a double thralldom for her arms.

She bore it all patiently and in silence; once she cast an earnest look into the depths of the forest, perhaps with a hope that her savage friends might come to the rescue, but she only met the gleaming eyes of a wild-cat, swinging lazily on a bough to which human approach had driven him. Her glance was answered by a low growl and a gleam of savage teeth. The wild

beasts were defying her in one direction, and human cruelty dragging her to death in another.

Thus, helpless and unresisting, she was forced away, accepting her fate with touching resignation.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN the constable and his followers came into the town of Salem, with Barbara Stafford in their midst, a wild commotion seized upon the inhabitants; every door and window was crowded with human heads; the public streets were swarming like a bee-hive, and a look of solemn consternation greeted her at every point. Pale and still Barbara passed before them. The subdued feeling, the majesty and grandeur of her carriage, impressed many with awe, and a few with gleams of compassion; but the law of witchcraft was upon her, and no one ventured to step forth for her defence or comfort. She was not insulted: among the whole crowd there was not a man or child who was cruel enough to assail her; little boys who had gathered up stones and handfuls of turf to hurl at the witch, felt those missiles dropping from their grasp when those great, mournful eyes turned upon them. Some little girls, in their tenderness and their youth, began to cry when they saw how her hands were bound; but one or two old women called out, and with jeers bade her to prove her descent from the devil by breaking her own bonds, exactly as like revilers had mocked at our Saviour more than sixteen hundred years before; but some supernatural power seemed to bind the voices of these women, and the words they would have uttered died out in low groans—the gentle power of her presence silenced even the spite of unredeemed old age.

The constable and his men bent their way to the house of Samuel Parris, where the accused was to be confronted by her victim. The inhabitants of the town followed the cortege, and gathered in groups upon the stretch of sward that lay between the minister's dwelling and the church; while the functionaries of the church and officials of the government entered the house.

Elizabeth Parris still kept her room, but in her delirium she had insisted on wearing her usual apparel, and when her father came up, with distress in his face, to prepare her for the approach of her strange visitors, the young girl was resolute to descend to the rooms below where she would entertain her father's guests with due state.

Possessed of the idea that there was some great entertainment at which she was to preside, the beautiful lunatic—for such fever and intense

excitement had made her for the time—began to rummage in her chest of drawers for the pretty ornaments with which she had adorned herself while a guest of Lady Phipps. The old minister dared not resist her; with him these vagaries were solemn evidences of witchcraft with which it was sacrilege to interfere.

Thus, in a little time after, Barbara Stafford was led into the house. Elizabeth Parris appeared on the staircase, crowned with artificial roses that glowed crimson in her golden hair, and gathering the white muelin robe to her bosom with one pale hand, as if the inspiration of some old master, when he searched his soul for the purest type of a Madonna, had fallen upon her. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes shone like stars, and the gliding motion with which she descended the stairs, made her presence spiritual as that of an angel. Abigail Williams came after, serious, and with a look of terrible pain upon her forehead; her eyes, dusky with trouble, watched the movements of her cousin, seeming a dark shadow following the spirit.

Then came Samuel Parris; how white his hair had become! how old and locked those thin features! He moved like one who felt the curse of God heavy upon him and his whole house. Desolation was in every movement.

Old Tituba crept after, quick and vigilant as a fox. She traced back all this trouble to her own story of the martyred Hutchinsons. From the day of her confidence to Abby Williams the curse had entered her master's house. She was the evil spirit that the people sought. She had concocted the roots into the drinks with which Elizabeth had quenched her fever thirst, as the disease crept over her. True, Barbara Stafford had told her they were cooling and wholesome; but what right had she to take the word of a strange woman like that? Was not her darling witch-stricken, soul and body, by the very decoctions with which she had hoped to cure her? Had not the words of her own tongue changed Abigail Williams from a calm, gentle maiden, full of thoughtful affections, to a stern prophetess, such as her people evoked when they thirsted for vengeance?

Tituba had pondered these things over and over in her mind till she almost believed herself a witch and a demon, and this was the frame of mind in which the poor old creature followed the stricken family into the presence of the magistrates.

When Elizabeth Parris had entered the room that had once been the favorite retreat of her mother, she bent her slight figure with a gentle recognition of her father's friends, and moving

toward the old oaken chair—which had been, time out of mind, in the family—sat down, or rather dropped into it, for her strength was giving way. But, feeling that something was expected of her, she looked around, making mournful efforts at a smile, till her eyes fell on Barbara Stafford, who sat near the window watching her movements with a look of gentle compassion.

All at once, her eyes dilated and shot fire, her brow began to throb heavily under the roses that wound it, and she uplifted herself from the chair, pointing with her finger, and reeling to and fro, as we remember Rachel when she sung the *Mar-seillaise* upon the brink of her grave,

“Take her away! take her away! I cannot breathe while she sits yonder, with her soft, calm eyes! That look has poison in it!”

She began to shudder, and fell back into the chair, crying piteously.

The old man approached Barbara Stafford, and clasping his withered hands, began to plead with her.

“Behold,” he said, stooping meekly toward her, “behold your evil work! When you came here, only a few days ago, she was bright and fair as the rose when it opens. Everything made her happy. If she went out, joy followed her; when she came back, the sound of her footsteps was like an answered prayer. Till you came, the Lord dwelt in our household, and blessed it. We loved each other and helped each other, as christians should. Woman, what had we done that you should drive out our household angels and fill their places with fiends of darkness? I saved your life, and lo, my child, my only child, is accursed before God and man!”

The minister lifted his hands as he ceased speaking, and covering his face, called aloud.

“Alas!” said Barbara Stafford, and her voice was full of unshed tears, “I have done you no wrong, kind old man. The life you saved was of little worth, but such as it is, I would gladly lay it down to bring peace under this roof once more. Do believe me, not for my sake, but your own, Elizabeth Parris is ill from natural causes, not from any power, evil or good, that rests in me. Sudden excitement—a cold perhaps taken in the night air—anxiety to which her girlish nature is unused—all these may have conspired to disturb her brain.”

Barbara would have said more, but at the sound of her voice, Elizabeth began to writhe and moan in her chair, till the sound of her anguish drove the old man wild.

“Oh, my God! my God! why hast thou forsaken this household?” he cried, while his quivering hands dropped apart and fell down-

ward, and his deploring eyes turned upon his child,

“Oh, woman, are you not potent to redeem as well as to inflict? Is your power all evil?”

“I have no power save that which belongs to a weak woman,” replied Barbara; “but if you can unbind my hands, I will strive to soothe the poor child.”

“Unbind her hands,” said the magistrate, who had not spoken till then. “Let the spirit within have full sway. Heaven forbid that we judge without sure evidence. Constable, set her limbs free!”

The constable unknotted the red shawl from Barbara's shoulders, and loosened the thongs that tied her wrists together; a purple mark was left on her delicate skin, and her fair hands were swollen with pain. She drew a deep breath, for the sense of relief was pleasant; and moving gently across the floor, laid her two hands on Elizabeth's forehead.

Up to this moment the girl had moaned and writhed as with overwhelming pain, but as the hands of Barbara Stafford fell upon her forehead the tension left her nerves, and with a sigh she sunk back in the chair. Barbara smiled, passing her hands softly down the now pale cheek, till they rested for a moment on the muslin that covered Elizabeth's bosom. She again lifted them to the forehead, and so to the bosom again, leaving quiet with each gentle touch.

At last Elizabeth Parris turned her head drowsily, and the lids fell over her eyes like white rose-leaves folding themselves to sleep, and with what seemed a blissful shudder, she resigned herself to perfect rest. Then Barbara looked at her accusers with a sad smile, and took her seat by the window, little dreaming that the holy impulses of pity that had just soothed the pain of a fellow creature, would be the most fatal evidence offered at her trial.

“Take her away—take the woman hence!” cried the magistrate, rising up, hardened in all his iron nature. “The devil, her master, has for once betrayed her into what might seem an angel's work, but it proves more than an angel's power—away with her!”

And in his ignorance, this magistrate of the seventeenth century followed the example of the rabble that hunted our Saviour to death from darkness and ignorance also. Surely the world had progressed but slowly where the soul was concerned.

While Elizabeth Parris lay sleeping sweetly in her chair—and it was the first slumber she had known in three days—Barbara Stafford was bound again with those ignominious thongs and

taken from the room. Samuel Parris watched the movements with a thrill of compassion, grateful for the rest that had been given to his child. He could not see those white hands bound so rudely without a thrill of pity.

But the people without had obtained intelligence of what had been passing, and the words sacrilegious and blasphemy ran from lip to lip. "What," said one, "does the Witch mock the holy miracles of our Saviour, and attempt to heal with the laying on of hands, in the very presence of our most worshipful magistrate, and that grey-haired Christian, Samuel Parris? Why should we wait for a trial?—is not this evidence enough? Let us take her down to the sea and cast her into the deep."

"Let us hang her at the town post," cried another. "The sea has vomited her up once, it is no use trying that."

Then other voices set in, and the tumult became general. The throng gathered closer and closer around the minister's house; the women most eager, and crying loudest for the wretch to be given up to them.

The magistrate was, so far as he allowed his own nature freedom, a just man, and fully believed himself right in giving Barbara up to the law, but he would have guarded her with his life from the howling rage of the mob. But it is doubtful if even his steady courage could have saved her, so intense was the excitement; but just as he appeared on the door-step standing in front of the prisoner, a group of soldiers, wearing the colonial uniform, came galloping up the forest road with Norman Lovel, Gov. Phipps' private secretary, at their head.

The crowd fell back tumultuously as he came forward, for he dashed on with little regard to life or limb, till he drew up in front of the house.

"Worshipful sir," he said, addressing the magistrate, "I have come to relieve you of a painful duty. Here is Gov. Phipps' requisition. This lady being a stranger, will be tried where his excellency can himself have cognizance of the proceedings. I am authorized to convey your prisoner to Boston."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

FOUR IN HEAVEN.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

WHEN the moon in tender beauty,
And the stars are peering bright—
When the brook is calmly flowing,
In the stillness of the night;

When the dew of Heaven is falling,
And all Nature seems to weep!
When is heard nought of commotion,
And a world is drown'd in sleep:

Then I sit beneath my terrace,
Gazing on the realms above—
Where do dwell my cherub darlings,
Four in Heaven that I love!

And I seem to hear their voices
Breathing comfort to my heart—
"Mother, dearest, be not troubled,
We shall meet 'no more to part.'"

Then my soul seems wrapt in gladness
By the soft and tender tone;
Tears of pure affection rouse me
But to find myself alone!

Who can feel a mother's anguish?
Who can paint the inward pain?
Who can tear from Sorrow's bosom,
All the links of Sorrow's chain?

Away with vague philosophy!
Cold as earth, as black and drear:
To the soul, like oil from Heaven,
Is a mother's holy tear!

Oh, my heart! I loved my darlings,
Blossoms sweet and pure were they;
Born—ah, but to be transplanted
In a garden far away!

Yes, they sprung in palely beauty,
Like the lily, into birth;
Ere my lips had time to press them,
One by one they fled from earth.

In the Spring, how oft they wandered
Through the floral grove where grew
Daisies white, and sweet primroses,
And the violets so blue.

Oh, how oft amid their gambols,
Seeking for the prettiest—
Light and gentle would they hasten
To adorn their mother's breast.

Where are now those Eden flowers
Once so lovely, bright and gay?
Where are now the hopes I cherished?
Wither'd, blighted, swept away!

Oh! 'tis sad to muse and reckon—
Oh! 'tis vain, 'tis vain to weep!
Tears of mine can never wake them
From their cold and silent sleep.

Sleep! ah, no, they do not slumber
'Neath the cold and clammy sod;
Spirits, in the land of glory,
They are dwelling with their God.

Robed in everlasting beauty,
Far removed from sin and pain;
Guardian angels of the living,
Shall I see them once again?

Yes, I hear them fondly whisper,
In the stillness of the night,

"Mother, place thy trust in Heaven,
God is mercy, God is light!"

And I need no other token—
'Tis a message from above;
To their care I now resign me,
Four in Heaven that I love.

SHADOW SEEKING.

BY MRS. M. C. WILSON.

There was just enough of the sunset glow
In that classic room, with its pictured walls,
And its busts of Parian white as snow,
To give it the look of a peopled hall.
The artist reclined in his easy-chair,
Leisurely dreaming the hours away;
Unheeding the glances bent on him there,
His own creations for many a day.
Dark and frowningly some looked down,
Others looked happy, and sweetly smiled,
But neither the smiles nor the gloomy frowns
Could win his thoughts from their visions wild;
Visions of Beauty, and visions of Light,
Dreams of grandeur, and glory, and Love;
Dreams if embodied, would prove his right
To enter Fame's temple, the World above.

There trembled a shadow along the floor,
And a young man stood in the artist's view,
With a mournful smile on his parted lips,
And a mournful glance in his eyes of blue.
"What wouldst thou here?" were the painter's words,
His fancies dissolving in empty air,
The youth replied sadly, "Hast thou not heard
Of the grief which would drive me to despair?
Thou art of the world, of the selfish world,
Which little kens of my hidden woe;
What shouldst thou care though my brain doth whirl
With a madness of Sorrow none may know?
I am seeking a shadow, a look, a smile,
Of one who has gone to a Home of Light;
Of one who gladdened my heart erewhile,
It now sits brooding in shades of night.
"Seeking for something I never may find,
Over the country, and over the towns,

Nothing she left of herself behind,
Nothing so lovely ever was found.
Portraits by masters almost divine,
Ancient, and modern, I've looked them through;
Not a shadowy semblance of her, not a line,
So hopeless and weary I come to you.
If artists have visions of beauty and grace,
Why have they not pictured Mary Odell?
Beauty was never, if not in her face,
Do none like her on the broad earth dwell?
Then hath the world lost a treasure indeed;
Lovely and loving—in beauty alone;
Can no one supply me, in this my great need,
Something to cherish of her that is gone?
Only the love-look that beamed from her eyes,
Only the glory of one of her smiles;
These, only these, would my lone heart suffice,
And sorrow of much of its anguish beguile."

The artist replied, while the gathering dews
Of sympathy rose to his star-beaming eyes,
"The favor you seek I would not refuse;
But call us neither unskilled nor unwise,
That we, few, compared with the sons of the Earth,
Whom God makes to differ, as star from star,
Should not copy all, or in fancy give birth
To each beauty, each glory, Heaven may spare.
Hast thou not remembrance within thy breast?
Hast thou not a bright hope beyond the sky?
Far brighter than shadows of earth, at best,
It will show thee a blissful eternity.
Best thee, oh! soul-troubled wayfarer, rest,
Dwell in the sunlight, and not in the shade;
Look to the future, and not in the past,
Though angels may claim her, thou shalt be repaid."

TREASURES FALSE AND TRUE.

BY MISS ELIZABETH MILLER.

With blooming laurels once I beamed
In graceful wreaths my brow,
They faded, fell; in them I found
No joys that charm me now.
The leaves were fair, the flowers were bright,
The wreath was sweet to see;
The hours passed on, and brought a blight,
Dead leaves remained to me.

Across the pleasant fields of life
A painted fly there flew,
I needs must leave all sterner strife,
This gaudy thing pursue.

O'er hill, through vale, and o'er the plain
My eager steps it led;
My first rude grasp made all in vain,
With that its beauty fled.

And then I thought, "'Tis often so
With wiser ones than I,
They seek the crowns of fame that glow
Awhile, then fade and die.
Their gain is evermore but loss;
Soon fadeeth earth's renown;
Who scorneth here to bear the Cross
May never wear the Crown."

USEFUL NOVELTIES FOR THE MONTH.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

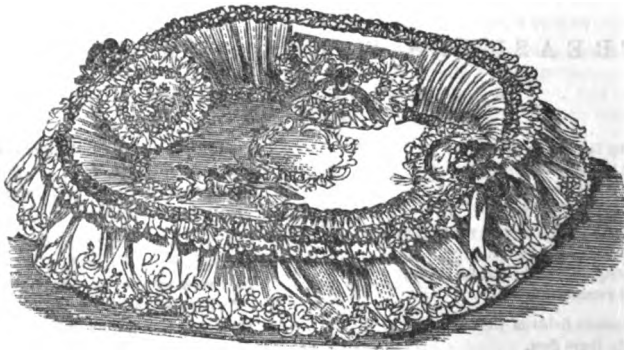
We take great pleasure in presenting to our readers this novel and beautiful article, furnished from Genin's Bazaar, 513 Broadway, New York. The material is fine linen, arranged in the form of a close sacque; four small gores give the necessary fullness at the bottom. The upper portion resembles an elaborately embroidered chemise made quite low in the neck. The front is enriched by eight narrow puffings of linen cambric, separated by bands of rich needlework, and closed by a row of lace buttons. A wide band of needlework and edging forms a finish to the neck. The short sleeve is adorned by a single puffing of cambric, bordered with a band of needlework and edging like the neck.



THE CORSET COVER.

Young mothers will find these baskets the greatest of all treasures in their nurseries; it is made of fine white chintz, which lines the inside,

and falls in a deep ruffle down the sides. Each in like fashion. These neat baskets may be had and is finished with a cushion, edged with embroidery, either furnished or unfurnished, at a comparatively low price. Each also has a pocket on either side which is ruffled.

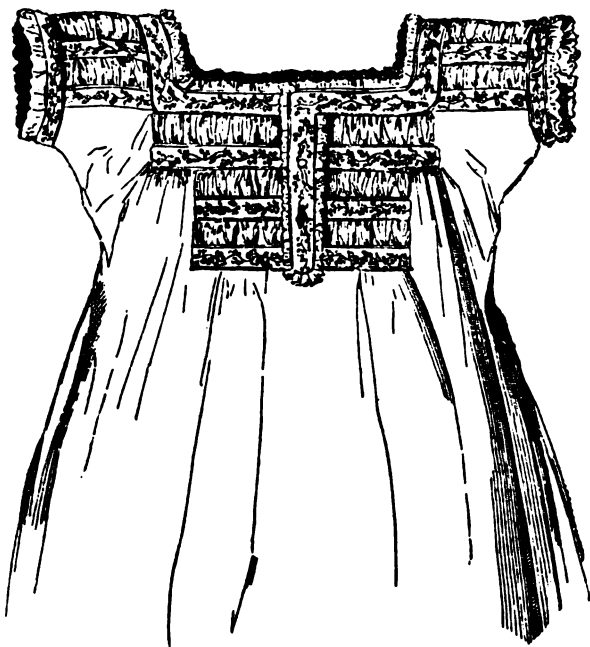


INFANT'S BASKET.

Among the rich variety of under-linen to be found at Genin's Bazaar, we have selected two chemises, of fine linen. The neck of the first is gathered into an embroidered band, edged with a narrow ruffle of Valenciennes lace. The bosom is formed of three graduated bands of needlework, separated by inch wide puffings of cambric, these puffings run crosswise, and are separated in the centre by a band of insertion rounded at the end, and edged on either side by a ruffle of Valenciennes. The sleeves are composed of puffings of linen cambric, alternated with bands of needlework. The edge has a band of insertion edged with a ruffle of Valenciennes.

Another chemise of fine linen is gathered into a straight band, enriched by a delicate vine of embroidery. A narrow border of Valenciennes lace surrounds the edge. The bosom consists

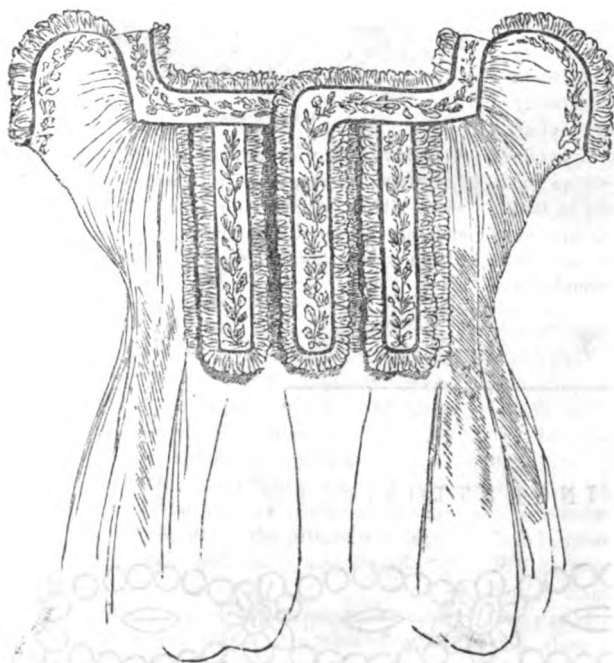
of three embroidered bands, separated by narrow puffings of linen cambric, edged with a



CHEMISE.

double row of stitching. The sleeves are made of embroidery with a ruffle of Valenciennes lace, forms a finish to the edge.

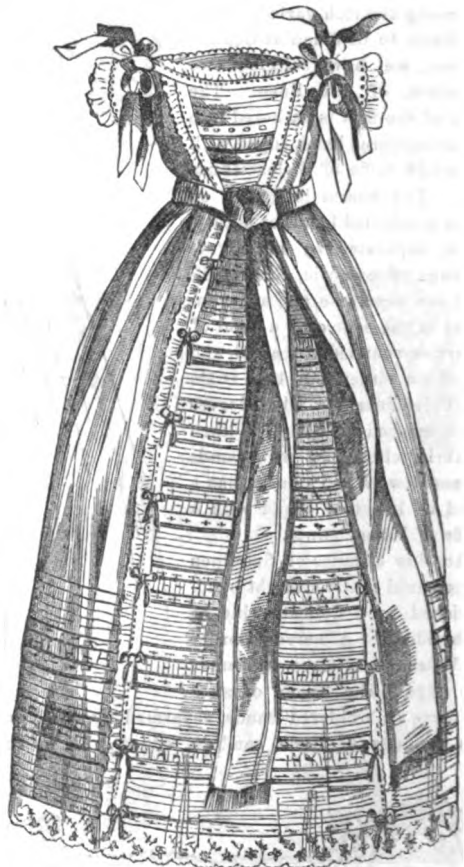
Genin has also furnished us with an illustration of a Morning Robe, appropriate to the season, which we give in the front of this number. The material is rose-colored French merino, arranged in the usual form. The back is made slightly full, and gathered in by three fine shires; the skirt is full and flowing. The sacque fronts are enriched by a double border of embroidery of white silk; the outer border consists of light, wavy scallops, intermingled with sprays and clusters of fine polka spots; while the inner border forms one continuous wreath of roses, buds, and leaves, mingled with grape tendrils and small white flowers, which extend the full length of the fronts, completing a trimming of unequalled richness and beauty; drop buttons set closely together



MORNING ROBE.

form a pretty finish to the edge. The pockets are formed of a straight piece of merino, adorned with a profusion of embroidery, and finished at each corner by a single drop button. A small, round collar, edged with embroidery, forms a finish to the neck. The flowing sleeves are edged with a double border of embroidery to correspond with the fronts. A broad ribbon of the same color forms a fastening at the waist. The cambric under skirt is enriched with a profusion of embroidery.

From Genin's Bazaar we have an illustration of an Infant's Robe, composed of fine *nansouk* muslin. The skirt is rather more than a yard in length, and is decorated to within a few inches of the waist by a series of fine tucks arranged in graduated groups. Between each group is inserted a double band of richly wrought insertions an inch wide, separated by an insertion of Valenciennes lace half the width. A wide border of needlework surrounds the bottom of the skirt; a piece of graduated trimming ornaments the front: it commences five inches wide on the bottom, and graduates to about half the width at the waist; it is composed, like the skirt, of groups of fine tucks, separated by insertions of embroidery and Valenciennes. A border of needlework, edged with a narrow ruffle of Valenciennes, surrounds the outer edge of this piece, and is continued up the front of the waist in the form of *bretelles*. On either edge of this trimming are placed at intervals of a few inches, bows of delicately shaded blue and white ribbon. The front of the waist is formed of a succession of bands of needlework, separated by Valenciennes insertions, enriched by sprigs of flowers in muslin applique. The short sleeves are composed of upright bands of insertions, alternated with Valenciennes, and terminated by a simple Swiss



I N F A N T ' S R O B E .

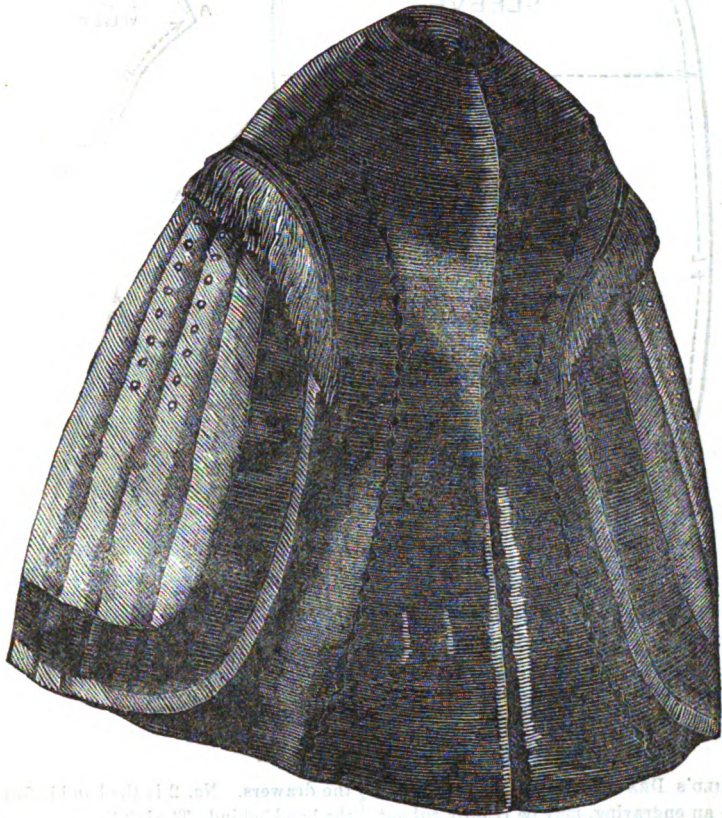
edge bordered with a ruffle of Valenciennes. The waist is surrounded with a broad sash of white ribbon striped with blue. The flowing ends are bordered with fringe, and descend to within a very few inches of the bottom of the skirt.

I N S E R T I O N .



WINTER MANTLE: CHILD'S DRAWERS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



WINTER MANTLE.

FOR our department "How to Make One's Own Dresses," we give, this month, a fashionable Winter Mantle, and a pattern for Child's Drawers. THE WINTER MANTLE, which the annexed engraving represents, is unusually elegant. The body is made of velvet of any color, to suit the taste of the wearer; but black, or rich deep claret, are the most general, although we have seen some of a bright green, and a few of a rich deep violet. In whatever color it is made, the sleeves, which the pattern will show, are extremely wide, and nearly meet together at the back.

They are made of cloth of a corresponding color with the body, and with a deep piece of velvet laid on all round, with three or four rows of buttons or small tassels coming from the upper part. The sleeve has also a piece of velvet of a different shade, but very narrow, running down the front and also over the shoulder, over where the shaping takes place, with a row of buttons or small tassels. There are likewise three rows over the shoulders, from which a rich deep fringe falls. This Mantle is tied to the figure at the back, and, from its shape, sits both easily and gracefully.

FIG. 1. SLEEVE.

FIG. 2. FRONT VELVET.

FIG. 3. BACK VELVET.

The size of each of these pieces is marked, in inches, along the sides, so that they can be reproduced in a full sized paper pattern.

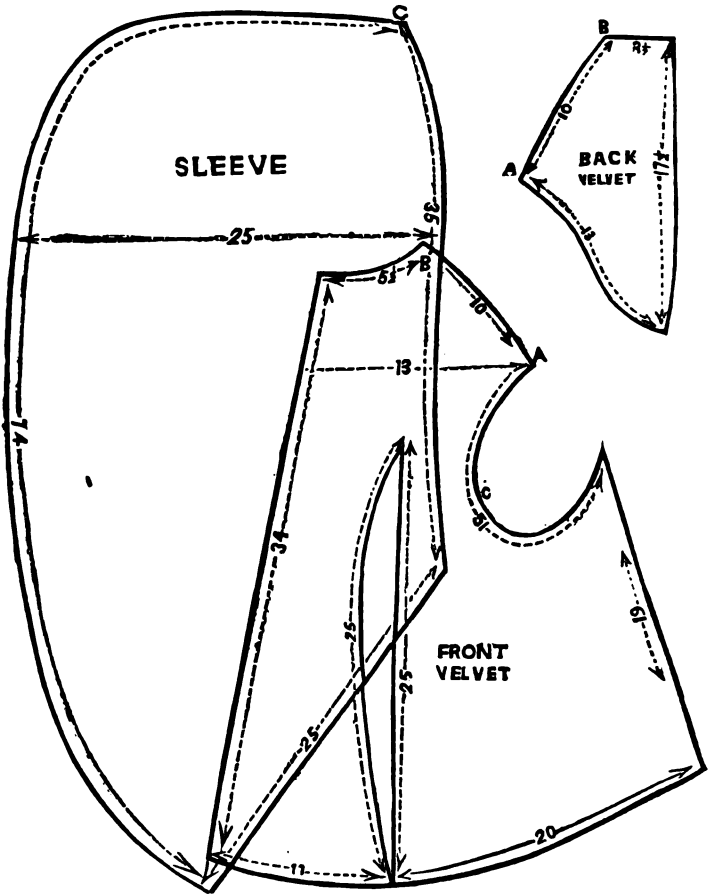
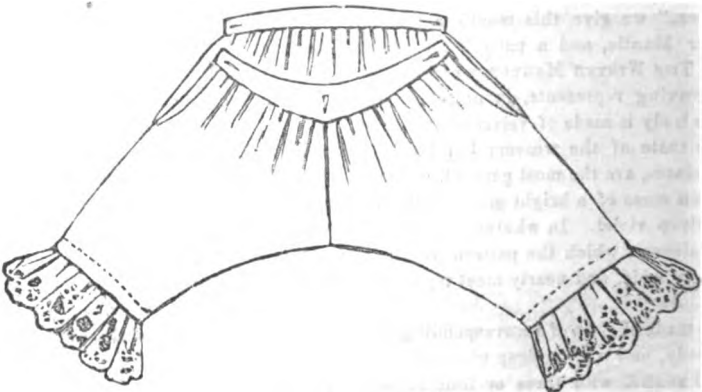


DIAGRAM OF WINTER MANTLE.

THE CHILD'S DRAWERS, of which the accompanying is an engraving, may be readily cut out, from the diagram on the next page. No. 1 is the band before; the right hand side goes behind. No. 2 is the band behind. The left hand side of the pattern goes before; the right hand side goes behind.



CHILD'S DRAWERS.

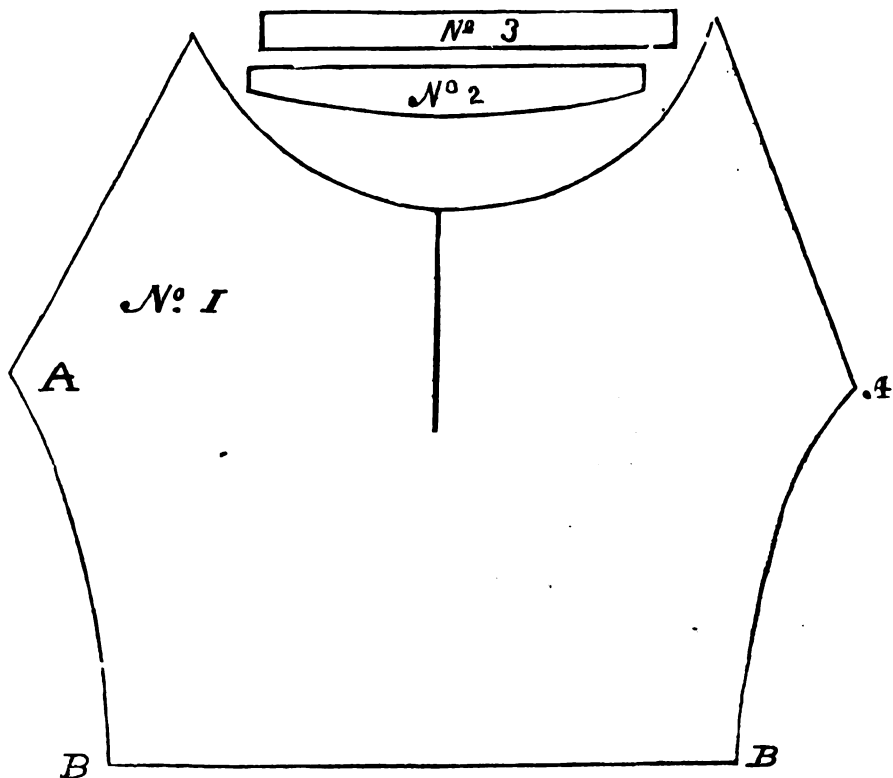
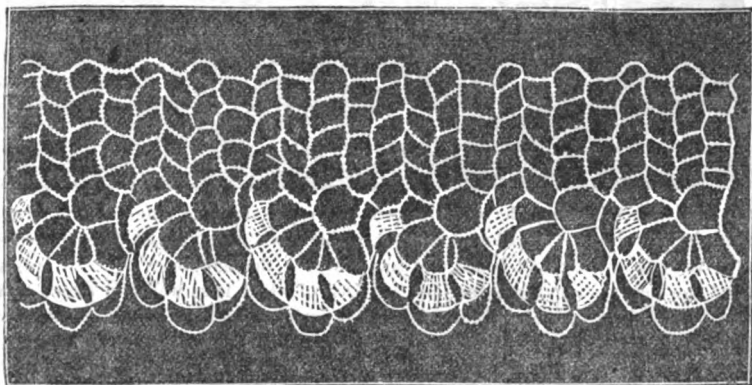


DIAGRAM OF CHILD'S DRAWERS.

CROCHET EDGE, WORKED THE SHORT WAY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



No. 20 cotton. No. 4 Penelope Hooks. { 1 long into 4th loop for four times: 5 chain; 1
 Make a chain of 20 stitches; 1 long, 8 chain; } long into last loop

(This row is to be omitted after this time.)

1st Row.—Turn back 8 chain, 1 long under 5 chain; * 5 chain, 1 long under the same 5 chain; repeat from * twice more, 3 chain, 1 long under every 3 chain.

2nd Row.—Turn back 7 chain, 1 long under 1st 3 chain; 3 chain, 1 long under every 3 chain; * 3 chain, dc under 5 chain, 4 long under same chain; repeat from * 8 times more. (Always in working this row again, in making the next

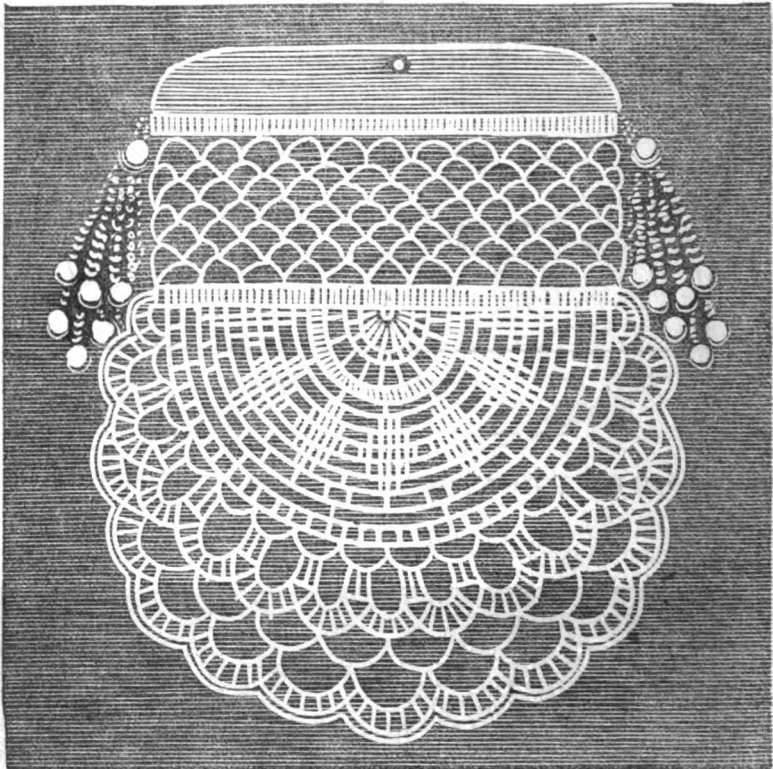
scalloped, after the last *, dc into dc of previous scallop.)

3rd Row.—Turn back 7 chain; dc under 3 chain for four times; 3 chain; 1 long under 3 chain for four times.

4th Row.—7 chain, 1 long under 1st 3 chain; 3 chain, 1 long under every 3 chain; 5 chain, one long under seven chain; now repeat again as at 1st row. The pattern consists of four rows only.

SHORT PURSE IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



TASTE and elegance in purses have lately been superseded by durability. Leather has been substituted for silk netting and beads, but has been found too heavy for general use—not but what the power of daily becoming lighter lies in the nature of all purses. We might almost assert it as a fact that the empty purse is the heaviest that can be carried. Notwithstanding this peculiar principle in the article, the silk purse is decidedly prettier than the leather one, and being

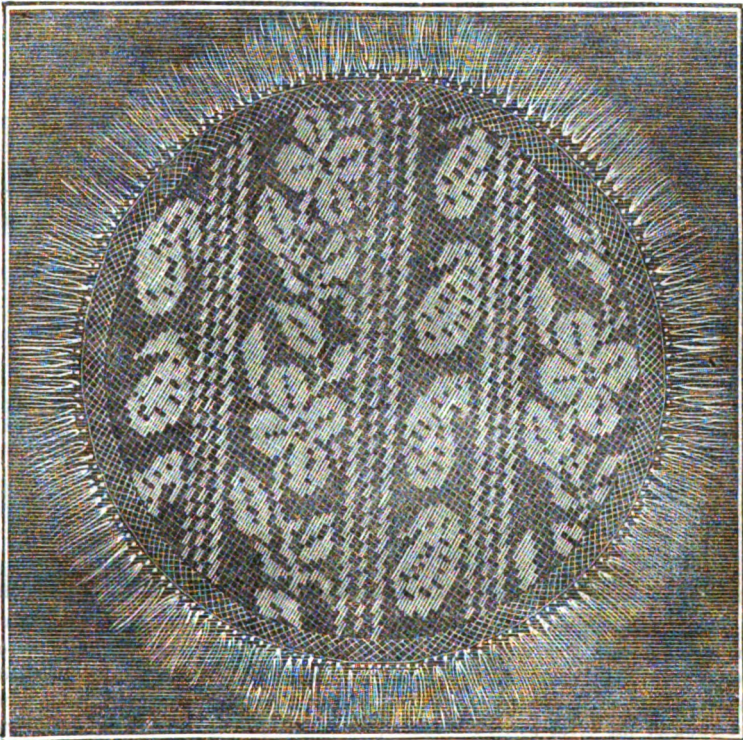
an especially feminine manufacture, and one which, when completed, is so essentially necessary to the happiness of most ladies, and the use of which is so well understood by them, that it certainly belongs to this corner of our Work-Table Department. The design we have given is in very simple crochet in one color, but the effect is very pretty, and it forms a very strong purse. Colors are always a matter of taste; crimson, dark green, bright blue, or brown, are

most generally chosen. It should be commenced by making a chain the required length for the round of the top, on which must be worked the two half stars, according to the pattern, the top part being finished afterward. The last row must be worked on the two halves, to close them

together all round. When the top is made a sufficient depth, it is fastened on to a pretty steel or gilt clasp, with two tassels to correspond, and forms a very useful and pretty article, either for a present or for personal use.

ROUND NETTED ANTI-MACASSAR.

BY MRS JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Crochet cotton, No. 4, for the netting, and knitting cotton, of the same size, for darning. A round, wooden mesh, No. 6, will be used.

To produce a piece of round netting, begin with twenty-five stitches, and increase by doing two in one at the end of every row for fifty rows. Do the same number of rows without either increasing or diminishing, and then the like number decreasing, by netting two together at the termination of every row. You will finish with the same number that you commenced with. This makes the nearest approach to a round that can be obtained in netting. To complete it do four or five rounds of netting, and knot a

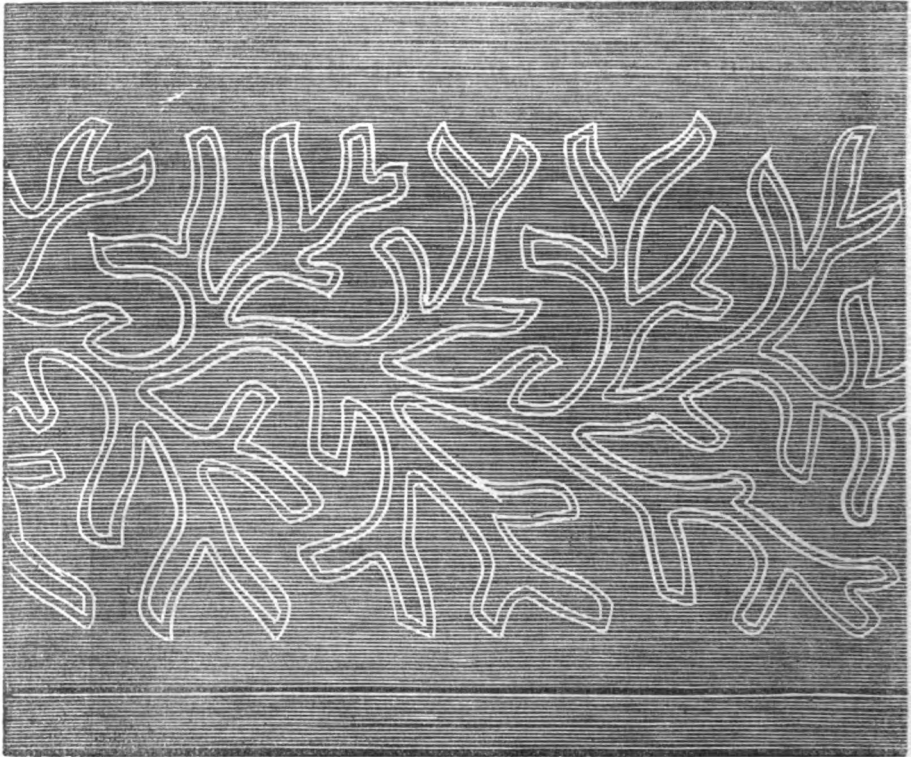
heavy fringe, four inches deep, in every stitch of the last round.

Nothing can be easier than this fringe-knotting. Take a card of the width the fringe is required, and wind the cotton round it any given number of times (twelve will make a thick fringe.) Slip it off the card, and with a coarse crochet hook draw the mass sufficiently far through a stitch to allow the other end to pass through it. Draw this tightly, and when all are done, cut the strands of cotton.

Wash, slightly stiffen, and dry the anti-macassar, before darning it. This must be done from the engraving. The thick cotton gives it a rich effect, with very little trouble.

CORAL PATTERN FOR EVENING DRESS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



DOUBLE SKIRTS are now much worn, and are elegant in a ball-room. Our design may be worked on the edge of each, over a broad hem. A single skirt may be preferred, which will require three rows of the coral pattern between three sets of tucks. This would form a very handsome skirt, as the tucks are again coming into fashion, and likely to be very prevalent. At the edge of flounces it would also look very handsome. If the contrast should be too violent to suit the taste of the worker, it would look extremely pretty worked in white cotton. We should recommend that it should be executed in chain-stitch, as the length of the stitches, if worked in satin-stitch, would be too great. The outline should be first done, and afterward all the interior parts should be filled in with a sufficient number of rows to render it solid in appearance. This work would be found very durable, and would have a very good effect for this purpose, as well as being quickly executed. The muslin ought to be fine and clear.

PEARL PINCUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, a beautiful design for a Pearl Pincushion: to be worked in pearls and blue silk. The opening in its centre is for the reception of flowers; but when

the season of the year will not admit that these should be freely replenished, then the handsome cut-class scent-bottle is to supply their place. The ornamental design upon the cushion is divided into four parts. One of these quarters we have given separately, (also in the front of the number) from which the whole are to be worked. The beads are imitation pearls, and the braided part is in small silver coral. The four quarters are divided by a larger silver cord, which, being tightly drawn, serves to raise the

different compartments. Round the edge, a rich silk fringe is carried, which is the more elegant, when headed by a string of pearls. This same pattern, if worked in white satin, makes a beautiful BRIDAL PINCUSHION. A mat may be worked, as a separate article, the cushion to be placed upon its centre. The materials are precisely the same, namely, blue or white satin, worked with the pearl beads and the silver thread. This is stitched over a round of cardboard, and finished with white fringe.

SOFA CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—A large square of blue or black cloth, two pieces of gold-colored Albert braid, a piece of Groseille ditto, and a piece of suitable French soutache. Cord and four tassels.

This consists of a rich centre pattern, and a Greek border, in which handsome scrolls are worked. The Greek pattern should be worked in gold-colored Albert braid; or on a blue ground, a black braid may be used. Those who do not regard expense may make a very handsome cushion by the application of black velvet on the cloth, for the Greek pattern. Velvet ribbon may be laid on for this purpose; or the design may be cut out of a square of any gold German velvet. In that case, the edges must be finished with black Albert or Russian braid; and a line of black glass beads, No. 1, may be laid along the centre of the velvet. The scrolls within the border are to be braided with a handsome soutache, or with Albert braid. The soutache should be selected with reference to the other colors of the cushion—a remark which applies equally to the braid. Black velvet and braid, with blue in the centre, on a claret ground, would be very rich. On a green ground, two shades of violet braid, with black velvet, might be used.

HEAD-DRESSES YOU CAN MAKE.

BY OUR "FASHION EDITOR."

We give here (Fig. 1) a very pretty ornament for the hair, which any lady can make at her own work-table with trifling trouble and expense. Two sizes of the pearl beads are necessary, some small and delicate, with a few of the larger dimensions. The first are to be strung on bead wire, introducing a large one in the centre of each bow, and simply twisting the ends of the wire together, so as to make it secure. Five of those being thus prepared are to be put together, and, being well secured, are to be fastened on a bow of black velvet, which is in its turn to be attached to a good hair-pin. The centre is formed with a bead of the larger size. These ornaments for the hair are worn over the forehead a little toward the left, and three behind.

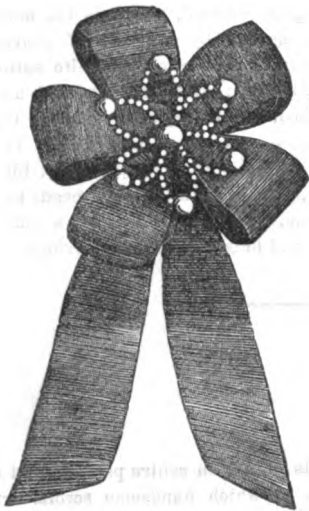


FIG. I.—ORNAMENT FOR HAIR.

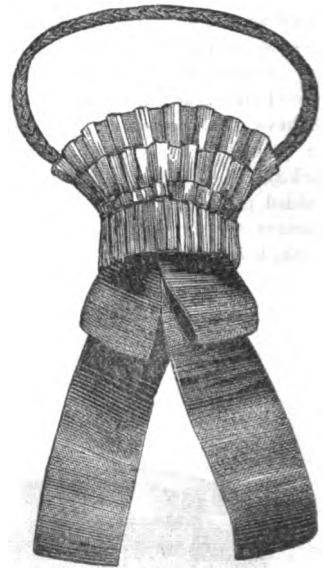


FIG. II.—HEAD-DRESS.

They are very elegant, the pearl beads contrasting so extremely well with the velvet.

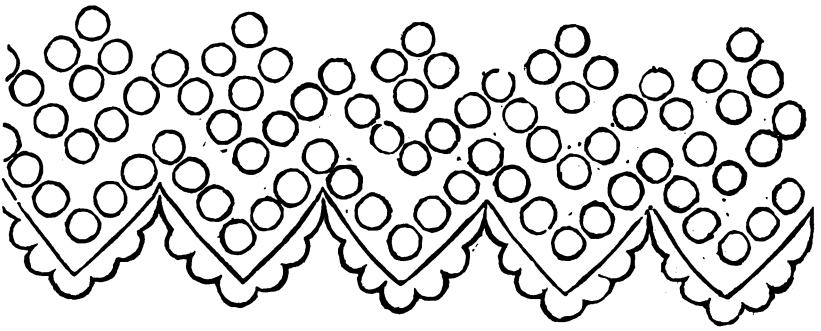
We also give (Fig. 2) a head-dress, which is easily made, but has a striking air of style when worn. The front is a plait of three in cerise-colored ribbon. Before commencing to plait the ribbon, each piece should be folded down the centre, and a narrow strip of stiff net laid within.

This gives the necessary firmness to the bandeau. The back is formed of three rows of ribbon, quilled at one edge, two of the quilled rows being turned upward and one down; under this last a large bow with long ends is fastened, hanging down from the centre of the hair behind. We strongly recommend this head-dress to the notice of our lady readers.

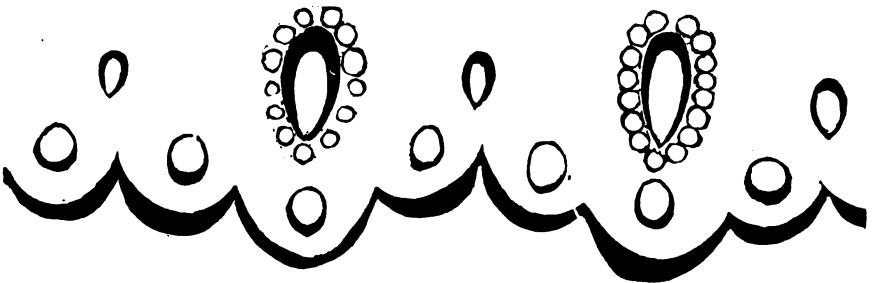
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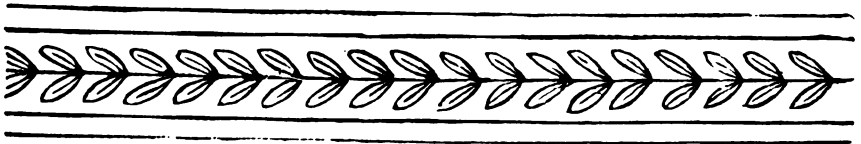
VARIETIES FOR THE MONTH.



TRIMMING FOR DRAWERS.



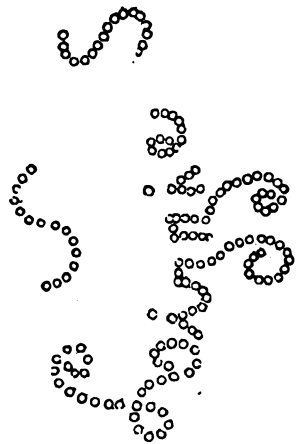
FOR BOTTOM OF SKIRT.



INSERTION.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



NAME FOR MARKING.
869

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1859.—UNRIVALLED LITERARY ATTRACTIONS.—We intend, as is stated in our Prospectus, to increase, in every way, the attractions of this Magazine for 1859. The three novelets to be given, are in addition to the usual quantity of shorter stories: and *none of these writers will contribute to any other magazine.* The literary department of "Peterson" has long enjoyed the reputation of excelling that of any other ladies' periodical; but since the union of "Mrs. Stephens' New Monthly" with "Peterson," and the addition of its contributors, this superiority has been greatly increased. By careful winnowing, we have got together a list of writers such as would make the fortunes of any two ordinary magazines. Alice Cary, V. F. Townsend, Frank Lee Benedict, E. L. C. Moulton, Ella Rodman, F. L. Mace, Sarah Hamilton, Anna Bache, Hetty Holyoke, A. L. Otis, E. W. Dewees, M. A. Denison, Carry Stanley, E. J. Cate, T. S. Arthur, Clara Moreton, Clara Augusta, Martha Russell, Mary W. Janvrin, and others familiar to our readers, are *all first-class magazine writers.* It is through their valuable aid, that we are able to make "Peterson" what it is. Whenever a new writer appears, who is worthy of "Peterson," we shall lose no time in engaging him or her.

We wish it to be distinctly understood, that the three original novelets will not interfere, in any way, with the quantity or variety of our shorter tales. Each number will contain, as in 1858, from six to ten stories, complete in themselves. The increase in our reading matter, which we contemplate, will enable us to keep up this variety, yet give portions of two of these novelets each month. "Jillian" and "Helen Græme," we think, are *the very best novels* Mrs. Stephens or Mr. Benedict has ever written: and we believe the public will come to the same conclusion. Both of these writers are engaged exclusively for "Peterson."

The "New Cook-Book," which is spoken of in the advertisement, can hardly be described as belonging to the literary department; but the ladies will thank us for assuring them, that *every one of the receipts* has been tested in the kitchen of the author, or that of some of her friends, and that many of the receipts are old family ones. We are told, by those who have examined the work, that it is, beyond question, the best ever compiled. As it will be copy-righted, the only way to obtain it, will be to subscribe for "Peterson" for 1859.

WHAT IS A BACHELOR?—He pretends to think himself a happy fellow. But is he? Not at all, and he knows it. He knows he has cut himself off from a great blessing for fear of a trifling annoyance. He rivals the wisecrack who secured himself against corns by having his legs amputated. In his selfish anxiety to live unencumbered, he only subjects himself to a heavier burthen; for the passions, that apportion to every individual the load he is to bear through life, generally say to the calculating bachelor, "As you are a single man, you shall carry double."

HOW TO GET GOOD HUSBANDS.—Two charming young ladies—we know they are charming, though we have never seen them, because they write such pleasant letters—have asked us, if the right way for a gentleman to get a good wife is to send "Peterson" to his lady-love, what is the best way for a lady to get a good husband? We answer, find out which of the gentlemen, whom you know, subscribes to "Peterson" for his sisters. That one, our word for it, will make a good husband.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.—It is a vain endeavor to seek to preserve personal loveliness by the aid of cosmetics. A once celebrated beauty has said that temperance, exercise and cleanliness are worth all the rouge and pearl-powder ever manufactured. A young beauty, were she as fair as Hebe, would soon lose her charms, if she ate and drank inordinately, and kept late hours; and by inordinate eating we do not mean gluttony, but merely that excess of which half the world is guilty. Hot bread and strong coffee for breakfast, with peppered soups and highly spiced dishes for dinner, and late hours at night, soon tell on the complexion. Exercise is another thing indispensable to health and beauty. Many a rich lady would give thousands of dollars for the rounded arm, blooming cheek and elastic step of the farmer's daughter: well, let her live simply, work for a part of the day, and go to bed by ten o'clock, and she will have all these things! The beauty to whom we have already alluded, has said:—"Cleanliness is the last receipt which I shall give for the preservation of beauty. It is an indispensable thing. It maintains the limbs in their pliancy, the skin in its softness, the complexion in its lustre, and the whole frame in its fairest light. The frequent use of the tepid bath is not more grateful to the senses, than it is salutary to health and beauty. It is by such abluitions that accidental corporeal impurities are thrown off, cutaneous obstructions removed, and while the surface of the body is preserved in its original brightness, many threatening and beauty-destroying disorders are prevented. The bath should be as indispensable as the looking-glass."

MORALITY AND VIRTUE.—It is pleasant to realize that our efforts to give a pure literature to the daughters of this fortunate land, are appreciated. "Peterson's Magazine for October," says the Connelleville (Pa.) Enterprise, "has been received. As usual, it is profusely adorned with the neatest fashion plates and beautiful engravings. It does not rely merely on these, but contains a large amount of most excellent literary matter. No mother should be without it, as their daughters can be trusted with it without apprehensions that any sense of truth or modesty will be shocked. To all of our readers we would say, subscribe for Peterson." We have hundreds of private letters also of the same purport. It is cheering to find our efforts thus appreciated.

VANITY IN WOMAN.—A vain woman, though she may have flatterers, admirers, *lovers*, as they are called, can have no friends. Her heart is too much engrossed with self, for her to feel either love or friendship. In the true sense of those strangely misused words. Individuals of her own sex she regards only in the light of rivals, consequently enemies; and her own pretensions are so obtrusive that she cannot but receive in return an equal portion of aversion from females educated in the same school, and with the same views as herself.

MORE READING FOR THE MONEY.—It should not be forgot, that "Peterson" gives more reading matter, in proportion to the price, than any ladies' magazine. The largest of the three dollar ones, for example, give but twelve hundred pages. This would make the proportion of a two dollar one eight hundred pages. We propose, however, in 1859, to give nearly a thousand. As we shall rival the three dollar magazines in the number of our embellishments, it follows that "Peterson," beyond all comparison, is the cheapest. If you wish the most for your money, subscribe for this Magazine.

A BEAUTIFUL POEM.—The old, old story, which forms the theme of the following poem, has been often told in verse, but rarely more beautifully.

High on the hills Lord Heron he dwells;
Rosalind sings on the moors below.
Watching the bees in the heather bells,
Merrily swinging to and fro.

Young Lord Heron hath left his state,
Donned a doublet of hoddens-grey,
Stolen out of the postern gate,
A silly shepherd to wander away.

Rosalind keeps the heart of a child.
Gentle and tender and pure is she;
Collin, the shepherd, is comely and mild,
Tending his flock by valley or lea.

Never a swain has whispered before
What she hears at the close of day:
"Rose of roses, I love thee more,
More than the sweetest words can say!

Though I seem but a shepherd lad,
Down from a stately race I came;
In silks and jewels I'll have thee clad,
And Lady of Heron shall be thy name."

Rosalind blushed a rosy red,
Turned as white as the hawthorn's blow,
Folded her kirtle over her head,
And sped away like a startled doe.

"Rose of roses, come back to me!
Leave me never!" Lord Heron cried,
"Never!" echoed from hill and lea;
"Never!" the lonely cliffs replied.

Loud he mourned a year and a day,
But Lady Alice was fair to see,
The bright sun blesses their bridal day,
And the castle bells ring merrily.

Over the moors like a rolling knell
Rosalind hears them slowly peal.
Low she murmurs, "I loved him well,
Better I loved his mortal weal.

"Rest, Lord Heron, in Alice's arms!
She is a lady of high degree;
Rosalind had but her peasant charms;
Ye had rued the day ye wedded me!"

Lord Heron he dwells in the castle high,
Rosalind sleeps on the moor below;
He loved to live, and she loved to die;
Which loved truest the angels know.

THE SOCIETY OF WOMEN.—D'Israeli, speaking of the advantages to be derived from the society of women, says:—"It is an acquaintance which, when habitual, exercises a great influence over the tone of the mind, even if it does not produce any more violent effects. It refines the taste, quickens the perception, and gives, as it were, a grace and flexibility to the intellect." Somewhere else the same writer remarks that, "Men are as much stimulated to mental effort by the sympathy of the gentler sex, as by the desire of power and fame. Women are more disposed to appreciate worth and intellectual superiority than men, or at least, they are as often captivated by the noble manifestations of genius, as by the fascinations of manners and the charms of person." And Sydney Smith says:—"Among men of sense and liberal politeness, a woman who has successfully cultivated her mind, without diminishing the gentleness and propriety of her manners, is always sure to meet with a respect and attention bordering upon enthusiasm." Again, another writer observes that, "Of all other views a man may, in time, grow tired, but in the countenance of women there is a variety which sets weariness at defiance. 'The divine right of beauty,' says Junius, 'is the only divine right a man can acknowledge, and a pretty woman the only tyrant he is not authorized to resist.'" Mothers, who have sons growing up to be young men, treasure these facts in your mind, and do all you can to make them like the society of women.

IF LOUIS NAPOLÉON AND QUEEN VICTORIA were each intent with inspiring, upon the mind of the other, an idea of their naval strength, at Cherbourg, as some of the newspapers aver, the ladies of the different courts were no less anxious to vie with each other in elegant and tasteful costume. We may here describe a few dresses worn during the fetes of ladies of distinguished rank: One was composed of a dress made of figured moire, of a canary-colored tint. The skirt was quite plain, and the body trimmed with a bertha of the richest honiton lace. The sleeves were very short and also trimmed with honiton. The head-dress to accompany this toilet was a black velvet resille, with a torsade and tassels of fine gold. Another dress was made of sea-green silk: it had two skirts, the first of which had three narrow fluted flounces; the second, in the tunic style, was trimmed with white tulle puffings, profusely studded with primroses and mignonette. The sleeves and body were similarly trimmed, and the head-dress, to complete the toilet, was a triple diadem of primroses and mignonette. Another toilet was made of white tarlatane and puffed all over. Another was a dress of pink silk, the second skirt of which was covered with puffings of white tulle, and wreaths of daisies; with this was worn a garland of daisies.

A much admired dress consisted of a white chine taffety, with three flounces, each edged with a cordon of parma violettes. The corsage, half high, was covered by a fichu of white tulle, trimmed with Venetian point. With this dress was worn a shawl of white lace, and a French chip bonnet, trimmed with bouquets of Parma violets. An evening dress worn by one of the *Empress' Dames du Palais* was remarkable for originality of style. It consisted of very rich silk, of a brilliant tone of cerulean blue, and covered with small stars embroidered in white silk. The dress was made with a double skirt, and each of the silk skirts had the appearance of being worn over a skirt of white muslin, edged with broad Valenciennes lace. This effect, was, however, produced merely by bands of muslin and lace attached to the silk skirts. The low corsage was trimmed with bands of silk (the same as that of which the robe was composed,) and these bands were edged with valenciennes and narrow ruches of white taffety. The sleeves were trimmed in corresponding style.

One of the dresses of the Duchess of Sutherland has attracted much attention. The robe was of rich pink lampas, embroidered with silk, so exquisitely lustrous, that it presented the effect of silver. The robe was open in front, and worn over a skirt of white taffety, also embroidered with white silk, and trimmed with two flounces of rich Alençon lace. The pink robe was edged with festoons of lace, fastened by rosettes of pink silk, and in the centre of each rosette there was an agrafe of pearls. The trimming of the corsage and sleeves correspond with that of the skirt, and in the centre of the corsage was a row of pearl agrafes.

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.—This beautiful engraving tells its own story. It will go straight to every mother's heart.

"BEG, SIR."—A capital illustration, isn't it? Full of humor. We have more of such gems in our portfolio.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Legends and Lyrics. A Book of Verses. By Adelaide Anne Procter. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—It is not often that the child of a poet is a poet also. Miss Procter is an exception to this rule. She is the daughter of Procter, the lyricist, who is better known as Barry Cornwall, and whose own fame, though well assured, may yet be eclipsed by her own. For there has been no young writer of her sex, we do not hesitate to say, who has, within the present generation, made so decided a mark in literature.

The volume before us is full of poems of real merit, many indeed being first-rate, and none sinking to common-place. "The Angel's Story," with which the collection opens, is beautifully told; and will touch every feeling heart. "Echoes" is musical with the sentiment it designs to express. "A Woman's Question," "The Voice of the Wind," "A Tomb in Ghent," "The Wayside Inn," "God's Gifts," "A Legend of Bregenz," "The Sailor Boy," "The Golden Gate," "Hush," and "Home at Last," are among others of the poems that have especially pleased us. We commend the volume to all true lovers of poetry, but especially to those of Miss Procter's own sex. If these effusions are to be received as indications of what the author can do, when time and experience shall have fully ripened her powers, she will undoubtedly take rank with the most eminent female poets of the language. Mrs. Homans' laurels are, even now, in peril. The Appletons have republished the volume in a very elegant style.

Courtship and Matrimony: with other Sketches from Scenes and Experiences in Social Life. Particularly adapted for every day reading. By Robert Morris. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The author of this volume has long enjoyed an enviable reputation as a writer. His essays, contributed to the "Pennsylvania Inquirer," exhibited a rare combination of sound sense and fine imagination, and were clothed in a pure, forcible style. It is a portion of these essays, now first collected, which we have in the book before us. The volume is dedicated to John Grigg, Esq., long known as an eminent bookseller and publisher in this city, through whom Mr. Morris was first induced to collect his essays; that gentleman having, very truly, characterized them as eminently calculated "to promote the welfare and happiness of mankind," a verdict in which we cordially agree. The volume, indeed, may be described as philosophy brought down to common life. The essays are on all subjects, and though written to the level of the most ordinary mind, are pregnant with wisdom, and show a long and sagacious observation of life in every phase. We most sincerely wish that a copy of this book could be in every family. The publishers have issued it in excellent style, embellishing it with a capital portrait of Mr. Morris.

From New York to Delhi. By way of Rio de Janeiro, Australia and China. By Robert B. Minturn, Jr. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is really a work of merit, and not a catch-penny publication, got up to take advantage of a temporary excitement. Mr. Minturn visited India just before the mutiny broke out; was a close and accurate observer; and has described the impressions produced upon him, in a graphic and entertaining manner. He seems to think the rebellion will soon be put down. Mr. M. also visited China, and tells some facts about that country, which run counter to the popular impression. The volume is very neatly printed.

Davenport Dunn. A Man of our Day. By Charles Lever. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is the first half of Lever's last novel, said, by many competent judges, and among them Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, to be his best. The remaining portion will be published as soon as it appears in England. The volume is printed in double column octavo, and is sold at the low price of fifty cents. The author of "Charles O'Malley" never writes indifferently, and in his best mood, as in this novel, is unrivalled, in his line, in the language.

Life of Lord Timothy Dexter. By Samuel L. Knapp. 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—The subject of this memoir was a well known eccentric, living at Newburyport, Mass., where he built a characteristic mansion, an engraving of which is prefixed to this volume. The book includes sketches of the eccentric characters, who composed his associates, and also copies of some of his writings, "Dexter's pickle for the knowing ones" among others. The work is a curiosity.

India and the Indian Mutiny. By Henry Frederic Mel-colm. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: G. G. Evans & Co.—This work comprises a history of Hindoetan, so far as known, from the earliest times to the present day, with full particulars of the recent mutiny in India. At the present juncture, such a book is opportune. Several engravings on wood illustrate the text.

The Laying of the Telegraph Cable: with all its incidents and anecdotes. By John Mullaly. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This volume is authorized by Messrs. Field and Everett, and Capt. Hudson, and may be considered, not only a reliable and accurate, but an official account also of the expedition.

Agnes. By the author of "Ida May." 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—Among a large class of readers, this author enjoys a high reputation. The present work is not inferior, that we see, to either of her former ones, and will be found a pleasant companion for after-dinner hours.

The Age: A Colloquial Satire. By Philip James Bailey. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—We really cannot see the merit of this book. In fact, if we except "Festus," Bailey has written very little which is worth preserving.

Electron; or, The Pranks of the Modern Puck: A Telegraphic Epic for the Times. By William C. Richards. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A volume of eighty-four pages, very prettily got up; but on a subject which has long since been worn thread-bare.

Mormontiad. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: A Williams & Co.—This is a semi-political, semi-social, semi-religious satire, not without some good passages, but destitute of polish, and occasionally even violating good taste. The publishers have printed it quite neatly.

The Public and Private History of Napoleon the Third. By Samuel M. Smucker. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: G. G. Evans & Co.—A hasty collection of unreliable anecdotes, and full of mistakes which might easily have been prevented.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

CENTO VERSES.—That is, verses made up of lines taken from various quarters, as they occur to the memory; the lines must, however, contain the proper number of feet, and terminate so as to rhyme with those which they follow. If I say, for instance—

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,"

You must be ready with—

"It was the sweetest flower that ever grew."

Or it may be a four-line verse, where the rhymes are in alternate lines, as thus—

"'Twas Greece, but living Greece no more;
Memorial frail of youthful years;
He sat beside the cottages door;
His was a grief too deep for tears."

In this way there may be woven a cento, or cloak made of patches, which is the primary signification of the word. Great and celebrated persons have thought this game worthy of occupying their time and attention; and although it is scarcely ever used now, except as a pastime for young people, yet is there much in it that is commendable as an agreeable and instructive mental recreation. It is pleasant in this way to collect and string together the lines of poetry which have grown into proverbs and "household words" amongst us, and much ingenuity may often be exhibited in placing these so that one line shall illustrate, or enforce the sentiment expressed in the foregoing line; or, perhaps, in some ludicrous way travestie, or flatly contradict it; giving, thus, occasion for merriment: and even where this is not attempted, the jumble of familiar lines and phrases cannot fail to excite a laugh in the circle of hearers.

ORIGINAL CAKE RECEIPTS.

Good Cake.—One pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, two eggs, a small piece of butter, half a handful of currants, a wineglassful of rose-water, mix with cream or milk until it has acquired the consistency of pound-cake, add a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and not quite a teaspoonful of tartaric acid. Bake immediately in tin pans. Rub the butter and flour together, and then put in the sugar. Make a hole in the middle of the dough, and put in the eggs, &c. Put in the acid first, and then try half the quantity of soda, and if any sour taste remains add the entire quantity of soda.

Lytle Cake.—One pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, four eggs, one pound of flour, and three wineglassfuls of milk; while hot, stir in the sugar, then sift your flour twice, and beat your eggs—stir them in cold; add half a pound of currants, half a pound of raisins, and some brandy, nutmeg, or mace; before baking, add one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one teaspoonful of tartaric acid, or three teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar dissolved in half a wineglassful of milk. You need not use fruit, but the cake is better with it.

Mt. Pleasant Cake.—Four cups of flour, two of sugar, one of butter, one of cream, one of eggs, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar—mix the latter with the flour, beat them well all together, spice to your taste, and bake in a moderate oven.

Washington Cake.—One pound and three quarters of a pound of flour, one pound and a half of sugar, one pound of butter, one pint of new milk or cream, seven eggs, two and a half pounds of fruit, one wineglassful of brandy, a dessert-spoonful of pearl-ash, four nutmegs or other spices. Bake this quantity in two pans for two hours.

Sift Gingerbread.—Five cupfuls of flour, three cupfuls of molasses, three tablespoonfuls of shortening, one tablespoonful of ginger, and one teaspoonful of salaratus. A small portion of sour cream improves this cake, and also a few raisins.

Gingerbread.—Three pounds of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter and lard mixed, three tea-cupfuls of ginger, one tablespoonful of allspice, half a tablespoonful of cloves, a little orange-peel, and enough molasses to mix it.

Crunners.—Three cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of milk, three eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter, a teaspoonful of pearl-ash, and sufficient flour to form a soft dough.

Rhode Island Cake.—Nine cupfuls of flour, four cupfuls of brown sugar, two cupfuls of butter, three eggs, four table-spoonfuls of carrawayseed, and a teaspoonful of pearl-ash.

One-two-three-four Cake.—One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, three cupfuls of flour, four eggs, one cupful of milk, half a nutmeg, and a teaspoonful of pearl-ash.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR COMPANY DISHES.

Terrapins.—Put the terrapins, alive, into boiling water; let them boil until they become tender; then lay them on a dish and take off the shell, skin, and toe-nails, taking care that none of the fat is lost. Carefully remove the sand bags which are fastened to the upper shell, and divide the flesh into small pieces, being careful to take out the gall without breaking it, from the middle of the liver. Lay the entrails on one side and chop them fine. Mash two-thirds of the liver, cutting the rest in pieces. The dressing necessary for one dozen small terrapins, may consist of the yolks of four eggs poached hard, as much butter as the quantity of eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, some of mustard, cayenne pepper to taste, and a large tablespoonful of flour. Mix all the dressing well together with a little water. Pour the terrapins, with all their fat, into a kettle with hot water sufficient nearly to cover them; lay the dressing on top, and cover with a plate, stirring frequently; the fire must not be too

hot; when well mixed, and boiling hot, add two or three wineglassfuls of madeira or sherry wine, more if necessary. The quantity of butter, eggs and seasoning may be increased, if thought necessary.

Charlotte Russe.—Beat one quart of sweet, rich cream, until it becomes very light; beat the yolks of four eggs very light, and add them to half a pint of milk; flavor two cupfuls of loaf sugar very highly with vanilla; put your milk and egg on the fire, and stir until they come to a scald; when cool, add half an ounce of isinglass, dissolved, and boiled in a small quantity of water, about four teaspoonfuls; add the isinglass to the custard when it is about blood-warm; pour the mixture slowly into the whipped cream, beating the cream constantly. Let it cool fifteen minutes, in order to congeal it before adding it to the cake. Make a nice sponge-cake, and bake it very thin; cut a piece as a cover for the top. A tin pan of whatever size you prefer may be used, put the cake around the sides, and cover the bottom of the pan with it, fill it with the charlotte russe, cover it, and ice it if you please.

ORIGINAL KITCHEN RECEIPTS.

Sweet Bread, Liver, &c.—A very good way to cook sweet bread, is to fry a few slices of ham, then take them up, put in the sweet bread, and fry it over a moderate fire. After it is sufficiently cooked, take out the sweet bread, mix about two tablespoonfuls of flour with a little water, stir it into the fat, let it boil, and then pour it over the sweet bread. Another way to dress them is to parboil them, and let them get cold, then cut them in places about an inch thick, sprinkle salt, pepper, and sage over them—dip them in the yolk of an egg, then into fine bread crumbs, and fry them a light brown. Make a gravy after you have taken them up, by stirring a little smooth mixed flour and water into the fat, and add spice and wine if you like. The liver and heart are nice, cooked in the same manner, or boiled.

A Ragout of Old Veal.—Cut slices of boiled or roasted veal, and flour and fry them in butter till they are of a light brown color; then take them out the pan, and pour into it a little hot water, and stir into the gravy some flour and water—mixed together—with some salt, pepper, catsup, (if you choose) and lemon juice. Put the meat into the pan again, and stew it until it becomes very hot, adding two or three onions, if you like them.

Cream Fritters.—Mix a pint and a half of wheat flour with a pint of milk—beat six eggs to a froth, and stir them into the flour—grate in half a nutmeg, and then add a pint of cream, and a couple of teaspoonfuls of salt. Stir the whole just long enough to mix the cream well in, and then fry the batter in small cakes.

Cream Pudding.—Beat six eggs to a froth, then mix with them three tablespoonfuls of powdered white sugar, and the grated rind of a lemon. Mix a pint of milk with a pint of flour, and two tablespoonfuls of salt, and then add the eggs and sugar. Just before you bake the pudding, stir in a pint of thick cream. Bake it either in buttered cups, or a dish.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR PRESERVES.

Preserving Plums.—Take equal weight of sugar and fruit. Prick your plums well all over with a fork. Allow half a teaspoonful of water to each pound of sugar. Make the syrup, and when it is clarified, throw in enough plums to cover the surface of your kettle; let them boil gently about five minutes. Cook all of your plums in this way, and as they are done lay them on large dinner dishes, cover them with syrup, and set them in the sun, placing glass sashes over them. If the weather is good, they will require to remain thus from two to three days. At first there will be more syrup than the dish will hold, but after one day in the sun,

the remainder can be added. The fruit will be solid, and the syrup a nice jelly. Sometimes the syrup needs five or ten minutes boiling after the fruit is taken out, as some fruit is juicy.

Apple Jelly.—Pare some pippin apples, and core and seed them; over a half gallon of them, pour a quarter of a gallon of cold water, and stew and boil them until they appear soft enough to run a straw through them; then strain them immediately through a linen or flannel bag. To each pint of juice add one pound of loaf sugar: boil it fast for twenty minutes. After the jelly has been off the fire for ten or fifteen minutes, add a tablespoonful of essence of lemon to each quart of jelly.

Blackberry Jam.—To five pounds of blackberries take four pounds of sugar. Mash the fruit and boil it well; then pour off some of the juice, and dissolve the sugar in it, then add all together and boil it again, observing to mash the fruit well, as in the first place. This improves the jam in respect to smoothness, and also improves the flavor. You may take three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit, and not add any water, but dissolve the sugar with the juice of the berries.

Orange Marmalade.—Pare some oranges, and take out the seeds. Soak one half of the parings in salt water, and then boil them until you can run a straw through them. Cut them up, and add them to the juice and pulp, to one pint of which take one pound of sugar, and boil until it appears to be sufficiently cooked.

PRESERVES, & C.

Pumpkin.—Pare your pumpkin, and cut it into thin slices, of any form you please. Weigh it, and lay it in lemon juice all night; three lemons to a pound of pumpkin. Make your syrup of pound for pound of Havana sugar, and boil the slices of pumpkin in it until they begin to look clear; then drain, and put them into the syrup again, until they become quite clear. The rind of a sweet orange, scalded, and added in, is an improvement.

Peaches.—Put your peaches in boiling water, and scald, but do not boil them. Take them out, and put them in cold water; dry them in a sieve, and put them in long, wide-mouthed bottles. To half a dozen peaches take a quarter of a pound of sugar; clarify it, pour it over the peaches, and fill the bottles with brandy. Cork the bottles close, and keep them in a dry place.

To Preserve Grapes in Bunches.—Beat up a small quantity of gum arabic water with the whites of some eggs, and dip the grapes in this mixture. Let them dry a little, and then roll them in finely powdered sugar; put them on a stove to dry, turn them, and add sugar until they are perfectly dried.

Citron.—To nine pounds of citron take four pounds of sugar, two lemons, half an ounce of oil of lemon, three teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. You can add the last named article, or not, as you please. Put the sugar on over night.

ART RECREATIONS.

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FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—HOUSE DRESS OF BLACK SILK, with three flounces. Each flounce is trimmed with pyramids of ruffles made of mallow-colored silk. The body is high without a basque, and has a berthe put on in the Raphael style. The sleeves are of the pagoda shape, with one large, full puff at the top. Corsage and sleeves trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Lace under-sleeves, collar and head-dress.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF FOREST GREEN SILK, with Bayader stripes of black velvet. Skirt plain. Body high, cut low down on the hips, before and behind in deep points, and trimmed with green and black fringe. Sleeves wide, opening on the top of the arm over very full under-sleeves, and confined at short distances by bands of black velvet. Bonnet of white satin, trimmed with blonde and flowers.

FIG. III.—THE CABLE CLOAK.—Bulpin, 415 Broadway, New York, has favored us with an illustration of a beautiful winter garment, to which he has given the name of "The Cable Cloak." The material is fine black beaver cloth, and is very ample and graceful in form. The wide, flowing sleeves are a great addition to this garment, the back of the sleeve extends from the neck to the bottom of the cloak, the seam being concealed by a row of rich scalloped galloon with an edge tufted with plush, the front rounds gracefully over the arm, and is finished with a simple edging of galloon. A rich braided trimming formed of black silk cord ornaments the top of the sleeve, and terminates in two superb tassels of silk mingled with chenille. The body of the garment resembles a Raglan in form, the edge is finished with a simple braiding of galloon, and above is placed a rich fringe of chenille. The neck is ornamented by a similar trimming, so arranged as to resemble a pointed hood finished with a heavy tassel of black silk.

FIGS. IV & V.—LATEST STYLE OF BONNETS.—From Wilder, 251 Broadway, New York, we have been furnished with illustrations of two of their latest styles of bonnets. The first illustration is composed of white satin and royal purple velvet. The satin is shirred on the foundation, and forms the entire bonnet with the exception of the back of the crown, which is of velvet; a wide fold of velvet is laid across



the crown, and forms a heading to a deep fall of thread lace: two narrow rows surround the brim, and droop over the face trimmings with graceful effect. The left side is adorned by a profusion of purple velvet flounces, intermingled with snow-drops and green leaves. The curtain is of white satin edged with velvet and lace. The inside is adorned with a full cap of blonde interspersed with purple velvet flowers. Broad strings of purple and white ribbon. The second illustration is composed of white satin and sea green fancy velvet. The front is shirred and the crown plain, over the head is laid a deep fold of velvet which extends round the crown and four loops over the curtain; the edge is finished with a piping of white satin and black lace. A narrow fold of velvet surrounds the brim and curtain. The face trimmings consist of a full cap of blonde at the sides, intermingled with crimson moss rose-buds and leaves, connected by a puffing of white satin overlapped with green velvet and lace, which passes over the head. Both of these bonnets were imported, by Mr. Wilde, from Paris.

FIG. VI.—WALKING DRESS OF PLAIN GREY POPLIN.—Zingora Mantilla of black silk with a hood, wadded, and trimmed with fringe and gimp. Bonnet of grey silk, trimmed with black ribbon and lace.

FIG. VII.—CAP OF INSERTION AND BLUE SILK, trimmed with blue ribbon.

FIG. VIII.—HEAD-DRESS OF FLAILED BLUE VELVET AND WHITE LACE, falling over a bow of blue velvet ribbon.

FIG. IX.—CAPE OF WHITE MUSLIN, with a puffing *a la Raphael* around the neck, and trimmed with blue ribbon bows.

FIG. X.—WHITE MUSLIN PUFFED SLEEVE, with a band and bow of ribbon.

FIG. XI.—HABIT-SHIRT OF SMALL SPOTTED TULLE, ornamented with two runnings separated by pearl edging, in which there is a narrow velvet or silk ribbon. Round the neck a row of lace which stands up.

FIG. XII.—SLEEVE to accompany the habit-shirt, (Fig. XI.) composed of a puff and a frill, which has at the bottom a puffing between two rows of pearl.

PLAID VELVETS for dresses, both plain and embossed, are likely to enjoy great favor this coming season, and likewise some granite or speckled silks with narrow flounces. Then a variety of silks of a grey or lilac ground chine with brown, of a very quiet aspect and in excellent taste. For the winter they are now making silks of check patterns with very bright colors. For the present greys are in as high vogue as at the beginning of the season.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The skirts of dresses seem to increase rather than to diminish in expansion, and silk dresses are invariably made with either flounces or double skirts. Corsets are very highly trimmed, and those of silk are almost invariably made with small pointed basques. Side-trimmings woven in the dress are less worn than heretofore; but side-trimmings formed of bows and lace, and tablier fronts, are much in favor. A skirt entirely plain is scarcely ever seen. Many dresses are made with low or half-high corsets, to be worn with pelerines or fichus of lace or worked muslin. These pelerines are usually round at the back, and have ends crossed in front. Some are made of black tulle, covered with rows of narrow black velvet ribbon. These have a very pretty effect.

SLEEVES are made in every variety, but the effect is always that of fullness. UNDER-SLEEVES are still worn very full. Among the newest which have appeared there are some composed of one large puff of white muslin fastened on a wristband of needlework; and the puff is gathered in at intervals by small bows and ends of narrow black velvet. We have seen under-sleeves formed of puffs of white muslin. Beneath the puff descends a frill edged with a row of lace, and trimmed with quillings of pink ribbon set on in two rows one above the other; the frill is slit open at the inner

part of the arm, and the trimming of ribbon and lace passes up each side of the opening, at the top of which is fixed a bow and ends of pink ribbon.

POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS for plain morning dress are simply edged with a hem, headed by a row of hem-stitch. The handkerchief suited to demi-toilet is scalloped at the edge, and above the scalloping is a border of flowers in embroidery, or a row of embroidered medallions, surrounded by Valenciennes. The handkerchief for evening full dress is almost wholly composed of lace. The small portion of cambric in the centre is filled up by the initials. The newest mourning pocket-handkerchiefs have exquisitely embroidered borders in black or violet color, with the crest or initials worked at one corner.

BONNETS scarcely vary in shape from those worn for the last few months. At present a mixture of small fruits, with flowers, still continues in bonnet trimmings. Those most in favor are red currants, mingled with flowers or fruit blossoms; but for fancy straw, black currants, small black cherries and grapes, mingled with flowers, are more employed. This style is always accompanied with black lace. These flowers and fruits will be replaced by feathers as the season advances. Wreaths passing over the upper part of the head, are on the decline. A style of under-trimming now considered more *distingue* consists of a single flower, a small bouquet, or a bow of ribbon, placed on one side only, in the quilling of blonde.

MANTLES are in great variety. One of a thin grey cloth, trimmed with plaid velvet, braid, and black fringe, has a pelerine in front, and a hood behind ornamented with three large plaid tassels surmounted by small tufts of black velvet. A plain, warm and convenient garment is the *Orson*, of a brown color, with a round pelerine behind and pointed in front, bordered with braid and a row of pendent buttons.

HEAD-DRESSES at present are in a great variety. Some ladies appear in their hair dressed in ringlets, and displayed in all its luxuriance, without any other ornament than a black or colored velvet ribbon passed twice through the hair, with a star in pearl, or flagree gold on the ribbon just over the forehead. We may cite, amongst the *coiffures* of flowers, round wreaths composed of a mixture of large and small flowers: others composed of one kind of flowers only; some are placed at the back of the head; they mount on the bandeaux at each side, terminating in full tufts. Some ladies wear their hair arranged in a knot at the back of the head, encircled either by foliage or flowers, in brilliant colors. We may recommend, as one of the prettiest *coiffures*, a long lappet of white blonde lace, with small flowers twisted in it in a very tasteful manner, and passed twice round the head; the ends of the lappets float over the shoulders. A simple but very becoming *coiffure* is a small half-square of the most transparent blonde lace, in a very light pattern; it is placed very far back on the head; the ends are concealed on each side under a bouquet of the flowers of the double-blossomed peach. It may also be worn in black blonde lace, with bouquets of damask roses, or fancy hair pins. This *coiffure* is extremely becoming to a blonde.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF WHITE CASHMERE, (see wood cut, Fig. VI.) with two skirts. The lower skirt is trimmed with two bands of blue cashmere, and the upper skirt is edged with blue cashmere. The body is made with a basque laid in full plaits behind, and trimmed down the side seams with white silk buttons. A row of similar buttons ornament the front. Full sleeve set into a cap and trimmed with blue cashmere. Hat of white beaver, trimmed with blue velvet ribbon and flowers.

FIG. II.—PARDONNÉS FOR A LITTLE BOY OF GREY CLOTH, trim-

med with a band of cloth of a darker shade, with a long hairy nap upon it.

FIG. III.—BACK OF THE PARDESSUS.

FIG. IV.—CHILD'S SACQUE.—Demarec, 375 Broadway, New York, has had his fall opening of patterns containing designs for every imaginable form of dress. His infant's and children's department of patterns is especially well stocked, and exhibits great taste in the arrangement. We have

selected for illustration a child's over dress. The form resembles a sacque, the upper portion is made to fit the form by plaits in front and back, which extend from neck to waist. The skirt is short, and the back forms a polka rounded up at the sides. The neck is finished with a collar which forms a point in the back and on each shoulder, the front forming a lapel extending the full length of the skirt. A plain, flowing sleeve completes this pretty garment.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

"PETERSON" FOR 1859.—On the last page of our cover will be found our Prospectus for 1859. It will be seen that we intend to make great improvements. *The reading matter will be considerably increased, an additional colored plate will be given in every number, and the quantity of patterns for the Work-Table nearly doubled.* No other magazine of any kind will give so much, or of such sterling value, for the money, in 1859. *Now is the time to get up clubs!* Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are fairly presented, unless a promise has been given to take some other magazine. *Be, therefore, the first in the field!* A specimen will be sent gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances so that you need not injure your own copy. *Don't lose a moment.*

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.—It is not in a boastful spirit, but to let our subscribers see, that their preference for "Peterson" is shared with the press and public at large, that we publish, from time to time, a few of the newspaper and other notices, of which we receive so many hundreds monthly. Our October number was received, everywhere, with delight. Says the Lewistown (Pa.) True Democrat:—"Of all the two dollar magazines we receive, we unhesitatingly pronounce Peterson's the best, and it is almost as essentially necessary to the well-being and happiness of a family as bodily nourishment itself." The Chattanooga (Tenn.) Advertiser says:—"This is the cheapest Magazine published, only two dollars a year, and it contains as great a variety of choice reading matter, and as fine a selection of valuable patterns, and fashionable plates as any of the three dollar magazines. Peterson gives his readers the full worth of their subscription in reading matter alone. Try him and see." The Mannheim (Pa.) Sentinel says:—"It is a superb number, always well-timed, and fresh as the morning air. The contributions are from the best writers, the embellishments of the 'first water,' the patterns for the ladies are of the latest styles, and the numerous recipes, &c., valuable and in season. It is truly a household book, and should be in every family." The Bluffton (Ind.) People's Press says:—"Emphatically a Magazine for the Ladies, containing everything the heart could wish in the way of plates, illustrations, and entertaining reading matter." The Winchester (Va.) Virginian says:—"For choice and elegant literature, characterized by a high moral tone, peculiarly adapted to the home circles of our land, freshness, originality and cheapness, this Magazine is without a rival. It is surprising that so much excellent reading matter can be furnished for only two dollars." The Weekly (Ill.) Democrat says:—"This excellent and popular Magazine, for October, has come to hand. Its articles are much superior to any magazine published in this country at the same price. No family circle is perfect without Peterson." The Appleton (Wis.) Crescent says:—"The ladies, to judge from what they say, prefer this to any of the monthlies. Its stories are always interesting." The Anthracite (Pa.) Gazette says:—"The cheapest Magazine published in this country." The Abingdon (Ill.) Reporter says:—"It contains more reading matter for less money than any

periodical we receive. It is the favorite of the ladies." The West Liberty (O.) Banner says:—"Peterson's Ladies' National for October is on our table, as much ahead of time as it is ahead of its competitors. If it contained nothing but the 'pictures' we would pronounce it worth the money, but it is also filled with the best literary matter of any magazine of its kind." The People's (Ky.) Press says:—"Its fashion plates are superb, and it is the cheapest of monthlies." The Morgantown (Va.) Star says:—"The ladies should all take the National. Its table of contents for October presents an attractive dish for the reader, and is almost worth the price of one year's subscription." The Columbus (O.) City Fact says:—"The cheapest of the periodicals." The Lancaster (N. H.) Republican says:—"Full of spicy and entertaining matter." We might quote several pages of similar notices.

OUR PREMIUM ALBUM.—Our premium to persons getting up clubs for 1859 will be a lady's album, in beautifully embossed gilt binding, with gilt edges, and with variously colored writing paper. It will also be embellished with several elegant and new steel engravings. Altogether, it will be the most superb affair, we, or any other magazine publisher, has ever offered to the public. It will be sent gratis, post-paid, to every person getting up a club of three, five, or eight; and also to persons getting up larger clubs, if preferred instead of the extra copy of the Magazine. Thus, for a club of twelve, and fifteen dollars, we will send, either the "Album," or a copy of "Peterson" for 1859; and for a club of sixteen, and twenty dollars, we will, if desired, send two "Albums," instead of one "Album" and the extra copy of "Peterson." Look out for this magnificent premium!

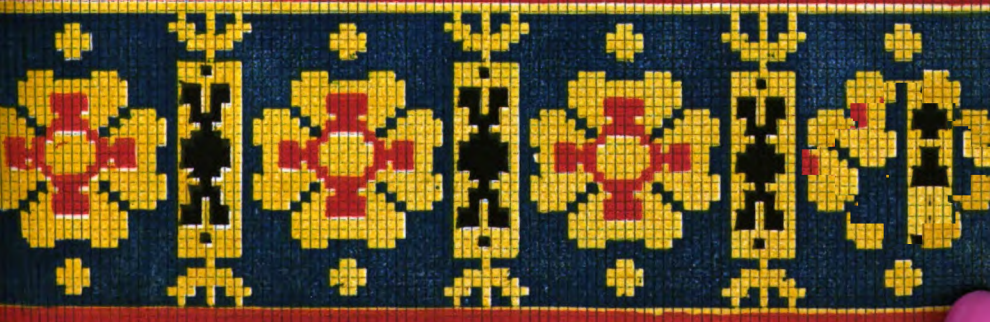
TERMS TO CLUBS.—Persons, getting up clubs for 1859, will please remember, that the terms must be literally complied with, if a premium is expected. Thus, for \$5.00 we will send three copies of the Magazine, and an "Album;" for \$7.50, five copies, and an "Album," &c., &c. Be particular in remembering this!

SAVE A DOLLAR.—"A dollar saved," said Franklin, "is a dollar earned." By subscribing for "Peterson," you get the best ladies Magazine in the world, for a dollar less than others cost. If you doubt this, send for a specimen.

"PETERSON" AND "HARPER."—For \$3.50 we will send a copy of "Peterson" and "Harper's Magazine," for one year. But where part of a remittance is intended for another publisher, we do not take the risk of that part.

POSTAGE ON "PETERSON."—This, when pre-paid quarterly, at the office of delivery, is one and a half cents a number, per month, or four cents and a half for the three months: if not pre-paid it is double this.

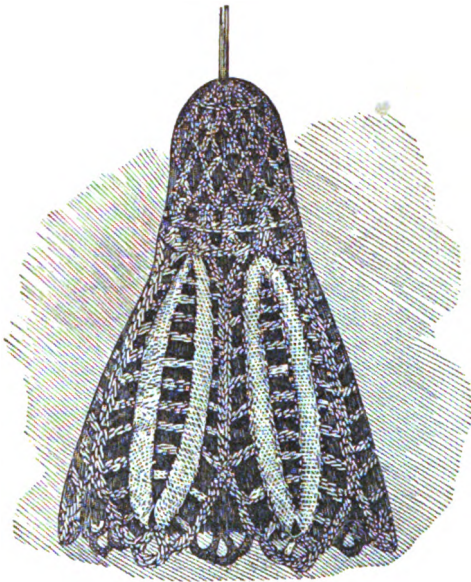
BEGIN AT ONCE.—Lose no time in getting up your clubs for 1859. If you delay a day, you may lose your premium.



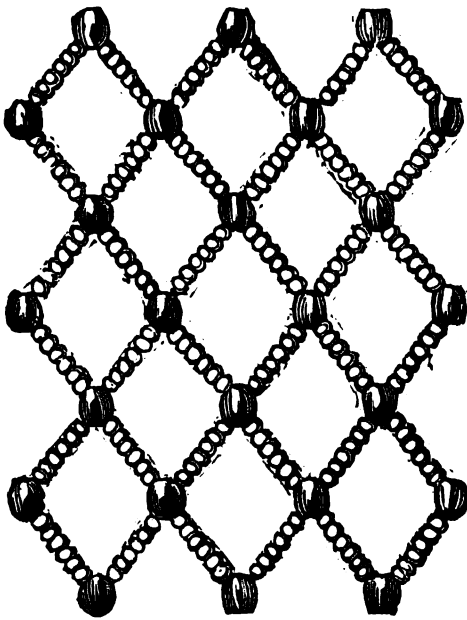




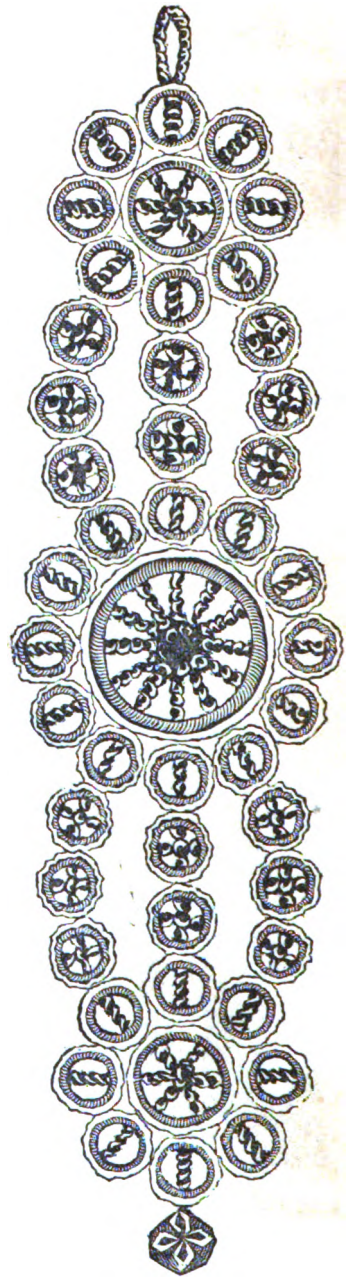
MORNING DRESS.



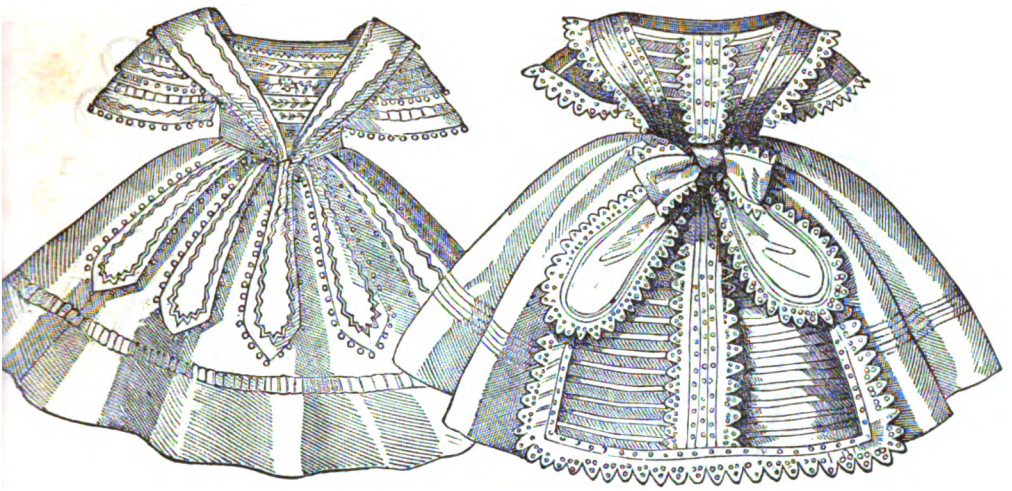
COVER FOR BLIND TASSEL.



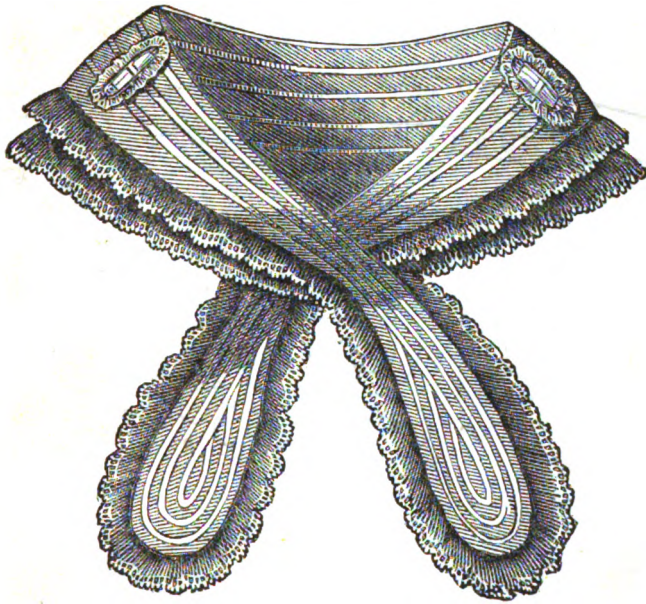
PATTERN FOR BEAD FLOWER STAND.



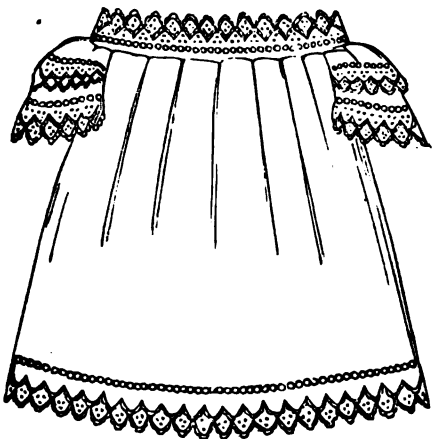
CROCHET BRACELET WITH BUGLES.

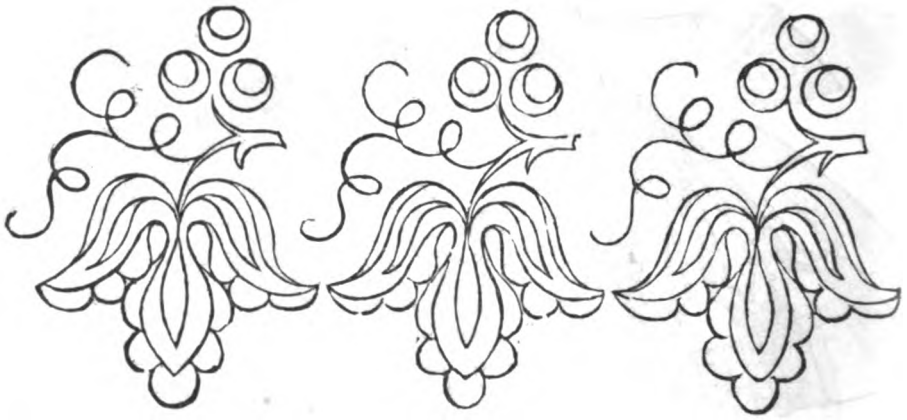


DRESSES FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

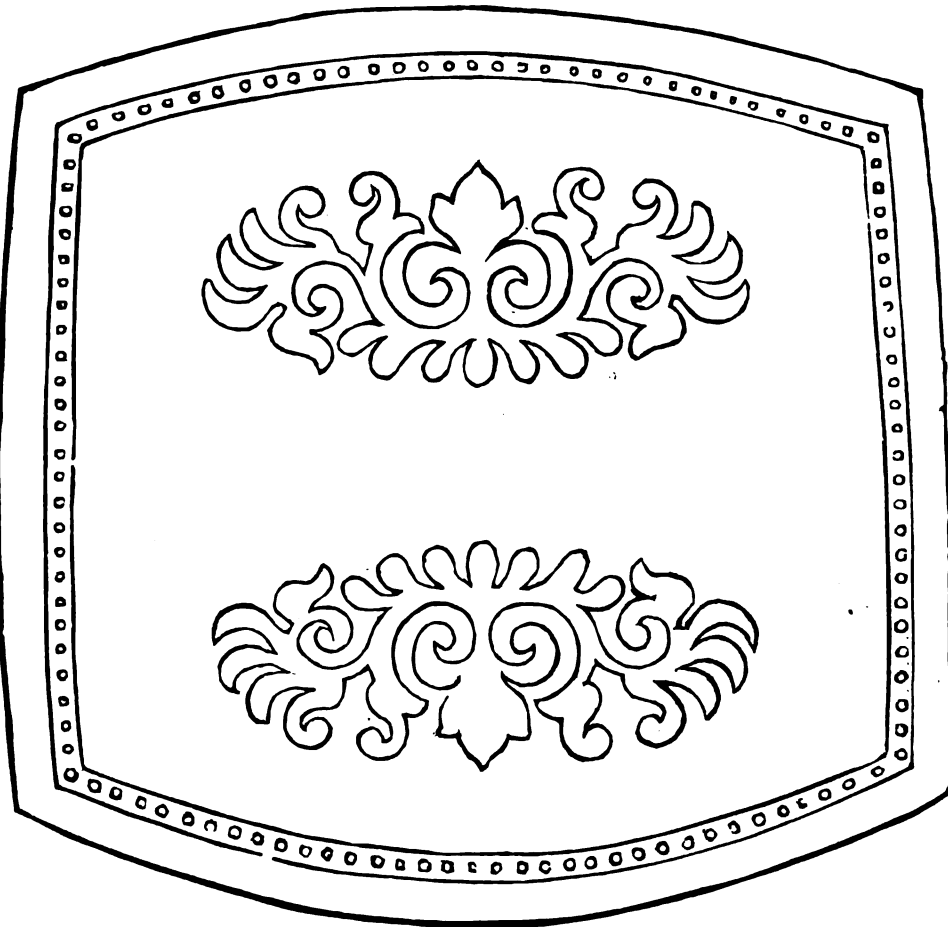


CAPE.

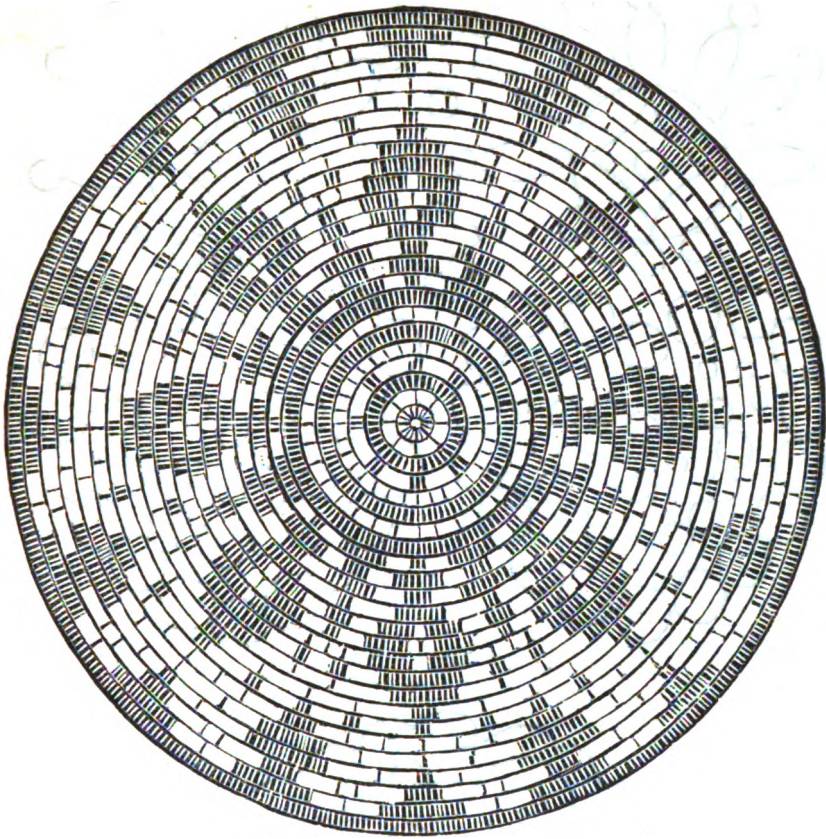




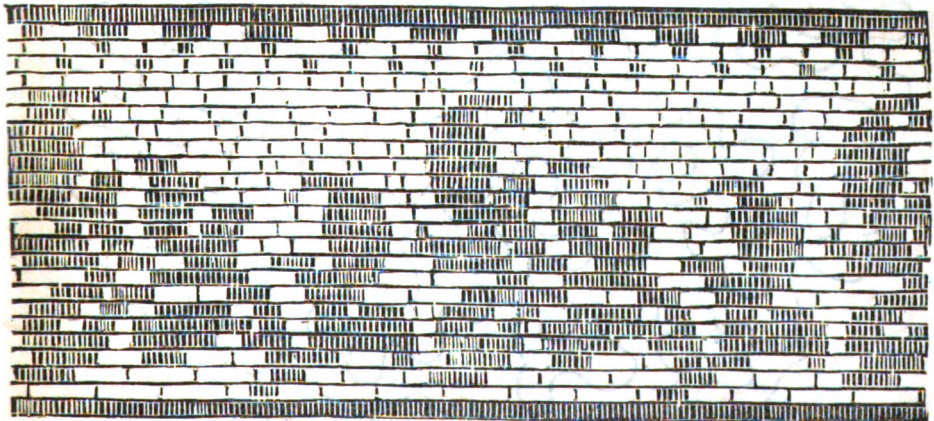
EMBROIDERY IN SILK FOR CAPE OF INFANT'S CLOAK.



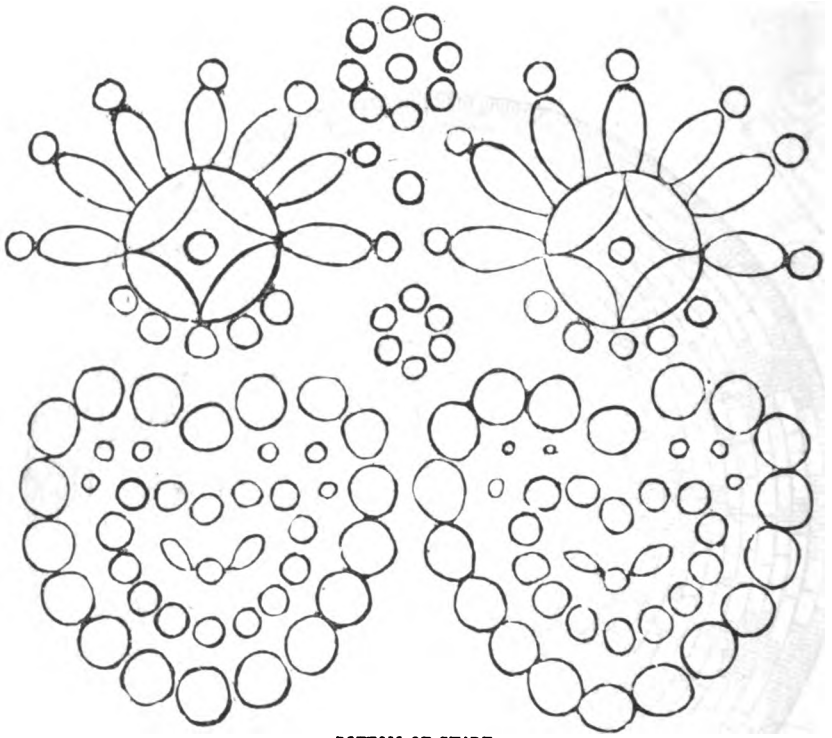
EMBROIDERY FOR TOBACCO POUCH.



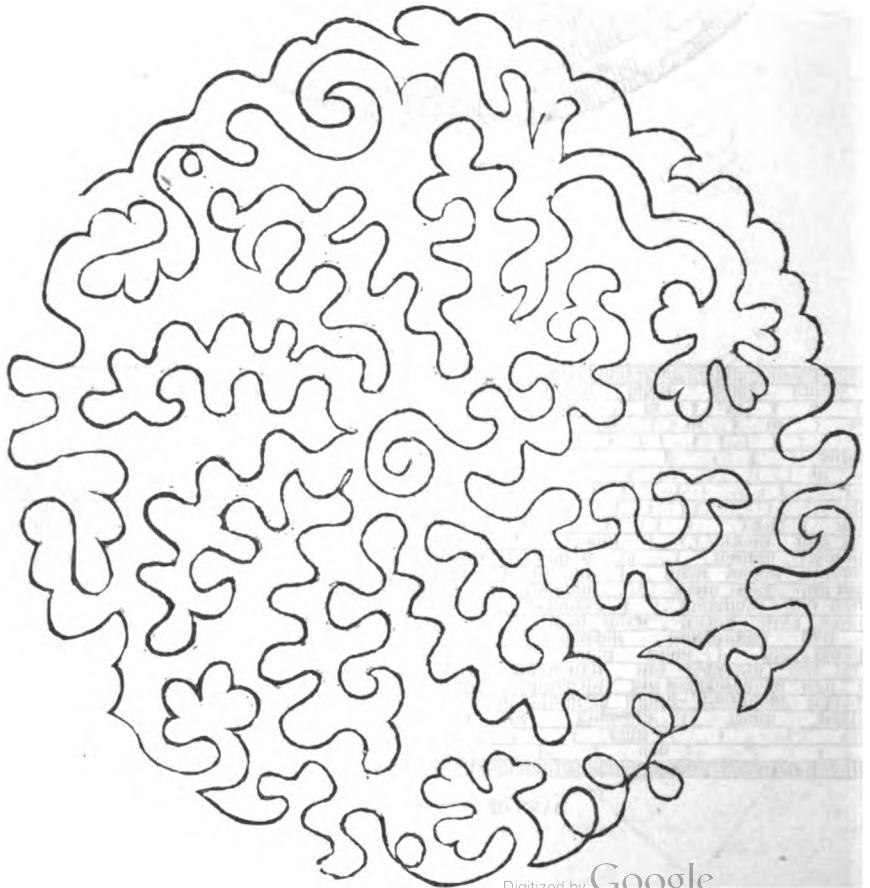
TOP OF SMOKING CAP.

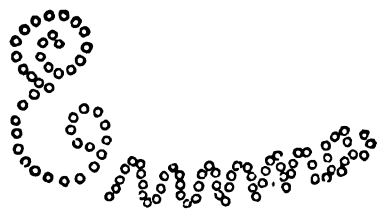
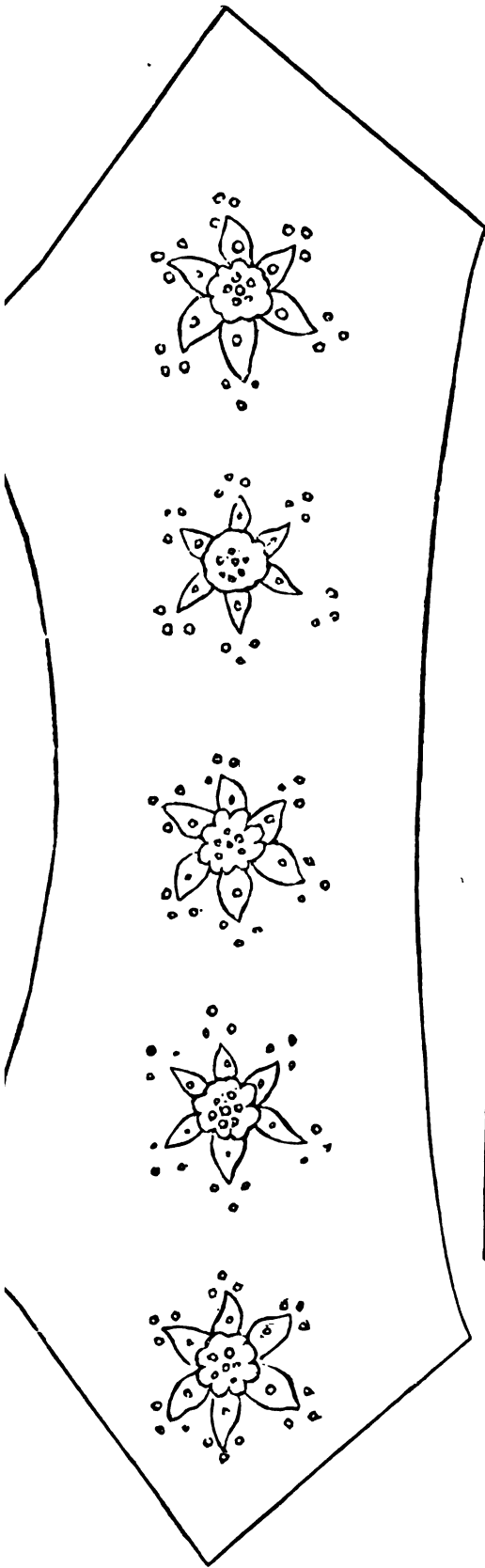


BAND OF SMOKING CAP.

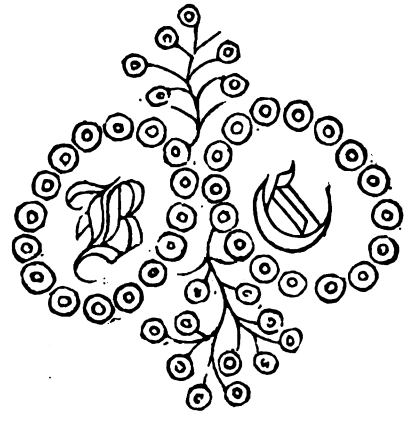


BOTTOM OF SKIRT.

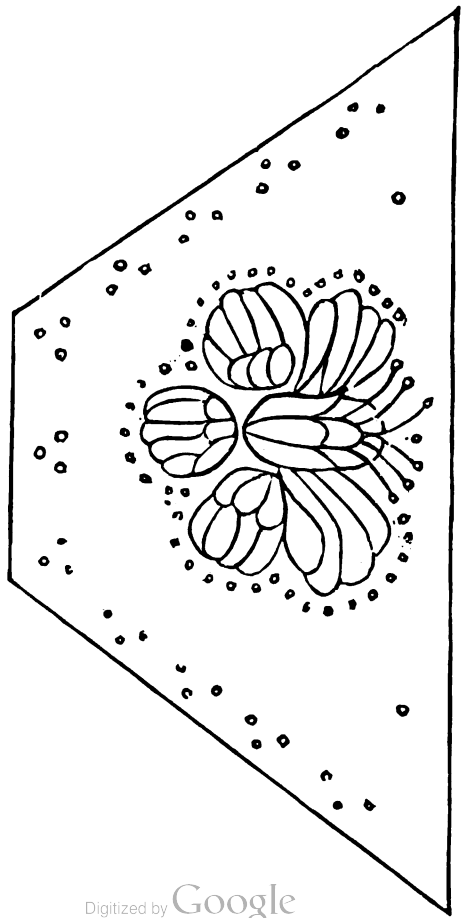




NAME FOR MARKING.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



THE DAY HAS GONE.

POETRY BY CHARLES MACKAY.

SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS BY FRANK MORI.

Tenderly and slowly.

Alz.—“Go from my window, Love.”

1. Oh! the day has gone, the

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It begins with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a romantic style with flowing lines and some fermatas.

mourful day! It pass'd with the midnight chime, Like a sea-leaf from the tree, Like a rain-drop in the sea, Like a sob from the heart of Time, Like a

The second system of the musical score continues the composition with two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef, both with a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature. The music features a variety of note values and rests, with some passages marked with fermatas.

sob from the heart of Time.
rall.

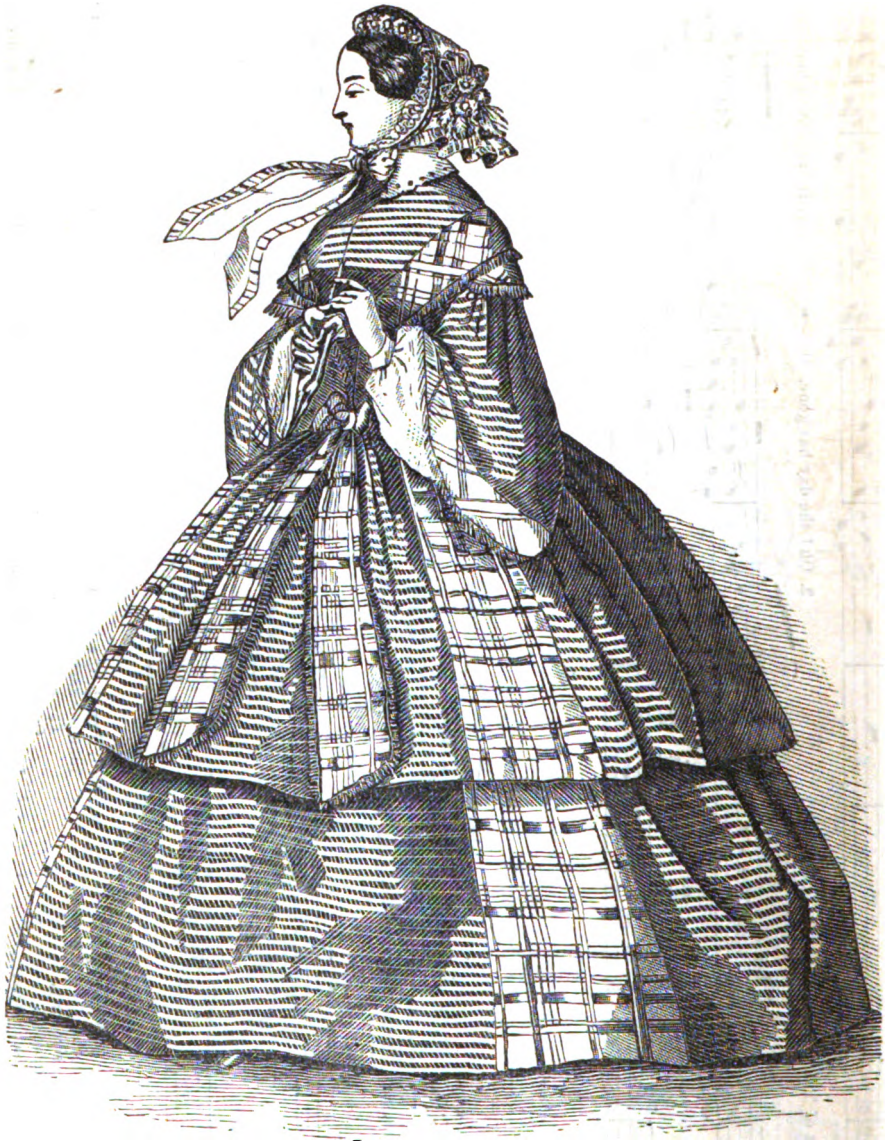
2. Oh! the day has gone, the wasted day, It brought us both joy and pain, A

pleasure that has fled, And a sorrow that is dead, They shall never revive again!

rall.

4. And, though the joys with the griefs are lost,
Like the snow-flakes on the stream,
There are others to be borne
On the sunlight of the morn—
Let us smile in their purple beam!

3. When the day has gone, let Sorrow go!
We bore it without a tear:
It was well inclin'd to stay,
But we reason'd it away,
And we gave it no welcome here.
5. Lo, the Day is dead! Good Night! Good Night!
And the Day is born—good day!
There's a voice upon the blast,
And the sand is falling fast—
Let us sing and rejoice while we may!



WALKING DRESS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1868.

No. 6.

CHRISTMAS AND ITS CUSTOMS.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.



CHRISTMAS is the festival of the year. With modern Christian nations it takes precedence of all and every religious celebration. Its blessings are for the old as well as for the young. The magnificent shows, which welcomed it, in the old ba-

ronial times, have, indeed, long been disused. We no longer see the boar's-head borne in, to the sound of violin and harp, to grace the overloaded table. We no longer behold the page, with the wassail bowl, preceded by the mimic trumpeter. We no longer hear the shouting, the music, and the mirth of the jester, as crowds of servitors drag the yule log into the great hall, where the baron and his lady stand, in state, to welcome it. The mimes, the games, the buffonery, the noisy revels have passed away. But not the less hearty is our modern observance of Christmas. On the contrary, the festival is the more appropriately kept, in whatever it is more sedate than formerly. In thousands of happy homes, the Christmas tree is raised: in thousands of churches prayer and thanksgiving go up. All over the land, the hospitable board, at the old homestead, is spread for children and grandchildren. Once more the parental roof-tree overshadows the reunited family, and sheds down upon them its calm and peaceful blessing. Alienations are

forgotten, jealousies disappear, heart burnings cease to be. The genial atmosphere of Christmas thaws out even selfishness itself. And the angels, who sang "peace and good-will to men," on that still, calm morning, eighteen centuries ago, seem even yet to reverent minds, to usher in this sacred dawn. The last star is paling before the





from country relatives, to cousins in the city. The poorest indulge, on Christmas day, in a good dinner. Hilarity everywhere prevails.

On this side of the Atlantic, Christmas is less universally observed: indeed, until within a few years, it was hardly kept at all in New England, except by the members of the Episcopal church; and even yet, over large portions of that intelligent section, it is regarded as of secondary importance to Thanksgiving Day. But in the middle states it has always been the chief festival of the year. In Virginia, where so much of the old cavalier spirit survives, Christmas has been kept, from the era of the first settlement at Jamestown, with more unanimity, perhaps, than anywhere else in the United States. As we go further south, we find it the national holiday, if we may use such a phrase, for the Anglo-African races. In Charleston, it is welcomed, by the negroes, with the discharge of Chinese crackers, and all the uproar which distinguishes the Fourth of July at the North. At Havana it

morning. Hark! do you not hear seraphic voices?

In England many of the old customs still survive. On Christmas Eve, groups of singers rove about, from house to house, singing "Christmas Waits:" and are usually rewarded, after the ancient fashion, with a dole. The church bells are set merrily ringing. Many of the wealthy landed proprietors still keep up the habit of dispensing coals and blankets to the poor, at the door of the castle or the mansion. Children go out into the woods, to cut holly, or look for



mistletoe; and their mirthful laughter makes many a silent dell vocal with gladness. The churches are all decked out with evergreen. As in the United States, gifts are exchanged between husband and wife, parents and children, betrothed lovers, friends, sisters, and old acquaintances. Hampers of game are sent,

becomes almost a Saturnalia, or, to speak more strictly, an uproarious negro carnival.

Oh! blessings on Christmas! How the little hearts of children throb with delight, as it draws near: and how, week after week, the dear



ones ask, "Isn't Christmas 'most here?" Visions of plum-puddings, turkeys, and other delicacies, float before their imagination: they linger about the kitchen doors, all Christmas morning, if not at church; and when the pudding is triumphantly taken up, they follow it, shouting and dancing, wild with glee. Ah! our mouth fairly waters at the thought: we are a child again; we taste, in fancy, the delicious dish, than which nectar could not be more exquisite. Will we ever again enjoy anything as we enjoyed the Christmas pudding?

But the Christmas tree is the crowning joy for children. With what rapt wonder they gaze on it, when it is revealed to them for the first time in their lives, with its golden fruit, its twinkling tapers, and its loads of tempting toys! As they grow older, they begin to doubt the fable, which they have been told, perhaps, of a certain Kriss-Kringle, who brings gifts for good children and is the omnipresent architect of all Christmas trees. They understand, now, why their parents,

on Christmas Eve, are so pertinacious in shutting them out of the room where the Christmas tree is to appear, all glorious, to-morrow. They peep under doors and listen on the staircase: they even, sometimes, steal in on the busy parents: till, at last, there is nothing left for it, but to put the inquisitive, excited little rebels to bed. So to bed they go, where they lie awake, talking of what they had, on last Christmas, and of what they would like to get, on this: and so gradually fall asleep, to dream of Kriss-Kringle, to wake at daylight, and to be filling the house, with glad uproar, an hour before their parents usually rise. But who would have a house, at Christmas, without children, even though the little mad-caps deafen the ears with their noisy gladness? Alas! alas! for the homes, where, this year, no little feet patter about overhead, on Christmas morning, as they did a twelve-month ago.



OUR CHRISTMAS TREE.

JOHN CLARKE AND HIS FORTUNE.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"NEVER mind the house, John, we've got one of our own," whispered John Clarke's wife.

She was a rosy little thing, only twenty summers old. How brightly and bewitchingly she shone—a star amid the sombre company.

"But what in the world has he left me?" muttered John Clarke. "I believe he hated me—I believe they all hate me."

"Hush, dear!"

"I bequeath to John Clarke, my dearly beloved nephew," read the grim attorney, "as a reward for his firmness in resisting temptation the last two years, and his determination to improve in all acceptable things, my one-horse shay, which has stood in my barn over twenty-five years, requesting that he shall repair it, or cause it to be repaired in a suitable manner."

That was all. Some of the people gathered there tittered, all seemed to enjoy the confusion of the poor young man. His eyes flashed fire, he trembled excessively; poor little Jenny fairly cried.

"To think," she said to herself, "how hard he has tried to be good, and that is all he thought of it!"

"Wish you joy," said a red-headed youth, with a grin, as he came out of the room.

John sprang up to collar the fellow, but a little white hand laid on his coat sleeve restrained him.

"Let them triumph, John, it won't hurt you," said Jenny, with her sunny smile; "please don't notice them for my sake."

"Served him right," said Susan Spriggs, the niece of the old man just dead, and to whom he had left all his silver, "served him right for marrying that ignorant goose of a Jenny Brazier. I suppose he calculated a good deal on the old gentleman's generosity." To which she added, in a whisper that only her own heart heard, "He might have married me. He had the chance, and I loved him better than any one else—better than that pretty little fool, Jenny Brazier."

"Now we will see how deep his goodness is," said a maiden aunt, through her nose; "he stopped short in wickedness jest because he expected a fortune from my poor, dear brother. Thanks to massy that he left me five hundred dollars. Now I can git that new carpet; but

we'll see how much of a change there is in John Clarke—he always was an imp of wickedness."

"Well, I guess John Clark'll have to be contented with his little ten feet shanty," said the father of Susan Spriggs to good old Deacon Joe Hemp.

"Well, I reckon he is content—if he ain't he ought to be, with that little jewel of a wife, she's bright enough to make any four walls shine," was the deacon's reply.

"Pshaw! you're all crazy about that gal. Why she ain't to be compared to my Susan. Susan plays on the forty-piano like sixty, and manages a house first-rate."

"Bless you, neighbor Spriggs, I'd rather have that innocent, blooming face to smile at me when I waked up of mornings, than all the forty-piano gals you can scare up 'tween here and the Indies—fact!"

"I'd like to know what you mean!" exclaimed Mr. Spriggs, firing up.

"Jest what I say," replied good old Deacon Joe, coolly.

"Well, that John Clark'll die on the gallows yet, mark my words," said Mr. Spriggs, spitefully.

"That John Clarke will make one of our best citizens, and go to the legislature yet," replied old Deacon Joe, complacently.

"Doubt it!"

"Yes, may be you do, and that's a pretty way to build up a young fellow, isn't it, when he's trying his best. No, John Clarke won't be a good citizen, if you can help it. People that cry 'mad dog' are plaguey willin' to stone the critter while he's a running, I take it; and if he ain't mad they're sure to drive him so. Why don't you step up to him and say, 'John, I'm glad you're going right now, and I've got faith in you, and if you want any help, why come to me and I'll put you through?' That's the way to do the business, Mr. Spriggs."

"Well, I hope you'll do it, that's all," replied Spriggs, sulkily.

"I hope I shall, and I'm bound to, any way, if I have the chance. Fact is, he's got such a smart little wife that he don't really need any help.

"No—it's a pity then that brother Jacob left him that one-horse shay."

"You needn't laugh at that; old Jacob never did nothing without a meaning to it. That old shay may help him to be a great man yet. Fact is, I think myself if Jacob had a left him money it might a been the ruin of him. Less things than a one-horse shay has made a man's fortune."

"Well, I'm glad you think so much of him; I don't."

"No," muttered Deacon Joe, as his neighbor turned away, "but if he had married your raw-boned darter that plays on the forty-piano, he'd a been all right, and no mistake."

"A one-horse shay!" said the minister, laughing; "what a fortune!"

And so it went, from mouth to mouth. None of the relatives—some already rich—had offered the poorest man among them—the owner of the one-horse shay—a dollar of the bequeathment left to him or to her; but they had rather rejoiced in his disappointment.

The truth is, everybody had prophesied that John Clark, a poor, motherless boy, would come to ruin, and they wanted the prophecy to prove a true one. He had, in his youth, been wild and wayward, and somewhat profligate in the early years of manhood; but his old uncle had encouraged him to reform—held out hopes to which he had hitherto been a stranger, and the love of the sweet young Jenny Brazier completed, as it seemed, his reformation.

Jenny never appeared so lovely as she did on that unfortunate day of the reading of the will, after that had returned to the poor little house that was Jenny's own.

"No matter, John," she said, cheerfully, "you will rise in spite of them. I wouldn't let them think I was in the least discouraged, that will only please them too well. We are doing nicely now, and you know if they do cut the railroad through our bit of land, the money will set us up quite comfortably; isn't our home a happy one, if it is small? And oh! John, by and bye!"

An eloquent blush—a glance toward her work-basket, out of which peeped the most delicate needlework, told the story—that ever new story of innocence, beauty and helplessness, that bring cares akin to angels' work.

For once, John Clarke stopped the gossip's mouth. He held his head up manfully—worked steadily at his trade, and every step seemed a sure advance, and an upward one.

Baby was just six months old when the corporation paid into John Clarke's hand the sum of six hundred dollars for the privilege of laying a track through his one little field.

"A handsome baby, a beautiful and industrious wife, and six hundred dollars," thought

John, with an honest exultation, "well, this is living!"

"John," said his wife, rising from her work, "look out."

He did, and saw the old one-horse shay dragged by a stalwart negro.

"Massa says as how the old barn is gwine to be pulled down, so he sent your shay," said the African.

"Thank him for nothing," said John, bitterly, but a glance at his wife removed the evil spirit, and a better one smiled out of his eyes.

"John, you can spare a little money now to have the old shay fixed up, can't you? You ought to, according to the will," said Jenny.

"The old trash?" muttered John.

"But you could at least sell it for what the repairs would cost," said Jenny, in her winning way.

"Yes, I suppose I could."

"Then I'd have it done, and bless me, I'd keep it, too. You've got a good horse, and can have the old shay made quite stylish for baby and me to ride in. Shan't we shine?"

"Well, I'll send it over to Hosmer's, to-morrow, and see what he will do it for."

"Look here! Mr. Hosmer wants you come right over shop!" shouted the carriage-maker's apprentice, at the top of his lungs; "old Deacon Joe's there, an' says he's right down glad—golly, its hundreds, and hundreds, and hundreds, and hun—"

"Stop, boy! what in the world does he mean, Jenny?" cried John Clarke, putting the baby in the cradle face downwards.

"My patience! John, look at that child—precious darling! I'm sure I don't know, John; I'd go right over and see," said Jenny, by snatches righting the baby, "it's his fun, I suppose."

"Tain't any fun, I tell ye," said the boy, while John hurried on his coat and hat; "my gracious! guess you'll say it ain't fun when you come to see them 'ere gold things and the bills."

This added wings to John Clarke's speed, and in a moment he stood breathless in the old coach-maker's shop.

"Wish you joy, my fine feller!" cried Deacon Joe.

"Look here—what'll you take for that old shay? I'll give you four thousand dollars!" cried the coachmaker, in great glee.

"Four thousand?" cried John, aghast.

"Yes, jest look at it! You're a rich man, sir, and by George I'm glad of it; you deserve to be."

The carriage-maker shook his hand heartily.

What do you suppose were the consternation,

delight, gratitude—the wild, wild joy that filled the heart of Clarke, when he found the old shay filled with gold and bank bills? I mean the cushions, the linings, and every place where they could be placed without danger of injury—thieves never would have condescended to the one-horse shay.

Five thousand five hundred dollars in all! Poor John! or rather, rich John! his head was nearly turned. It required all the balance of Jenny's nice equipoise of character to keep his extatic brain from spinning like a humming-top. Now he could build two houses like the one his uncle had bequeathed to his red-headed cousin, who had wished him joy when the will was read—the dear old uncle! What genuine sorrow he felt as he thought of the many times he had heaped reproaches upon his memory!

Imagine, if you can, dear reader, the peculiar feelings of those kind friends who had prophesied that John Clarke would come to grief. At first, Deacon Joe proposed to take the old shay just as it was—linings stripped, bits of cloth hanging—and upon a tin trumpet proclaim the good tidings to the whole town, taking especial pains to stop before the house of Mr. Spriggs, and blowing loud enough to drown all the forty-pianos in the universe; but that was vetoed by John's kind little wife.

"La! they'll know of it soon enough," she said, kissing the baby; "I wouldn't hurt their feelings."

They did know of it, and a few years after, when John Clarke lived in a big house, they all voted for him to go to the "legislater." So much for that old one-horse shay.

THE WINTER'S CHARMS FOR ME.

BY M. W. MERRITT.

Let poets write, and let painters dream,
And let sweet-voiced maidens sing,
Of the Summer's prime, and the Autumn time,
And the balmy hours of Spring.
But if I might choose, it should be my theme
Of the Winter's charms to boast,
When the bright fire glows, and the laughter flows,
At the name of some favorite toast.
Then here's a health to the Winter gay,
When Christmas comes with his bright array;
When loved ones gather around our board,—
A wealth more dear than the miser's hoard.
Oh, these are the scenes that I love to see!
Oh, the Winter's charms are the charms for me!

Oh! the Spring is fair, and the Summer is bright,
And the Autumn times are dear,
For the yellow sheaves, and the falling leaves,
Whisper that winter is near.
But more precious to me, with his mantle of white,
Is the monarch who rules mid the snow:
While icicles shine, like a diamond mine,

On the evergreens twined round his brow.
Then here's a health to the Winter gay,
When Christmas comes with his bright array;
When loved ones gather around our board,—
A wealth more dear than the miser's hoard;
Oh, these are the scenes that I love to see:
Oh, the Winter's charms are the charms for me!

Oh, 'tis charming to watch on a bright Spring morn
The buds of each opening flower,
Or to list to the song of the woodland choir's throng.
In the Summer's ripening hour;
Or delighted to gaze on the golden-tinged corn,
On a stilly Autumn eve;
But as lovely, I trow, are the bright wreaths of snow
The frosts of December weave.
Then here's a health to the winter gay,
When Christmas comes with his bright array,
When loved ones gather around our board,—
A wealth more dear than the miser's hoard;
Oh, these are the scenes that I love to see:
Oh, the Winter's charms are the charms for me!

EXAMPLE—PRECEPT.

BY J. S. M'EWEN.

"To give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace."—LUKE I, 79.

As o'er these dreamy oceans, we
Are sailing swiftly on
To one great mark for one great prize,
And an immortal crown,
Let each for each a beacon be,
Though stormy tides bestride the sea,
And e'en destruction's whirlpool ope
To hide our aims and blast our hopes.

Though mountains rise and intervene,
And waves keep dashing high;
Though would-be friends and foes curtail
Our progress to the sky,
Let us for each a beacon be,
That we may pass life's stormy sea,
And land in safety on the shore
Where foes, once reigning, reign no more.



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THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH.

BY MRS. BEULAH C. HIRST.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 324.

CHAPTER IV.

For some time after the wreck of the Sea Gull, Sarah Clayton wore a sad and troubled aspect. This, however, people attributed to the gloom and moroseness her husband exhibited, which was in direct contrast to his former cheerful demeanor. Sarah no longer mingled freely with her associates, but confined herself to the quiet routine of her domestic duties, and the care of her child, to which she was now more devotedly attached than ever.

A few months after the wreck, Sarah's father and two brothers died, leaving her heiress of all their wealth. Then her sadness increased; for aside from her grief for the loss of them, in her memory was ever the reflection, "Had she but waited a short time, her desire for riches had been granted without resort to crime."

As time progressed, her strong mind gradually recovered its vigor. She urged her husband to leave the desolate beach and seek the distant city, where Alice could enjoy proper advantages. He positively refused. She changed her tactics, and with all her art and eloquence tried to induce him to retire to the mainland.

"Never," said he. "My life is henceforth dedicated to the purpose of assisting those who may be shipwrecked on this part of the coast; and I will not leave my post of duty. God helping me, I may save many precious lives, or, at the sacrifice of my own, testify to my lasting repentance for having shed innocent blood."

"But, George, our child," argued Sarah; "must she pass her young days on this barren spot?"

"Do what is best for her, Sarah," returned George; "I am anxious she should have every advantage of education and association; but as long as it is possible for her to remain with us, let her stay, that all purity and peace may not abandon our fireside."

"Well, if I must stay here, I will at least have a decent house to live in," exclaimed Sarah. "I suppose you will not object to that—will you?"

"I shall not interfere," said the husband; "but while I live I will never leave this beach. So let us have no more talk of change."

"I never saw so obstinate a man," retorted Sarah. "You are not what you once were."

"Truly, I am not," returned he; "I yielded, until I was lost: now, no earthly power shall move me."

Sarah found her influence over her husband had vanished. He, who had been so unstable, was as firm as a rock. Tears, threats, and entreaties, were alike lost on him. A single crime had changed his whole nature. She submitted to what she could not change, and set about embellishing her lonely home.

A new and handsome mansion was erected by her order. Costly furniture was procured from the city, and when the house was completed, it outvied everything of the kind in the county. Sarah had become more reserved and dignified than in earlier years, and with her queenly beauty and rich attire, was a fitting mistress for the fine establishment over which she presided.

People wondered at finding her heritage so much larger than they thought; but her father had always been miserly, save in so far as she was concerned, and they concluded he had amassed greater wealth than his neighbors supposed.

George Clayton took little notice of the changes wrought by his wife. Though surrounded by wealth and luxury, he still followed his humble occupation with industrious zeal, to Sarah's very great annoyance and discontent.

Usually he was quiet and melancholy; but when a storm threatened, his brow lit up, his lips were firmly set, and he went forth to watch for ships in peril, always ready and anxious to assist the suffering.

Day and night in the severest weather he never faltered in his self-imposed duty; and when a vessel struck, he was always first to board her, and last to leave her, while a human being was in danger, without any seeming regard for his own safety.

Where the bravest wreckers hung back, he pressed on; and as his comrades saw him urge his boat into the furious breakers to board a wreck, they predicted that he would never return alive. Several times his boat swamped and

all aboard were lost, except George, whose very fearlessness proved his safeguard. Clinging to the rope, which had been driven by a mortar on board the wreck, he dragged himself, by superhuman strength, safely to land. On several occasions his strength failed, and the sea caught him in its deadly embrace, and flung him on the shore insensible; but as soon as he revived, he was again ready to brave danger and death.

Gradually men came to regard him as one who bore a charmed life, and in hours of peril readily yielded to his command.

The fame of his bravery spread far and wide, and handsome testimonials were presented to him, by the grateful hearts whom he had rescued from death. He received them sadly, without a sign of pride, and placed them in his sleeping apartment, where they were the last things before his vision at night—the first to meet his gaze in the morning.

Alice Clayton grew into girlhood, with the beauty of her childhood increasing with years. Nature had given her an earnest, enthusiastic temperament, wherein her mother's firmness, and her father's affectionate, docile disposition, were strangely mingled.

Her life had been all sunshine, but the melancholy which surrounded her, was reflected in her large, dreamy eyes, which seemed to contain a prophecy of future woe.

In her childhood she had no playmate or companion, except a large Newfoundland dog, who was at once her pet and protector. With him, she roamed far and wide over the beach; now listening to the music of the sea-shell, now gazing with awe upon the mighty element, and anon tossing sea-weed or brush upon the waves, laughing with childish glee, as her brave companion sprang in at her bidding and recovered her missile, ever ready to repeat the sport so long as it pleased the whim of his mistress.

During her early youth, her mother instructed her in the rudiments of education; but as she advanced in years, Sarah sought a more competent tutor for her child. Being unable to procure one, she decided to place her at a boarding-school.

CHAPTER V.

It was the first day of the term at Winfield Institute, and such of the pupils as had returned from their holiday excursion, were busily engaged in chatting over recent enjoyments, and discussing future arrangements.

Some had left at the expiration of the previous term, and strangers had arrived, or were expected, in their stead.

"By the way, Rose Nugent," said one; "you have lost your room-mate. I wonder who will fill her place?"

"A new pupil," replied Rose; "somebody from the sea-coast, Miss Lisle tells me."

"As wild and untutored as her native waters, I'll warrant," returned the first speaker. "Oh, Rose, I pity you!"

"A young beach colt," exclaimed another. "Well, Rose, you will have a nice time in training her into the refinements of life."

"Don't expend too much sympathy on me, girls," returned Rose. "It may be wasted."

"Hope for the best," said Lucy Ellet; "even then, a girl fresh from the desolate wilds of the coast, will probably prove an unpleasant companion for our dainty Rose. I wonder what she looks like?"

"Short, stout, with a red face, sunburnt hair, big, red hands, and enormous feet," exclaimed Eugenia Philips, a snarling, overbearing girl, who prided herself on her truly American delicacy of appearance.

"Such a portrait!" laughed the others, in chorus.

"There is one comfort," continued Eugenia, "Rose's beauty and gracefulness will show to greater advantage by the contrast."

"Beauty and the Beast," cried the chorus.

"Girls," said Rose, "I think it is very unkind in you, to say the least, thus to prejudice a stranger, who, coming among you, will need your sympathy and attention. For my part, if Miss Clayton be pretty, or ugly, rich, or poor, I intend to make her as happy as possible."

"Well done, Rose," returned Eugenia. "Could Miss Lisle hear that speech, you would surely receive a medal."

"She is not poor," remarked Harriet Grant. "I have heard papa speak of Mr. Clayton, her father, and he is rich, and very brave. Girls, don't you remember reading the account of that dreadful shipwreck, last winter, when two hundred passengers were rescued from great peril by the bravery of one man, who, by first boarding the ship at most imminent hazard, induced others to follow his example?"

"Indeed we do," cried the group, eagerly.

"That was her father," returned Harriet; "you remember he took all those poor people to his house, and fed and clothed them, until they recovered from their injuries, and, then, sent them on their way rejoicing. The paper which contained the account, stated that he was a man of wealth and leisure, who resided on the coast for the express purpose of assisting the unfortunate."

"A perfect hero!" exclaimed the group, their sympathies fully aroused.

"He has built an elegant mansion on the most beautiful part of the beach," continued Harriet, "and winter and summer keeps closely to his post of self-imposed duty."

"Let us give him a public welcome if he comes here," said Julia Lee, enthusiastically. "For my part, I should be proud to kiss the hand of such a man."

"His bravery will not make his daughter more lady-like," coldly remarked Eugenia.

"If she proves a modern female Orson, I shall love her for her father's sake," said Rose.

"And I! and I!" echoed the chorus.

Just then a carriage drove up, and the giddy flock flew to the windows, to inspect the new arrivals.

"What a handsome woman!" exclaimed Eugenia, as a lady descended from the vehicle.

"Look, what a fairy foot the young girl has!" cried Harriet, as a second lady alighted.

"And what a face!" added Rose, as the stranger threw back her veil. "A perfect angel of loveliness!"

"If that were only Miss Clayton, Rose would be too happy," said Julia Lee.

"Aye, if it were!" rejoined Eugenia; "but contrast with such a rare creature will crush the poor sea-bird."

The conversation turned on other topics, and the party for awhile forgot the new visitant. Directly a servant appeared and summoned Rose Nugent to Miss Lisle.

"What can Miss Lisle want with Rose?" inquired Harriet.

"It may be that she intends changing her arrangements, to give Rose this fair new-comer for a room-mate," said Eugenia. "You know Rose is quite a pet with Miss Lisle."

"Girls—would you believe?" exclaimed Rose, bounding in soon after, "that is Miss Clayton! Oh, I am so glad."

"What! that lovely creature, Miss Clayton!" cried the astonished group.

"Yes, that is she," returned the delighted Rose; "the young lady whom you pictured as 'short, stout, red-faced, with sunburnt hair, big hands and feet!' Oh, could you see her, girls! She is tall, slender, with a complexion tinted like a sea-shell, magnificent hazel eyes, wavy brown hair, a loveable mouth, teeth like pearls, and a voice like a nightingale. I am so glad she is to be my room-mate; I am in love with her already. Could cousin Frank but see her!"

"Always cousin Frank!" sneered Eugenia. "He seems to be your model of perfection."

"Indeed he is," replied Rose, warmly. "He is the handsomest and best cousin in the world."

"Young ladies," said Miss Lisle, entering, "permit me to present your new companion, Miss Alice Clayton. She is a stranger, but I hope she will not long remain such among you. I am sure you will try to make her as happy here as possible."

"Indeed, we will," replied the group, as they acknowledged Alice's graceful salutation.

"For the sake of her gallant father, as well as her own, she is doubly welcome," said Harriet Grant, coming forward and clasping her hand.

Alice's face lit up with joy, and she flung her arms around the young girl's neck, and kissed her.

"Would he had come with you," said Rose: "we have heard of his bravery, and long to see him."

"He never leaves home," replied Alice, tears springing to her eyes at the thought of his loneliness in her absence.

The school life, so auspiciously begun, proved happy. For the first time Alice found herself among companions of her own age, and she soon became warmly attached to them; while her child-like tenderness, and untutored, impulsive nature, made her the pet of the school.

She was very docile and intelligent; her progress was rapid, and soon placed her equal in rank with her schoolmates, who had enjoyed greater opportunities for improvement.

A warm friendship sprang up between Alice and Rose Nugent. Occupying the same apartment, they were thrown into close contact, and had full opportunity of studying each other's characters. Both were equally intelligent and amiable; but while Rose was gay and sprightly, quick in repartee, and dashing in manners, Alice was sensitive, refined, dignified, and slightly tinged with melancholy. The shadow on her home had tinged her spirit, and the lonely musings of her early years, beside the ever-sounding sea, had imparted a vein of pensiveness to her soul which time could never eradicate.

Their differences in temperament endeared them more closely to each other, and by day and night, asleep, in study, or amusements, they were inseparable.

All those confidences in which young girls so delight, were poured into each other's ears. Alice told of the wild scenes of her native place, of her sea-side reveries, and longings for the beautiful. Rose described her charming city home, with its gay associations; spoke of the dear father and the aunt, who had been a mother to her, in lieu of that parent who had long slept

in the silent "City of the Dead;" and of the charming cousin Frank, who was as a brother to her.

Frank formed an untiring theme for the eulogiums of the affectionate Rose, and Alice soon learned to participate in her friend's feelings, and looked for his welcome letters, almost as eagerly as Rose herself.

Frank received such a glowing description of his cousin's new friend, that he became anxious to see the paragon; and made a flying visit to Winfield Institute, partly, as he confessed to Rose, for that very purpose.

His expectations were more than fulfilled. Alice surpassed all that he had previously seen in girlish loveliness; and from that time his dreams were full of her.

Christmas came, and Alice received permission to spend the short holidays with Rose in the city. There she was as warmly welcomed by Mr. Nugent, and his sister Mrs. Tracy, for Rose's sake, as that ardent young lady could desire; while Frank plead off from his professional studies, and devoted himself exclusively to their service.

Upon their return to school, a definite arrangement was made between the friends, by which Alice was to pass the winter holidays with Rose in the city; while the summer vacation was to be spent together, at the sea-side: and as long as they were at Winfield, the agreement was strictly fulfilled.

George and Sarah Clayton were always glad to receive their daughter's friend, and the presence of the two happy girls, their number often increased by visits from their companions, made the usually quiet mansion resound with life and joy. The shadow grew lighter upon the parents' brow as they saw the happiness of their child.

CHAPTER VI.

Thus passed five happy years. Alice Clayton and Rose Nugent had now arrived at womanhood; and bade a regretful farewell to the institute which had been such a pleasant home to them.

It was early summer, when they left Winfield, and, as usual, Rose accompanied Alice to her country home. Frank Tracy soon followed, and with him came William Herbert, long a suspected lover, now the affianced husband of the joyous Rose.

There, beside the majestic ocean, Frank Tracy told his love; and Alice frankly confessed how long he had filled her heart.

Frank had won his mother's consent to his

marriage with Alice, and her parents made no objection, so the course of "true love ran smoothly" for once.

Alice was unwilling to leave her parents to their loneliness, and her father could not be persuaded to leave the coast; so it was arranged that her home should be in the city, but the summers should be passed with them at the sea-side.

In the autumn, Frank returned to the city to make preparations for the reception of his bride. It was settled that the marriage should take place in the early part of October; but George Clayton became suddenly ill, and for some weeks wavered between life and death. He gradually became convalescent; but his health continued variable: the physician pronounced him suffering from disease of the heart, which, he said, would render any excitement dangerous.

George desired that the marriage should take place, and the preparations were renewed. His health and spirits seemed to improve rapidly, as he observed his daughter's happiness, and before the wedding day arrived his wife declared she had not known him to be so cheerful for many years.

The twentieth of November was fixed for the nuptials, and two days previous Mrs. Tracy, Frank, and William Herbert, who was to act as groomsman, arrived; Rose had remained with Alice, assisting her in the preliminaries.

The morning of the nineteenth dawned with a clouded sky. As the day advanced, it became still more obscured, and before noon, a terrific storm burst forth, which continued, unceasingly, until the afternoon of the next day. Before that time, however, the waves broke their bounds and encroached upon the land, until within a few feet of Clayton's mansion.

Rose Nugent was terrified and oppressed; her apprehension spread among the other members of the party; but when the tempest seemed to have spent itself, their anxiety passed away, and their thoughts were engrossed by the approaching marriage.

Mr. Allen, the minister, who was engaged to perform the marriage ceremony, took advantage of the temporary lull in the storm to come over from the mainland; accounting for his early appearance, by the fear that the tempest had not yet fully ceased.

His supposition was correct; toward night it recommenced with redoubled vigor. The waves roared along the shore like hungry tigers. The wind was up in appalling fury, and all admitted that the storm was without parallel for violence.

George Clayton was greatly affected by the

war of the elements; he retired to his chamber and paced up and down the apartment in great agitation.

"Twelve years ago to-night," exclaimed he—"twelve years! Oh! what a life of misery in that time! Will my torment never end? Is there no release from the memory of crime? And, Alice, my dear child! that they should have set this night—the anniversary of *his* death—for her marriage. It is the hand of Providence; it was delayed from time to time until this fatal period for some dread end. What can it be? What can it be?"

"This storm too," continued he; "there has been none to compare with it since that night. I am oppressed with some great fear. God protect the innocent!"

He went out, unobserved, to note the progress of the storm. To his surprise and alarm, he found the sea had broken a new inlet through the land, entirely separating the lower from the upper part of the beach, cutting them off from all escape by land in case of danger. The new inlet was wide and apparently deep—the waters surging through it with fearful force.

"The water rises fast," said he, glancing at the strand; "but I will not alarm them; that were worse than useless; since there is no way of leaving the beach, but by the boat, and it would be a great hazard to try it."

He drew his surf boat near the house, and fastened it securely; placing in it the oars and boat-hooks, ready for use in case of need.

The hour fixed for the marriage approached, and the bride and guests retired to array themselves for the occasion. Rose soon forgot her fears in adorning herself and her friend; and as her spirits arose, Alice seemed re-animated by them.

"Come, girls, the hour has struck, and Mrs. Tracy is awaiting you," said Mrs. Clayton, as she entered the room.

"Alice is dressed, and I soon will be," exclaimed Rose. "I have been so busy admiring and adorning her, I forgot how time flew. Is she not a charming bride?"

"She is as lovely as she looks," returned Mrs. Clayton, kissing her.

"But, Alice," continued she, as she saw Rose clasping her bracelets, "you wear no jewels. I have a plentiful supply; will you accept them?"

"Thank you, mamma," replied Alice; "but you know papa does not like me to wear costly ornaments."

"For that reason I did not purchase anything of the kind, with your wardrobe," said the mother; "but, on this occasion he will not

object to bracelets. Wait a moment—I will get them."

Just then a servant appeared at the door, and beckoned to Mrs. Clayton.

A whispered conversation ensued, and she quickly dismissed the girl, and returned to Alice, pale and agitated.

"Are you ill? or has some accident occurred?" inquired Alice, tenderly.

"Neither, love," replied Sarah; "Judith is timid, and, at first, alarmed me. I must go down to calm her. Go to my room and select a pair of bracelets, and whatever else you like; I would not have you appear without jewels."

Alice assisted Rose to complete her toilet, and while she drew on her gloves, and took a parting glance at her attire, went into her mother's apartment, and hastily drew a jewel-box from the dressing-case.

She selected a superb bracelet, curiously formed, and richly decorated with diamonds, and clasping it on her right arm, could not help inwardly confessing it displayed the exquisitely moulded and snowy limb to perfection. She looked among the jewels for another to match it; but there was none to compare with it for beauty, and she concluded to wear the single one.

"Come, Alice, darling!" exclaimed Rose, bounding in; "the bridegroom awaiteth his bride."

She placed her arm around Alice, and led her into another apartment, where Tracy and Herbert awaited them.

"Mine at last, love," whispered Tracy, fondly, as he drew her arm within his own

They passed down stairs into the parlor, where the parents, Mrs. Tracy, and the clergyman were in attendance. The bridal cortege paused before the minister, and he was just about to commence the ceremony, when a terrific gust of wind shook the house to its very foundations, and at the same moment, the sea dashed violently against the walls, and poured in underneath the doors.

"Mercy! mercy! the kitchen is full of water!" cried Judith, running in. "Oh! Mrs. Clayton, I told you the water was forcing its way through!"

The party hastened to the kitchen, which was a little lower than the main portion of the house, and found the door forced open, and the water several inches deep on the floor.

They stood aghast.

"Let us take all we need to the upper rooms!" exclaimed George Clayton; "my surf boat is within reach, but it would be madness to trust to it while any other hope remains. Hasten up,

Alice, dear; go, Rose; Mrs. Tracy; Sarah; go up quickly. The water is rising very fast. We will bring food to last in case it does not recede to-night."

From the bridal feast, which was spread, they caught up such substantial articles as were most convenient, and followed the trembling females.

The lower shutters had been closed early in the evening; but the doors were not secured. Clayton thought of this, and quickly putting down his burthen, hastened down stairs again, followed by the other gentlemen. Just as they reached the deserted parlor, a mighty wave dashed against the door, with such violence, that the latch gave way, and the water rushed in.

"Quick, men, to the other doors!" cried Clayton, as he sprang to close it.

The water had receded, and he closed the door, and had drawn the bolt, when another powerful wave broke against it, causing it to tremble and creak, with symptoms of giving way.

He grasped the piano, and wheeling it rapidly on its castors, brought it near the entrance; then, exerting all his strength, upturned the heavy instrument against it.

He then hastened out to assist in barricading the other doors. That in the kitchen had given way, and the water surged in without restraint. One glance told, labor there would be useless. They barred the door communicating with the main building, and against it, and the others, placed all the heavy objects they could obtain, and then betook themselves to the upper floor.

"The boat!—where is it secured?" asked Tracy.

"The chain is brought through the back window of my bed-room, and securely fastened within," replied Clayton. "The building shields it, and we can avail ourselves of it as a last resource. I hope we will not need it. An hour, I think, must elapse before the water rises to this height, and in that time the storm may lull, or the wind change."

"Pray God, it may!" ejaculated Alice, with ashy lips, as she hid her face in her lover's bosom.

"Amen!" responded the minister, and every one echoed "Amen!"

"A sad bridal night for you, darling," said her father, taking Alice by the hand, "would it were otherwise for your sweet sake."

"Oh, papa!" cried Alice, disengaging herself from Tracy, and throwing her arms around her father's neck, "I fear that death will claim us all before the morrow. And, to die at such a time!"

"Alice, if death must come, let it find us one in name, as we are in heart," said Tracy; "your father says we are safe for an hour. There is plenty of time; let this holy man pronounce the words which bind us together."

Alice assented, and the party were again arranged for the ceremony.

The exhortation was delivered, the charge given as to whether any one knew any impediment to the proposed marriage, and in the pause which followed, they heard the waves dashing with renewed rage against the house. There was a tremor—a jar—a crash—and the sound of water gurgling and rioting in the rooms below.

A smothered groan broke from the females. The bride trembled, and nestled closer to her lover. The minister hesitated, and then continued, until he came to that part of the ceremony wherein the bridegroom, taking the bride by her right hand, said,

"I Francis Tracy, take thee, Alice Clayton, to be my wedded wife——"

"Hold!" cried Mrs. Tracy, springing forward, and grasping Alice by the arm. "Girl!" exclaimed she, fiercely, "that bracelet! Whence came it? Speak! for the love of heaven!" continued she, wildly, as the company drew closer to the bride; who, pale and afrighted, was unable to reply.

"My mother gave it to me," said she, when she regained her power of utterance.

"When?—where?—how did you obtain it?" shrieked the excited woman, turning to Mrs. Clayton.

"Tell me, woman! I charge you by your daughter's happiness, how that gem came into your possession!"

"It was found on a dead body," replied Sarah, at length. "It has never been worn until by some strange mistake Alice has placed it on her arm."

"It is false!" cried Mrs. Tracy. "That bracelet was stolen, and from a murdered man! Look at this," continued she, extending her own arm, bearing a similar jewel, "there is the mate to it. See here!" said she, quickly unclasping the fatal ornament from the arm of the passive Alice, and pressing a secret spring, which threw open the upper part of the bracelet, and displayed the portrait of a child, "do you see that picture? It is his—my son's. And here," touching the bracelet on her own arm, "is my husband's. The second bracelet he had made in Europe, to match the first, and my child's portrait was enclosed; he wrote to me before he sailed, that it was safely secured in a belt around his waist. Woman, this jewel was not found; it

was stolen from my poor, poor husband; who, twelve years ago, was robbed, and foully murdered on this coast. Ah! I remember now what the mate told me: the murderer was young, had a handsome wife, a beautiful child, and lived on a solitary part of the beach. The name had escaped my memory; but now I have it:—George Clayton, thou art the man!”

She stepped from amid the group, as she spoke, and with flashing eye and outstretched arm, pointed to George; who, pale and trembling, cowed before her accusation.

“Thou art the man!” repeated she, with fearful emphasis.

“I am! I am!” exclaimed the wretched man. “Twelve years ago, this very night, the dreadful deed was done. God is my witness—I meant not to kill him; but I did—I did! May God forgive me!”

He reeled and trembled as he spoke; then fell on his face at the feet of his accuser.

“My father! my poor father!” cried Alice, throwing herself beside him, and tenderly raising his head. “Help! help! He is dead! he is dead!”

“The sudden shock has killed him,” said the minister. “May God grant his last prayer!”

Alice kissed his brow, and withdrew her arm from beneath his head. Pale, calm as a corpse, she arose, and stood before the astounded group.

“Frank,” said she, “you have heard all; my father was a murderer—not wilful, he says, and I believe him; but still, a murderer! and—oh, agony!—thy father’s blood was on his head. Forgive him for my sake. Forgive me, that in my ignorance of the fact, I unwittingly won your love. We must part. The children of the murdered and murderer may not wed. Forget me, Frank—forget me if you can!”

“Never!” cried Frank. “It cannot be. So deeply—so truly have I loved thee, Alice, that thy memory can only fade in death. We must part; but I shall always regard thee as one, pure and holy beyond comparison, unhappily far removed from me.”

“Alice,” exclaimed Mrs. Tracy, “forgive me: I knew not what I said.”

“It is for us to plead for pardon,” said Alice, calmly.

Rose had stood in silent stupor during the fearful scene. Suddenly she revived.

“Alice, this cannot be,” cried she; “you, my friend, my angel; you are not the child of an assassin! There is some dreadful error here. Alice, tell me it is not true—that I am dreaming.”

“It is too true,” said Alice, sadly. “You heard my father’s dying words.”

“He was mad; aunt is mad: we are all frightened into insanity,” reiterated Rose. “Aunt, tell me that it is not true! Mrs. Clayton, speak! What means this scene?”

Sarah moaned in anguish, but made no reply.

“God help us!” exclaimed the minister. “The water has risen. It is dashing against the window.”

They sprang to the window as he spoke, and drew aside the curtain. Without, the waves were rolling in heavy swells, whose crests just touched the panes.

“Not a moment is to be lost,” cried the clergyman, “to the boat! to the boat!”

Alice caught Rose in her arms, and kissed her, quickly.

“Think always kindly of me, Rose,” said she; and, in a second, disengaged herself from her friend’s embrace.

She threw her arms around Tracy’s neck, and kissed him repeatedly.

“God guard and guide thee, my beloved! Adieu forever!”

He attempted to detain her; but she eluded his grasp, and sprang to her mother’s side.

“Mother,” said she, “hasten to the boat, or you will be lost. Quickly, my mother.”

“Alice, thou art innocent. Save thine own life,” returned Sarah.

At that moment a mighty wave dashed against the casement; it gave way, and a torrent of water rushed into the room.

“To the boat, instantly; delay is death,” cried the minister.

He caught Mrs. Tracy, who was nearest him, and led the way. Herbert seized Rose, and followed.

“Come, Frank, come,” cried Mrs. Tracy.

“Alice, Frank, come; for my sake, come,” added Rose.

Frank placed his arm around Alice; but she clung to her mother.

“I will not leave her,” exclaimed she.

“At the risk of my life she shall be saved,” said Tracy. Sarah resisted.

“Let me die with my husband,” moaned she, rocking to and fro; “I cannot live through such shame and sorrow. Forgive me, Alice, that I have brought this great grief upon thee.”

“I freely forgive all, mother,” returned Alice. “But if you would have me live, go with us to the boat: I will not enter it without you.”

Sarah yielded, and they hastened from the apartment, which was rapidly filling with water.

They reached the boat, which was tossing about among the waves, before the window, just as the others were entering it.

The servants, who sprang to the boat at the first alarm, already occupied it, but were so overcome with fright, as to be unable to render any assistance. Mr. Allen entered the boat to receive the females. Mrs. Tracy and Rose were placed within, where pale and trembling they cowered, clinging to the gunwale.

"The craft will swamp," cried Mr. Allen; "jump in, quickly, Herbert, to receive the women, while I control the boat."

Herbert did as he was commanded, and extended his arms to assist the next comer.

"My mother, first," said Alice, as Frank turned to her.

Sarah was speedily placed within, and Alice was about to enter; but just as Herbert reached out his hands to receive her, the chain became unloosened, and the boat was borne out on the waste of waters.

"Alice! Alice!" cried Sarah, as she sprang toward her.

There was a heavy splash—a piercing scream from those within the boat! and Sarah Clayton was seen no more on earth.

"My son! my son!" exclaimed Mrs. Tracy, springing to her feet; "save him, or let me die."

"Madam, you will upset the boat," cried Herbert, as he pulled her down. "Hold her, Rose, while I take an oar. Be calm, Mrs. Tracy; we will go back. I will never desert my friend."

They urged the boat toward the house, near the window of which, by the light in the room beyond, they saw Alice, in her white bridal robe, with one arm about Tracy's neck, while he encircled her waist, his right hand clasping hers, as when they stood before the minister.

"How calm and happy they seem!" exclaimed Rose. "One would almost think they were rejoiced at the prospect of dying together."

"Look!" cried Mrs. Tracy. "The foundation is giving way—the house trembles—the walls crack—they totter—they fall! My son! my son!"

She sank back insensible, as the house fell, with a fearful sound, into the throbbing waves below.

Rose uttered a piercing scream, and buried her face in her aunt's bosom to shut out the dreadful vision.

"Row to the right," shouted Mr. Allen; "the inlet lies in that direction; unless we gain it we also are lost."

With great exertion they reached the passage, and after hours of ceaseless toil, urging the unwieldy boat through the stormy waters, daylight at last beamed upon them, and they found themselves within reach of land.

They were received with the most sympathizing hospitality by the people of the vicinity, who, when the storm lulled, as it did during the day, ventured to the scene of disaster, hoping to find that Alice and Frank had by some means been preserved. They were disappointed in their hope; but on the marsh between the beach and mainland, their dead bodies were found, with their arms encircling each other. They were not bruised, nor disfigured, but seemed to sleep calmly and happily in death.

The bodies of George and Sarah Clayton were never found, though search was made far and wide along the coast for some trace of them.

In time the waters receded from the beach, and the spot where the house had stood was visible; but no trace or vestige of its presence remained; the very stones of the foundations were swept away.

The bathing in that vicinity is very fine; and neighboring portions of the coast have improved rapidly. In mid-summer, thousands of pleasure seekers throng the strand, and lave in the waters; but the beach where the Sea Gull was wrecked lies desolate—its silence unbroken, save by the monotonous moan of the waters, the cry of the sea-bird, or the report of a sportsman's gun.

Mrs. Tracy was thrown into a brain fever by the dreadful shock she received, and almost entered the "Valley and Shadow of Death." She recovered gradually her health, and in the tender affection of her niece and William Herbert, who soon made the fair Rose his wife, became resigned to the loss she suffered in the destruction of the HOUSE ON THE BEACH.

'TIS TRUE THAT LOVE WITH ALL ITS CHARMS.

'Tis true that love with all its charms
Around thy heart doth twine;
But, oh, thy smiles to me recall
The hour when they were mine;
And now to me they bring despair,
As does the morning sky
Unto the wretch, who knows that he
Ere nightfall has to die.

The heart can hold a memory
Of deep and bitter wrong;
Untold by look—and secret kept
From pleasure's giddy throng;
So bows my own beneath the weight
Of sorrow's tyrant away;
And though I smile—yet have I griefs
Which wear my life away.

F. J.

THE ARSENIC SPRING.

A TALE OF HUNGARY.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

THE good old Baron Heltza lay on his death bed, having been mortally wounded while fighting for his King Maria Theresa, then engaged in deadly strife with her life-long enemy—her dangerous and stubborn foe—Frederic the Great of Prussia.

The old man, on finding that all his physician's skill, and all his daughter's care were going to prove vain, sent a messenger to the empress, to demand as a last favor, in return for a life spent, and a death gained in her service, leave of absence from the army, for a short time, for her brave young officer Count Moritz—stating as reason for the request, that, being at the point of death, he desired to place his motherless daughter under the legal protection of her affianced husband, ere he left the world.

The empress, though greatly pressed at this time both for officers and troops, and though she could ill spare the gallant young count, who was the life of the army, did not belie her ever warm, womanly heart on this occasion; the desired permission was given, with the strictest injunctions, however, to hasten, immediately after the marriage, back to the army, where his absence might cause incalculable disasters.

The wings of love (aided by a magnificent charger) bore the young count in an incredibly short space of time, to the castle of the good baron, and the presence of his lovely betrothed; and it was his reward to see how the cheeks of the young Baroness Ida, though pale with watching, grew rosy red under his gaze, and to note how the languid eyes kindled into soft splendor as he drew nigh.

But this was no time for the exchange of love's joyous endearments; a dying father, a distracted country, a lover returning to the perils of the field—were not these circumstances sufficiently terrible to check the quick flow of the lovers' pulses, were they likely to beat too warmly?

The young couple had been betrothed from infancy; but, as is not often the case under such circumstances, the wishes of those most interested coincided in this case with the views of their parents; a circumstance probably owing to the fact, that events had prevented the children growing up together like brother and sister, as

is usually the case; on the contrary, they saw nothing of each other till both were grown. The natural consequence was, that when the ardent young soldier of twenty-one was introduced to the beautiful young baroness, at the end of his first campaign, he thought her, as she truly was, one of the loveliest and most charming beings the world had ever seen, and fell violently in love with her. At this time, Ida, some years younger than himself, was arrayed in all the charms of opening womanhood; she was tall and graceful, with clear, blue eyes and golden-tinted hair, that waved in rich luxuriance about a face of angelic sweetness, while a faultless complexion of rare delicacy and brilliancy set off every charm. It was no wonder that the young soldier, just escaped from camps and bearded men, fancied that he had met with a veritable angel, and that he should bless the good fortune that had given him a right to approach such an admirable creature.

Quite as natural was it, that Ida's gentle heart should easily surrender to the bold assaults of so handsome, so gallant, so ardent a suitor.

But, in the first early flush of their attachment, the young lovers were called on to part. The count was summoned back to his regiment; and now this was their first reunion; a meeting to be again followed, after a few brief moments of mingled joy and grief, by a long parting.

Immediately on the arrival of the bridegroom, the dying soldier, stern in his views of a soldier's duties, caused the priest to be summoned in all haste, and as soon as the hand of the trembling, tearful bride had been joined in wedlock to that of her husband, the horse already saddled and bridled by the baron's orders, summoned his master by his impatient whinnying not to hesitate between love and duty, and the old man, adding his paternal blessing to that of the priest, bade the bridegroom God speed on his journey. A few broken words and bursting sobs from the young wife—a few deep murmured whispers of comfort and hope from the bridegroom, and the silence of absence fell on the old pile, succeeding drearily to the bustle of the arrival—the wedding and the departure.

That night, after bestowing on his daughter

such tender, anxious words of counsel, as only a dying parent can breathe to the dear orphan he is leaving, the old baron died.

The desolate Ida wandered about the empty castle in loneliness of heart, yearning for the living and the dead. Her situation was too painful for her unstrung frame to endure. Her strength, greatly taxed by long watching over her father, yielded now to the grief she felt at his loss, and her anxiety for the fate of her husband. A dangerous illness brought her to the brink of the grave, and when after many weeks of danger she began slowly to recover, the principal charm of her beauty had vanished. The exquisite bloom of her cheeks was gone. Nor was that all; instead of the shell-tinted purity of complexion which had formerly been so remarkable, the skin had become sallow, stained and blotched.

It certainly was a confirmation of the truth of the old adage that beauty is only skin deep—for the change was marvelous. In spite of her fine figure and regular features, the lovely Ida of a few weeks ago, would with difficulty have been recognized. This one hideous disfigurement obliterated all her charms.

The young baroness was filled with dismay and alarm. Her young husband! how should she meet him, cruelly transformed as she was! How must she shrink from the eye which hitherto it had been her delight to meet! How endure to see that eye change—to see disappointment—horror—disgust take the place of the admiration which she was accustomed to see expressed on that dear face! She felt she could not bear it. Such a change would break her heart—she must die of love, mortification and grief. She pictured to herself with morbid vividness this first recoil of surprise and aversion, and death seemed to her preferable to encountering it.

She sent for her physician, and commanded him, at any risk, or at any sacrifice on her part, to find some remedy for the affection, and offered princely rewards in case of success. The doctor essayed his utmost skill, and numerous and ingenious were his devices; but his efforts were in vain.

Meanwhile letters came from the young husband, announcing that peace was about to be concluded, and that in a month more he should be at home to claim the bride, from whom fate had so cruelly separated him, even on their bridal day.

The baroness and the doctor were in despair. Ida besought him more pressingly than ever to cure her—while the good man was forced in humbleness of heart to own the impotency of his

drugs. At last, one day, after a painful interview with the unhappy lady, who implored him in touching terms to come to her aid, he said reluctantly,

“There is, my dear young lady, a remedy yet untried, but it is of such a dangerous, or rather fatal nature, that I have not dared to name it.”

Ida seized his hand in breathless eagerness; such earnest inquiry was expressed in her looks, that he could not choose but answer it.

“There are, as all the world knows, in this country, as well as in Bohemia, certain Arsenic Springs, the effects of whose waters on the skin are of wondrous virtue. Those who quaff them receive, as their certain reward, a complexion of singular purity and delicacy; but the boon is dearly purchased, for the price is death; death, slowly, but surely, claiming the victim as long as the daily draught is continued—death, swift and fearful, as soon as the fatal cup is withdrawn. Such,” continued the physician, “is this fearful remedy, which owes its efficacy or wondrous power, to the fact that the water is charged with the deadly poison, arsenic. It is a secret not known to many, that there is on your ladyship’s own estate one of these springs, but I pray you have nothing to do with it. No good will come of it.”

As he finished speaking Ida rose, and clasping her hands exclaimed, fervently,

“Thank heaven, I am saved! my prayers are answered! Oh, doctor, the conditions are hard, but can I hesitate? I pray you lead me to this spring.”

The physician reluctantly obeyed; they crossed the pleasure grounds and entered a deep wood, within whose dim recesses, in a dark, secluded nook, a spring gushed forth mysteriously from a nook and trickled into a rocky basin, which it appeared to have worn for itself in the heart of a huge stone. The water was of a peculiar whitish color, and no living creature was to be seen in the little stream which flowed away—no plant grew very near its margin.

But Ida eagerly filled the goblet she had brought with the water, and was carrying it to her lips, when the physician grasped her arm.

“Rash girl, what are you doing?” he cried; “half what your goblet holds would cause your certain death,” and taking the glass from her hands, he poured away three-fourths of its contents, and presenting the remainder to his patient, charged her never to exceed that allowance if she valued her life.

Ida drank. It was her first sip from the fountain of death.

She had her reward; the waters of the Arsenic Spring acted as though by magic. The disfiguring stains and blemishes disappeared from her face, leaving the skin pure and smooth as marble, while a color almost unnaturally brilliant tinted her cheeks and lips. Her beauty was restored in more than its former splendor, and when her enraptured husband clasped her in his arms, she raised her eyes swimming in joyful tears to heaven, and whispered to herself softly, "Surely God will forgive me for what I have done!"

Two years of blissful love flew by. The cessation of hostilities enabled the young couple to taste the joys of domestic life in all their delicious sweetness. The count busied himself with his people, and with the improvement of his own and his wife's estates, which were contiguous, and Ida lived joyous and happy in her husband's devoted affection, only reminded now and then of the dread trial through which she had passed, by the daily draught, which had become as essential to her existence as the air she breathed.

But now suddenly the lucky star of the young count, which had hitherto been in the ascendant, waned. Some officers of the army, having engaged in certain treasonable measures, and being detected, were urged by jealousy and other motives, to falsely accuse him of participation in their plots. Trials, in those days, were summary and partial things; to be accused was almost necessarily to be found guilty, and the count, unable to prove his innocence, was speedily adjudged to death. The empress, however, in consideration of former valuable services, commuted the sentence to one of banishment for life, graciously allowing the criminal a week or two to make the necessary arrangements.

The young count returned home to do so in bitterness of heart, conscious as he was of nothing but chivalric devotion to her who thus believed his cowardly accusers. Ida too began cheerfully to prepare to accompany him, when suddenly a thought of horror struck her. It came back to her memory like a dream, and yet she remembered but too well that the physician had said she would die—die! as soon as she ceased to drink the waters of the Arsenic Spring. She sent for him in alarm, but he only mournfully confirmed his verdict. The young baroness's cheek blanched with terror, as though she heard the dread sentence for the first time. She fancied she had familiarized herself to the thought which she was now required to face—but found herself mistaken. She recoiled with horror from the dread spectre, whose chill breath she already felt on her warm cheek.

"Surely, surely," she cried, "there must be

some remedy—some substitute—some antidote. Ah, doctor, can nothing save me?"

The physician turned away his head—he could give no hope—no chemical combination then discovered could supply the place of this wondrous beverage from nature's own laboratory.

The baroness made one other effort to save herself; it was by using her all powerful influence on her husband, to induce him so far to humble himself to the empress, as to sue for any change in his sentence, no matter what, which would permit his remaining in the country. Ida plead as reason for this reluctance to leave Hungary, her most true conviction that she could not live away from it. But the answer of the empress was stern and brief, "Criminals were not permitted to choose their punishments."

Ida perceived that her last hope was gone. Look which way she would, she saw death awaiting her. Even if fortune had permitted her still to remain near the fatal spring, death was surely claiming her, as many a fearful spasm about her heart had already admonished her. If she forsook it, to follow her husband, the same doom awaited yet more speedily, and, hateful thought! before then, probably, a return of the hideous disfiguration, to be free from which she chose, as she had chosen. She did not even now repent that choice, and she nerved herself now to accept the lot she had deliberately elected. It had come a little sooner than she expected, that was all. The uncertainty was gone, and with it the agitation of hope alternating with despair, which had shaken her being to its centre; a dignified composure was perceptible in her manner, as in her spirit.

She calmly and efficiently assisted her husband in completing his arrangements, packing up with her own hands most of his personal effects, remembering to add those trifles so essential to a man's comfort when away from home, which only thoughtful affection can suggest, and not forgetting many a fond, tender little token, or dear memento, whose meaning was known only to them two. At last all was ready, and the husband and wife sat together alone on the last evening they should ever spend in that beloved home.

Never before had Ida so yielded to the tenderness of her nature—never before had even her husband seen the whole unveiled passionate love of her heart—for it is seldom a modest woman allows this—but for this once he should see without reserve how infinitely dear he was to her; and never, never had he seemed so dear, and never, even as a bride, had he seemed to love her so fondly. Did any dim,

prophetic feeling forewarn him of the approaching doom?

The usual hour for parting came, but as he was leaving her, Ida detained her husband to say playfully,

"You will not fail to take me with you to-morrow!"

"Of course not—a strange thought, my love."

"You promise?"

"Aye, swear it if you——" returned the count, carelessly, as he left the apartment.

As soon as he had gone, the baroness rang for her maid.

"Did you procure the water from the spring as I desired?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," replied the girl, and leaving the room, she speedily returned bringing a goblet in a salver.

"Place it on the table, and—good night—I hall not want you any more, my poor girl!"

The girl withdrew, and Ida proceeded to array herself in the simple white robe in which, at her father's death bed, she had given her hand to him, whose slightest wish, from that time to this, had been dearer to her than her life. Then, placing herself on her couch, she raised the brimming goblet to her lips, and murmuring, "At least I have had two years of perfect joy:" she drained the fatal draught to the bottom.

On the morrow, notwithstanding the bustle and confusion in the castle, occasioned by the preparations for the journey, the baroness slept late, and her maid reported that she could not wake her. The count went to her himself;—what wonder that gazing on all that wealth of beauty, and on those cheeks still dyed with a brilliant red, he could not believe that he looked on death!

But she was dead. The penalty had been paid.

MISSION OF THE FLOWERS.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

BRIEF flowers! ye are a type that's meet,

Man's frailty to portray;

Germing with morning's sun, so sweet,

Passing at noon away!

In silent eloquence ye say,

"Life's but the journey of a day!"

Sweet flowers! ye weave a holier spell

Than works of human art,

As from the woodland height and dell,

Ye speak unto the heart!

Your mission is a potent spell,

It heralds life—of death doth tell!

Bright flowers! ye deck the charming bride

In youth's ecstatic bloom;

And paint the mournful truth, beside,

Of beauty's fated doom!

Ye strew the path where youth doth roam,
And bloom above the grave's dark home!

Sweet flowers! Oh, may ye ever yield

Smiles to the pilgrim's tread;

"Behold the lilies of the field,"

The great Redeemer said:—

"Kings in their gandy, rich array,

Are not more glorious than they!"

Oh, flowers! uprising from the dust,

Teach mankind every hour

To place their hopes, and only trust,

In God's almighty power:

Oh! in this world of sinful gloom,

Speak of the soul's eternal bloom!

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

FAREWELL, farewell, sweet Summer!

Thy pleasant days are done,

And melancholy Autumn's

Sad, pensive reign begun.

The Summer birds have flitted,

The Summer flowers are dead,

And Summer's verdant beauties

From the green earth have fled.

The harvest time is over,

The Summer breeze no more

Sends waving billows sweeping

The fields and meadows o'er;

No song is in the woodland,

No perfume on the breeze,

And faded leaves are falling

Amid the forest trees.

Farewell glad, glorious Summer!

We sigh to think how brief

Has been thy bright existence,

We mourn thy bird and leaf.

I love the pensive Autumn,

The Sabbath of the year,

But would that thou, fair Summer,

Might longer linger here.

THE TWO FLIRTS.

BY MARY E. CLARK.

"So, Laura, you think Guy Lovering is irresistible?"

"Indeed I do. And Fannie, in spite of your boasted impenetrability, I fear that Cupid will send an arrow from Guy's large, black eyes, straight through your heart. His reputation as a flirt is as great as your own, and his conquests are innumerable. He boasts, however, that his own heart is still untouched. The bell! I must go! Finish your toilet soon, Fan, and join me in the parlor."

Fannie turned to the glass to arrange some flowers in her hair, murmuring,

"Perhaps his heart will not remain always untouched. Cousin Laura seems to fancy that I will rank among his unloved victims. I am much flattered by the implied compliment," and a scornful smile played around the small mouth.

Fannie was tall and graceful, with a symmetrical figure, and a profusion of dark chestnut hair, whose rich curls shaded a face of rare beauty. The perfect features, white, even teeth, and glorious dark eyes, with a clear complexion and bright color, were each and all enhanced by exquisite taste in dress, and many accomplishments. The dress she now wore of black lace, was cut so as to display the snowy neck and arms, while a bracelet and necklace of diamonds were her only jewels. A wreath of brilliant scarlet cypress and geranium was mingled with her curls, making a most dazzling tiara.

We will follow Laura to the parlor. Stretched lazily upon a sofa, she found a gentleman of some twenty-six or seven years of age, handsome as an Apollo, and, at present, fast asleep. Her exclamation of, "Guy!" awoke him, and he started to his feet.

"My fair cousin," he said, kissing her cheek, "I have come, you see, according to promise, but I heard you were dressing, and waited here for you. Where can I beautify before your guests arrive?"

"Have your trunks come?"

"Yes, your father kindly insisted upon a visit of a month, so I have brought my baggage. You write that Miss Fannie Gardiner is to be here. Has she arrived?"

"Two days ago. She is lovelier than ever. Do you know her?"

"No, but her propensity for breaking hearts has made her the subject of many a conversation, so I have heard of her. Candidly, Laura, is she so very beautiful?"

"She is the most beautiful woman I ever saw, plays on the harp and piano to perfection, sings like an angel, and—hush! she is coming! Take care of your heart, Guy, she is dangerous. Come this way, and I will show you to your room."

Fannie entered the parlor at one door, as the cousins left it by another. She looked after them, and her thoughts ran something in this wise.

"H-m. Dusty coat, heavy boots, and, no doubt, dirty face. A traveler! Tall, finely formed, and what an erect, manly carriage. I like to see a man walk as if he spurned the very ground. So, the dandy made his escape to add the charms of an elaborate toilet to his handsome face, before he attacks my poor heart, and reduces me to the necessity of wearing the willow for him."

Laura returned just in time to greet the first of her guests for the evening. It was her birthday, and the young folks of the neighborhood had all assembled to do her homage. The beautiful house on the Hudson, where she resided during the summer months, was brilliantly illuminated, and the garden walks hung with many colored lamps. Her father's only child, and, since the death of her mother, his housekeeper and companion, no expense or pains were spared to make her life a happy one.

Fannie Gardiner was standing in the conservatory, surrounded by a group of gentlemen, when Laura asked her to play for them on the harp. Two of the gentlemen went to get the instrument, while Fannie selected a seat surrounded by green leaves and flowers. She made the centre of a very pretty tableau, as she sat there, with the bright light striking upon her, and the delicate hanging flowers falling in profusion around her. Guy came to the door of the conservatory just as the harp was placed before her.

"She understands the study of effect," he thought, "and really, Laura has not exaggerated her charms. She is beautiful."

The first notes of her clear, rich voice held him spell-bound. They were low, but very sweet

and pure; as the song proceeded they rose, full and strong, till the air seemed flooded with melody. The small, white hands drew notes of tremendous power from the harp, but that young, fresh voice rose clear above them. Fannie sang, as she did nothing else, with her whole heart. Once interested in the music, she forgot all her coquettish ways, and reveled in melody. The last notes were still quivering on the air, as she rose and pushed the instrument from her. At that moment her eyes met Guy's. His look made her heart give one quick bound; it was full of admiration, and she felt a thrill of triumph.

"Fannie, allow me to introduce my cousin Guy. Mr. Lovering, Miss Gardiner," said Laura. The others of the group drew back. Both parties were known in that circle as consummate flirts, and they were left to entertain each other.

"Miss Gardiner," said Guy, bowing low, "my heart has not thrilled for years as it has to-night, to the glorious music you favored us with."

"Going to begin with flattery," thought Fannie. "He shall be paid in his own coin."

"Such an attentive listener as you are," said she, "is an inspiration to any performer. But I will not take too much credit to myself. Who could not sing, and who not listen in such a scene as this? The flowers, the fountain, this lovely view, all make it a place for music. Truly, it seems to-night like a vision of fairy land."

"And the queen of that bright realm is not wanting," said Guy, with a meaning glance. "Oh! my favorite polka! Do not say you are engaged, Miss Gardiner, unless you would see me rush upon your unfortunate partner and annihilate him."

Fannie replied by placing her hand, polka fashion, upon his shoulder, and in another moment they were in the ball-room. Both perfect dancers, their movements seemed the effort of one will. Laura smiled as she watched them, and as their eyes met once or twice in a decidedly dangerous manner, she nodded her head as if very well pleased.

"Wonder how last night's belle will look by daylight," thought Guy, as he came down to breakfast, "these brilliant beauties are generally faded in the morning."

Fannie was not in the breakfast-room, and he stepped out on the porch. His uncle was seated at one end, with Fannie on a low stool at his feet. The white flowing morning-dress, and loose, floating curls, were fully as fascinating as a more elaborate costume, and the tiny hand in its setting of soft lace, was as fair as when diamonds adorned it.

"So, Fannie," said Mr. Lovering, "you have

granted Laura's prayer, and will stay here some weeks. Why did you keep her in suspense so long?"

"I was waiting to hear from Harry," said Fannie, "he spoke of coming to New York this summer, and I wished to be at home if he came. Yesterday my letters said he would not return until fall, so I can stay here."

Guy felt savagely jealous of this unknown Harry. He did not love Miss Gardiner, not he, indeed, but he had no objection to her falling in love with him.

After breakfast was over, Laura, her cousin, and her friend, went into the music room. Fannie soon found that Guy's voice and musical talent were not one whit inferior to her own, and Laura stole away "on household cares intent," leaving the two in the middle of a duet. One after another was tried. Their voices harmonized perfectly, and the store of music was inexhaustible. With discussion on the merits of various operas, trying over favorite airs, sometimes with the opera before them, singing whole scenes from it, time flew by, and the luncheon bell found them still at the piano. Laura affected profound surprise when she opened the door, and saw Fannie playing a brilliant accompaniment, and Guy leaning over her joining his rich tenor voice to her pure soprano.

"Why you must have sung yourselves hoarse," she said, gayly; "have you been here all the morning?"

Fannie blushed guiltily, and then, stealing a glance at Guy from under her long, dark lashes, said,

"Mornings are fearfully long in the country, are they not, Mr. Lovering? Laura, where have you been?"

Guy bit his lip. He fancied he had been particularly fascinating, and having found her so, he had thought the time very short. But on revenge he said,

"Is luncheon ready, Laura? I perceived the odor of broiled chicken some time ago, and I have listened for the bell ever since. Singing makes one so hungry."

The tables were turned with a vengeance, and Fannie took his offered arm to go to luncheon, feeling a decided inclination to pinch him.

A few days later, we find Guy and Fannie in the woods by the side of a pretty little spring. Fannie, lovely in a dark-blue riding-habit, with a most fascinating straw hat and white feathers, and Guy, manly and handsome in a riding-suit of brown.

"Why," said Fannie, looking round, "where are the others? I am very tired," and she sank

down in a graceful attitude upon a low, garden seat, which some benevolent person had placed near the spring. "Pic-nics are a dreadful bore, are they not, Mr. Lovering?"

"Shocking," said Guy, lazily, seating himself at her feet. "Miss Fannie, shall I give you some water? Here is a leaf for a drinking cup. How exquisitely rural."

"Do you like rusticity?" said Fannie, taking the leaf of water. "Country pleasures, I mean, and fine scenery? Climbing high mountains, scratching your hands with briars, and burning your complexion to a tint like old mahogany, to see fine visions? I had so much of it whilst I was in Europe. Now, if anybody wished to annoy me, they have only to propose a walk to see a fine view. I admire what comes before me, but seeking them——" and she finished the speech with a shudder.

Guy raised his eyes languidly, saying, "I detest simple pleasures and natural amusements. It is delightfully cool here after our long walk, Miss Fannie."

"Yes," and the young girl took off her hat to enjoy the air; as she did so, she loosened the comb which confined her curls, and the whole mass fell around her in a profusion of ringlets. Guy took this as a matter of course, and taking one of the curls between his fingers, examined its color and fine texture with an artist's eye.

"See," said he, "how it curls around my finger, just so can your chains bind and confine your victim's heart. It is remorseless. Ah! I cannot disengage it without breaking the hair. Are your chains as firm?"

"You do not understand it," said Fannie, taking his hand in both of hers. "See, by taking it so it unwinds of itself. A little art only is necessary to disengage it."

Their eyes met. Fannie bore his look for a moment, then let her hand stray among the masses of her curls for a moment, and dropped them saying, despairingly,

"I cannot get them in order again, I am certain."

"You need not wish to," said Guy. "No arrangement can be more effective than the one you have chosen."

Fannie looked at him keenly. He seemed innocent for a moment, and then a twinkle in his eyes betrayed him.

"A truce," said she, holding out her hand. "Suppose we try to be natural for an hour or two?"

"Suppose we do," he answered, "just to see how it would seem, you know?"

The day came, at last, for Guy to return to New York. Fannie was to remain longer, as her brother Harry had not yet arrived. The two, Guy and Fannie, were standing in the conservatory. It was time he was on his way to the depot, yet he lingered: he had said good-bye, and received a low farewell from her.

Suddenly he approached her, and said in a low, thrilling voice,

"Fannie!"

She drew herself erect, and her cheek flushed at the unwonted familiarity. He did not move, but cast down his eyes.

"Oh," said she, laughing, "you want to rehearse a tragic parting. Excuse my dullness, I did not understand you. Farewell," she continued, in a tone of mock grief, "farewell!"

He bit his lip, and turning on his heel left the room. Alas, for Guy! he was caught in his own net. Desperately in love with a flirt, who apparently scorned his passion.

Apparently! How was it with Fannie? For a moment she stood where he had left her, and then stooped and took up something from the floor. It was Guy's glove, which he had dropped as he went out. Fannie held it in her hand, and she thought,

"He waited to make a scene, and leave me fainting, or inconsolable at his departure. Thank you, Mr. Lovering, I have no ambition to figure on your list of conquests. His voice is very sweet, and how pretty 'Fannie' sounded when he said it so tenderly. He goes to Europe next month. I shall never see him again perhaps. Well, I don't care. What's this? tears, as I live! Crying. You idiot, you deserve a shaking for your folly. To care for a man who would make a jest of your love."

But the tears fell one after another upon the glove, and more than once said glove was pressed to the ripe, rosy lips. She was standing there still, the glove laid caressingly against her cheek, when an arm stole round her waist, and a low voice said,

"Fannie!" I love you. Will you not say farewell, Guy?"

Guy had missed his glove, returned for it, and—found it.

Fannie only made a faint resistance, and then letting her head lie upon his breast, she said,

"No, I will not say farewell; you will stay with me, Guy."

Need we say any more? Laura was delighted with the result of putting two flirts in a country house for a month, and Guy and Fannie did not quarrel with her for trying the experiment.

THE YOUNG PRIEST.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I WAS spending a summer on the Hudson, in one of the quietest, most secluded spots that were to be found along the river. It is years and years ago, I was a young man then, and perhaps the place has much altered, for I have never visited it since that season; but at the time of which I speak, it seemed as much separated from the rest of the world, as if the belt of trees and mountains had been impassable barriers to all creation beyond.

It was only a small village, very different from the noisy, bustling towns of the present day, which seem miniature cities in their restlessness and unhealthy excitements. The very children that played around the old school-house had a subdued way about them, as if the quiet of the place restrained even the exuberance of their youthful spirits. It was the sort of quaint-like place where one insensibly falls into all sorts of odd ways, till little insanities and peculiarities creep over one as thickly as the mosses on the roofs of the houses.

The old tavern had a set of loungers upon its stoop, who looked like so many Rip Van Winkles in the very middle of a hundred years' sleep, and a carriage stopping before it was one of those extraordinary events, which served to excite village curiosity for a week at least.

I can scarcely recollect a young face in the whole village, and as for the middle-aged people, one could not easily fancy that they had ever been youthful. After the first few weeks, my appearance ceased to attract much attention, and I was left to follow the bent of my own inclination, having repeatedly refused all intercourse, and met any courtesy with a coldness which by no means encouraged a repetition of the politeness.

Probably they set me down as a harmless sort of lunatic, who would not prove a dangerous inhabitant, and so I remained unmolested in my retreat. The quiet of the place—the absolute steepness which seemed upon it—was to me its chief charm. The very bell in the church spire rung as if it had just been wakened from a deep slumber, and was startled by its own clamor. The houses stood back from the street, with their pleasant yards full of shrubs and flowers—the air was soft and hazy—the mountains looked

down in solemn grandeur—and the waters swept murmuring on, sprinkled with sails that shone against the waves like great white birds floating idly down the current. I used to sit and watch them by the hour in that idle way, which one insensibly falls into when left much alone, weaving all sorts of improbable fancies, and forming a life for myself in that solitude, peopling it with beings of my own creation, though at times real forms from the dark past would glide in to cast their shadows over the present, like unpleasant images, disturbing a happy dream.

The house which I occupied stood in the outskirts of the town, and commanded a fine view of the surrounding scenery. It was a quaint, rambling old mansion, with pointed gables and moss-covered roof. A row of great elms stood before it, their branches meeting overhead and making pleasant music through the summer days. Within, there was a broad hall, lofty and dark, many cornered apartments, where the shadows gathered in a mysterious way, and a strange stillness reigned, which was only broken by the sighing of the trees as the wind swept through them, brushing the long branches against the roof with a hoarse sound, that chimed in like a heavy bass accompaniment to the sorrowful melody of the rustling leaves.

The house had been built during, or soon after the Revolution, and several of the rooms still contained the heavy carved furniture, which had been brought from over the sea. I had it arranged in all the rooms which I occupied, for its sombre appearance pleased my fancy—each piece looked as if it had a history to tell.

I was quite alone, with no companions but my books and horse, for a long sojourn in the gayest of all the Continental cities had left me weary and listless, tired of society, and longing for the solitude of the woods and mountains. But it is not of myself that I am to write; I was beguiled into saying thus much by my description of the sequestered haunt where the summer looked in and found me.

For several weeks I confined myself almost wholly to the house and grounds, but at length I began to make long excursions on horseback, to wander among the mountains, or loiter for hours along the river bank.

Many times during my rambles, I met a thin, slight man, whose dress betokened his calling—I knew him for the priest of the little Catholic chapel in the village. We formed no acquaintance—I sought none with any—but after a time we came to bow when we met, and his eyes would rest upon my face with an expression as if he were conscious of my suffering.

There was something about him that interested me strangely! He had one of those faces which sometimes gleam upon you in unexpected places, which give you a sudden thrill, as if you had known them in some dim-remembered life, or if not prone to indulge in such idle fancies, at least the feeling that their history has been wild and eventful. He was pale, the ghastly pallor of illness, yet I always met him in gloom or tempest, for, like myself, he seemed impelled abroad by the spirit which the contention of the elements evoked. Large eyes of unnatural lustre lighted his features—masses of black hair fell about them—the lips were compressed as if habituated to concealing emotion, and the lithe form moved with a quick, uneven tread, as though each foot-fall crushed some forbidden passion.

That man had suffered—I could see that in every look and movement. Through years of struggle he had gone up to that height, from whence the soul looks calmly down upon the past, and writes on the heart that which the penitent inscribed on the door of her convent cell—"Not happy, but content!"

I hardly know how our acquaintance grew into daily intercourse, but we were friends before either of us were conscious of it.

One dreary Sabbath, when a drizzling rain was falling, and the sky wore its dullest, most leaden hue, I took the path which led to the little church. It was the sort of storm which irked me beyond endurance! A thunder tempest I loved—a terrible whirlwind would have had something in unison with my own spirit, but that slow rain pattering on the roof I could not bear, it fretted me into a frenzy. I sought the chapel, though I had never entered it; I suppose I was impelled there, for I believe in presentiments, and that visit was the beginning of an intercourse which has left a lasting effect upon my life.

But few worshippers were assembled, and after mass was concluded two or three remained, and glided one by one into the confessional, then after a little passed out, silent and noiseless, shadows among shadows.

At length none remained, the priest left his seat and walked slowly down the aisle. I was standing in the middle—looking neither at him

or elsewhere—gazing inward with the apathy of a settled grief. He remained for some moments silently regarding me, his arms crossed upon his breast, and his form slightly bent in an attitude usual with him.

"I have never seen you here before," he said, after a pause, "can I claim you as one of the followers of the church?"

"I am no Catholic."

He did not appear to heed the abruptness of my response.

"We often meet, and though not given to court the society of strangers, I have many times felt inclined to address you."

Another person I should at that moment have answered rudely, but there was something about him which forbade the thought; a persuasiveness in his voice and language, whose slight accent betrayed the foreigner, which had a peculiar influence upon me.

"I shall be glad to know you better," I replied; "as a minister I say nothing—you could not grant me absolution."

"God only can do that," returned he, solemnly; "trust in Him!"

He linked his arm in mine with a refined courteousness which had nothing of familiarity in it, and we passed out of the shadowy church together. Neither of us spoke as we walked down the street, but when we came near his dwelling, he said kindly,

"Will you not go in and rest? Your great house must be lonely this dreary day—come in, I beg."

I am not over yielding at any time, suffering makes me still less compliant, but there was something in his manner which I could not resist. I went in and spent the rest of the day and the evening in his parlor. We talked much, on many subjects, and I found my companion a man of wonderful knowledge, refined by travel and association with the world. When I addressed him in Italian, his face lit up with the glow of pleasure one feels at hearing his native tongue spoken in a far off country, though a deeper shade of sadness followed the transitory gleam, as if the Tuscan accents had only awakened sorrowful memories.

How I marveled at the chance which could have flung him in that humble spot, so far from the station that his talent and acquirements should have assigned him. He was young, not over thirty-five, yet there was no youth in his face, and when I looked again, I saw not only sorrow, but death! Many times a sharp, dry cough interrupted his speech, and a bright red burned on his wasted cheek. His past history

I could not unravel, but the future of his pilgrimage was easily told, limited to a span! I knew the autumn leaves would cast their gorgeous pall above his grave—he was dying.

After that visit we met daily either in his study or at my house. We walked and rode together, we conversed as few ever do, as I never shall again with any human being. Years have passed since that summer—I have wandered far—suffered more—built new hopes and seen them crumble at my feet—but I feel the influence of that man's presence yet.

Though each day revealed something new in my companion, I felt that even then I did not really know him; but I discovered that his suffering was not buried in the past, it was still with him, strong and undying.

Weeks passed on; the summer deepened and began to wane. The skies purpled to oppressive gorgeousness, then grew pale—the intense heat was over—the hoar frosts pearly the mountain shrubs at early dawn—the forest leaves put on a glowing ripeness—the great change was coming.

Before October was half gone, while the summer seemed struggling to retain her sovereignty, the skies spoke beautiful tales, and the river sang and murmured, I knew that the great change was indeed at hand. I sat during the watches of a silent midnight with the stars looking down on my vigil, pale and cold, as if mocking at human anguish, with the wind dying among the shrubberies and moaning through the forest, but I kept not watch alone—by the Father's couch watched likewise a stern visitant—death was on one side, and I upon the other.

The last sacrament had been given, and at his own request I sat alone with him that night. No one thought the end so near, for he could still walk about, the old, indomitable will supporting him to the end; but he knew his fate, and had that day insisted upon receiving extreme unction, foretelling almost to the hour the time of his departure. He lay upon a low couch, his dressing-gown gathered about him, his hair falling in wavy masses over his damp forehead, and those large eyes telling of the release so pined for. Freely we talked of death, for him it had no terrors! I read to him from the book of devotions which had been his constant companion, and when the hours deepened into midnight, and the wind surged up with a measured wail, mingling strangely with the song of the waters, the dying man told me of himself.

His moist, almost pulseless hand was clasped in mine, his breath came in gushes on my cheek, his speech was broken and low, and his aspect already that of the grave, but I felt nothing like

terror; the grief in my heart forbade such feelings, they were too weak and puerile for an hour like that.

Of his early life I already knew something. His father was an Englishman, but his mother a native of Italy. In that beautiful clime his early years had been passed, then they went for a short time to England, but his father died, and the woman's heart longed for her purple skies again. She went back to Italy with her child, and spent years in educating him, but just as he reached manhood she died. On her death-bed she made him promise that he would enter the church, would devote his wealth to its aggrandizement, and in the agony of the moment he consented. This I knew already, but that alone could not have caused such lasting suffering in a mind so disciplined, and a heart so schooled as his. In that hour I learned all.

"I wish to tell you something of myself, yet even now I scarcely know where to begin. Thoughts rush upon me like the whirl of swollen waters, and in this hour all should be calm. I feel no shame in baring my heart to you, it will soon be searched, leaf by leaf, by a higher judge, and whatever my errors may have been, I feel that my remorse has outweighed the sin.

"I have told you my wayward boyhood, at once petted and tyrannized over by my mother, whose character was full of strange inconsistencies, and I have no time to dwell upon its details.

"I spent my seventeenth summer upon an estate which we owned, not far from Lucca, and I was entirely without society, as my mother was visiting a relative in Genoa. That was the last real summer I have ever known, since then there has been no sun warm enough to rouse the chilled pulses of my heart, no light clear enough to dispel the darkness which had enveloped my soul.

"The estate next ours was owned by a rich widow, with an only daughter, and she had been sent down there with her governess. There we were, two young creatures, thrown into daily intercourse with one another, for our families were friends, and I was permitted to visit at the villa as much as I pleased, for Geneva's governess was an English woman, and paid little attention to the arbitrary rules which restrict the young everywhere upon the continent.

"We used to spend days in the old library, at the back of the house, with its store of old books, or we would take some favorite volume down into the garden, and while the governess sat upon the terrace watching us with her placid smile, read together under the shadow of the orange trees, or walk slowly up and down the broad walks,

repeating passages from passionate poesies, which we understood rather with the heart than the intellect.

"Genevra was two years younger than I, and she had retained a childish simplicity of character longer than is usual with Italian girls. I cannot describe her to you, it was not so much her loveliness which rendered her so irresistible, for she looked too frail and shadowy for healthy beauty, but there was an inexpressible charm in her manner, a spell in her low voice, which had its power over all who approached her.

"What she was to me I did not pause to think, I was too young and too happy to analyze my own feelings. I never spoke of love to her, but my looks and manner must have betrayed the secret which I did not think of concealing, for I was only dimly conscious myself of the reality.

"I had grow up unlike other young men; I had had few companions, knew nothing of the world, while books and solitude had made me a dreamy enthusiast, as they are sure to do the young and imaginative.

"We had been two months in that quiet spot, and in those few weeks centered my whole existence, all that has come since seems only a feverish dream full of pain and unrest.

"I remember so well the last time we sat together in that garden! The sunset was drawing on, and we had seated ourselves upon a rustic bench out of sight of the house and unremarked by the governess, who was deeply engrossed by her book.

"'We have only another month to remain here,' Genevra said, softly.

"'Only another month!' I repeated. 'I had forgotten that it was not to last forever.'

"'But we shall see you again—you will be in Florence this winter?'

"'Ah, but it will be like visiting you in a prison—no more liberty, nothing but restraint and ceremony.'

"'No, no, you shall come when you like—I will have it so.'

"'But you will not care to see me; soon you will go into the world—you will forget me.'

"She picked a handful of the white flowers at our feet and flung them at me in sport, and then we forgot romance in a childish game, throwing the blossoms at each other and laughing like children in our glee

"Suddenly I heard my name called loudly, and in a moment a servant came up with a letter—my mother had reached Florence, and if I wished to see her alive I must depart on the instant.

"What I said I cannot tell; I clasped Genevra

to my heart, and she wept upon my bosom with the freedom of a sister—in another moment I had rushed from her sight and was soon far away, leaving behind me the life which had been so fair.

"I found my mother dying, and in that hour she exacted from me a promise to enter the service of the church. Then I saw my own heart—I loved Genevra! I struggled and prayed, but in vain.

"'Promise,' groaned my mother, 'I cannot die until this is done. I made a solemn vow for you—as you value the peace of my soul, consent.'

"Mad with grief, and unable fully to realize the horrors of my situation, I gave the fatal pledge, even swore it upon the crucifix which the attendant priest was holding to my mother's lips. As the words escaped me the dying woman raised herself—her last breath went out in a blessing upon her child, and she fell dead in my arms.

"When I recovered from the illness which ensued, my mother was in her grave, I was left alone in the world with that promise weighing like iron upon my soul. I dared not break it—I could not—my mother's face haunted me everywhere I turned, and the agony of her dying voice rang in my ear. I could have no peace until I had performed my vow, and resolutely I fulfilled it. I believed that the suffering was all mine—that Genevra loved me only as a brother, and my own misery I could endure. I dared not trust myself to see her again—I sent her no message—I hurried from the sight of all my friends and dwelt alone with my despair.

"I was but eighteen when I entered the college of the Jesuits at Rome. So young, and life had been so sweet to me! I was not naturally of a religious temperament; I loved the world, its pleasures and allurements. Reared in luxury, I had looked forward to a brilliant future, and it was terrible to find it suddenly shut out from my sight. It was terrible thus to shroud the beating pulse of youth beneath the austerities of the cloister. I do not regret it now, I can see from what those vows have preserved me, but oh, heaven! it was hard to bear.

"I will not tell you of the struggles of those early months and years! Often and often it appeared impossible for me to endure longer the trial, and I would have rushed madly back to the life wrested from me, but my mother's form seemed to stand between me and the outer world I so loved, her cold lips repeated the vow I had taken beside her dying bed, and forced me on in the thorny path I found so hard to tread. The nights I have passed in my narrow cell, prostrate

on the cold pavement, while the Roman moon poured its light through my grated window and mocked me with its cold splendor—the long days when each moment seemed an added pang flung in upon my restive spirit! I wonder now that I did not go mad; I must have done so, had not the studies heaped upon me given some refuge from the bewildering chaos of thought which frenzied my soul.

“The time of my novitiate passed at length, and I took upon myself the vows which must fetter me to the grave. I ceased to struggle, a strange quiet came over me, but it was only the weakness that succeeds a painful mental conflict, not the repose which steals over the heart satisfied with its destiny.

“Four years after I was called to Genoa. I had striven and had grown outwardly calm; I hoped that peace was near—ah, I little knew myself!

“I was walking one day in the Via Nuova, when a man, evidently a foreigner, brushed hurriedly against me, then as quickly checked himself—

“‘You are a priest,’ he said, and when I bowed assent, added hastily, ‘a lady, a stranger here, has been hurt by a fall from her horse—we fear that she is dying—come to her, for she desires the consolations of religion.’

“I followed him into the court-yard of a palace near, and passed up the great staircase with an oppression at my heart for which I could not account—I know now that it was one of those strange presentiments sent to forewarn us of events that are to affect a whole life, but to which in our blindness we pay no heed.

“We passed through many chambers, and at length entered a darkened room where a group of frightened attendants were gathered. The circle divided as I appeared; I saw the low couch upon which the sufferer lay, and turned full upon me was the face—it was Genevra’s.

“What passed over me I cannot describe; I could neither move nor speak, but stood rooted to the floor. She did not move—the pallid lips were parted—the wild eyes gazed into mine with an eager, frightened stare, but neither spoke nor stirred. Then a loathing and a horror crept over me; it was a designed temptation, and I had been too weak to resist it. I was to look upon her with no common feelings of humanity—such dreams belonged to a past existence; they could have no part in my present life, into which I had brought only the remembrance of past joys that haunted me like ghosts—a crushed and broken heart unworthy to be cast upon the shrine where they had forced me to offer it.

“There I stood like one blinded by a sudden excess of light; at length broken words strove to frame themselves upon my lips, but even in my ear they sounded unfamiliar and strange, like the echo of some language only half understood. Still Genevra did not speak nor move; those burning eyes never once wandered from my face, and in their depths there was a terrible anguish akin to the suffering in my own soul. There was no one in the apartment familiar with my appearance, and possibly the attendant did not remark my emotion, or deemed it only the effect produced by that suffering face.

“They went out and left us together, but even then the spell did not leave my senses. Genevra passed her hand before her eyes as if her sight was bewildered, and a flush dyed the pallor of her face. Words of such wild insanity rushed to my lips, that I grew faint from the effort I made to control myself. I could not endure it, the frenzy in my soul was bearing away all power of reflection. I caught that cold hand in mine—my face was bending over hers—my eyes frightened her glance from me.

“‘Genevra! Genevra!’ I groaned.

“The words seemed to rouse her; she half rose upon the pillows; my name died upon her lips.

“‘No, no,’ she moaned, ‘I cannot—I cannot! Leave me—go—go!’

“‘Genevra!’ I repeated; ‘Genevra!’

“I uttered the name with a violence which terrified her—something in her white face restored me to myself. I dashed aside the hand which I had taken—shrouded my eyes to shut out those features, and rushed from the apartment in guilty anguish.

“What I said to the attendants without I do not know; when thought and reason came back, I was far away from that old palace where this sudden light from my past life had deepened the gloom and horror of the present.”

His voice, which had grown strong from excitement, suddenly broke, and he sank again upon the couch so weak and changed that I thought the terrible moment had arrived. I wiped the moisture from his forehead, and held an invigorating draught to his lips. My face must have expressed the suffering that I endured, for he turned toward me with a smile of patient resignation, which was more painful than any complaint. I strove to check him when he would have proceeded, fearful that the agitation would only shorten the hours left, but there was a power upon his soul which he could not resist; when the passing weakness which followed that spasm of pain had passed, he raised himself upon the pillows and went on with his history.

"Another year dragged by, and I was in a city of France. How those twelve months passed I do not know, it was one struggle against the bondage of my vows. I think I was mad for a season, or I could not lie so calmly here! That name, Genevra, rang in my ear as if unseen lips took delight in repeating it; turn where I might that face haunted me. At mass or prayer, in my lonely room and in the crowded street, those features rose before me and blotted out all consciousness of the reality. I could find no relief, I dared not seek confession, for I knew that I could find no absolution for a sin like mine.

"At length I was taken ill, but with no physical malady; incessant struggles had worn out all strength, and I lay upon my bed consumed with a fever which had no name, but which seemed burning my very heart to ashes. Death was near me, but he brought neither healing nor resignation; I prayed madly for release, any torture would have been preferable to that which I had so long endured. But youth and suffering were too strong for death; once more I rose from my couch and went forth to the solemn duties which it was mockery for me to perform, and which I loathed and abhorred because they made me a slave.

"I told you that I was in a French city. I had been sent thither to decide some ecclesiastical difficulty, for, hypocrite that I was, they believed me a faithful son of the holy church, and I was fast going on toward a lofty station among its chosen disciples.

"One evening a priest of the chapel connected with the monastery at which I was visiting, requested me to take his place in the confessional, being called thence by business connected with his profession. I consented—it was not in my power to refuse—but how I shrunk from myself and the sacrilege I was committing! How could I grant absolution to the poor sinner, I, who was sunk in a depth of guilt, from which the most hardened would have recoiled with terror!

"I took my seat in the confessional, which was separated from the church by a wide, gloomy corridor. It was already sunset, and the room was dim with the shadows of the coming night. At intervals broken strains from the organ broke in from the church, mournful and faint as a funeral hymn, dying away among the arches with a quiver of pain and anguish like that of a human voice.

"One after another, came sin-laden penitents, kneeling in their humility to receive consolation and benedictions from me. How I shuddered at the contrast between the petty failings, for which they sought to make reparation, and the great

sin which lay like a cloud upon my soul. Each in his turn went away relieved and quieted, leaving me in the gloom of the chamber.

"Suddenly a step drew near—it thrilled along every nerve as if it had fallen upon my heart. With the first sound of that face I knew the speaker—oh, God! forgive the thrill of guilty pleasure—it was Genevra! The words of her confession fell distinctly on my ear, and have never since left my memory. I could repeat them, but even now I dare not trust myself. She told of her sufferings, her remorse, she loved where love was forbidden, and I, I was the object! I heard it, from her own lips, I heard the avowal which proved her mine. Oh, I was mad, help me to believe it! I uttered a cry; at the sound of my voice I heard a moan, a heavy fall, and I knew that she had fainted.

"I burst open the door and saw Genevra lying motionless upon the ground, overpowered by anguish and surprise. I caught her in my arms in the frenzy of the moment, clasped her to my heart, uttering her name in wild entreaty. She revived, she knew me! Her head sank upon my bosom, my kisses fell hot and fevered upon her lips. Madly I spoke, revealing all, and she listened, silenced and entranced by my voice. Whither passion's whirl might have hurried me I will not think, but God's angels saved us both! Even as I clasped her in a closer embrace a peal of thunder shook the building to its very foundations, and a sudden storm beat in its fury against the casement. The lightning streamed in, illuminating the apartment with its lurid flame, and seeming to encircle us with its fiery tongue. That fearful scene brought reason back; Genevra pushed me from her, for the most hardened heart would have trembled amid that strange strife of the elements, and there we stood humbled, wretched, but penitent.

"Each fled, anxious only to escape from the sight of the other! I am thirty-five now, and since that time we have never met. I am dying, but that love will outlive life, it will go with me into eternity; but through suffering and repentance it has become purified and holy.

"Once, since I came to America, only a year ago I saw a man connected with Genevra's family, so I know that she is near. My spirit will seek hers, for I feel that she is still living; at least I may watch and guard her, and hereafter we shall learn why we have been thus sorely tried."

He fell back on the bed faint, dying, as if strength had only been given to finish that mournful tale. His breath came in quick, painful struggles.

"Pray, pray," he murmured, "I go!"

I seized the book of devotions, and by the night lamp began to read. The dawn was struggling up faint and grey, it peered in through the curtains, and fell round that wasted form like the folds of a shroud.

Suddenly there was a step in the hall; the sufferer raised himself, light came to his eye, color to his cheek.

"Her step—heaven is merciful!"

A woman entered softly as a shadow, and sank upon her knees by the bed.

"I knew it," she cried, "I was bid to come by a power I had no strength to resist; and I am here. Speak to me—only once—it is all I ask!"

His eyes were fixed on hers—that voice might have roused the dead! He threw up his arms with a motion her heart was quick to understand. She laid his head upon her breast and pressed a kiss upon his forehead.

"Genevra," he murmured; "Genevra."

"I knew that in this hour I might see you! Speak to me, Giulio, tell me that I have not come too late."

"Too late! No, no, for now I may look upon you—listen to your voice—there can be no sin now."

He struggled for strength, and a strange power came back to his frame, it seemed as if merciful angels had taken pity upon those long-suffering ones and prolonged that meeting.

"I can bear all now," the woman said, tearless and calm; "I knew heaven would not be so cruel—you could not die till I had seen you."

She bent over him and whispered tender, soothing words—then their voices joined in a prayer. Once more his lips repeated her name,

"Genevra—heaven!"

There was a faint struggle, a heavy breath, then he laid his head back upon her bosom and died there.

When the morning broke still and bright, neither moved—I was powerless. The woman rose at length, laid the head down, smoothed back the glossy hair, then with a whispered prayer and a lingering look passed out of the chamber of death.

SUMMER'S FLIGHT.

BY MISS HELEN A. BROWNE.

You have passed away, glad Summer,
You have left these haunts of ours,
Stealing out without a murmur
With your sunshine and your flowers.
You have sung your farewell versers,
In the woods and on the hill—
Where the red, field clover whispers,
Where the woodman's ax is still.
Fairest flowers have long since faded,
Bursting rose and dewy cup—
In the woodlands cool and shaded
They have shut their petals up.
Brightest birds that used to cheer us,
With their songs in vernal hours
Flitting on the branches near us,
Too, have vanished with the flowers.

We have watched you growing glimmer
In your sunshine day by day,
Through the moonlight's gleam and glimmer
We have seen you fade away.
Now, the woods are turning yellow—
Now, the winds have hoarser grown,
In the sunshine still and mellow
Crimson leaves are floating down.
We have tracked you thro' the meadows,
We have tracked you on the plain,
In the forests filled with shadows,
We have found you young again.
But you've passed away, glad Summer,
With your sunshine and your flowers,
Stealing out without a murmur
From these pleasant haunts of ours.

THE SUMMER'S GONE!

BY MRS. HARRIET B. BARBER.

The Summer's gone with its leaves and flowers,
With its sunny skies, and its melting showers—
With its light and shade, with its music air,
With its butterfly things, and its rainbows fair—
With its floating clouds, and its gambolling breeze,
That so playfully danced 'mid the forest trees—
With its gardens bright, and whispering grove,
That from morn till night told tales of love—
With its humdrum air and its noisy song—
The Summer's gone! Oh! the Summer's gone!

The Summer's gone, with its poet dreams—
With its brightest hopes, and its fairest scenes,
And with its pure spirits of light and love
Have winged their way to the climes above,
Yet I know there are flowers forever in bloom
In their homes of glory beyond the tomb—
And one blissful season eternally reigns—
And all that is bright forever remains—
But ours transiently pass, like blossom half blown,
The Summer's gone! Oh! the Summer's gone!

"CAN'T AFFORD IT."

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"I WANT you to subscribe for 'Peterson's Magazine,' for next year," said Helen Stanhope to Mrs. Lacy. "There is but one more name needed to complete the club."

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Lacy, hesitatingly.

"You took it this year. Don't you like it?"

"Like it? To be sure I do; but—but I can't afford it."

This was said a year ago, when everybody was talking about "hard times;" and Mrs. Lacy, like a good wife, thought that if she could economize, it might make her husband less anxious-looking.

"Can't afford it?" was Helen's reply. "You should say you can't afford to do without it."

"It is cheap, I know," was the sad reply. "I have taken several magazines, but never got as much before for my money. But I really think I must try and do without it next year." And she sighed.

"I respect your motives," answered her visitor, stoutly; "but, I believe, that instead of saving money by not subscribing, you will actually lose. I say nothing of the stories and novelets which are promised, or of the beautiful mezzotints and other engravings; for if the magazine contained nothing else, it might, perhaps, be properly cut off, when people are economizing. But 'Peterson,' my dear Mrs. Lacy, is something more than a luxury: it is a necessity. Up here, in the country, we should know nothing about the fashions, if it wasn't for 'Peterson;' and a milliner, or store-keeper, might put off on us styles that were quite out of date. You have children, too; how do you expect to make up their clothes, if you don't take 'Peterson?' for one of the merits of my favorite magazine is its variety of patterns for children's dresses, which are often, also, accompanied by diagrams to cut them by. Then, consider the crochet, embroidery, and other designs for the work-table. I have calculated that I have made, during the last year, at odd hours, articles from these patterns, which, otherwise, would have had to lay, enough to pay for the magazine five times over. And Mary Ornell has made even more: that beautiful muslin dress, which you admired so much, and asked me where I bought it, was em-

broidered from a design in 'Peterson,' two years ago, before you joined the club."

"I hadn't thought of all this. I do believe you are right, and that, if I don't join the club, I shall lose more than I'll save. But here comes Mr. Lacy, I'll leave it to him."

"I am willing to leave it to Mr. Lacy. He is a sensible man, and I know he'll decide for 'Peterson,' if the case is fairly laid before him."

Mr. Lacy verified Miss Stanhope's words. When the conversation had been rehearsed, he said,

"I believe Miss Stanhope is right, my dear. But you can soon determine it. Suppose you keep an account, during next year, of the children's dresses you make at home, from patterns in 'Peterson,' and of the other things you can get up, at odd hours, from designs from the same source, counting everything that you would not have to buy, and this time next fall, when Miss Stanhope comes around again with her clubs, show her and me the result. Mind, I put it on this ground, not because I wouldn't make you a present of 'Peterson,' even if it was less useful, but to satisfy your kind heart that there is no saving in giving up your pet magazine. Why, my dear, I'd take 'Peterson,' even if you didn't, to see how happy you are, every month, when I bring it home from the post-office."

A year passed. Last month, Miss Stanhope, who always begins in time to get up clubs, called, in her annual round, on Mrs. Lacy. The husband happened to be in, and divining the cause of their visitor's appearance, he called out gleefully,

"Just in time, Miss Stanhope. Mrs. Lacy and I were talking about 'Peterson,' only last night, and recalling our conversation of a year ago. Mrs. Lacy has kept the account she promised. Tell her what it is, my dear."

"I'm fifteen dollars better off, I make it, than if I hadn't taken the magazine," said Mrs. Lacy, looking kindly at her husband, and with a little embarrassment at Miss Stanhope.

"To say nothing of the excellent humor the reading and engravings have kept her in," put in the husband, cheerily, "nor of the half a dozen, or more, of first-rate puddings, real new

dishes, which she compounded for me from the original receipts. I've made up my mind, Miss Stanhope, not only to have Mrs. Lacy subscribe, but to take a copy, in my own name, and send it to my good old mother: she'd thank me in her heart to quite ten times the worth of the magazine, for that cook-book, alone, which it is to contain next year."

Every story has a moral. That of this "cure true tale," cannot be mistaken.

IN THE CROWD.

BY ANNE L. MUZZEY.

THROUGH the wild rush, and beat
Of human hearts, I heard
A thrilling voice, whose sweet,
Despairing accents stirred
My soul to prayer and tears!
Poor heart!
Alas! I know its fears;
For in this changing life
Are times, when all the air
Seems dark with evil wings;
And woe, and shame, and strife,
And all unholy things
Shadow us everywhere;
Weak heart!
Tossing upon the tide,
The rushing, restless tide
Of destiny,
Like a frail, helpless barque,
Wailing through the still dark,
Mournfully, mournfully!

I shall grow wild—wild;
Father in Heaven,
Pity thy erring child!

Cold, sullen, and grey,
Floweth life's river,
Away, away,
Into death's solemn sea,
God's "forever,"
Oh! ah me!

I'm reeling madly on
Through clouds, and storm, and night,
On, on, on;

When will the morning dawn?
When will the skies be light?
It is so dark and cold;
Your white wings over me
Tenderly, tenderly—
Pity me! Plead for me!

Oh! I am wild—wild;
God of the weary hearted
Come to thy child.

What do I hear?
Is it the voice of Him
Who maketh clear
Things that are strange and dim?
On, on, on,
Through mist, and gloom, to light;
Through hate, to love; through strife,
To peace; through wrong to right;
Through death to endless life!
On, on, on.

Hear! oh, faint not so,
Courage, courage, hands;
Teardrops do not flow,
God commands!

There is a port of peace—
There is a country where
The Summers never cease!—
Tempest ereth there,
Never, never!
Anchored upon that shore,
Our souls shall strive no more,
Forever, forever!

NIGHT-FALL.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

WHEN the whispering dews of evening
Lay their pearls upon the flowers,
And the shadows gather darkly
O'er this glowing world of ours,
And day's earnest toil has ended,
Every care hath fled away;
Then the thought of thee comes blended
With the still, departing day.
Then I know that peace has folded
Her soft wings around my heart,
Hushing all its restless longings,
Bidding every foe depart.
And thine image, like the moonlight,
Stealing through the shady grove,

Comes to light the inner darkness
With its whisperings of love;
And altho' I know, beloved,
That thy dream of life is o'er,
That thy feet will walk with angels,
And will walk with me no more;
Yet forever in the night-fall
I can feel thy presence near,
And a voice—thine own—e'er whispers
That I still am very dear.
Never till the shroud is folded
On the heart that beats for thee,
Will the night-fall on the flowers
Come without thy memory.

KING PHILIP'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 356.

CHAPTER IX.

THE trees were leafless, and snow lay thick on the ground, when Barbara Stafford was brought from the prison where she had been kept in close captivity, and presented for trial in the North Church. A court, for the trial for witchcraft, was considered somewhat in the light of an ecclesiastical tribunal, and thus the sacred edifices of Boston and Salem were frequently used in such cases. But this was the first legal assemblage that had ever entered the North Church, for the governor's attendance and membership there gave it a prestige over all other places of worship. Besides, it had of late been, as it were, doubly consecrated, by the baptism of the chief magistrate in the very plenitude of his power; and for common witches, such as had been tried, hung and drowned, by dozens during the year, the place would have been considered far too holy.

But Barbara Stafford was no common offender. She had been a guest in Gov. Phipps' mansion. The people of Boston had seen her seated, side by side, with Lady Phipps in the state carriage, with servitors and halberts right and left; and it was known far and wide that she had come to the country in a strange ship, heaved up, as it were, from the depths of a raging storm, that the elements had battled against her and overwhelmed her in the deep, wrecking the boat in which she strove to reach the shore, and swallowing her in whirlpools, lashed into fury on the brink of the deep.

From all this peril, it was known that the arms of Samuel Parris, the minister of Salem, had received her—the studious, holy man of books and prayer, who had saved her life, was now ready to stand forward as her chief accuser.

Many remembered that her garments had been of a texture more rich than those of the governor's lady, while those who had been present at the baptism of Sir William Phipps, were impressed by the grandeur of her countenance, and the almost unearthly stateliness with which she had glided through the throng of worshippers.

All these things made a great impression on

the people, the more because of the profound silence which had reigned regarding her, since the first week after she was placed in the prison at Boston. It was said, that, during the first three days of her incarceration, she had been visited by Gov. Phipps, who, urged by the solicitations of his young secretary, had consented to see her. But the interview had been brief and unsatisfactory. When apprised of his coming, the lady had protested, and by every means in her power sought to avoid the visit; but young Lovel hoped to gain her a powerful friend by persistence, and overcome by his persuasion she submitted.

Her dungeon was badly lighted, and Barbara sat in the darkest corner, with her face bowed and her form muffled in a large shawl. She lifted her eyes as the governor approached, and he felt their glance coming out from the darkness without really meeting it with his eyes. The thrill, that ran through his form, warned him of the diabolical power, which the woman was said to possess, and it was with a solemn reserve that he drew near her.

She neither spoke nor moved, but her form shrunk together, and her garments began to tremble, as if she were suffering from cold. He spoke to her, but she did not answer. He stooped down to address her, and the shivering fit came on again. His stern heart was filled with compassion, and yet she had not spoken a word. A gush of strange tenderness swelled his breast, and he turned away, with dew in his eyes—such dew as had not sparkled there in twenty years.

He went back and bent over her; the velvet of his cloak swept her lap, his breath almost stirred her hair.

She gave him one wild look, and dropped her head again, while, with her two hands, she grasped a fold of her cloak, and pressed it to her lips. The hands fell to her knees, the cloak swayed back to its natural folds, and he was all unconscious of the movement; for in his earnestness, and compelled by a power that endowed him with momentary eloquence, he was pleading with her to give her true name and history, in

order that he and those who wished her well, might find some means of defence when she should be brought to trial.

She heard him, like one in a dream—a sweet, wild dream—for her lips parted with a heavenly smile, and she held her breath, as if it had been a delicious perfume, which she would not permit to escape her lips. A shiver still ran through her frame, but no longer as an expression of pain: it was like the exquisite tremor which the south wind gives to a thicket of roses.

She could not have spoken, had the whole world depended on her voice; so his pleading was all in vain. Had she uttered a sound, it would have been a cry of wild thanksgiving. Had she moved, it would have been to throw herself at his feet. She did move, and half rose from the wooden bench on which she was seated, saw young Lovel at the door and fell back again, shrouding her face in the shawl and murmuring prayers of entreaty and gratitude, that she had escaped some great peril. The shawl muffled her voice, but the governor saw that she was praying, and retreated toward the door.

"Tell her to think of what I have said—to send me any information—I will not ask it to be a confession—on which she may found a defence before the judges," he said, addressing young Lovel, "she is frightened by my presence and has no power to speak; persuade her to confide in you, Norman. Surely, as the Lord liveth, this woman has some great power, but not of evil. Those who visited Peter in his prison, must have felt as I do now."

"Hear how she sobs!" said the young man, deeply moved, "oh! your excellency, go back; her heart is softened; she may speak to you now; I never saw her weep so passionately before."

"No," said the governor, gently, "I will not force myself upon her grief. Give her time for thought, and opportunities for prayer. The devil had power over the holy one forty days and forty nights. It may be that this poor lady is going through a like probation, and she may come forth with the radiance of an angel, at last."

"She is an angel," answered Lovel, with tender enthusiasm. "Oh! if she could but be brought to confide in you."

"We can at least delay the trial, and give her time," said the governor. "Perhaps this scourge of the Evil One may pass away without reaching her, if she is protected till the power has reached its climax."

The governor went away, after saying this, a thoughtful and saddened man. His intellect was too clear, and his strength of character too

powerful, for that profound faith in witchcraft, which influenced many of the clergy and judges of this land; men, who should have stood between the superstition of ignorance, but rather gave it the force of their superior intelligence and such dignity as sprang from position. The commotion, which this subject had created in his government; the solemn trials held upon helpless old men and women; the blood and terror that had followed, had already filled his mind with misgiving; and though, for a season, he was borne forward by the public clamor, and had in his own experience no strong proof against the phenomena produced in confirmation of witchcraft, he had never entered heartily into the persecutions of the courts. Nor had he risen up against them, because in his own soul there was doubt and misgiving. Barbara Stafford had not spoken a word in his presence, yet her silence and the very atmosphere of truth that surrounded her, had affected him deeply; and he began to doubt more than ever if this great excitement of the day might not merge in persecutions; if the pure and the good might not possibly suffer with those given over to the prince of darkness. But when Sir William returned home, he found Samuel Parris, his old patron and early preceptor, waiting for him. The good man had taken his staff and walked all the way from Salem, to seek counsel and consolation of his powerful friend.

Between these two men was a tie, which no one could fathom—a tie stronger than that which could have bound master and pupil, or benefactor and protegee. Phipps had sprung from a poor, apprentice boy, to be the richest and most powerful man in New England. He had won a title and wealth from the mother government, by his indomitable energies, while Samuel Parris had dreamed his life away, under the roof where the embryo great man had taken his first charity lesson. But though one was a man of thought, and the other of progress, no distance of time nor station could separate them. So, full of his terrible sorrow, the old minister came to his friend's house, asking for sympathy and craving help. Gov. Phipps was in the prime of life, a man of noble presence, strong in intellect and in power. Parris was old and bowed to the earth with trouble; the white locks floated thinly over his temples, his black eyes were sharp and wild with protracted anguish. But the two met kindly, as they had done years before. The strong man forgot his successful ambition, and the state to which it had led. With the feeble old minister he was an apprentice boy again.

They sat down together, and the old man told

his sorrow, with the simple truth so natural to his character. When he described the condition of his child, and asserted his solemn conviction that it was the work of sorcery, and that Barbara Stafford, the woman who had seemed at first like an angel of light, had wrought this fiend's work in his household, Phipps began to look upon his feelings toward the prisoner as a snare of Satan, from which he must free himself only with fasting and penitence. For how could he doubt the word of that good old man, or feel anything but holy indignation against the person who had, by satanic power, disturbed the beautiful character of his favorite Elizabeth Parris?

From that time, he began to look upon the interest which young Lovel manifested in the prisoner, as a proof of her pernicious influence, and rebuked the young man sternly when he sought to arouse kindly feelings in her behalf once more.

Thus weeks and months went by, leaving Barbara Stafford in miserable solitude, till the frost crept over the forest, and the white snow fell like a winding sheet, then they brought her forth for trial.

CHAPTER X.

THE trial was one which filled the community with a certain sense of awe. It was no old woman, brought up in their midst, whose very ignorance was beset and urged in judgment against her; but a brave, beautiful lady, full of life, and bright with intellect, whose very presence as she walked up those aisles, with a forest of halberts bristling around her, made the proudest of her judges hold his breath. She sat down upon a bench placed near the pulpit, within sight of the communion-table which was surrounded by her judges, for whom a platform had been built, lifting them in sight of the people. She was very pale, and her eyes had a weary look inexpressibly touching, but there was neither timidity, nor unconcern in her appearance; she seemed quiet as a lamb, but weary too, like one who had been driven a long way, and through rough places, to be slaughtered at last.

The meeting-house was crowded. The square pews, the galleries and staircases, were groaning under a weight of human life. Men crowded upon each other, like hounds on the scent, only to obtain a glimpse of the beautiful witch, or to catch a tone of her voice, like sportsmen who had brought down a splendid bird in the search after common game, the rabble gloried in the queenliness and grace of its victim. It had become tired of hanging withered old crones on the witch gallows, and wanted exactly a creature

like that, to bring the terrible hunt after human life into repute again.

Inside and out, the meeting-house was beset with a breathless throng. The windows were open, though the air was sharp and full of frost, that the curious crowd, which trampled down the snow without, might get a glimpse of that pale face like the rest. The forest, out of whose bosom the city of Boston had been cut, swept down close to the building, and the crowd extended into its margin. It was observed that a few Indians mingled with the people in this direction, and that others were occasionally seen moving among the naked trees farther up the woods, where a hemlock hollow broke off the view.

When the trial commenced, and the prosecuting attorney was about opening his case, drawing all eyes to the meeting-house, and the proceedings within, a train of savages came gliding out of these hemlock shadows, and mingling imperceptibly with the crowd, through which they moved, like a brook stirring the long grass of a meadow. It was a common thing for friendly Indians to mix in such crowds, and no one observed that a sort of military precision marked their movements, even while penetrating the multitude, and that they dropped into line, after entering the meeting-house, forming a cordon from the platform, on which the judges sat, to the front entrance doors. Had these savages been in full costume, their number might have seemed formidable enough to excite some anxiety; but they had no war-paint, and came after the fashion of a friendly nation, with blankets to keep them from the cold, and a movement so quiet that their very presence was unobserved.

At their head, and walking so far in advance, that no one but a keen observer would have guessed him of the party, came a young man, handsomely garbed after the fashion of the times, as a person of condition might be, and with a certain air of self-centred ease, that would have distinguished him in any place but that, where the general attention was fixed on one point.

He was a young man of wonderful presence, dark like a Spaniard, with quick, brilliant eyes, and features finely chiseled, but bold in the outline, manly, and yet delicate. His mouth had a beautiful power of expression, and his forehead was like dusky marble, cut when the artist was thinking of war and tempest. This man had made his way close up to the platform, where the judges were seated, and listened with keen attention to the proceedings.

When the prosecuting counsel had opened his

case, and was about to call witnesses for the crown, Samuel Parris stood forth. The old man was agitated, but firm in his sense of right. It was seldom that a witness of so much dignity appeared upon a trial like that, for usually the accusers, like their victims, were persons of low position and small attainments. The wisdom and pity of the crowd rose up in array against one helpless woman.

Samuel Parris required no questioning. He told his story with brief earnestness, unconsciously drawing conclusions from the facts he related, fatal to the prisoner, but with a solemn conviction of their truth.

"Did he recognize the prisoner at the bar?" Je was asked. "Yes! he had known her some months; it had seemed to him from the first that she must have been familiar to him years ago; that was doubtless one of her delusions; but this feeling had led him to think of her more, and extend hospitalities which had conducted him and his family into a deadly snare."

"Where had he seen her first?"

"In the midst of a terrible storm, which the inhabitants of Boston might well remember; when the shores were lashed and trampled down by the tempest, where the waves rioted and tore against each other like mad animals, and toward the sea all was one turmoil of wind and waters and black, angry clouds.

"That woman's influence must have been infernal in its power, for in the midst of this storm he had been impelled forth to the heights—he, a feeble old man, urged forward by a premonition, that, in the black turmoil of the tempest, he would find something waited for all his life. He went with his garments in the wind, and the cold rain beating against his temples—went, and saw, in the midst of the storm, a great ship heaving shoreward, with the vast clouds falling around her, lurid and luminous with a red sunset, in the midst of which stood that woman—the prisoner. As he watched, a young man stood by his side, even Norman Lovel, the youth who was but now whispering to the woman; and the young man confessed there, in the whirl of the wind, that he too had been impelled to seek the heights, and look for some great good, which was to come to him up from the stormy sea.

"They saw the ship in company. The woman upon its deck, the billows and looming clouds fringed for a moment by the sunset. They saw the woman come down the side of the vessel, where it rocked and plunged like a desert horse in the lasso; saw her put off in a small boat, amid the boiling waves; saw the boat leap and reel toward the land; rushed down together to

the base of the hills, and into the waves. They saw the boat strike, saw it crushed into atoms, and saw the woman weltering in a whirlpool of waters. The two, he and the young man, rushed into the waves, breasted them, battled with them like lions. A wild strength came to his arms, a supernatural power, that neither belonged to his feeble organization, nor his age. From that time, no doubt, the Evil One possessed him. How he tore the woman from the waves, that had engulfed her, he never knew; for the youth was hurled upon the shore, cold and dead, grasping the woman's garments.

"The youth was dead, he could solemnly testify to that, for he felt his pulse, and kept one hand long over his heart to feel for life, but there was neither breath nor pulse, Lazarus, in his tomb, was not more lifeless when the Saviour looked upon him. The youth was dead. But when the woman arose from the sand, with her hair dropping salt rain, and her lips purple with cold, she saw him lying there, prone at her side, and gathered him to her bosom with a strange gleam of the face; gathered him to her bosom, and pressed those quivering lips down upon his forehead and his marble mouth—those kisses, the unearthly warmth of her eyes, brought him to life. She had purchased immortality of the Evil One, and gave part of it to him. This was the one great act of sorcery that he had witnessed, and to which he now bore testimony before the most high God after that, the woman had obtained an unbounded power over the youth; he had manifested an uncontrollable desire for her company—had neglected his old friends and the most binding attachments—body and soul he had become the serf of her diabolical power."

Here Samuel Parris paused. The perspiration rose in great drops to his forehead, his hands shook as he wiped the moisture away.

"And is this all you have to say?" demanded the judge, while the vast audience broke the silence, by hoarse murmurs, that stole through the windows, and grew louder as the people outside took them up. "Is this all?"

"No," said the old man, and the white hair rose slowly from his temples, while shadows gathered about his mouth, "I, too, was in the hands of this woman of Endor. I, the servant of the Lord, who have broken the holy bread to God's people for more than fifty years. Here, in this consecrated building, while I stood with the sacred wine in my hands, after that just man, William Phipps, had drank of it in baptism, this woman appeared to me, standing in the very spot where he had stood, appeared to me as an angel of light, for her eyes shone like stars, and

a smile full of tender humility beamed on her face—with those eyes, with that smile, and with a voice that might have dropped from the golden harps to which cherubs sing. She won me into a great sacrilege."

Again the minister wiped his brow; the judge grew pale, and leaned forward breathlessly. The audience was still as death; you could hear the shivering of the naked tree boughs afar off in the forest, but nothing nearer.

Amid this appalling hush, Barbara Stafford lifted her face to the witness, and a faint, pitying smile lay like a shadow on her lips. She seemed about to speak, but the judge lifted his hand,

"A great sacrilege, brother Parris!"

The minister cast a pleading look upon the judges at the bar and his brethren of the ministry, as if beseeching forbearance.

"Yes! a great sacrilege, for, as I stood, with the unleavened bread before me and the sacred wine in my hand—stood alone in this holy building, for all else had departed—this person, Barbara Stafford, by those sweet wiles which I speak of, won me to give the wine to her, that she might taste it; and so beguiled of the devil, I broke with her of the bread, which is a symbol of the body of Christ. This, brethren, was my sin—I was beset of the dark one and fell!"

A groan broke from the divines that heard the confession. The judge bent his forehead to the palm of his hand, shading the pallor of his features. The foreman of the jury muttered a low prayer, and the jury whispered a solemn amen.

Even the face of young Lovel took an expression of affright. The stillness that reigned in the body of the house was appalling.

The old minister sat down, shading his face with both hands, then, in his place stood Elizabeth, pale, thin, wild. The shadow of her former beauty seemed hanging around her like a shroud.

When she saw her lover standing close to Barbara Stafford, a faint glow stole over her cheek, as if a peach blossom had blown across it, leaving its reflection behind.

The judge lifted his head and looked kindly upon her. The jury whispered together, and cast pitying glances that way; and through all that vast crowd a thrill of sympathy ran, like the wind in a forest.

Poor girl! she was sincere as a child, earnest as a woman. She told the power of love and hate which Barbara Stafford had attained over her; how, in her absence, the most bitter dislike filled her bosom, but when Barbara's eyes were upon her, or her voice in her ear, a sweet revul-

sion followed, and she was like a babe, or a slave, in the woman's presence. She spoke of the time when Barbara came to the parsonage at Salem, of the strange effect it had upon Abby Williams, and the more terrible results on herself. Then she said the presence of this woman became a torture. When she spoke, a knife pierced her heart; when she smiled, lurid fire seemed creeping over her brain. At last, her entire being was given up to the sorceress, whose power filled her room with strange shapes, that tormented the sleep from her eyes, and all peace from her heart. She was better now. The prayers of her christian father had emancipated her; but the judges might see by her pale face, and thin hands, how fatally the curse had fastened on her life.

This was the evidence of Elizabeth Parris. She laid all the pains of her jealous heart open to the judges, and in the natural agony of disturbed love, they read only the power of witchcraft. Kept in silence by the exquisite delicacy which made her susceptible to so much suffering, she did not mention Norman Lovel in her evidence; thus, all clue to the origin of her suffering was concealed.

When her evidence was complete, Elizabeth fainted, and was borne from the court in the arms of Norman Lovel, who, touched by her gentleness and her innocent confession, sprang forward to save her from falling.

Now Governor Phipps came forward; and it was remarked, that for the first time that day, Barbara Stafford became greatly agitated; her lips, hitherto serenely closed, began to quiver; her eyes dilated, and the blue tints deepened under them. When he spoke, her hands clasped and unclasped themselves, nervously, under her shawl. Once she rose and looked around, as if tempted to fly into the open air.

But the constable laid his heavy hand on her, reminding her that she was a prisoner. She looked in his face with a bewildered stare, remembered what she was, and sat down with a dreary smile about her mouth.

Sir William Phipps was also greatly agitated. He had been summoned by the court, and with proud humility obeyed its behests.

"To the best of his remembrance," he said, "he had never met the prisoner but three times in his life—once at his own door, when, by mistake, he for a moment thought her to be Lady Phipps."

Here a low moan broke from the neighborhood of the prisoner; but, if it came from her, the anguish to which it gave voice was instantly suppressed.

Barbara was looking at the witness. The light fell on his face, but hers was in shadow, still and white like that of a marble statue.

"Yes, for a moment," he resumed, "he had mistaken the prisoner for Lady Phipps, and, in the darkness, had held her to his bosom; it was but an instant, and during that brief time, a strange swell heaved at his heart, with a fullness that took away his breath; it subsided into a heavy pain at last, which hung about him for days, though the woman had departed before he could look upon her face, and he had not heard the sound of her voice. This pain had seized him once before, while he stood in that very sacred building, with the sacramental wine at his lips; and he was informed afterward, that she had entered the house, just as he took the goblet in his hand. Again her supernatural influence—for he could account for these sensations no other way—had been exerted on him, as he entered her place of confinement, for such was the compassion she inspired, had it rested with him, his own hands would have been impelled to open her prison doors and set her free. Such was her silent power over him."

As the governor uttered these words, Barbara Stafford's eyes filled with tears, and a glow of tenderness softened her face. She drew a deep breath, and then the tears began to drop, large and fast, as if her very heart were broken up.

Unimportant as the governor's evidence might seem in these days, it had a powerful effect upon the court. He was known, among the people, as a stern, proud man, cold as steel, but just beyond question, even to the sacrificing of his own life, had it been forfeited to the law. That he should be influenced to such tenderness of compassion, against his reason, and in spite of himself, was to the people, who listened, deeper proofs of witchcraft than the parts to which Samuel Parris had sworn. He was known as a tender-hearted, visionary old man, half poet, half philosopher, by all the country round. But the governor—whoever supposed that sentiment or imagination could cloud his clear judgment? Thus, though the governor was guarded in his evidence, which to men less influenced by superstition would have been nothing, it bore heavily against Barbara Stafford. But those who looked in her face, as Sir William left the stand, might have thought, from the glow which broke through her cheek and eyes, that his evidence had been her salvation. For the moment her face was radiant.

After this, Norman Lovel was brought to the stand, sorely against his will, for, though in the depths of his soul, he was satisfied that the

influence which the noble woman possessed was only such as God always lends to true greatness, he could not, after those who had gone before, urge his convictions on the court, and alas! the facts he had no power to contradict: they were even such as Samuel Parris had sworn to.

When Barbara Stafford saw his troubled look, she beckoned him toward her, and before the constable could interfere, bade him be of good courage and speak the truth, trusting her with the Lord.

It could not have been otherwise. He did speak the truth, and his very efforts to explain and soften the facts, which Samuel Parris had stated, only served to prejudice the jury more deeply; for they bent their heads and whispered together, that it was easy to see the influence of the beautiful witch was strong upon him, yet, therefore, his words must be weighed with grave caution, as coming directly from the father of lies.

Then Abigail Williams came forward, but her evidence was clearly in favor of the prisoner. She disclaimed all impressions of evil obtained from that source; admitted that she had been influenced against her friends, and had suffered greatly by day and by night, but Barbara Stafford was not the cause; of her she only knew what was feminine and good. When questioned regarding the sources of her knowledge, and of her estrangement, she refused to speak. So the judges, after consulting together, drew a proof of Barbara's power from her perverse silence. How was it to be expected that the witness could speak while the glance of the prisoner was upon her?

At last old Tituba took the stand. Her withered face seemed small, and more shriveled up than ever; but her eyes, usually sharp and piercing as those of a rattlesnake, were now hard as steel. Instead of glancing round the court with her usual vigilance, she kept her gaze fixed on the leading judge, as if all her duty lay with him. The prosecutor expected much from this witness. She had been with Abigail Williams and Elizabeth Parris from their infancy, and must know better than any other person the effect which Barbara Stafford had produced upon them. She had helped to decoct the herbs and roots which Barbara loved to gather, and had herself drank of this devil's broth, as those pleasant, wholesome drinks were now denominated. It was these drinks, no doubt, that had shrunk up her own features, and made her eyes so blood-shot.

But when Tituba spoke, her first words flung the court into consternation. When called upon

to look at the prisoner, she turned her head resolutely another way, calling out,

"No, no! What has old Tituba do with the stranger? It was I, old Tituba, who made the drinks, and it was I who went out in the night for herbs. Poor old Tituba meant right; but if witches walked by her side, unseen, and put strange plants into her apron, how was she to know? She had heard the mandrakes cry out when she tore up their roots: and once she had found a plant, from which the blood dropped red when her knife cut it, and whispers ran through the forest as she carried it away. These roots she had been tempted to put into the household beer just before Elizabeth was taken ill."

"Had Barbara Stafford tempted her?" This was a question put by the judge. "Had she been near when the mandrake shrieked?"

"No, old Tituba was alone, it was her work altogether. She was the witch—she had yielded herself to the Evil One in her old age, it was her lips which had given forth the poison that ran through the whole household. Beguiled by unseen devils, she had told strange, wicked things to Abigail Williams, and turned her to stone. The witch poison had spread from cousin to cousin—from father to child—from parlor to kitchen, till the minister's household was utterly accursed, and she, old Tituba, the Indian woman—she, the witch of witches, had done it all."

When Tituba had done, she cast one imploring look toward the dusky young stranger, that still kept his place near the judges. And when she saw by his look that he seemed satisfied with what she had done, the fire came back to her eyes, and coming down quickly from the stand she passed him, saying in a low voice,

"Has Tituba done well?" And before the judges could consult together she glided through the crowd; an Indian, who stood near the door, withdrew the blanket from his shoulders and cast it over her head. Thus disguised after the fashion of her tribe, she found her way into the forest, thinking, poor, old soul, that in confessing herself a witch, and taking the household curse on herself, she had saved the beautiful, strange lady from death.

Alas, it was all in vain! The judges looked upon old Tituba as an accomplice, not as a principal, and thus, in their minds, Barbara's guilt was confirmed. At last a judge, more compassionate than his brethren, asked the prisoner if she had no counsel.

Barbara looked up at this question, smiled faintly, and shook her head.

"Wherefore should I seek counsel?" she said. "I have no friends, and those who bear witness

of my innocence injure me most. What could any man do in behalf of a creature so forsaken?"

"No, not forsaken—do not say that. One friend is ready to stand by you," whispered a voice in her ear, and looking suddenly around she saw Norman Lovel, with all the fire of a generous nature in his face, ready to die at her feet, or in her defence despite his patron—despite all the judges on earth.

A beautiful joy broke over Barbara Stafford's face, the loneliness of desolation was no longer around her. But other eyes were bent on Norman Lovel, and when Barbara smiled, the frown upon that dark forehead gloomed like midnight.

"The prisoner has no counsel," said the judge. "Let the trial proceed."

"Not so," cried a clear voice, that rang over the crowd with singular distinctness. "The lady has counsel, I, an advocate in the English courts, as these credentials testify, stand here in her defence."

Barbara Stafford started at the sound of that voice. It was the son of King Philip, who had flung himself in the midst of his most deadly enemies to rescue her from death. Norman Lovel started forward and took his place by the young man, whom he saw, for the first time, and toward whom his heart leaped in quick sympathy.

The judges consulted together. The case was a singular one, and they were not altogether certain about admitting a stranger into the provincial courts without due question. But the credentials which the young man submitted were genuine, and after a little he was received with considerable show of dignity to a place before the judges. Though armed with the impulses of a giant, and a kind of eloquence that might have kindled enthusiasm in any heart not locked close by superstition, which is the romance of bigotry, he might as well have argued with the rocks on the hills, as attempted that woman's defence before that iron-faced jury, and those iron-hearted judges. What argument could he use which would not wound the self-love of those solemn men?—how could he arouse sympathies which they repudiated as a sin, or appeal to the judgment which was bound down by prejudices, which they revered as solemn allegations?

At first his voice was husky, and his speech faint, the very might of his sympathy for the woman who sat gazing on him so piteously paralyzed his powers; but indignation at last broke the trammels from his heart, and with a loud, clear utterance he entered upon her defence.

But that the judges and the jury were blind with bigotry and solemn self-conceit, his first argument must have enforced her acquittal. With the might of a powerful intellect he unraveled the tissue of evidence, and exhibited the case as it would appear this day. "The evil," he said, "lay not in the gentle lady arraigned before them, but in the disturbed minds of the witnesses: Samuel Parris was a man of books, of meditation and thought—a poet, diseased by the unwritten music in his soul which had no power to express itself in long sermons, and to whom all these gentle avenues to sympathy were closed up. It was this that had drawn him into the storm, and had sent him to battling the waves face to face with death on the coast. It was this that made love for his child idolatry, from which he was compelled by a sensitive conscience to fast and pray, as from a grievous sin. Samuel Parris, the principal witness, was neither insincere nor insane, but a man born in advance of the age, to whom endowments, that would have been greatness if understood even by himself, were turned into a torment and a curse. This quick imagination, this sensitive love, had seized upon the old man's reason, and thus rendered him the most dangerous of witnesses—a thousand times more dangerous than falsehood or malice could have been, because of his honesty." The other witnesses he touched on lightly and with gentleness, but when he left them and threw his fiery soul into a protest and appeal for the prisoner, the passion of his eloquence was enough to stir even that crowd of prejudging accusers.

Why had Barbara Stafford done these strange things? How, except from the Prince of Darkness, had she attained the power of winning every soul that came in contact with hers into subjection? Why was she possessed of a beauty which died with the first growth of most women, a fresh, proud beauty to which years only gave grandeur, except that she had made a compact with the Evil One, and given her soul in exchange for the marvelous beauty in which her diabolical power principally lay? How could he, or any man, answer charges like these—charges based on imagination only, and yet, for which a fellow creature was in jeopardy of her life?

How should he answer? Let the judge and the jury look upon the woman where she sat, with halberts bristling around her, and a tribunal of death that moment waiting to hurl her into eternity; for, guard the dignity of that court as they might, such was its object. See how gently she watches these proceedings—see how brave she is. Though a woman upon the brink

of eternity, rich in beauty, and strong with life, she is not afraid to die. Was that the attitude of a fiend? Was that troubled smile, so full of forgiveness and pity, the smile of a fiend or an angel? Let the jury look upon that face, and answer to the most high God if they refused to profit by the evidence beaming therein!

Here the men of the jury looked at Barbara Stafford with a single accord, as if they had no power to resist the direction of the young advocate's eye, and it seemed impossible to turn from the gaze, so mournful was the gloom of those large eyes, so brave was the attitude with which she met their scrutiny.

But here one of the judges arose, and warned the jury, that such was the most dangerous fascination which Satan gave to his witch elected, and besought them to look straight toward the bench, thus saving their souls from jeopardy.

Then the wonderful eloquence of the young man was aroused, his magnificent eyes shot fire, his lip curved, and his thin nostrils dilated, all the strength and fervor of his being was flung into the scathing denunciation which he hurled against the court, and against the people whom the tribunal represented. It was the wild eloquence of despair, for he knew when the jury turned to look upon Winthrop, the chief judge, whose rebuke had crushed the rising pity which might have saved Barbara Stafford, that her doom was sealed. Thus, with the terrible conviction that he was avenging the fate of a doomed woman rather than pleading with a hope, he poured out a wild outburst of feeling—now appeal—now denunciation—now a wailing lament, that made the jury tremble, and the judges turn white in the face, as if an avenging angel had descended to protect the woman they were about to adjudge to death.

The eloquence, native to the Indian, overbore the restraint of education, and as the wild torrent of feeling rushed over the multitude, it fired the superstition, brooding then into a terrible conviction. A word only was wanting, like a lighted match, to ignite these lurid apprehensions. It came from a far off corner of the meeting-house.

"The beautiful witch has brought Lucifer himself to plead her cause; see the fire in his eyes, the breath from his nostrils; see the bronze on his forehead, the proud curve on his mouth!"

At these words there rose a tumult in the house. Women shrieked, and pressed forward to the doors; men broke into wild murmurs, or whispered together in low voices; while the judges stood up, pale as a group of statues; and

the jury huddled together, looking into each other's faces aghast.

In the midst of this turmoil, Barbara Stafford felt a breath on her cheek, and looking suddenly up, met the glance of those eyes, which, a moment before, had frightened the people with their brilliancy, now full of burning determination.

"Have no fear," he whispered, "the tribe of King Philip is not all dead. If I go, it is to accomplish elsewhere, what is impossible here."

Barbara Stafford answered him with a look only, for, in an instant, the rush of the crowd carried the noble youth from her sight, and when the court, recovering from its panic, looked around for this emissary of the Dark One, who had denounced its proceedings face to face with the august judges, the strange advocate was gone. Then, while the crowd was hushed with unconquerable awe, and the very heaven was hung with the blackness of a gathering storm, the verdict of the jury ran in a low whisper from lip to lip, till it reached the savages brooding in the forest, and was mingled with the deep, deep curses of the white man—

"Guilty! guilty!"

While the storm burst over them, shaking the window-panes, like angry fiends uphurling great trees in the woods, and plowing up the virgin soil in its fury, sentence was pronounced. On the second day from that Barbara Stafford was doomed to suffer as a witch, and the sentence must be carried out.

Governor Phipps, doubting the tenderness in his own heart to be a suggestion of the devil, refused to interfere, though Norman Lovel, it is said, went on his knees to the stern man, and Lady Phipps, gentle and magnanimous, always joined her entreaties to his, but in vain. There was something at his own heart which the governor feared more than the pleadings of his favorite or his wife, something that made him tremble and grow child-like till he shuddered at his own weakness; for even his strong mind was perverted by the terrible superstitions of the age, and he believed these relentings to be a direct instigation of the devil.

No, Barbara Stafford must die, but not without the consolations of religion, not without the means of confession.

In this, the last night given her by the law, the gallows was built, the executioner was ready, and no hope came to Barbara Stafford. Sir William Phipps had given his irrevocable decision. She must die. Those who saw her face when this was announced to her, never forgot it

till their dying day, it was that of a grieved angel, sad, but forgiving.

It was the night before her day of doom when she received this decision. Norman Lovel came himself with the terrible tidings, hoping to soften her fate by words of soothing and consolation. Never to his dying day did he forget the expression of that face when he told Barbara how hopeless his suit had been. It was like that of a grieved angel, calm and mournful, but holy with resignation. It seemed as if her soul was repeating the words of our Saviour, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

Barbara strove to calm the anguish of her young friend, and her voice was like that of a troubled angel as she attempted to persuade the noble youth from the terrible anguish into which her fate had plunged him; but it was all in vain, he refused to be comforted.

While they were talking, and as Barbara was about to inquire after Elizabeth Parris—for, in the greatest peril, she did not forget that the young girl, her innocent enemy, had been borne from the court insensible—the turnkey opened her dungeon door, and looked in with a wistful, inquiring look, and over his shoulders appeared a thin face, sharp, and greyish pale, whose black eyes wandered over the dungeon with a sort of timid eagerness, as if he searched, and yet shrunk from some object.

Barbara Stafford saw the face, and stood up with a mournful smile on her lip, and thus she remained, waiting, till Samuel Parris came in and paused before her, like the ghost of some pale friar that had wandered from its substance.

"Samuel Parris, my kind host, my stern accuser," said Barbara Stafford, quietly, "alas! old man, you seem more dreary than I; no wonder—my troubles will be over to-morrow; but yours—oh! God forgive you, Samuel Parris! May the God of heaven help you to forgive yourself!"

Samuel Parris sat down upon a stool, and looked around him with a wild expression of trouble in his eyes. He had come to persuade Barbara Stafford to save herself by confession, for her coming death troubled him sorely; but when he saw her standing there, so calm and pale like a queen—no, like that grander thing, a brave, delicate woman, who knows how to die for the truth like a woman—he had no voice wherewith to tempt her weakness, or win on her conscience; but sat down, with trouble in his eyes, gazing on her in silence.

"Old man," said Barbara, smiling, oh! how mournfully, "if you came to encourage me to

support my weakness through the dark scene of to-morrow, I thank you."

"Nay," said the old man, "I came to exhort you to confession."

Barbara made a repulsive movement with her hand.

"Without that," continued the minister, "there is no hope. Governor Phipps has locked the door against us, that his heart may be no longer wrung with our importunities, for I, even I, and Elizabeth my daughter, and even the wife of his bosom, have been on our knees before him to no avail; for, now that death treads so closely on our words, we, who have been your honest accusers, would fain see you sent safely beyond seas, rather than this fearful sentence should be fulfilled."

Barbara Stafford bent her face, shrouding it with both hands, while a flood of soft, sweet tears rained from her eyes. It was sweet to know, that even these, her bitter enemies, had relented a little.

As she stood thus, bowed forward, with both hands up, her hair broke partially loose, and fell in waves down her shoulder. There was something in this attitude, something in the very depth of her sobs that struck the old man with a sort of terror; he stood up, and, with his withered hands attempted to put back the hair from her face, as if she had been a little girl whose grief he pitied. She dropped her hands with a quick motion as she felt his touch, and their eyes met in mutual recognition—the attitude and the disposal of her hair had betrayed her.

Samuel Parris stood dumb and pale gazing at her. She met his look with terror in her eyes, and a moan on her lips. Young Lovel looked on, mute with surprise.

Simultaneously Barbara and the minister motioned the youth to depart, and leave them alone. He went, and yet neither of the two spoke. They looked in each other's eyes afraid. At last the minister found voice,

"Alive!" he said, "alive! and here? Oh! my God, my God, what has thy servant done that he should see this day?"

"You know me then, Samuel Parris? You know me then?"

"Alas! alas!" The old man wrung his hands in anguish.

"And now you understand my presence here, my anguish and my silence?"

"Oh! God forgive us!—God forgive us!" moaned the old man.

"When my father died, and set me free from a solemn promise, I came in search of him, the husband of my youth, the father of my child!"

"Of your child, lady? Alas! he never knew that a child was born of that unfortunate marriage, but received tidings of your death years ago—tidings which could not be doubted, for they came in your father's own handwriting. I saw them myself on the very night of his marriage with the poor lady who holds your place."

"And you performed that ceremony also?"

"Yes, truly, but not till such proofs had been given of your death, that no one could have doubted."

"Nay, I was worse than dead; for months and years after the birth of my son I was confined in a mad-house—a private mad-house—from which nothing could release me, but a solemn pledge not to seek after, or even speak of my husband while the earl lived. Of my child I had no knowledge; they told me it was dead, and I believed them. At last I was released from this terrible imprisonment and carried into foreign lands, where we traveled five years, carrying with us outward grandeur and inward pain. We went to Bermuda, to Europe, Asia, and Africa, everywhere save to the land where my husband dwelt—of him I heard nothing, and dared ask nothing. When I left the asylum, my father told me that William Phipps was dead, and I dared not question his truth. Still in my heart of hearts I felt that he was not dead. At last the earl, my father, whose pride had widowed me while yet scarcely more than a child, was laid with the cold and proud of his ancestors, dust with their dust, and I, the inheritor of his estates, the lady of a proud line, thought nothing of these things, but urged by one wild wish, and free of my promise, took the first ship and came to America, searching for the husband of my youth—searching even for the child that had blessed me for an hour and disappeared, but whose tomb I had never seen.

"I came upon this coast amid storms, and buffeted by the elements that seemed striving to force me back from my fate. You know the rest: it was your hand that dragged me from the breakers, yours and his. I awoke in sight of the spot where we had first met in hearing of the waves that had borne us, twenty years before, a happy, happy pair across the ocean. All the dear, old memories came back to me then—the night when we rode through the forest to your dwelling, and were sacredly wedded under its roof—the secrecy, the doubt, the happiness, and the love unutterable which bound me, the daughter of a proud earldom, to the fate of a being rendered greater still by the energies and strength which make the nobility of manhood. Full of these thoughts, rich in the holy love that

when it is real, runs like a golden thread from time into eternity, I waited for the hour when I could tell my husband all that I had suffered—all that I had hoped since the pride of my father forced us asunder. It seemed as if the hour that restored me to him would, in some way, bring my child to life: I could not think of the two apart. But while I was waiting in the sweet hush of a new hope, with the sound of the far off waters reaching me like a perpetual promise, content with the dear certainty that he was close at hand, and I relieved of all bondage, with a new life before me, and sweet hopes surging at my heart, a lady came to my presence, a fair woman, whose smiles made my heart ache under the sweet welcome. She came with offers of hospitality and cordial good-will—came in the plenitude of her rich happiness to invite the storm-tossed stranger to share the luxuries of her home—to share the society and protection of her husband—her husband, Sir William Phipps, governor of Massachusetts! I fainted at the lady's feet, but kept my secret safe. She left me bewildered, smitten to the soul with a great blow, one for which I was utterly unprepared. Old man, you would pity me could you guess at the anguish, the terrible, terrible desolation that followed this interview with my husband's second wife!"

"Oh! me," said Samuel Parris, dropping the hands that had covered his face—"oh, me! I do pity you. And it was I that married you both, you so noble, so grand of character, she so bright and good—God have mercy upon us!"

"At last," continued Barbara, "my decision was made. I would return to my native land, and tread the ashen desert of life which must yet be mine, for I was strong, and could not die, utterly, utterly wretched, with a penance of life before me which must be endured. But I could not bring myself to this all at once. There arose moments when my soul rose up in arms for its rights, and the love of my youth grew mighty in its own behalf: but it is easier to suffer than inflict suffering, better to endure than avenge. I resolved to see my husband, and after that to decide. I went to the North Church, where he stood by its altar in the pride of his state and the humility of his faith, and was baptized for another life. Then it was, Samuel Parris, that a resolve of perfect self-abnegation possessed me—then it was I almost wrested the consecrated wine from your hands, and made a vow which I have kept even unto death—a vow to remain as dead to the man who had been my husband, to leave him forever, and go away into utter loneliness.

"But I could not remain dumb within reach of his presence—I could not see him in domestic converse with another without such anguish as makes the breath we draw a torture. You heard his oath on that awful trial. For one instant he—mistaking me for her—held me to his heart, and after that I fled—fled through the wilderness to your dwelling; and there—oh! my God, help to do away the evil—there the misery spread from my own heart through your household—you had seen without recognizing me, and I supposed myself safe till a ship should come. But the instincts of memory filled you with unrest, and you mistook them for supernatural influences; your child mistook the affection which springs from the heart of a son to his mother, and grew wild with wounded love. So my suffering bore poisonous fruits, and was tortured into proofs of witchcraft, and for that I am to die!"

Samuel Parris started to his feet, his eyes were wild—his face haggard.

"Die, die!—and is self-sacrifice like this rewarded by murder? Unhappy lady, sweet martyr, no. I will follow the governor, he must learn the truth, you shall not die. In this case magnanimity is suicide."

Barbara Stafford laid her hand on his arm.

"Nay," she said, "I forbid you to interfere in this. I am content to suffer the penalty awarded by the court. Others, innocent as I, have suffered death, and to me sleep will be sweet, even in the grave."

But Samuel Parris would not be persuaded: he put her hands away. Now Barbara Stafford stood up with a gesture of command.

"Old man, you are a minister of the Most High, tell me if a vow taken with the sacred wine, and strengthened by the breaking of holy bread, can be put aside because death stands in the way? This vow I have taken never to reveal myself to William Phipps, never to claim him or recognize him, and to this vow you, with your own hands, administered. In the name of the Most High God who heard us both, I charge silence upon you now and forever!"

The old man groaned aloud.

"But there is one thing still undone which will make my last hours free of pain, and this I entreat you to aid me in."

The old man looked up eagerly.

"The boy Norman Lovel! Since I have been in this prison, a ship has arrived bringing letters, which he has conveyed to me safely here in my confinement. They come from my father's solicitor, and bring proof, ample proof, that this youth, this noble, noble youth, is the son I had mourned, and yet could not believe dead. The

son of Sir William Phipps, he was educated as an orphan, and placed by the solicitor in the household of his own father. The letters, which I have, recall him to England, that he may take possession of his inheritance. Samuel Parris, before I suffer, let the youth be wedded to your daughter. My blessing will remove all sorcery from her young life."

"But Sir William?"

"When I am dead, he will thank you for giving me this one gleam of happiness. But Norman, when he knows that it was his mother who blessed him—and he will learn this hereafter—will look on his young wife with double tenderness."

"And must it be kept secret from him?"

"Even so, or to-morrow would break his heart."

The old man arose. Elizabeth had come with him to the jail, afraid to be separated from him for a moment, and hoping, poor child, to obtain forgiveness for the honest evidence she had borne against the unhappy prisoner before the death hour. She that moment sat shivering in the jailer's room, waiting to be summoned into Barbara's dungeon, and refused to be comforted even by the voice of her lover, who would not leave her till the minister came.

The old man entered the room where they sat, and solemnly as if he had been summoning them to a funeral, bade them follow. When they came forth from Barbara Stafford's dungeon, Elizabeth was Norman Lovel's wife. When the old man reached the open street, his mind resumed its vigor, and flinging away all other considerations, he resolved to tell the whole truth to Gov. Phipps, and thus save that unhappy lady from death. But when he reached the gubernatorial mansion, it was to learn that, in order to escape the terrible scene which must take place in the morning, Sir William had left town.

A public green, and a high, wooden gallows in the centre, a man standing on the platform, with a coil of rope in his hand, a female arrayed in black, her face pale as snow, and her bound hands lifted to her bosom, standing a little in front of him, ready to die; a concourse of people, men, women and children, all crowding and jostling each other, surging up to the foot of the gallows, and forced back again by the soldiery. The sunshine shining pleasantly on all, and the dark forests dreaming in the distance.

This was the picture revealed by that winter's sun, snow upon the earth, sunshine in the skies, brightness and death—a funeral and a mockery.

All at once a tumult arose in the crowd, and just as the executioner uncoiled his rope, a rush

was made upon the soldiers; quick as lightning the muskets were wrenched from their hands, and a tribe of disguised savages rushed over them, around and upon the scaffold. The executioner was seized and cast headlong into the crowd. A path was made through the multitude leading to the shore, from which a distant ship might be seen with her sails set, and her anchor raised.

Before a gun could be fired the scaffold was empty, and Barbara Stafford, with an Indian blanket cast over her raiment, was carried through a cordon of braves down to the seashore. A strong arm girded her form, a deep, passionate voice whispered in her ear, "Be content, it is I," and she knew that the son of King Philip had rescued her from death.

Abigail Williams stood upon the beach waiting. Just below, rocking in the water, lay a boat manned by savages, who were ready to obey the lifting of her finger. She saw the crowd rushing shoreward. From the distance came shouts of rage and scattering shots. The soldiers had recovered from the first shock, and wresting back their weapons, down toward the coast they came, with their bayonets flashing back the sunshine like tongues of flame. But in advance, and coming swifter than any civilized foot could leap, rushed forward that band of savages, and foremost of all the young chief, bearing Barbara Stafford in his arms.

He came bounding forward like a hunted deer. He reached the sanded shore, leaped into the water, and placed his precious burden in the boat. With a shout that rang over the waters like a trumpet, he bade the oarsmen pull for their lives, and flinging up his arms, called upon his chiefs to bear Abigail Williams, the daughter of their king, back to the forest, where he would join them, never to leave the woods again till they were a free people.

As he spoke, a shot rang out from a clump of alders near by. A shriek, wild and terrible, rang up from the boat, for with a bound that sent him high up into the sunshine, and a shout of defiance that filled his mouth with blood, the son of King Philip fulfilled the destiny of his race.

When that fatal shot came the boat was under-way. For one moment, while he made that death leap far into the water, the oars in those savage hands trembled; but the next they flashed down to the water, and Barbara Stafford was borne from the shores of America, while the body of her defender floated slowly toward the shore, where his enemies howled out their joy at his death.

Cold as stone, and white as a corpse, Abigail

Williams stood upon the shore, heedless of her danger—heedless of everything. Right in the pathway of the bullets leveled at the boat, she stood. They flew over her head—they fell like rain in the water; and at last, one more merciful than the rest, pierced her through the heart. She fell without a moan, and when the savages carried the body of their young chief to its forest burial at Mount Hope, she slept at his side, the last of a kingly race.

Two years after these events, Sir William Phipps lay at the point of death in a public house of London. Samuel Parris, worn to the grave by the secret confided to him, had on his death-bed revealed to his friend the secret of Barbara Stafford's existence; and on the very next day, without even waiting for the burial of the minister, the strong man set forth on his voyage, determined to ascertain the entire facts of the case, and then act as God and his own soul should decide.

But the struggle of feelings that followed was too much even for his strong nature. When he landed in England, it was, with a consuming fever, eating away his life. But his iron will found power to act, and he sent a messenger to

the mansion, where Barbara Stafford would be found, if still alive, entreating her presence. She came at once, not the Barbara Stafford we have seen, but with a new beauty of age upon her. If she had been sweet and beautiful in her youth, when traveling with her lordly father in a new land, she gave herself, secretly, to be the bride of a working man; how much more grandly did her soul mate with his, when grey hairs lay thickly among the gold of her tresses, and the holy colour of self-abnegation loomed like a blessing on her face!

It was not a painful meeting. In life there was no hope for them, for neither of those noble souls would have sought happiness at the expense of the gentle lady, whose life had been so useful and so pleasant under the shelter of his affection. But in death there was happiness—in heaven a holy reunion. Barbara Stafford knew well that the love that had slept in that strong heart for a time was now immortal, and when he died, with his head upon her bosom and his hand in hers, she gathered his last breath with her lips, and from that day forward no human kiss touched that mouth again.

THE END.

SLEEP.

BY CLARENCE MELVIN.

A SEMBLANCE of that dreamless rest
That knows no sorrow, deep
Is the pale shroud that wraps the soul—
The mystic breath of sleep.

Its curtain shuts the swelling tide
That marks the rush of life,
And bars from memory's golden gate
The record of its strife.

Its soothing visions blind the soul,
For hope and love are there;
And in its world of mystery
The spirit soars in air.

The senses sink amid its joys
Till fancy spreads her wings;
And in the depths of golden flowers
Imagination sings.

Dear spirit of the sunny smile
Still clasp my weary form,
Till, in the depths of thy embrace,
The heart of life grows warm.

Still guide, till love shall gain the joy
Which visions only show,
And hope shall meet its golden wish
Denied it here below.

NOT ALL A DREAM.

BY J. A. TURNER.

LAST night, while I was dreaming,
There came a fairy, seeming
With memory's wand to touch my heart,
And cause its slumbering chords to start.

I woke, and said I was but dreaming,
And thought the matter all a seeming;
But yet to-day I feel the thrill
Which wakening hath no power to still.

And now, I know, 'twas Dora's fingers
Which swept my bosom, for yet lingers
The pulsing beat that made my heart
Into a fitful fever start.

I know 'twas Dora's spirit fingers
Which swept my bosom, for yet lingers
The thrilling which my dream inspired,
When memory's spark my vision fired.

RALPH CLIFFORD'S FLIRTATIONS.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

RALPH CLIFFORD was a flirt in pinafores, and the way in which little boys *do* flirt, all we women know of old. He was never near a little Miss of his acquaintance in sash and pantaletts that he was not teasing for a kiss. The embryo coquette invariably knew how common these marks of attention were; and sometimes with a rose-bud mouth pouting out with cake; and sometimes with small, white, glowing teeth, making the mouth more tempting; and dancing curls and dimpling cheeks, the saucy beauty had dared the audacious boy to kiss her if he could—when a hot chase would follow, and the little panting Atlanta has yielded with kicks and scratches, which have sometimes made the ravisher think the kiss dearly bought.

Ralph was five years older than myself, and my mother says handled me in my babyhood about as respectfully as he did his sister's doll. He even then called me an ugly, red little thing, and was no more complaisant when I grew older. For many years I escaped the infliction under which my companions suffered; I was so exceedingly homely there was no temptation for Ralph. But when I was nine years old, and a slight color came to my cheeks, and my second growth of teeth had appeared, young Clifford thought that even *I* might do to kiss.

I was sitting in the piazza at his father's house one summer day, deep in the fairy tale of the "pearls and vipers," when Ralph suddenly threw down his book and exclaimed,

"Kate, you *are* ugly, but I suppose it is my duty to kiss you, so here goes," and he made a dive at me as if he thought I would escape.

I only lowered my book and said, "Be quick then, for I'm in a hurry to go on reading."

His breath was on my cheek as I spoke, but he drew back in surprise.

"Well, you're a cool one," was his first exclamation; then recovering his self-possession he added, "I never saw a girl so anxious to be kissed in my life. You don't get them often, I guess?"

"Sometimes," I replied, raising my book again, "but if I have to be punished I like it to be over with soon."

The season had nearly passed before Ralph made another attempt.

There was to be a large fruit party at a neighbor's, to which Master Ralph and myself had *not* been invited with the rest of the family. But as a compensation, good Mrs. Clifford had promised us the first watermelon of the season. Ralph himself superintended the plucking of it, and had it brought to the piazza and laid triumphantly at my feet. We together admired the dark-green rind, and held a long consultation as to the propriety of "plugging" it. Ralph's knuckles and my finger-tips were both sore sounding it. At last he drew out his jack-knife and made a geometrical incision; how our mouths watered as he dove deep into the core, and drew up a glistening, rose-colored piece of the heart. It was carefully reinserted, however, and we both went down to the spring-house to superintend the cooling of it.

A dozen times through the hot sun that day did Ralph visit it, and come back to inform me that it would be "splendid and cool" by afternoon.

The gravity of the occasion seemed to me to demand a certain degree of respect, so when at five o'clock I put on my clean pink gingham dress, I also added a new black silk apron.

Ralph and I were both to a certain extent poetical. The melon could be eaten no where, but under the grand old oak tree at the foot of the lawn. I garnished it with a wreath of summer flowers, and Ralph danced around it, as Nancy bore it, on a huge tray, to the place of sacrifice.

But here my companion's evil genius seemed to possess him.

"It's a splendid fellow, Kate," he exclaimed, "and you shall have the largest slice right out of the middle, if you will give me a kiss."

My dress and apron were becoming. *They* had settled the destiny of the melon.

"I shall *not* kiss you, and I *shall* have some melon," I answered, resolutely, "your mother gave it to me as well as you," and I laid my hand on it.

"Might makes right," replied Ralph, sententiously.

I could have cried from disappointment and vexation. My companion rapped the fruit with his fingers, and then extracted the plug to show me how ripe it was.

"Come, Kate," said he, lifting a plate to look for a knife, "you had better let me kiss you quietly, it's too hot to have a fuss to-day. In fact, if you do not hurry, I shall insist upon *you kissing me* before you can have any. I shall count three and expect you to lay down arms. Now buttercup!" and he approached me, "one, two, three—fire!"

I struggled bravely, and at last succeeded in wrenching myself from his grasp. As I stood smoothing my rumpled hair, Ralph approached the table, saying, "Well, there'll be more for me. What a stupid thing Nancy is, she hasn't brought a knife. You'll have to kiss me now, so make up your mind by the time I come back. I'm going to get a knife."

My anger knew no bounds. I would not kiss Ralph, and *I would* have some of the melon. I was naturally resolute, so I never for a moment thought of calling one of the servants to help me assert my rights. At last a mode of triumph and revenge suggested itself. It was such as could only have been conceived in a female brain. I lifted the green melon from the tray, and with all my fiery strength dashed it on the greenward. It cracked in a dozen pieces. I stooped down and ate as much of the red heart of it as I could, and was destroying the rest when I saw Ralph come running down the slope of the lawn, and heard him exclaim, "Come, rose-bud, lay down arms and be sensible."

What a coward I became then! Ralph was too brave a boy to attempt corporal punishment on a girl, but I did not know what other shape his revenge might take. I stood for a moment looking wildly first at Ralph, then at the melon, then I started off as if I had been pursued by the Evil One. I heard my companion calling after me, but I never stopped till I had locked myself up in my own room.

The next morning I entered the breakfast-room with downcast eyes, determined to tell Ralph how sorry I was at the first opportunity, but he never looked at me, nor by any sign gave notice that he was aware of my existence. My visit terminated in a few days, but during it we never spoke again, even a farewell.

Ten years had elapsed. Ralph Clifford had gone through college, had traveled over Europe, had become a beau, and some said a flirt, but I had not seen him.

One morning, as I was lounging over the breakfast-table, a letter was handed me which ran thus:—

"DEAR KATE—This is Monday, and this day week I expect you at Rosenearth. Pack up your

most becoming dresses, and bring your last new bonnet. Come with all the weapons with which female vanity in general, and your own coquetish brain in particular can furnish you, for I can assure you that you will need them. My cousin, Ralph Clifford, has just returned from Europe, and is going to make us a visit. I've invited a half dozen of the prettiest girls I know to play Houris to this grand Turk, and I've a fancy for your being Sultana of the set. You've not seen him for many years, have you? Well, he's a splendid fellow, a little spoiled, perhaps, by the women, but you're just the one to cure him. If you don't, my sister-in-law Lou Pemberton will, but I'd rather it should be done by you, it will be more effectual. Be sure to come, for I shall send to the depot for you.

Yours in terrible haste,

MINNIE PEMBERTON.

Rosenearth, September 20th."

I slowly closed the letter, as I thought over my last parting with Ralph. A smile for my childish passion, a sigh for the boy's stern anger; a consultation with my mirror and wardrobe, and I accepted the invitation. Not, I said to myself, to meet Ralph Clifford, but to spend a few gay weeks with a young party at my friend, Mrs. Pemberton's.

But I was a couple of days later in getting to Rosenearth than I had intended, and as I drove up the pine avenue, wearied and dusty from several hours ride in the cars, I shrunk into one corner of the carriage as I saw a gay equestrian party cantering down the road, the dark skirts and long plumes of the ladies waving in the breeze, whilst joyous voices rang out clear and sweet on the autumn air.

Two or three couples had passed me, and the sound of their voices and the metallic ringing of their horses' hoofs had died away, and still I did not see Ralph among them. The foolish thought that perhaps he had not joined the party, because he knew that I was expected that morning, sent a smile to my lips, which was soon dissipated by seeing another couple coming rapidly down the avenue. It was Ralph Clifford and Lou Pemberton. What perfect step the horses kept; with what easy grace did the fair girl manage the proud animal she rode! How tenderly the gentleman by her side leaned toward her as he addressed her! There was something in his manner that made me think of "Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere."

"As fast she fled through sun and shade,
The happy winds upon her played,
Blowing the ringlet from the braid:
She looked so lovely as she swayed

The rein with dainty finger-tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips."

As I passed the couple, the gentleman gave a careless look into the carriage, but no show of recognition, and, with a scornful appellation, addressed to myself, for my vanity of a few moments before, I arrived at Roseneath.

I was assailed with a volume of reproaches by my friend Mrs. Pemberton.

"Why didn't you come on Monday, Kate? It's too bad. Here you've lost two days, and Ralph is already half in love with Lou. He rides with her, and dances with her, and sings with her. Of course I like Lou well enough, because she's Will's sister; but then, she's a flirt and a goose; she doesn't care a pin for Ralph, but if she makes him believe so it's all the same. He's just ruined by the women; a flat up and down contradiction would astonish him as much as an earthquake would. I'm glad, though, that he isn't here now, for you *do* look forlorn, poor child, and first impressions are great things. Go to your room and rest, and come down stairs at dinner-time, prepared to fascinate."

I was sitting behind one of the curtains of the bow window, in the deserted parlor, just before dinner, when I heard a step in the hall, and some one whistling the air from Zampa, "Like the bee I gaily rove," and it was too characteristic for me not to recognize Ralph Clifford. He sauntered into the room, and up to the window where I sat awaiting his appearance with some curiosity. He nearly stumbled over me before he saw me: then he drew back, with a bow and a "beg your pardon;" but evidently he did not know me.

"Will you speak to me now, Mr. Clifford, or haven't you forgiven the broken melon yet?" I said, extending my hand.

"Kate!—Miss Mitchell! It isn't possible! Why, how you're grown, Kate?"

"A little, in ten years, Mr. Clifford," I replied.

"Pshaw! I wish you hadn't, though," was the answer, in a half sentimental tone.

"Thank you, I've no desire to be a second edition of 'Miss Moucher.'"

"I hope your manners have improved, Kate," he said, gravely; "but I fear you are just the same intractable little vixen you used to be."

"Just the same, Mr. Clifford. You couldn't bribe me now with a melon, easier than you could ten years ago."

The foolish words had no sooner left my lips than I regretted them; I did not mean it as a

challenge, but my companion evidently thought so, for he stooped still lower over the chair in which I was sitting, and said,

"But you would grant a kiss for 'auld lang syne's sake, when you would not for a bribe, Kate."

Had Ralph kissed me in the excitement of a first meeting, I should have thought nothing of it, from our former intimacy; but during our conversation there was something in his manner which made me remember Mrs. Pemberton's words, "he's a terrible flirt, spoiled by the women," and I was determined that I would not be one to minister to his vanity, so I coldly drew myself up, as I answered,

"Our old acquaintance ended when you so totally ignored my existence years ago, and a new one begins now."

A bow, which said "as you please," was the only answer, for just then Lou Pemberton entered the room. I think we both measured lances at the first glance. We were acquaintances and rivals of old. I could not compete with her faultless beauty, but I had a cooler head and a stronger will, and in our tournaments of wit or vanity, was as frequently victor as she was. A keen observer of human nature might have discovered an antagonism in five minutes, we were so decorously polite to each other.

She seemed to comprehend the state of affairs instantly. A satisfied smile wreathed her red lips for a moment, as she said,

"I'm delighted to see you, Kate, we only wanted you, to make our party perfect, didn't we, Mr. Clifford?"

"I considered the party as perfect as it could be, before," was the reply, with a bow to Louise, "but I've no doubt Miss Mitchell will add greatly to our pleasure," and there was another bow to myself.

But before the evening was over I began to fear that my "kingdom had departed." Lou was a splendid performer on the piano, whilst I could scarcely play a decent accompaniment to my own singing. She had "done" Europe, too, in the customary style of fashionable people, and, running her slender fingers over the ivory keys, she would turn on the piano-stool and ask,

"Do you remember that, Mr. Clifford? You heard that opera, of course, when you were in Milan;" or, "Did you hear Piccolomini sing this when you were in London?" Then going to the window she would breathe forth a soft sigh, and ask, "Were you ever on Lake Como at sunset?" or, "Can you *ever* forget that divine moonlight on the Bay of Naples, Mr. Clifford?"

I had no such pleasing associations in common

with Ralph Clifford. Between us there was nothing more sentimental than childish strolls through the fields in spring-time for butter-cups and violets; the gathering of white pond-lilies on the cool waters in summer time, much to the detriment of our clothes; the hunting for chestnuts and acorns in the autumn; or the glorious ride on Ralph's sled down steep hills in winter.

My propensity for saying or doing saucy things was never long dormant, so, by way of a counter-blast to her last inquiry, "Can you ever forget that divine moonlight on the Bay of Naples?" without giving Ralph time to answer, I asked, in an enthusiastic tone.

"Can you ever forget those juicy turn-over cherry pies which Nancy used to make us, Mr. Clifford?" and "Do they wear such funny red woolen comforters in St. Petersburg, as you used to do, when you went sledding?"

Ralph looked at me curiously for a moment, then burst into such a laugh as I suppose Miss Pemberton had never heard before. I had broken Louisa's spell for that evening at least, but I cannot say that I was quite satisfied with myself after all. I felt that there was something undignified and unwomanly in the open warfare which Miss Pemberton and myself were carrying on, this "pulling caps" for a man, as Bridget would have termed it, like any two chambermaids. And over the crackling wood fire in my bedroom, that night, I determined that if Lou could win she might, for I would not sacrifice my self-respect for even such a man as Ralph Clifford.

A week of my stay had passed, and I had carried out my resolve. In all our driving, riding, or walking parties, I quietly attached myself to Minnie, one of her brothers, or some of the young ladies of the company. No arts of coquetry could have been so successful as this; if we walked, Ralph frequently waited to hold open a wicket, or help me over loose stones; if we rode, he was frequently at my bridle-rein discussing the merits of our animals, or complimenting me upon my horsemanship; if I sang, he would turn over the leaves of the music; if I read, crocheted, talked, or sat still, and I accidentally looked up, I frequently caught his eyes fixed upon me. So I quietly folded my hands, and allowed destiny to weave the warp as she would.

But Louise struggled like the true woman that she was, for her departing power. Never had she looked so beautifully; never had her toilet been so faultless nor so becoming; never had the ivory keys of the piano before breathed out such music as she elicited from them. Sometimes so gay and light-headed, sometimes so pensive and

poetical. If I had been a man I think I should have worshipped her, but being a woman, I saw through her coquette's wiles, with a coquette's lynx eyes.

And what a place Roseneath was for flirtations, too, with its curtained bay windows, and its charming little balconies; with its unexpected crooks and corners, where you fell into people's arms whom you thought any distance off; with its bright, morning view looking down the fair valley, and across to blue hills; with its tall trees casting dancing shadows in the golden sunshine on the lawn; with its shaded walks, and narrow paths, and little bits of fence to spring over that would make an assisting hand so necessary; with its quiet, nun-like beauty under the moonlight, that subdued laughing voices to whispers, that made one's eyes, as they looked on the moon, by some mysterious influence, meet those of a companion as they returned to earth; the moonlight, that seemed so cold, and pure and holy, and yet warmed incipient love into passion such as no noonday sun could have done! Heigho! one couldn't help falling in love at Roseneath!

At last there came a rainy day. A rainy day in a country house, with a party of young people ripe for anything. Think of it! We all cuddled around the wood fire, in the long, low-ceiling parlor. Some of the young girls netted, some had soft hanks of zephyr and brought the hands of admiring young gentlemen into requisition to wind them. Louise thrummed on the piano, lounged from one group to another, and was generally restless. At last, Ralph gave her a couple of pairs of his gloves to mend, "in order to keep her still," he said, "and that she might not disturb the quiet of the meeting," while he went on designing patterns for Minnie's embroidery.

As for myself, I had taken a seat in one of the low windows, with a book, but looking now at the yellow leaves circling slowly down, or at the grey mist down the valley; and now watching the party assembled in the parlor. I had a fashion, when my hands were otherwise unemployed, of putting my rings off and on in an absent manner. Among them was one of peculiar workmanship, set with hair. It had been given to me by a school friend, years before, and was always worn. At our parting—she for her home in the South, and I to enter the world, "finished"—she had put it on my finger, in a mock solemn way, saying, (to hide the tears which she was afraid would come, I think,) "Kate, with this ring I thee bless; but beware of losing it, for it will be an omen of evil." I had no faith in the prophecy, but I had great

love for my friend, and always wore her little keep-sake carefully. But this morning, in my usual fashion, as I sat and dreamed, I suppose I pulled off the ring, and it must have rolled on the floor. Presently a proposition was made to practice the "lancers." Minnie went to the piano to play for us. Mr. Clifford engaged Louise, and the rest of us laughingly snatched the partner who happened to be nearest to us. I had never seen anything so graceful, and yet so stately as *Les Lanciers*, as danced by Ralph and Lou; and this morning, it seemed to me that he lingered longer than was necessary as he bowed over her hand, and I knew that the sudden lifting and then drooping of her eyelids, a certain shy glance, as she swept him a graceful courtesy, must have fascinated a man of stone. Somehow I did not finish the quadrille with as light a beat as I begun it. Miss Pemberton sunk into a large chair, when it was over, and gazed into the fire as if in a pleasant dream. I went back to my unopened book, in the bay window, and thought how mournful the falling leaves, and drenched flowers, and dreary rain all seemed. Mr. Clifford joined me, and stood for some time looking out of the window in silence.

"How I love a rainy day!" he said, at last, "one feels such an intense pleasure in being comfortable in spite of the elements."

To this I made no answer. I loved a rainy day, too, but I was not disposed to say so just then.

"Oh, ho! The cat has got your tongue, has it?" was his next remark.

The speech was so childishly absurd, so like the teasing Ralph Clifford of years ago, that I laughed in spite of myself.

He drew a chair up, and took a seat before me.

"Come now, Katy-did, don't you like a rainy day?"

"No," I answered, shortly, "I hate a landscape done in water-colors."

The familiar nick-name of "Katy-did" aroused all my suspicions too, for I had discovered that when Mr. Clifford meant to flirt with me, he always begun by appealing to some childish association.

Just then I glanced down and missed my ring. In some consternation I began to look for it, and in answer to Ralph's wondering inquiry, I told him its story. I hunted carefully, with his assistance, but I could not find it. At last the whole parlor was turned up-side down by the party, to search for Miss Mitchell's lost ring, but of no avail.

As we separated to dress for dinner, I saw Mr.

Clifford playfully abstract a white rose-bud from Lou's hair, which she had put there a short time before, and then place it in the button-hole of his coat, with a bow, a laughing glance, and his hand on his heart. I went to my room, feeling that I had been thoroughly foiled. I had been foolish enough to be jealous of Louise that morning, and to show it, or at least to be irritated without seeming cause. I began to hate both Ralph and Miss Pemberton. If I had only had sufficient self-control to laugh and talk and seem perfectly indifferent, I might at least have spared my pride. Arguing thus, I was very gay at the dinner-table, jested with Mr. Clifford about the rose-bud, which he still wore, and much to Lou's satisfaction, let Charley Graves pare my peaches, and select me fine bunches of grapes at dessert.

The rain increased during the afternoon. One by one, the girls strolled away to their rooms with novels in their hands, to cry over the sorrows of favorite heroines, or to doze away the "doleful day," as they termed it. The gentlemen betook themselves to the library for their games of whist and euchre. Knowing the parlor to be deserted, I went in to take another look for my ring. As I was groping on the floor I heard some one behind me say,

"You can't thwart destiny, Miss Mitchell, accept the evil that comes with the omen as well as you can. That's the only philosophy, I assure you"

"I don't care for the omen, but I *do* care a great deal about my ring, Mr. Clifford, I answered, "and you're no knight of dames if you don't find it for me. Imagine a Sir Galahad, or a Sir Launcelot, being foiled by a lost ring."

"I shall expect a guerdon, Katy-did, if I restore it to you," he said.

"You shall have it," was my reply, for I had picked up the rose-bud which had fallen by me, and which he did not miss in the increasing darkness of the afternoon.

"What shall be my reward? I give you warning that I shall demand a great one," he said.

"As if a knight ever made a bargain! Think of Sir Launcelot chaffering about a reward! Why, sir, a smile, my favorite color; or—this, would satisfy most loyal hearts and true," and I twirled the white rose-bud before his eyes.

He looked down hurriedly to his button-hole, and missed the flower.

"I arrest you for petty larceny," he said, endeavoring to seize the bud which I held far above my head.

"My ring is in your pocket, if I'm not mistaken," I replied, as I pinned the flower on my dress, and looked down complacently, asking,

"What will Miss Pemberton say to seeing her favors worn by another? I think a treacherous knight will find no mercy from her."

"Now, sweet Kitty Clover, don't bother me so," he sung, laughingly, "give me the rose-bud; what will she think?"

"Ho, ho! I've drawn the dragon's teeth, have I? You are harmless now, I suspect; and hand me my ring if you please."

"Pshaw! I don't care for the flower! I don't care what Miss Pemberton thinks! I won't relinquish the ring at that price, I assure you!"

"You're unreasonable, sir; but what do you demand?"

"My Kate," he whispered, stooping over me, "I want that—that kiss which you've owed me these ten years. And more, Kate, I want——"

But I don't know that it was any of Lou Pemberton's affair, or the affair of any one else, what he wanted in exchange for my ring; still, I may

as well acknowledge that he had the audacity to ask me for my heart and hand, a monstrous recompense, to be sure, but as he threw his own heart in to make the balance more even, I was willing to submit to the conditions.

As I wanted this piece of merchandize kept quiet, I gave Ralph gracious permission to flirt with Lou as much as he liked, but he said I'd taken the heart out of him, that he had none left for that pleasant occupation, and he really behaved, during the rest of my visit, with the greatest propriety. Miss Pemberton suspected the state of things, I think, for, after a few days' ineffectual trial "to win the tassel gentle back again," she turned her lures upon Charley Graves, who came down immediately.

The next spring I assumed a legal right to watch over Mr. Clifford's heart, and I assure my readers, that that visit to Roseneath put an end to RALPH CLIFFORD'S FLIRTATIONS.

THE SOUL'S RELEASE.

BY FRANCES M. CHESBRO.

MINGLING with the airs of evening,
Floating on the twilight breeze,
Rang a note of saddest wailing,
Like the moan of sighing trees;
Soft and plaintively it rose,
Breathing through the night's repose.

A deeper glory velle the night,
A holier rest is on the plain,
A human soul is taking flight,
Bursting bands of earthly pain;
Soft and low the plaints arise,
Float they upward to the skies.

Now the mad breeze stirs the branches,
Wildly sweeping on its way,
Madly rushing—now it dances

Like a sprite at elfin play,
Then uprising, bears its burden
Through the realm of space away.

Wo that linger see no vision,
Hear we but the sighing breeze,
Twilight voices, richly laden
With the hum of murmuring bees,
See we but our daylight fading
With the sunset 'mid the trees.

Sets our sun of hope and promise
Shading into gloom away,
But the rising of the morning
Bids us hail the new-born ray,
And the soul that burst its fetters
Sings its freedom song to-day.

GERALDINE.

BY E. SUMMERS DANA.

On! come, my love, though the skies be dark
And the winds wail madly o'er the hills,
Though the sere leaves, trembling downward, mark
The swift decay that so sadly fills
The earth and air with the ceaseless pain,
For the lost that cometh not again.

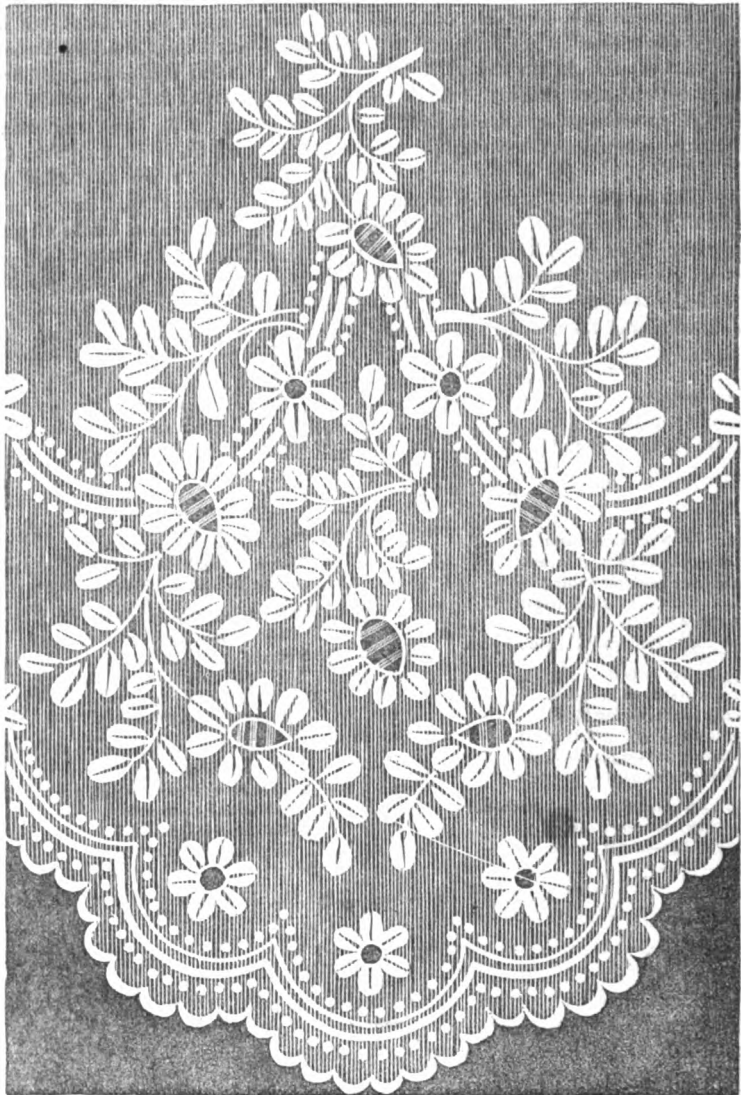
Though the world without be dark and drear,
There is still a glorious warmth within,
A love that shall fill thy heart with cheer,
Which shall ever softly come to win
Thee back from the tears and ills of strife,
To the coming joys of an inner life.

A life that were full of riper fruits,
Dropped down in the pienteous lap of bliss,
Of melody sweeter than fairy lutes,
Whose echoes steal like a loved one's kiss,
To lull the soul from its restless sigh,
Like the soothing tones of a lullaby.

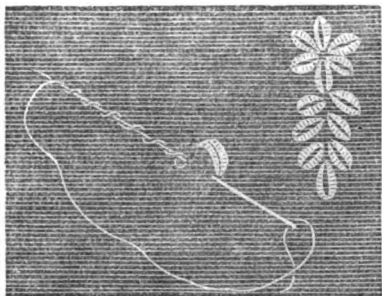
Then come, my love, and rest again,
In a circling shelter where no harm
Shall dare to menace with grief or pain,
As you nestle 'neath a fondling arm
So close to a heart that a twin-love fills,
And a tremulous joy so swiftly thrills.

SLEEVE IN "POINT DE LA POSTE."

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is the name of a new and beautiful style of embroidery, which has been introduced on the continent of Europe, and which, though apparently requiring the greatest proficiency, is produced with ease and rapidity, as indeed its name implies. To render our description plain, we give, on the next page, an illustration showing the manner of passing the thread round the needle. Every double leaf requires the needle to be twice inserted. It is done by putting the needle through the muslin the length of the leaf, and twisting the thread round the point of it about twelve times; before drawing the needle through, place the thumb of the left hand on the



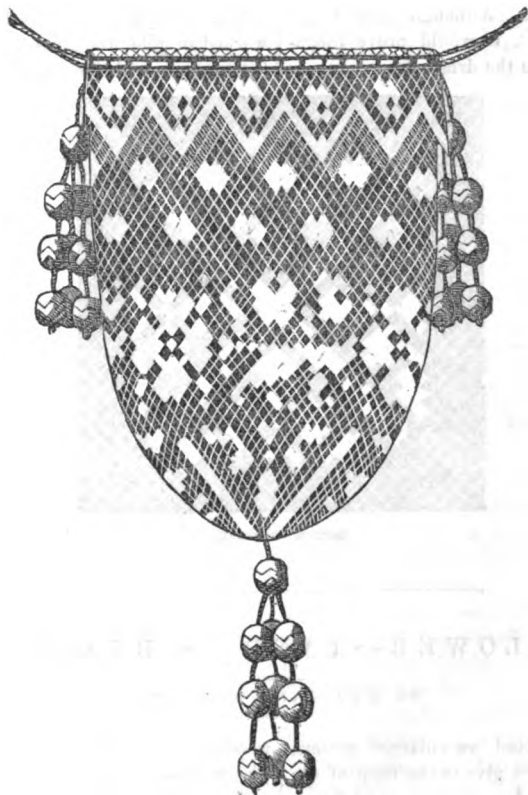
length of the leaf. This forms the half of the double leaf. The needle is again brought out, the same as the first, close to the last stitch, and repeated.

A very few such experiments will render any lady able to acquire the greatest facility in executing this beautiful style of work. We have given a design for a sleeve to be worked on clear muslin. The stems and lines must, of course, be worked in the usual way. It is especially necessary to use a smooth and even cotton. The number must be selected according to the size of the pattern; for the one given, Nos. 20 and 24 will be sufficiently fine and perfectly well suited for its purpose.

needle—this prevents the thread from being drawn up. Draw this twisted thread close up to the muslin, and pass the needle through the

THE CHRISTMAS PURSE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

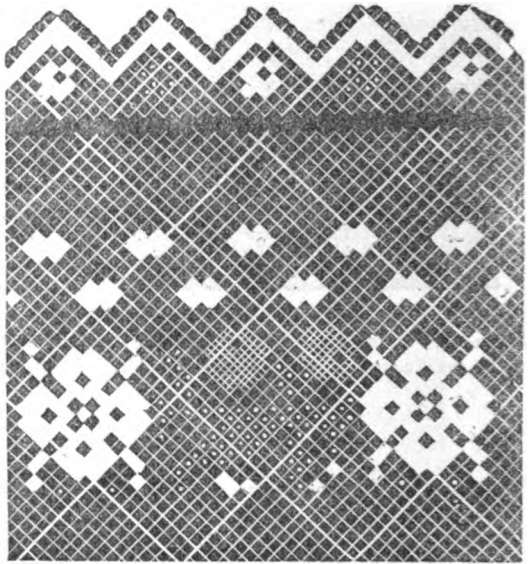


We give, this month, as peculiarly appropriate } which is to be worked upon it; and which we
for the season, a netted purse, the pattern of } call "The Christmas Purse." It will be seen

that there are three engravings. The first is the purse as completed; the second the body of the purse; the third the bottom of the purse. With these to assist, even a beginner may easily work such a purse, at odd hours, in the time left between this and Christmas.

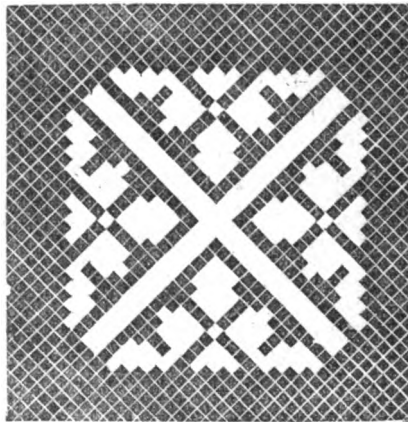
The entire purse is netted of fine silk twist. It is commenced with one stitch, and is continued round after round, with an increase of stitches at the four corners. The design in gold, the red and blue, to be worked with a needle. The trimming is made at the same time with the purse; it is detached, in order to show more distinctly the place where it should hang down.

The string must pass through two meshes of the net, and in order to give it a Chinese style, a little ball may be added at each opening. Some purses have three rows of trimming, ornamented with little balls, two being made separately from the purse. Although these might give it a pretty effect, it would prove inconvenient, by catching in the dress, &c.



BODY OF PURSE.

The white squares (see body of purse) are to be worked in gold; the cross-barred squares in red; the squares, with the dot in the centre, in blue.



BOTTOM OF PURSE.

FLOWER-STAND IN BEADS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This little flower-stand, an enlarged pattern of the side of which we give in the front of the number, may be placed upon a piece of furniture, and may be decorated with artificial, or natural flowers; in the latter case, a vase of tinplate, or zinc may be used. A small, white

wooden box, or frame work is also required. The wooden stand must be covered with white satin, ornamented with bead lozenges. Double strands of fine wire must be fastened around the top of the flower-stand, and these must be twice as high as the stand. String six small, and one



large bead in the first bar, then six small and one large bead in the second, and finally six small beads in the third, which must pass through the large bead. These form the lozenges indicated in the pattern, given in front of the number. You see that each bar passes through a large bead with that which is transversely opposite. The work continues thus until completed; the

beads are stopped at the angles of the flower-stand, just as they began at the first. As a finish, the top of the flower-stand must be ornamented by stringing upon fine wire ten small and one large bead, which, in the next row are alternated, taking up the large beads to form a scalloped fringe.

COVER FOR BLIND-TASSEL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THE engraving of this useful article will be found in the front of the number. The materials are Nos. 10 and 12 cotton, and No. 3-Penelope Hook.

1st Row.—Make 15 chain, unite, work 15 dc stitches round.

2nd Row.—1 L, 2 chain, 1 L into every dc stitch; after the last 2 chain, unite into the 1st L. (The cotton must now be cut off at the end of every row.)

3rd Row.—5 chain, dc on every L stitch; 15 chains of 5, in this row.

4th Row.—5 chain, dc in centre loop of every 5 chain.

5th Row.—3 chain, dc in centre loop of every 5.

6th Row.—7 chain, dc in centre loop of every 3.

7th Row.—3 chain, dc into centre loop of every 7.

8th Row.—3 L in the centre loop of the 3 chain, 1 chain, repeat.

9th Row.—3 L in the centre L stitch, 2 chain, repeat

There will be 75 stitches in this row.

FOR THE BORDER.—Begin on a L stitch; 37 chain, turn back, 1 L into 9th loop from hook, * 1 L, 2 chain, 1 L into 3rd loop, repeat from * 9 times more (in all, 10 spaces;) this forms the vein of leaf: 1 chain, dc into loop where commenced, 1 chain, turn the work round on the finger, 7 dc up the side of the vein; this will bring to the 3rd L stitch of vein. Then 25 L stitches up to the point in the 26th loop, work 4 L, 3 chain, 4 more L into same loop, then 25 L stitches down, then 7 dc stitches down to the loop where commenced; turn on wrong side, 5 chain, dc into 4th loop up the side of the leaf, 5 chain, dc into 4th loop; then 5 chain, 1 L into 4th loop till the last of the 25 L, then 5 chain, 1 L into centre loop of the 3 chain, 5 chain, 1 more L into same loop; then 5 chain, 1 L on 1st of the 25 L, then 5 chain, 1 L into every 4th loop for 6 times; then 5 chain, dc into 4th loop, 5 chain, dc into 4th loop, 5 chain, dc into loop where commenced. Turn on the right side: 5 dc under

every 5 chain all round; lastly, dc into loop where commenced, then 12 dc into the 12 loops of 9th row.

uniting into the 1st leaf for 7 times; that is, after making the first 5 dc stitches, unite into the 5th dc stitch of first leaf; repeat this 6 times more.

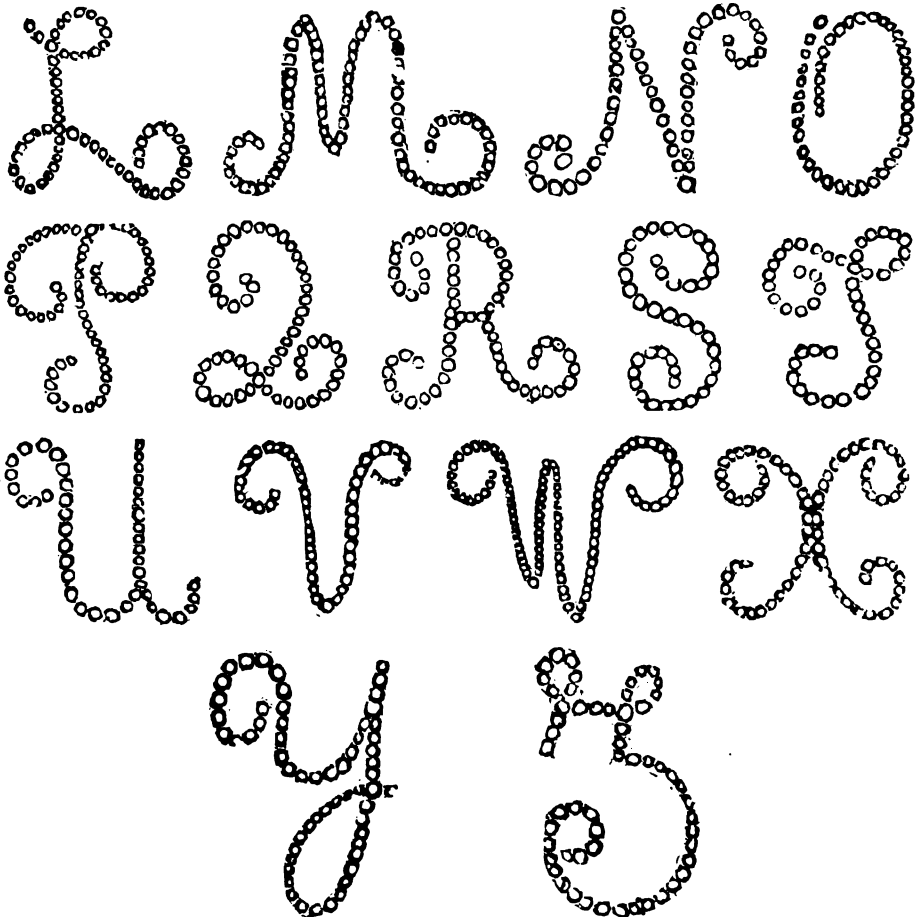
Now 37 chain, and work another leaf, but

CROCHET BRACELET WITH BUGLES.

THE materials to be used are one large curtain ring, two dozen smaller, and forty-four small purse rings. All the rings must be crocheted with black twist; the work is similar to that of round purses with clasps. The large ring which forms the middle rose is surrounded by twelve small rings which may be united with the crochet needle, or with a needle and thread. The other large rings are to be surrounded with only eight small rings, and form the side roses, which are united to the middle rose by three loops formed

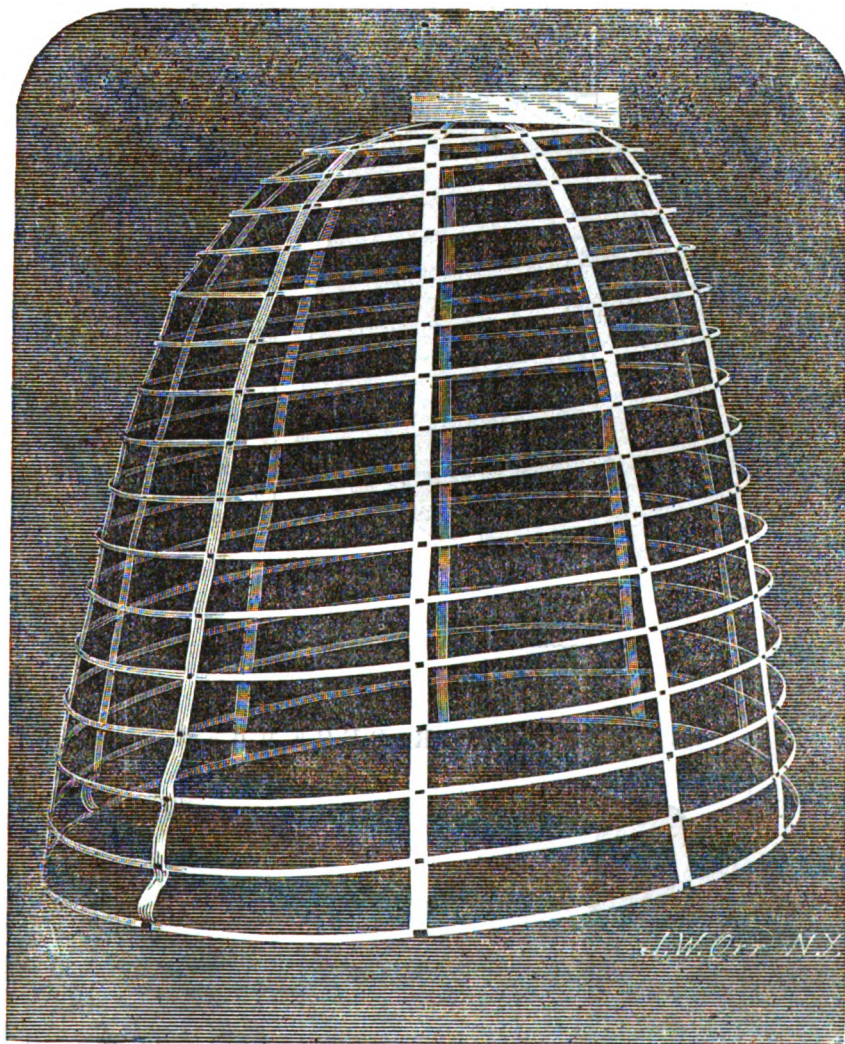
of two small rings for the centre, and three small rings for the sides. When the bracelet is finished, the beads are placed in each ring. In the large one you must string the beads so as to let the twist pass through, and work as in the wheels in embroidery. In the small ones string three or four beads, according to their size. The bracelet is closed by a jet clasp. The pattern, which we give in the front of the number, is full size, and shows plainly the whole work. J. W.

PART OF EMBROIDERED ALPHABET FOR MARKING.



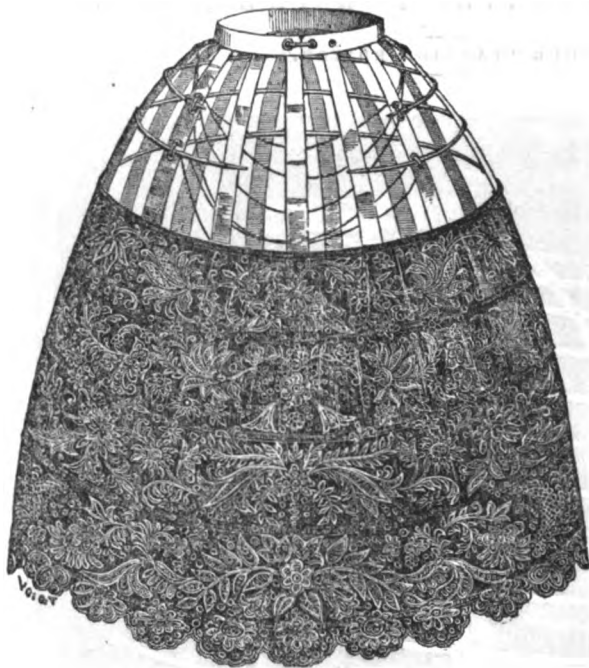
USEFUL NOVELTIES FOR THE MONTH

BY OUR "FASHION EDITOR."



We take pleasure in presenting our readers with this new and useful article. It has, they will observe, many advantages. Among the most prominent of them is the shape, which is full of grace and beauty, a fact acknowledged by thousands of ladies and others, who saw it at the late fair at the Crystal Palace, New York, and elsewhere. Another of these advantages is the manner of making it: the tapes being fastened to the springs by means of a clasp, instead of being sewed; by which ripping is avoided. Moreover, as the skirt is made on a frame, each has the desired shape. In addition to this, the springs are made from the best

watch-spring steel; are tempered by a new patent process; and are considered to be unequalled for elasticity and durability. This skirt is patented, by Osborn and Vincent, No. 89 Warren street, New York.



We also have another skirt with advantages of its own, "The Honiton Skirt, with the adjustable Bustle," which is patented, made and sold by Douglas & Sherwood, New York. This is a very beautiful article. The corset laces, as will be remarked, go on the back of the person. The size of the bustle may be increased to any extent desired, by drawing the laces tighter. Wherever this skirt has been worn, it has given the greatest satisfaction. None of these skirts are genuine, unless stamped with the trade mark of Douglas & Sherwood.

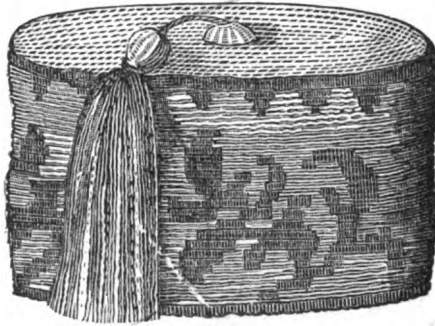
These two skirts vary so much, and are fitted for such different occasions, that both may be added to the wardrobe, with advantage. The sale of manufactured skirts is now enormous, and, we are glad to say, that, in getting them up, female labor is employed to a large extent.

BONNETS FOR DECEMBER.



GREEK SMOKING CAP IN CROCHET.

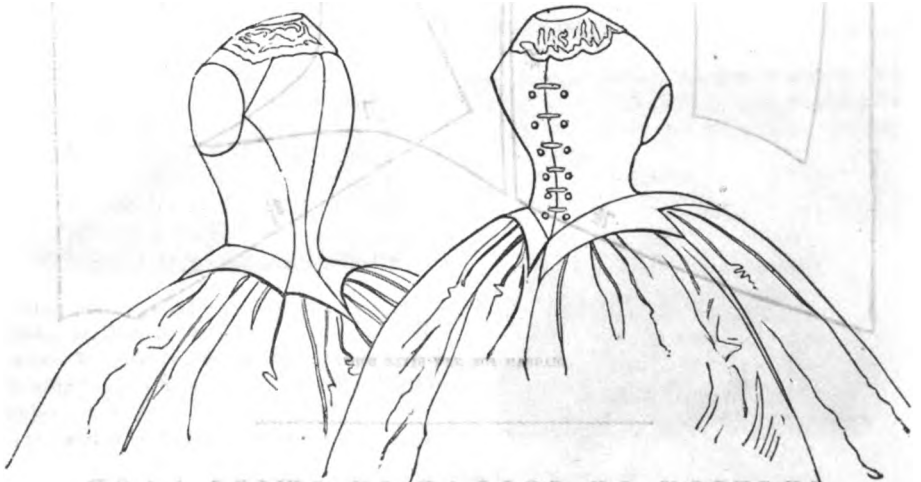
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS is a very stylish cap, and peculiarly suitable for a Christmas or New Year's present, from a lady to a gentleman. In the front of the number we give an enlarged pattern of the top and side, from which any one, who can crochet, can make the article, without the necessity of a detailed description. The cap is to be lined, according to the taste of the maker, and finished with a tassel, as seen in the engraving above. Any colors may be selected that will look well together: blue and yellow, red and green, black and gold, for instance.

NEW STYLE FOR BODY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



OUR pattern, for this month, is a new style for a dress, just brought out in Paris. The engraving represents both the back and front of the body. The diagram is to be enlarged as usual. The size, in inches, for a lady of medium height, is marked, it will be seen, on each of the following; viz:

- No. 1. FRONT OF BODY.
- No. 2. SIDE BODY.
- No. 3. BACK OF BODY.

In the November number, we gave a pattern } a lady's toilet, for the winter, would be com-
for a cloak: with this pattern for the dress, } plete.

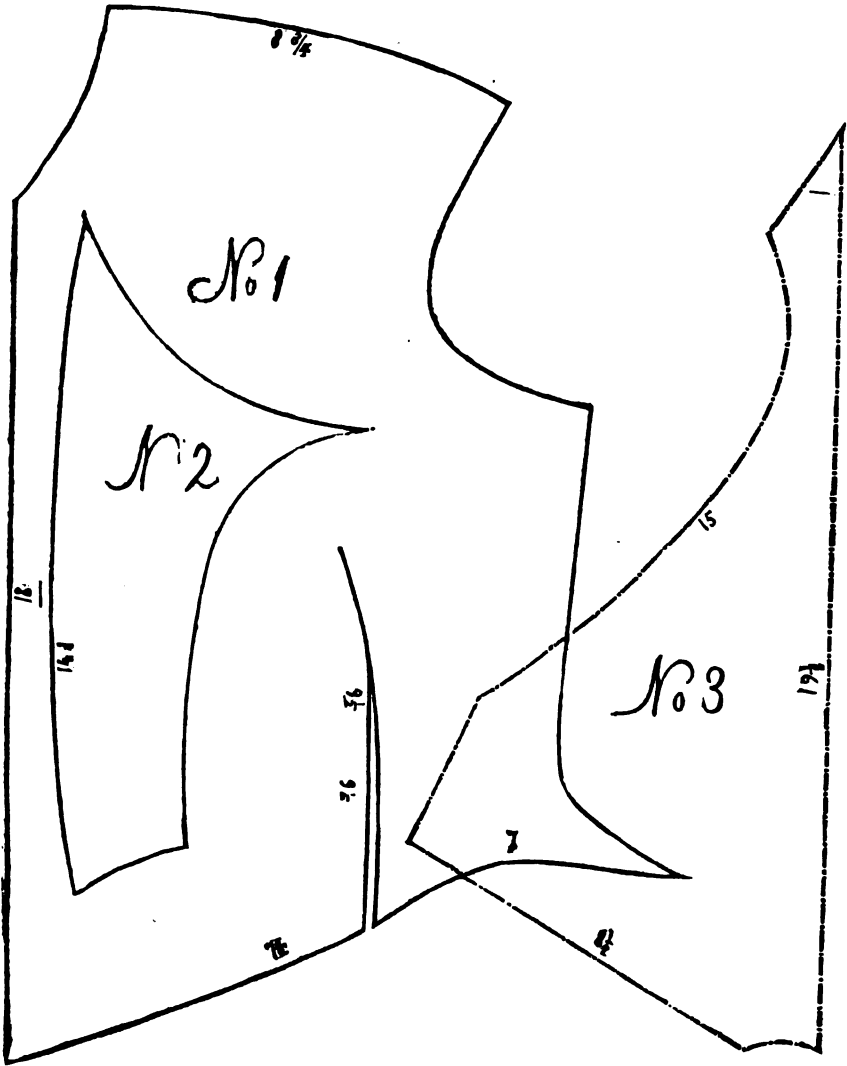
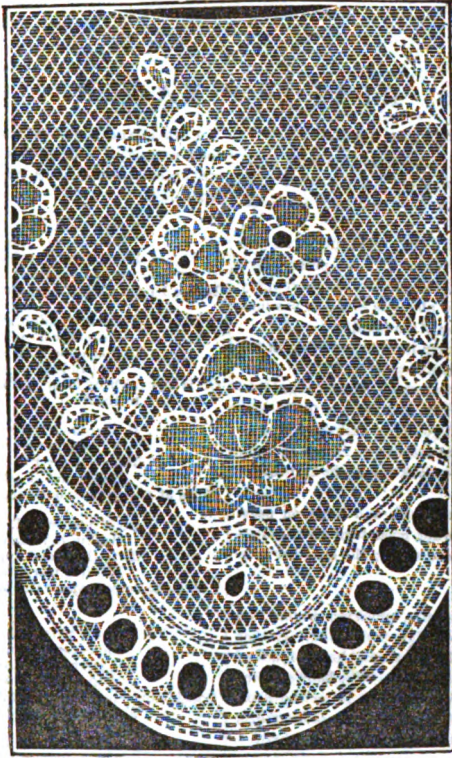


DIAGRAM FOR NEW STYLE BODY.

SECTION OF COLLAR IN SWISS LACE.

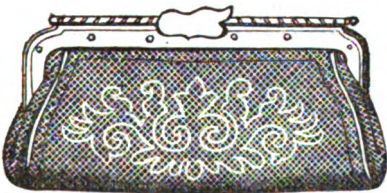
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This elegant article is to be worked on jaco- needle, and various fine ones. From the sec-
net muslin, with embroidery cotton, No. 40, and tion we give, the whole collar may be drawn,
sewing cotton, No. 50, with a coarse sewing of a size to suit the wearer.



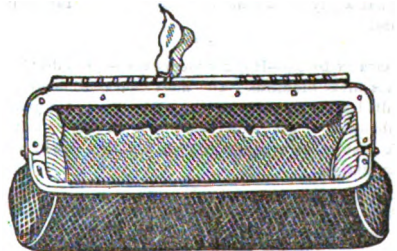
TOBACCO POUCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This would make a seasonable gift for a father, brother, or husband: and it is easily made. We give two engravings of it here, one showing the pouch closed, and the other showing it open: from which may be learned how to line it, and also what kind of clasp to select. In the

front of the number, we give a pattern, full size, of the two sides of the pouch, showing the embroidery. These two sides, when doubled, form the pouch.



INDIAN MOCCASIN FOR INFANT.

In the front of the number will be found a beautiful pattern, full size, for an Indian Moccasin for an infant. It may be worked on yellow buckskin, or cloth, in colored embroidery silks or beads, in chain-stitch. It would make an appropriate Christmas present.

J. W.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE STRANGER IN THE HOUSE.—"Children, be very quiet to-day! Step about like mice, and don't speak above your breath—there's a stranger here, and perhaps he is not accustomed to noise.

"Betty, go make all the beds. Put everything in its proper place, and leave the doors open. It has a pretty effect when everything is tidy. See that the parlors are thoroughly dusted—trim all the lamps—go about as softly as possible, for I understand he is something of an invalid.

"Tell Susan not to practice when he is in; and pray if the baby is fretful, take her to the nursery instantly."

What a model house it is for that day! The stranger is in the house! Wife speaks so softly, and sweetly to the dear children—the children talk so gently to each other!—husband's voice takes a low, musical accent, (he forgets himself, however, and hunts for his bed-jack for an hour, because it's—in the right place.)

Things are whisked off from chairs and hung on pegs. Everybody is watching to see what good turn he can do—what favorable impression he can make; the stranger is in the house!

To-morrow the stranger goes.

Whoop, whoop, hurrah! The calm, mid-warm waters hiss and bubble now. The children slap each other. Mother bawls at the top of her voice. Father throws his boot-jack at something because breakfast isn't ready. The baby screams in a dabbled night-gown. The dish-cloth is on the floor. Books and hats, coats, clothes-brushes, combs, shoe-strings, lamps and blacking, are on chairs, and laying about loose.

"I mean to show things as they really are,
Not as they ought to be."

Chamber doors sprawl wide open, showing new-made beds in all stages of slovenliness. Wash-hand basins full of dirty water—closets on *dishabille*.

Family sits down to a greasy table-cloth and broken dishes. Tom and Sue fight for the last piece of toast. Dick teaches the baby to make faces.

The dulcet tones have all gone with the going of the stranger. What seemed to him

"The dearest spot on earth"

is a small depot of Bedlam now. The angels are—something else. The calm soothes and hisses in whirlpools.

What a pity there could not always be—a stranger in the house!

TASTE IN DRESS.—It is not mere expense, recollect! which makes dress beautiful. The most charming attire is the result, less of an extravagant outlay, than of a judicious combination of colors and a neat fit. A lady of taste will look prettier in a gingham than a vulgar dowdy will in *noire antique*.

ON A MARRIAGE.—We clip, from a newspaper, the following on the marriage of Rouben Wise to Matilda Chevix:

At length, she seized the proffered prize,
(A happy one, believe us),
For matrimony made her Wise;
Before, she was Miss Chevix.

A CHEERFUL TEMPER.—A bright, sunny face is the most beautiful thing in the world, for it is a guarantee that all around it will be happy. And a cheerful temper is the secret of this loveliness.

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A BEAUTIFUL POEM.—We noticed, last month, Miss Proctor's volume of poems. We give, now, one of the poems we praised, entitled, "A Woman's Question." Is it not beautiful?

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine;
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine;
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night for me

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge
and thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshar'd by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, oh, tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true mercy, tell me
so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfill?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day my whole life wither
and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my heart against
thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake—
Not thou—had been to blame;
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou—oh, surely
thou wilt warn me now.

Nay, answer not—I dare not hear—
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee, my fate;
Whatever on my heart may fall—remember, I would risk it
all.

THE BEST MAGAZINE.—The Broome Co. (New York) Gazette says, speaking of this Magazine:—"In all Magashedom, there is not one, of the same price, that contains so extensive a variety of original patterns in embroidery and crochet, of new music, household receipts, original tales, poetry, &c., as does this model Magazine. It employs an able array of contributors, and is edited by MRS. ANN S. STRAPHERN, author of 'Fashion and Famine,' 'Mary Derwent,' and other tales; and C. J. PETERSON, author of 'Kate Aylesford,' &c. It is conceded by every one to be the best two dollar Magazine in the world. It contains more reading matter for the money than any other Magazine extant. Its steel illustrations are unexcelled." We quote this, to show our friends that they need not be afraid to recommend this Magazine.

BERLIN MAT.—The request of M. W. D., in reference to this, we shall endeavor to comply with, next month. Her letter came too late for the pattern to be given in the present number.

EDITORIAL CONVENTION.—We observe that in several of the states conventions of editors are being held, partly for purposes of business, partly to increase good-fellowship and fraternity. In Pennsylvania, two annual meetings of this kind have already taken place; and both were well attended by leading members of the profession. A third annual meeting is to convene, at Harrisburg, next February. These assemblages ought to be encouraged, even if they led to nothing more than a personal acquaintance between editors; for nothing softens the asperities of political strife so much as social intimacy. As a member of the Pennsylvania Convention said, at the last meeting of that body, "it would be impossible for me to go home, and pen an abusive paragraph of any gentleman I have met here, no matter how much we may differ, politically or otherwise." To raise the tone of the press, to infuse into it more courtesy, to make all its members alive to its power: these are results, which will flow from such Conventions; and therefore they ought to be encouraged. We may say, in concluding this hasty paragraph, that nothing struck us more forcibly, at the last meeting of the Pennsylvania Convention, than the large amount of intellectual ability it displayed. We are certain that no equal number of men, taken at random from either of the learned professions, would have shown so much mother wit, such knowledge of life, such Encyclopædic information, or so much general intelligence.

COST OF A MODERN BELLE.—An English cotemporary calculates the cost of a modern belle, in this wise:—"I saw her dancing in the ball. Around her snowy brow were set five hundred pounds; such would have been the answer of any jeweler to the question, 'What are those diamonds?' With the gentle undulation of her bosom there rose and fell exactly thirty pounds ten shillings. The sum bore the guise of a brooch of gold and onamol. Her fairy form was invested in ten guineas, represented by a slip of lilac satin; and this was overlaid by thirty guineas more in two skirts of white lace. Tastefully down each side of the latter were six half-crowns, which so many bows of purple ribbon had come to. The lower margin of the thirty guinea skirts were edged with eleven additional guineas, the value of some eight yards of silver fringe, a quarter of a yard in depth. Her taper waist taking zone and clasp together, I calculated to be confined by thirty pounds sterling. Her delicately rounded arms, the glove of spotless kid being added to the gold bracelet which encircled the little wrist, may be said to have been adorned with twenty-two pounds five and sixpence; and putting the silk and satin at the lowest figure, I should say she wore fourteen and sixpence on her feet. Thus altogether was this thing of light, this creature of loveliness, arrayed from top to toe, exclusively of little sundries, in six hundred and forty-eight pounds eleven shillings." Many of our American belles, we suspect, are quite as extravagant.

THE FASHIONS IN "PETERSON."—We owe it to our "Fashion Editor" to say a word about the fashions in this Magazine. Those persons, who are in the habit of seeing other Magazines, are aware how superior ours are to the fashions to be found elsewhere. We possess great facilities for getting the fashions from Paris and London in advance, and the result is, that, very often, we anticipate other periodicals, two, three, or even six months. It is amusing to see such Magazines talking of "being ahead" in the fashions, when, in the very numbers they make these boasts, there are, sometimes, engravings of dresses, which our subscribers have had made up, from our patterns, a year before.

A SUITABLE GIFT.—A present of "Peterson's Magazine," for 1859, would be the most suitable gift a brother could make to a sister, a husband make to his wife, or a gentleman make to a lady.

MAGARGE'S NEW PAPER-MILL.—Mr. Charles Magarge, senior partner of the firm of C. Magarge & Co., of this city, has just completed a new paper-mill, which is, perhaps, the most thorough and elegant one in the United States. It is situated on the romantic Wissahickon, a few miles from Philadelphia, in the midst of some of the most picturesque scenery in the world. The edifice is built of hammered stone, after an architectural design of great fitness and beauty; and the machinery is not only the best of its kind, but is finished with unusual elegance. Mr. Magarge is one of the oldest and most esteemed paper-makers in America, and takes, as this building shows, that pride in his craft, without which no man ever rose to eminence and respect.

CHAIR SEAT, BORDER, &c.—The splendid pattern, in Berlin work, which is given in colors, in the front of the number, may be used either for a chair seat, for a cushion, for a stool, or for a variety of other purposes, as the ingenuity of our fair readers may suggest. With it are given two borders, either of which may be worked with the pattern, or used singly. The cross-lines, in the engraving, represent, of course, the threads of the canvas. A pattern, like this, sells, at retail stores, for from thirty-seven and a half to fifty cents. One of these, now for a purse, now for a slipper, now for something else, will be given, in every number, next year; and will be the additional embellishment which the publisher announces.

THE CASH SYSTEM.—Many of our exchanges say:—"We don't see how Peterson can afford to publish so good a Magazine for only two dollars a year." We can tell you, gentlemen. The secret is the cash system. We get cash in advance from every subscriber, and pay cash: and hence we can do what other Magazines, that trust, cannot afford to do. Nobody, who subscribes to "Peterson" has to pay for the delinquencies of others. But where Magazines trust, the paying subscribers have to make up for those who don't pay: and so get an inferior article for their money.

CO-OPERATION OF THE WIFE.—There is much good sense and truth in the remark of a modern author, that no man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labor with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandize or his farm, fly over lands, sail upon the seas, meet difficulty or encounter danger, if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home!

"THE MOTHER'S DREAM."—The Fairfax (Va.) News says that "The Mother's Dream," which we published in our November number, is "one of the most charmingly beautiful pictures ever engraved, and we are sure that this will be the opinion of all who see it." In this sentiment we find that everybody coincides.

A CHRISTMAS GAME.—T. B. Peterson & Brothers have laid on our table, "Dr. Kane's Trip to the Arctic Seas," a new game of cards for children, which is equally entertaining and instructive. It is copy-righted and published by V. S. W. Parkhurst, Providence, R. I.

OUR STORIES, &c.—The Palmyra (N. Y.) Courier says that this Magazine contains "very little of the frivolous 'fold-rol' of the day; but it is made up of excellent original matter, containing much sense, and a good deal of instruction."

THE WATER LILY.—This is one of the most beautiful engravings, is it not? ever published in a Magazine. We have several others, however, equally fine, for 1859: some of them from original pictures.

POEMS BY D. HARDY, JR.—We have alluded, once before, to the premature death of D. Hardy, Jr., one of our most popular contributors. We have now before us a beautiful volume, containing the best of his poems: it is an 18 mo, bound in blue and gold, and would make a charming present. We understand that the book will be forwarded, post-paid, on the receipt of a dollar. Direct to D. Hardy, Homer, Courtland county, New York.

HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.—Among other novelties, next year, will be a monthly Horticultural Department, prepared expressly for this Magazine, by one of the most eminent gardeners in this country, a gentleman of forty years' experience. Ladies, who have flowers, bear this in mind!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Poetical Works of Edgar Allan Poe. With Original Memoir. Illustrated by F. R. Pickersgill, R. A., John Tenniel, Birket Foster, Felix Darley, Jasper Cropsey, P. Dragan, Percival Skelton, and A. M. Madot. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: J. S. Redfield.—We are inclined to think this the most beautiful American book that has ever been published. It is certainly the most thoroughly elegant of any which has been laid upon our table; and that is equivalent, we believe, to being the most completely so in reality. The engravings have all been designed expressly for the work, and, though on wood, have a force and finish, that, twenty years ago, even steel engravings rarely attained. The paper is as thick as vellum, and of that rich, creamy tint, which is to a bibliographer, what the mellowed color of old point-lace is to a lady of taste and fashion. The typography is equally superior. Numerous exquisite tail-pieces, in addition to the other illustrations, adorn the volume. Among so many beautiful things, it is difficult to choose, but we think the illustrations of "The Raven," "Lenore," and "Ulalume," peculiarly good. In those of "The City in the Sea," however, the artist, Jasper Cropsey, has caught the spirit of his author more successfully still: they have all the sombre tone of Poe's mind, and are, so to speak, intensely Poe-ish. Some of the illustrations to "Politian" also are excellent. The portrait of Poe is good; the best almost we have ever seen; but it is lacking a little in that sadness which always haunted his face. If we had space, we should like to say a few words on the poetry of Poe, examining its true position in art. In many respects, as a poet, Poe excels any other American writer. No one, certainly, understood metres so well, or knew better how to adapt them to his theme. Even Tennyson is not more musical than Poe, when the latter chooses to be so. Where is there, in the English language, two lines, in which sound and sentiment are more fitted to each other, than the opening ones of "Lenore?"

"Ah! broken is the golden bowl, the spirit flown forever!
Let the bell toll! a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river."

How sad and solemn! And this is but one specimen out of many. But we must pause. We will only say, in conclusion, that the book is peculiarly adapted for a Christmas or New-Year's gift, where the recipient is a person of culture and taste. Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers are the Philadelphia agents for the work.

Vernon Grove. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carlton.—The author of this new novel is an accomplished and intelligent lady, born and bred in the South, whom we should be glad to name here, if we could do it without violating that privacy, in which she has chosen to seclude herself. The work is excellent, in all respects; but it is in paths that the writer excels. We have not, for a long while, been so interested in the fortunes of a heroine, as in those of Sybil Gray. The volume is printed in the handsomest style of publications of its kind.

The Courtship of Miles Standish, and other Poems. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—We regret that our crowded columns, this month, prevent us doing more justice to this volume. The principal poem is one of about a hundred pages; is written in the same measure as "Evangeline;" has a theme that gives full play to the poetic element; and is a work of very high merit. Before another month, "The Courtship of Miles Standish" will have made its way into every household of culture in the land; and will be giving delight to thousands and tens of thousands of readers. The volume contains twenty-three other poems, by Longfellow, never before collected into a book, and now grouped together, under the appropriate name of "Birds of Passage." With many of these effusions, the public is already familiar, most of them having appeared in newspapers and periodicals: yet no one, who has read them once, but will be glad to welcome them again. The volume is published in the usual neat style, which distinguishes all Ticknor & Fields' books. T. B. Peterson & Brothers are the Philadelphia agents.

In and Around Stamboul. By Mrs. Edmund Hornby. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: James Challen & Son.—The author of this agreeable and instructive volume resided with her husband, at that time Commissioner to the Sublime Porte, at and near Constantinople, for several years. Her opportunities for observation, therefore, were much better than those of ordinary travelers. Her descriptions of the Mosques, the Harems, the Valley of Sweet Waters, the customs of the Moslems, the Sultan, and generally of modern Turkey, are as reliable as they are graphic. She also devotes a chapter or two to the Crimea, the Black Sea and Sevastopol. We find all parts of her volume interesting, but especially chapter twenty-nine, in which she narrates her visit to a Pasha's harem.

Webster and Hayne's Celebrated Speeches, in the United States Senate, in January, 1850. Also Webster's Speech on the Compromise, March 7th, 1850. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—We are glad to see these three famous speeches reprinted. They have a value that is more than ephemeral, and can be read now, as great senatorial orations, with hardly less interest than when they were first delivered. Col. Hayne's speech, especially, was becoming scarce, for no edition of his collected speeches has been published, as is the case with Mr. Webster. The price of the volume is only twenty-five cents.

Sir Walter Raleigh, &c. By Charles Kingsley. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.—A collection of review and magazine articles from the pen of the author of "Alton Locke." The first paper, on Sir Walter Raleigh, is full of that heroic spirit, and that admiration for the Elizabethan age, for which Kingsley is distinguished. All the articles, however, are good. "My Winter Garden" and "North Devon" please us especially. They are the perfection of word-painting, besides breathing a free and healthy tone, that brings back vividly to us the woods and fields. Altogether it is a genial, hearty book.

The Citizen's Manual of Government and Law. By Andrew W. Young. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: H. Dayton.—In this compact duodecimo, of four hundred and odd pages, we have a manual of the elementary principles of civil government; a practical view of the state and federal governments; a digest of common and statutory law, and of the law of nations; and a summary of parliamentary rules for the practice of deliberative assemblies. It is a work of value for reference, and ought to have a large sale.

Blonde and Brunette; or, The Gothamite Arcady. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A novel, by an anonymous author, and one, we think, new to the craft. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have the book for sale in Philadelphia.

Piney Woods Tavern; or, Sam Slick in Texas. By the author of "A Stray Yankee in Texas," "Adventures of Capt. Priest." 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—As full of fun as it is possible for a book to be. We have laughed incessantly over it, and laugh now at recalling what we read. To any one, afflicted with low spirits, we say, "read Piney Woods." Mirth is a wonderful conservator of health, and if we were a physician, we should prescribe this, and others of the Peterson Brothers' "Library of American Humor," as freely as some old-school doctors prescribe calomel.

Elements of Natural Philosophy, designed for Academies and High Schools. By Elias Loomis, LL. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A very superior work. The author is well known for another text-book, which has taken its place as a standard one: we mean, "A Course of Mathematics." He is also professor in the University of the city of New York. The volume is neatly printed, substantially bound in sheep, and illustrated with three hundred and sixty engravings.

The Talsman, &c. By the author of *Waverley*. 2 vols., 12 mo. *Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—These volumes comprise the fortieth and forty-first of the now well-known "Household Edition of Scott's Novels." Ten volumes more will complete the series. No library can be considered complete until it has upon its shelves this beautiful edition of the greatest of English romance writers.

The Planter's Daughter. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a story of intense interest, the scene of which is laid in Louisiana. The fair author, Miss Depuy, has dedicated it to our co-editor, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. The publishers issue it in a neatly printed duodecimo, handsomely bound in embossed cloth.

The Dead Secret. By Wilkie Collins. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A new edition, in handsomely bound duodecimo style, of one of the most thrilling novels that has appeared for many years. The interest begins with the first chapter and is maintained to the end. If you have not read the book, get it immediately.

A Journey Due North. By G. A. Sala. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—A sparkling, witty volume, but not one of much solid merit. Mr. Sala is either full of prejudices against Russia, or, what is worse, disguises the truth to conciliate the prejudices of the British public, for whom this book was written.

My Lady Ludlow. A Novel. By Mrs. Gaskell. 1 vol., 8 vo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A charming story, by a favorite author, which we recommend to our fair readers. It is published in cheap style, price twelve cents.

The World's Battle. By James Moore, M. D. 1 vol., 18 mo. *Philada: Published by the author.*—A little treatise, full of sound thoughts well expressed, and with a high moral purpose.

PARLOR GAMES.

A SECRET THAT TRAVELS.—This is a short game, but rather amusing; it is to be played with either a circle or line formed of the players. When all are ready, one person begins by whispering a secret to her left-hand neighbor, who repeats it to the next, and so on until all have heard it; then the last one who is told speaks it aloud, and the one who commenced must repeat what her secret was exactly as she first worded it, and then all the party will know whether it returned as it was given, or how much it gained or lost while travelling.

If the players are told to pass on the secret without knowing that it will be exposed, they will not be as careful to repeat it exactly as when they know the game, and by this means greater diversion will be afforded.

READY RHYME.—This game should not be attempted by

very young players, as it would most likely prove tedious to many of them; but to those who are fond of exercising their ingenuity, it will prove amusing. Two, four, or more words are written on paper and given to each player; the words must be such as would rhyme together; thus, suppose the party have chosen "near, clear, dell, bell," all endeavor to make a complete verse, of which the words given shall compose the rhyme.

When all are ready, the papers must be thrown in a heap, and read aloud, and those who have not succeeded must be fined, the fine being the recital of a piece of poetry. One of the papers might read thus:

A gentle brook was murmuring near,
 Afar was heard the tinkling bell,
 And peaceful zephyrs, pure and clear,
 Refreshed us in the shady dell.

Another would be quite different:

Fairies in the distant dell,
 As they drink the waters clear,
 From the yellow cowslip bell,
 What have they to heed or fear?"

SICK-ROOM, NURSERY, & C.

TREATMENT OF INFANTS.—It is found by careful inquiries that one half of all the children born die before they reach their fifth year. Such a universally large mortality of infants must unquestionably arise chiefly from some species of mismanagement—most likely ignorance of the proper means to be employed for rearing children. Besides the loss of so many infants, society suffers seriously from the injuries inflicted on those who survive. The health of many individuals is irremediably injured, temper spoiled, and vicious habits created, while they are still infants. Whatever, indeed, be the original or constitutional differences in the mental character of children, it is consistent with observation, that no small proportion of the errors and vices of mankind have their source in injudicious nursery management. As ignorance is clearly at the root of this monstrous evil, the following short and easily comprehended directions to mothers and nurses will, we doubt not, be duly valued.

Let no other kind of milk be given to an infant in addition to the milk of the mother or wet-nurse.

The less rocking the better.

When asleep, to be laid upon its right side.

The best food is biscuit powder, soaked for twelve hours in cold spring water, then boiled for half an hour, not simmered, or it will turn sour. Very little sugar need be added to the food, and then only at the time when given.

Sweets, of every kind, are most injurious, producing flatulency and indigestion, sores in the mouth, and disordered secretions.

An infant will take medicine the more readily if made lukewarm in a cup placed in hot water, adding a very little sugar when given.

The warm bath (at ninety-four) degree of heat, not less, for ten minutes, every other night) is a valuable remedy in many cases of habitual sickness or constipation.

Soothing-syrup, sedatives, and anodynes, of every kind, are most prejudicial. They stop the secretions. A very small dose of laudanum given to an infant may produce coma and death.

When an infant is weaned, which is generally advisable at the age of nine months, it is of the utmost importance that it be fed with the milk of one cow, and one only (a milch cow,) mixed with biscuit-powder, prepared as before directed, and very little sugar.

Boiled bread-pudding forms a light and nutritious dinner, made with stale bread, hot milk, an egg, and very little sugar.

When an infant is twelve months of age, bread and milk should be given every night and morning; stale bread toasted, soaked in a little hot water, and then the milk (of one cow) added cold.

Solid meat is not generally required until an infant is fifteen months of age, and then to be given sparingly, and cut very fine. Roasted mutton, or broiled mutton-chop (without fat,) is the best meat; next that, tender, lean beef or lamb; then fowl, which is better than chicken; no pork or veal; no pastry; no cheese; the less butter the better.

An infant should not be put upon its feet soon, especially while teething or indisposed.

Avoid over-feeding at all times, more particularly during teething. It is very likely to produce indigestion and disordered secretions, the usual primary causes of convulsions, various eruptive complaints, and inflammatory affections of the head, throat, and chest.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR CAKES.

Plum Cake.—One pound of butter, one pound of flour, one pound of sugar, two pounds of currants, three pounds of raisins, one pound of citron, twelve eggs, two nutmegs (grated), a little mace, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, a wine-glassful of brandy, and the same quantity of wine and of rose water.

French Cake.—One and a half cupfuls of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of butter, one cupful of milk, three cupfuls of flour, two eggs, three-quarters of a teaspoonful of soda, and one and a half teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; flavor to your liking. Put all the ingredients together at once, and beat up quickly.

Sponge Cake.—The weight of twelve eggs in sugar, the weight of seven eggs in flour; beat the whites of the eggs to a froth; also, beat the yolks well; add the sifted sugar to the whites, then put in the yolks, then the flour; add also the grated rind, and the juice of three lemons.

Crunners.—One pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of lard, a quarter of a pound of butter, a teaspoonful of milk, a teaspoonful of pearlash, a little orange peel, and four eggs; beat the eggs and sugar together, and add enough of flour to make a dough.

Bread Fruit-cake.—Prepare one pound of very light bread dough, and work half a pound of butter into it, and let it stand awhile; mix three-quarters of a pound of sugar and five eggs together; pour all into a pan, and mix well with some spices, brandy, and raisins, and then bake it.

An Elegant Cake.—Two cupfuls of sugar, a small lump of butter, half a pint of milk, four eggs, one cocoanut (grated), a teaspoonful of oil of lemon, (or grated rind of lemon,) a teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar.

ORIGINAL USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Recipe for Dyspepsia.—To a handful of hoarhound add the same quantity of rue, and of burdock-root; put to these articles two quarts of water, and slowly boil it down to one quart; strain it, and put in half a pint of honey; and, when cold, add half a pint of the best French brandy. Dose—two tablespoonfuls night and morning.

Pomatum.—Melt about half a pint of marrow, and add to it six cents worth of castor oil, and three tablespoonfuls of alcohol; scent it to your liking. First rend the marrow, then melt it, and put in all but the perfume, and beat it until it becomes like cream; then add the perfume.

For Cleaning Carpets, &c.—One pint of ammonia, one pint and a half of water, and two ounces of borax. This mixture, if diluted a little, will clean silks without injuring them, and it is also an excellent hair tonic. It cleans the hair nicely, it is said.

To Clean Silver.—Rub the tea-pot on the outside with a piece of flannel lightly moistened with sweet oil; then wash it well with soap suds. When dry, rub it well with a piece of chamois skin and some whiting.

A Homeopathic Hair Restorer.—This is a receipt to make hair grow, and is composed of the tincture of cantharides, and water, in the proportion of ten drops of the former to half a gill of the latter.

ORIGINAL RECEIPTS FOR PUDDINGS.

Powder-cake Pudding; to be Served Hot.—Ingredients:—One pint of flour; one common size cupful of cream; one teaspoonful of sugar; three eggs; one-quarter pound of butter; one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in warm water; then add it to the cream, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar put dry into the flour. Bake the pudding an hour in a slow oven; serve it with sauce.

A Simple Pudding.—Boil a quart of milk; cut up some bread into small pieces, and soak them in the milk for about an hour; then add a tablespoonful of Indian meal, and a piece of butter the size of a walnut; sweeten well, and put in nutmeg and other spices. Bake about twenty minutes.

Three-veget Pudding.—A layer of grated bread, and another of apples, cut very thin; add sugar, butter, and nutmeg, with a wineglassful of wine; add layer after layer until your dish is full. Bake an hour.

Corn Pudding.—Grate four dozen ears of corn; add to it one quart of milk, four teaspoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, and four eggs. Bake two hours and a half.

TABLE RECEIPTS.

To Cook Oysters.—Butter a saucer or shallow dish, and spread over it a layer of crumbled bread, a quarter of an inch thick; shake a little pepper and salt, and then place the oysters on the crumbs, pour over also all the liquor that can be saved in opening the oysters; and then fill up the saucer or dish with bread crumbs, a little more pepper and salt, and a few lumps of butter here and there at the top; and bake half an hour, or an hour, according to the size. The front of a nice clear fire is the best situation; but if baked in a side oven, the dish should be set for a few minutes in front to brown the bread.

To Stew Red Cabbage.—Shred the cabbage, wash it, and put it over a slow fire, with shreds of onion, pepper, and salt, and a little plain gravy. When quite tender, and a few minutes before serving, add a bit of butter rubbed with flour, and two or three spoonfuls of vinegar, and boil the whole up.

Potato Cheese-cakes.—One pound of mashed potatoes, quarter of a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of butter and sugar, and four eggs; mix well. Bake in tins lined with paste.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF PURPLE SILK, with two flounces, each flounce is trimmed with rows of narrow black velvet ribbon. Cloak of black velvet, trimmed with fur. Bonnet of white velvet and blonde, trimmed with feathers.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS OF TAN COLORED POPLIN, ornamented down the front breadth with a velvet trimming woven in the silk. Cloak of French cloth, in the Bournoise form. Bonnet of dark green velvet and black lace.

FIG. III.—MORNING ROBE OF LIGHT GREY SILK, buttoning in its whole length, and trimmed down the front by broad plaided bands. The loose sacque has a broad band of plaid



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silk round it, with small collar of the same. The very wide open sleeves have a plaid band and small epaulettes or *jockey* to correspond: very full bishop sleeves of fine muslin; at the wrist several narrow frills, worked at the edge with cherry colored wool.

FIG. IV.—CAPE OF BLACK NET, trimmed with rows of scarlet velvet ribbon, and edged with black lace. On the shoulders are two medallions formed by narrower lace than that around the cape.

FIG. V.—INFANT'S SAQUO DRESS OF NANSOUK, edged with embroidery.

FIG. VI.—SLEEVE OF A NEW STYLE FOR WINTER.—It fits closely at the waist, and is cut open in a diamond form on the back of the arm, through which the white under-sleeve shows. It is trimmed with buttons.

FIG. VII.—DRESS OF DARK GREEN SILK, striped transversely with a double skirt. The body is made with braces, formed of bias Tartan plaid. The skirt and sleeves are also trimmed with plaid, and the sash is made of Tartan plaid, finished with a narrow fringe.

FIG. VIII.—BONNET.—From Wildes, 251 Broadway, New York, we have illustrations of two beautiful bonnets, (see page 442) intended for mid-winter. The first is composed entirely of light maroon color velvet. The material is laid on the foundation plain, with the exception of the front, which forms four narrow plaits, terminating in two square ends on the right side, and one on the left; a deep fall of thread lace forms an edge to the plaits, and extends round the ends, forming pretty and effective side-trimmings. The curtain is of velvet, edged with narrow lace; a similar lace adorns the brim. The face trimmings consist of a full cap of blonde, intermingled with stock gilliflowers and bows of black lace. Broad strings of maroon color ribbon.

FIG. IX.—BONNET.—The second is composed of black and emerald green velvet. The black velvet is laid on the foundation plain, four narrow folds, alternate green and black, form a finish to the front: these folds cross on the top of the head and terminate on the right side in narrow ends, edged with black lace; the left side is adorned by clusters of green ostrich plumes. A plaiting of green and black velvet, edged with a broad fall of fine French lace, extends across the crown. The curtain is composed of alternate folds of green and black velvet, and finished with narrow lace. The face trimmings consist of a cap of blonde, with a wreath of bright colored velvet flowers, interspersed with jet drops; over the head on the right side are quilling of fancy velvet ribbon, edged with lace. Broad green ribbon strings.

GENERAL REMARKS.—For plainer styles of dress, silks striped transversely are much worn. For a more expensive style, silks of rich dark colors, with designs woven in velvet, are much worn. Many of the new silks have very large patterns in stripes, chequers, or trailing clusters of flowers. The gay plaid, known as the "Tartan," is very fashionable. Fancy Tartans in silk or poplin are worn for out-door dress; and the rich colors of the "Clan Tartans" are very effective in satin or velvet for evening costume. Very many dresses of plain silk are trimmed with gay plaids, and a combination of black velvet and Tartan velvet, is remarkably rich in a bonnet. Cashmeres, de-lains, and chintzes, are of the gayest colors, and usually in large figures.

With respect to the make of dresses, it may be observed that basques, in Paris, are disappearing. They are now worn only with dresses suitable for negligé, and are never seen in evening costume. Even high dresses made of the richest and most costly silks have no basque at the waist; but the corsage is usually pointed both in front and at the back. A waistband of a color (or in various colors) harmonizing with the dress is very fashionable. It may be fastened by a brooch or buckle in front of the waist. A broad ribbon sash, fastened in a bow and long ends in front, is also very fashionable.

CORSAJES, according to the present fashion, are very much trimmed. Dresses with flounced skirts and those with double skirts continue to enjoy fashionable favor. Flounced dresses are, in general, regarded as the most elegant. When the dress is made with two skirts, it is requisite that the upper one should be very full to cause it to hang gracefully over the other.

CAPES OF TULLE, &c., are very much worn with dresses made low in the neck. One of the prettiest novelties is a fichu of white tulle, covered with rows of narrow black velvet, crossed one over the other so as to leave lozenge-shaped spaces between. This fichu is edged round with a trimming of white guipure.

UNDER-SLEEVES are still made of plain white tulle, in two or three puffs, the lowest puff being usually finished by a frill of lace; and sometimes there is also a frill of lace between the puffs. Some under-sleeves consist of one large puff fastened on a wristband, trimmed with rows of black velvet. Under-sleeves, suitable for a very superior style of costume, are trimmed with bows of ribbon, or loops and ends of velvet. For demi-toilet, we have seen some muslin sleeves, fastened at the wrist, and having revers, or turned-up cuffs of worked muslin, edged by a row of Valenciennes. Under-sleeves of jaconet, embroidered in colors of the same, to correspond, have been introduced in Paris for morning costume.

COATS are made quite large, cut rather pointed behind, and have large sleeves. The bournoise is likely to be the fashionable form for winter cloaks. For ordinary walking-dress it is made in grey, brown, or black cloth. Velvet will also be a favorite material. The bournoise is unquestionably very elegant when gracefully worn; and, above all, when properly cut. To set well it ought to be shaped so as to fit closely at the neck, and to flow behind as if cut longer at the back than in front. The hood should be without any complication of folds, and simply trimmed. Some *bournoises*, of the finest cashmere, have appeared; they are of a rich dark shade of fawn-color, and lined either with white silk, or silk of the same color; the hood is round, and of a large size: the trimming is a broad rich *galon* of the same color, but a lighter shade, and *broche* in black: the neck and hood-tassels correspond.

BONNETS are more round in shape than those of last winter. There is one peculiarity in the under-trimmings of the bonnet which has just been introduced. It consists of a single rose placed in the quilling of the cap exactly in the middle, above the forehead. In the same way a bow of rather wide ribbon, to match the trimming of the bonnet, is likely soon to be prevalent.

HEAD-DRESSES are made in great variety to suit the style or taste of the wearer. One, which has been greatly admired, is composed of rosettes of red velvet and tassels in gold; on one side there is a plume of white ostrich feathers, tipped with a sprinkling of gold. Another consists of pink, lilac, and white chrysanthemum, with blades of grass frosted in imitation of dew. There are trimmings for the dress to correspond.

FANS still continue very large in size; but many Parisian ladies of high fashion, in imitation of their grandmothers, use fans of different sizes and styles for different occasions; for instance, the large Louis XV. fan is reserved for the opera and for evening parties, and small pocket fans, of a plain description, are used on occasions not demanding so elegant a style of dress. Many of the newest Parisian fans are truly magnificent. The paintings which adorn them are finished works of art, and the mountings are of splendid workmanship, in ivory, sandal-wood, or mother-of-pearl; not unfrequently of gold and silver elaborately wrought.

SHOES, which are by no means the least important part of lady's dress, is subject, no less than the robe and the bonnet, to the dictates of fashion, whose latest decrees are as follows:

For walking-dress, kid boots, buttoned at the side, and with small heels. The kid may be either black or colored. Grey and bronze color are extremely fashionable.

For ball dress, satin slippers, white or colored, or white satin boots, or silk boots to match the color of the robe.

Morning slippers are made of kid, morocco, velvet, satin, and various fancy materials. They are frequently ornamented with embroidery in colored silks or gold and silver thread, and are trimmed with ruffles of ribbon, fringe, and passementerie.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. 1.—(See wood engraving).—LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK OF WHITE MARSEILLES, trimmed with white braid and buttons. The body has bretelles, meeting in a point in front of the waist, and with long ends, widening at the lower part. These ends descend over the skirt of the frock, and form part of a trimming, consisting of five long strips of Marseilles, orna-

mented with braid and buttons. The frock is edged by a broad hem, above which there is a band of Marseilles, cut the bias way, and ornamented with braid.

FIG. 2.—(See wood engraving).—THIS FROCK FOR A LITTLE GIRL, is made of white jaconet, and trimmed with needle-work and white braid. In front of the waist there is a large bow of jaconet, with long, rounded ends edged with needle-work, which fall over the apron trimming in front of the skirt. This dress is very beautiful when made in Marseilles.

We have seen several very pretty children's costumes, of one of which we subjoin a description. A little girl's dress, composed of grey and white chequered silk, has a plain corsage with a berthe. The latter, formed of cross folds of silk, is pointed at the back, crossed in front of the waist, and each end is prolonged by a strip of the silk, plain (that is to say, not in folds.) These ends are passed under the arms and linked together at the back of the waist. The sleeves are composed of three frills edged with fringe of bright green, with chenille heading. The same fringe forms a trimming for the sides of the skirt.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

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