



THE SHIPWRECK.

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OF THE

TWENTY-FOURTH VOLUME.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 1.

BUNYAN AND HIS WORKS.

BY REV. JAMES STEVENS.

"BUNYAN," says Macaulay, "is as decidedly the first of allegorists as Demosthenes is the first of orators, or Shakspeare the first of dramatists." In this eulogy all the great critics of English literature concur, whatever their creed, their social rank, or the taste of their generation. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is, indeed, alike the wonder of the learned and the delight of the people. It reads like a narrative of actual occurrences, rather than a fiction, much less like an allegory. We seem to know Christian as well almost as if we had fallen into the Slough of Despond with him; as if we had felt the weight of that awful load on our own shoulders; as if we had started back in terror at the lions in the path; as if we had fallen, footsore, at the gate of the palace Beautiful; as if we had traversed the Valley of the Shadow of Death, seen the smoke ascending from the pit, heard the wailings, beheld Appolym darken the air, and fought at the pilgrim's side with the arch fiend. To us the Castle of Despair, and its grim giant, are no ideal creations, but substantial facts, at the mere memory of which our blood runs cold. We have, s it were, ourselves seen the Delectable Moun-



J. Bunyan

tains; beheld the pilgrims go down into the water; and heard, though faint and far, the very harps with which the angels welcome the redeemed up into the shining city.

John Bunyan was a tinker's son, and himself, for years, a tinker. He was born at Elstow,

about four miles from Bedford, England, in 1628. His sole education, as a child, consisted in having been taught to read and write. He never, even when a man, acquired the knowledge of any language but his own; and he understood that only in the form in which the people spoke it, rascally and idiomatically indeed, but neither grammatically nor elegantly. His library, in his best days, had but few books, of which the Bible was the chief. For what he wrote, he was not indebted to human learning, to skill acquired in the schools, or to any subtle eloquence of style. That such a book as the "Pilgrim's Progress" should have been composed, under the disadvantages it was, will always be a stumbling block to

the infidel, and can be realized only by those who know and believe that God designedly selects, at fitting periods, "the weak things of this world to confound the mighty."

In early life Bunyan was idle, profane, a Sabbath-breaker, and perhaps worse. He has left on record that he was a ringleader in all vice, and a monster in iniquity; but these terms are too severe probably to be taken in their ordinary sense; for Bunyan felt everything vividly, and doubtless, in his remorse, unconsciously exaggerated his guilt. At eighteen he married, chiefly through the advice of his friends, who hoped that domestic life would lead to his reform. He did, in fact, improve a little. But no radical change



Exact View of Bunyan's House. (From a rare print.)

of character happened for many years. At last, when about twenty-five years old, he overheard, one day, two poor, pious women conversing. Remorse inexpressible, according to his own account, suddenly seized him. The preaching of Gifford, a Baptist dissenter, was the means of confirming these serious impressions. He resolved to abandon his old courses, and accordingly, in 1652, was baptized into the church at Bedford.

It was no light cross he had undertaken to bear. Evil days were coming, when persecution was to scourge the land; when an unspotted life was to be no protection; when men were to rot in dungeons for conscience sake, at the will of intolerant prelates and a licentious court. But the Almighty was preparing martyrs to bear testimony, and among them, foremost of all, was to

be John Bunyan. The new convert, by slow degrees, acquired confidence to pray and exhort in public, until, in 1655, he was encouraged by his church publicly to preach the gospel. Crowds of listeners soon gathered wherever he was announced. Learned men, benefited men, men of fashion, condescended to turn aside and hear the wonderful tinker. At London, where he sometimes preached, the chapel would not hold half of those who thronged to listen. A fine voice, a commanding figure, vivid language, a contagious seriousness, and an imagination that brought the scenes he painted visibly, as it were, before the audience, rendered Bunyan the most powerful pulpit orator, for the common people, that his age, perhaps, afforded. As such he became marked for proscription among the very first. In 1660, but a few months after the

Restoration, he was arrested, and committed to Bedford jail, till he should engage to abandon public exhortation. This was the beginning of an imprisonment which lasted twelve years. For though Bunyan was often offered his liberty, by the judges, if he would cease preaching, and go to the regular church, he answered stoutly to the last, as he had answered at first:—"If I were out of prison to-day, I would preach the gospel again to-morrow, by the help of God."

In this long incarceration, his wife was, next to his religion, his great stay and support. She was his second partner, and a woman of unusual character. She cheered him with her society, besieged the judges for his relief, and even went up to the House of Lords with a petition in his behalf. Bunyan's chief additional solace was the presence of his blind daughter, one of his offspring by his first wife, a child whom he seems to have loved with an intensity proportioned to her misfortune. His time was occupied in weaving baskets for the support of his family, and in talking to her, or, when alone, in studying his Bible, and writing the "Pilgrim's Progress." Gradually his mild deportment won on the heart of his jailor, who finally allowed him to leave the prison when he pleased, in order to preach at midnight, or even to remain occasionally with his family. Once, when absent, Bunyan felt as if he ought to return, and did so, waking up the unwilling jailor to admit him. That very night a messenger, from the authorities in London, called at the prison, purposely to see Bunyan, having heard of the license allowed to him. When the spy was gone, the jailor turned to Bunyan, saying, "you may go out now when you please, for you know when to return better than I can tell you."

At last, in 1672, Bunyan was released, through the intercession of George Whitehead, a leading Quaker, who had great personal influence with the king. In the preceding year, Bunyan had



Bunyan before the Judges

been chosen pastor of Gifford's old church, and he now openly assumed its charge, taking out a license to preach. For sixteen years subsequently he labored in Bedfordshire, Cambridgeshire, and neighboring counties, always with the most marked success, founding everywhere flourishing churches, many of which exist to this day. At last, in 1688, leaving home on a mission of charity, he became exposed to a drenching rain between Reading and London, was seized with a violent fever, and died, at the end of ten days, in the house of a friend, in the metropolis. He was buried at Bonhill Fields, where his tomb may still be seen.

Besides the "Pilgrim's Progress," Bunyan wrote "Grace Abounding," "The Holy War," and other works of merit. But the transcendent genius, displayed in his great allegory, has thrown these into comparative shade, so that they are now but little read.

WHAT IS LIFE?

SAY! what is life? A vision brief;
The sunshine on a quivering leaf;

A fountain's spray; a passing wave;
A breath, a step, and then the grave! E. H. M.

A GOSSIP ABOUT LADIES SHOES.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.



THE making of shoes was one of the earliest arts practised. Paintings on the oldest tombs of Egypt represent cobblers at work, as seen in the initial letter to this article. Originally a rude sandal

protected the foot, but gradually the shoe increased in convenience and beauty, until, in the days of imperial Rome, shoes were made of the most elaborate designs, and ornamented with the rarest gems. With the irruption of the Goths the art declined. In modern times the elegance of the shoe has been fully restored, though the barbaric pomp, which adorned it with precious stones, has been avoided by the purer taste of the day.

It is only, however, among highly civilized nations, that the shoe has attained to perfection. The French and American shoes rank first; next to these come the English; while those of other peoples become ruder and ruder as we advance outward from these great centres. Even in France and England the peasantry still wear shoes of the most clumsy character. The wooden shoe is common everywhere in the first country, and the rough, mis-shapen brogan in the last. In Italy, the brigands of the Abruzzi wear identically the same shoe, which the rustics of ancient Rome wore two thousand years ago.

In all ages, however, ladies shoes have been lighter and more elegant than those of the men. The Hebrew women covered their shoes with gems, as the Turkish beauties do theirs to this day. In the times of the Plantagenets, the ladies of England wore shoes, in which the greatest variety of pattern, and richness of color, were aimed at: some of these shoes, cotemporary with the reign of Edward the Third, recall the gorgeous taste which originated the rose windows of stained glass belonging to the same period. The ladies shoe of the middle ages generally covered the ankle, like a Wellington boot does now, and had a pointed toe. In the reign of William the Third, the high heel, copied from that monarch's favorite, the jack-boot, came into

fashion, and continued the rage until the close of the last century. In many families ladies shoes of this description are still preserved. How our grandmothers walked, in such stiff and stilted affairs, is almost incredible.

A small foot, in all times, and among all nations, has been one of the greatest charms of woman. The Chinese caricature it, by reducing the female foot to a mere stump; and some American ladies are almost as foolish, by cramping it in ill-fitting shoes. The true beauty of the foot consists in height of instep, plumpness, and absence of all distortions. A properly made shoe, which leaves the foot to play, with comparative freedom, and thus retains the symmetry of that member, will always make the foot look smaller than a tight shoe. It was no pinched, painful foot, destined to distortion and bunions, whose beauty and agility Sir John Suckling celebrated in his delicious ballad on the Wedding.

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But oh, she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Eastern day
Is half so fine a sight."

The best ladies shoes made in the United States, are manufactured at Philadelphia. More capital is invested in this particular branch, in that city, than in any other in the nation. There are fifteen hundred shops there, in which shoes are sold, at either wholesale, or retail, or both. Twelve thousand persons earn a livelihood, and sixty thousand are supported, by this manufacture: of these five thousand are binders, who are always women, earning six dollars a week on the average; and seven thousand are males, cutters, and other workmen, earning twelve dollars a week. It is estimated that at least a million of dollars is invested, in Philadelphia, in the making of ladies shoes alone. When to this is added the enormous sums embarked in the collateral branches of the business, as in the preparation of sole leather, morocco, kid, &c., in all which that city excels, the entire capital involved, directly and indirectly, in the manufacture of ladies shoes, becomes almost incredible. One of the first firms is that of J. W. McCurdy & Son, which has a reputation of more than thirty

years' standing. Believing that a chapter on ladies shoes would be interesting to the sex, we lately visited their establishment, observed the entire process of making a shoe, obtained their choicest patterns, which we caused to be engraved, and now lay the result before our readers.

Ladies shoes are made of all kinds of leather. But fine patent leather, calf, kid, and morocco, both black and mode colored, are the staples. French, English and Italian lastings are used also for gaiters: and sometimes silks, white and black French kids, &c. The Wellington boot is

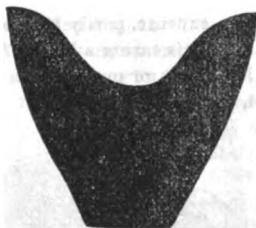


the most popular kind of shoe generally. It is composed of English kid, and French patent leather, the quarters being made of the former, and the vamp of the latter. The cutter first takes a piece of kid, and with wonderful rapidity cuts out an apparently mis-shapen bit, which he tells you is to form the quarters of the boot. We give an engraving, Fig. 1, of it: but who would believe it the quarters? He next carves out another bit, Fig. 2, which he informs you is



the lap for the button-holes. The letters A, A, show where this lap and the quarters fit together, as well as which is the button side of the boot. Then he slices off a fragment, Fig. 3, which he says is the stay, on the inside of the quarter, for the buttons, indispensable, he adds, to make them more durable, as well as to prevent the eye of the button from injuring the foot. Finally he cuts two narrow strips, which he places, as shown in the cut, telling you that they are stays, the one for the outside of the boot, the other for the back and front of the lap, and that, in making

up the boot, they will be fastened to the parts next to which he has laid them. Having done this, he leaves the kid, and taking a piece of patent leather produces the vamp, with but four or five dexterous movements of his knife, throwing it down before you, exactly as it is represented in the accompanying engraving. He



concludes the manufacture of his shoe by cutting out of heavy sheeting a lining, of the form of the entire boot.

The articles are now taken to the binder, who completes the upper part of the shoe, which comes from her finished in all material respects except the sole. The sole is cut out of thick leather, generally fine cowhide. The two parts, the uppers and sole, are carried to the workman, who sews them together, using an awl to perforate the leather, a waxed string for thread, and a bristle for his needle. In some places the soles and uppers are pegged together, but no elegant shoes, for either gentlemen or ladies, are made in this way. On the finer kind of ladies shoes, especially the summer boot, such as seen in the annexed illustration, made entirely of lasting,



generally of light colors, very neat workmen are required, who command commensurately high wages. The boot, after leaving the workman, goes to the trimmer, whose duty it is to sew on the buttons, &c. Dismissed from her hands, it is fit for the shop. In a month or two, at furthest, it is twinkling, in and out, under the skirt of a belle, perhaps on Chesnut street, perhaps in some city or village South or West.

The Child's Wellington Boot, of which we present next an engraving, is similar to the ladies, with the exception that the kid is not so fine, and that there is no heel, the latter being omitted

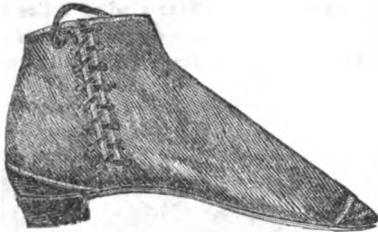


partly to save expense, partly because children find a difficulty in wearing a heel. A charming article for little girls, or even boys, is the Child's Opera Boot, of which we annex a cut: the bottom



and facing are of patent leather; and the tops of black, bronze, blue, or light mode colored morocco: it is durable as well as beautiful.

Formerly, as we have seen, the heel was all the rage. But after gradually declining from its disproportionate height, it finally died out about the year 1832. It has lately come into favor again, but will never, we hope, attain its old exaggerated size. A neat heel, such as is seen in the accompanying engraving of the



Heeled Gaiter, is useful in elevating the foot above a damp pavement. Where the instep is

low, the heel may be increased a little in height, as this adds to the apparent beauty of the instep. Few workmen, as yet, have learned to make good heels. The Heeled Gaiter is the most popular shoe for walking, at present, being considered the dress boot *par excellence*. It is generally made of fine French lasting, with patent leather tips, or toe pieces.



The Ladies Slipper, as represented in the above cut, is only worn in the house, or at evening parties, or in the summer season. It is usually made of morocco, but when intended for a dress shoe should be of satin, or else of the finest kid. Few manufacturers can turn out so elegant a slipper as this of McCurdy and Son.



The latest novelty is the Sontag Tie, which we here present. It is composed of either morocco, or kid, with patent leather tops. It was introduced, for the first time, during last winter. Manufacturers, to suit the taste of the fair public, are obliged continually to get up new styles.

A word, in conclusion, about stockings. These should be neither too large, nor too small; it is as indispensable they should fit exactly as that the shoe should. Silk stockings, where little exercise is taken, are the most comfortable; and if the best silk is considered too expensive, a thick spun silk is a good substitute. Where much walking is required lamb's wool is the best material.

LILLY MERE.

Out on the morning air joy-bells are ringing;
Down in the valley the blue birds are singing;
The sun seems to smile from the light clouds above me,
As if, on my bridal morn, he too could love me.

The flowers are sweet
That kiss my feet,
As my bonny bride I hasten to meet,
But no flower is here,
So fair and dear,
As my loving, dark-eyed Lilly Mere!

In the still evening the church bells are tolling,
Solemnly, sadly, the echoes are rolling,
Over the hill-top, and down by the fountain,
To meet the procession ascending the mountain.

How still and fair
The light there!
Her pall waves slow in the mountain air!
Oh, God! how dear!
I leave thee here—
Thou art an angel! Lilly Mere!

THE SHIPWRECK.

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

It was past midnight, yet the young lord of Craigholme still sat in his chamber, nor thought of repose. A letter lying open on the table before him, and which he frequently picked up, gazed tenderly at, and reread, might, perhaps, account for this wakefulness; for it was from the Lady Edith Mountjoy, his betrothed bride, who had been absent with her parents in Italy, for many a year, but who now wrote to announce their speedy return. "We are coming by way of the Alps, Strasbourg, and Paris," it said, "and I rely on your meeting us at the latter place. Much as I know your tenantry require your personal aid and oversight, and heartily as I join in your plans of reform, I think you can surely spare a fortnight."

It was partly the decision of this question, partly the joy of knowing the Lady Edith would soon return, which had driven sleep from Craigholme's pillow. He was an Irish proprietor of rank, who, on coming into property and title, had resolved to do all he could to ameliorate the condition of his tenants, most of them lineal descendants of the ancient clan of which his ancestors had been the chiefs. To this purpose he had steadily adhered. The result had been that thrift, good agriculture and plenty, had succeeded to waste, poor tillage and penury. The Lady Edith, whom he had met, and to whom he had become engaged, during one of his few necessary absences in London, entered enthusiastically into his plans; and did not make a remonstrance, or even breathe an audible sigh, when, on her mother's health requiring a winter in Italy, he had plead duty as his reason for not accompanying her, as her parents desired. On the present occasion, his personal inspection was indispensable to some changes going on, and again duty stepped in to prevent his gratifying the wishes of the Mountjoys.

"It cannot be," he said, at last. "I will write to Edith to-night: and when she knows the reason, I know she will forgive me." But he did not arrive at this conclusion without a sigh; and, as if for relief, he rose and walked to the window, before commencing his letter.

Craigholme Castle stood on the landward slope of a hill, close to the rocky coast, and with the broad Atlantic stretching away, apparently illimi-

tably, in the distance. The house was partially sheltered from the gales that so often swept the ocean; but one wing of it, in order to command a view of the sea, was more exposed. In this wing Craigholme himself had his apartments, for he loved the sight of the great deep, alike in tempest and in calm.

On the present occasion the wind blew and howled around the wing, as if angry spirits were raging for the mastery. The casements shook, bricks were heard clattering to the earth, and the thunder of the surf on the iron-bound coast shook the whole house. Dark clouds almost entirely obscured the firmament, though the moon occasionally broke through for a moment, throwing a ghastly light on the white breakers, and on the square tower of the former, but now ruined, castle, which stood like a sullen sentinel, keeping watch on a rock that directly overhung the deep.

"What a hurricane it has been," said the young lord. "God help the sailors, if there are any, to-night, on this lee shore! But hark! what was that?" For, as if in answer to his pious exclamation, a gun boomed, at that instant, solemnly and slow, across the waste of darkness. Again and again the sound was heard. At the third repetition, Craigholme, exclaiming, "it is a ship in distress," left his room, and hurried toward the beach.

The wind, on his emerging into the open air, blew so that he could scarcely stand; but resolutely facing it, he made his way to the little landing place. This was a comparatively sheltered spot embayed between the high headlands, on one of which Craigholme castle stood: and it was the only spot where, at any time, a debarkation could be effected in safety. As he had partially hoped, the young lord found most of the village fishermen already collected, listening to the signal guns, and endeavoring, through the gloom, to see where the ill-fated ship was.

"Can't you make her out, Pat, my boy?" said Craigholme, to a bold young fisherman of about his own age.

"Not yet, my lord," was the answer, "its as thick as a stone wall, you persave."

At that instant the moon struggled into sight, and for a while sailed majestically on, calm and

beautifully as on the stillest summer evening, when smiling down on lovers walking beneath hawthorn hedges. By the aid of the temporary light, thus poured on the black waters, a fore-top-sail schooner was seen in the very act of striking on a ledge of rocks, known along the whole coast, for their fatal character, as the Crag of Death. The instant after, the moon was again obscured; and the vessel disappeared from sight: but a cry of agony, it seemed to the excited listeners, reached them even over the uproar of of the gale.

"Who will venture out?" said the young lord, after a short, but terrible silence. "The schooner can't hold together long, and what is done must be done quickly."

There was no answer for a while. At last one of the oldest fishermen, seeing that no one else replied, spoke for the rest. "It would be tempting heaven, my lord: no boat could hope to reach them in such a sea."

"I don't know, O'Connor," returned Craigholme. "But, whether one can or not, I'm going to make the attempt, if I can get a crew. Do you think my lads, I'll stand here, and see human souls, almost within cable length, perish, without making at least an effort to save them? Who's for the trial? You, Connel, my foster-brother," he said, turning to one who had just come up, "you'll go with me, won't you? I want only single men, like myself and you; and, please God, we'll save that crew, or die in the attempt."

At this heroic behavior, on the part of their young and beloved master, a dozen stalwart fishermen stepped forward; a boat was launched; and the picked crew was preparing to start, when the priest appeared rushing down to the beach.

"For the love of God," said the holy man, excitedly, crossing himself at the august name, "stop, stop. What are you doing, my lord? Where was your courage, ye cowards," he exclaimed turning half angrily to the fishermen, "that ye held back till he offered to go himself? Indeed, my lord," he continued, addressing Craigholme again, "you must come back, and let these children go alone. Your life is too precious to be risked. Think," he added, drawing close to the young man, and holding him back from the boat, "think of the Lady Edith."

Though of different faiths, Craigholme and the priest had a warm esteem and even affection for each other, the result of mutual co-operation in many a scheme of Christian charity. The father regarded the young lord almost as his own child; and the latter looked up with something of a son's deference to the former. He hesitated, therefore,

at this expostulation. But, with the Lady Edith's name this hesitation passed away.

"My father," he said, "you make my path of duty clear. If I were to hold back now, I should know it was a selfish motive that prompted me; and was the crew of the wreck to be lost, I should feel as if, in part, accountable for their deaths. No, not a word more; I am resolved. Your blessing before we go, however."

He bared his head and knelt, the spectators all following his example. The aged priest, raising his hands, blessed him in a faltering voice. Oh! would that there were more such instances, where men, differing in faiths, unite in doing God's work of mercy and succor.

The blessing over, the volunteers took their seats; the oars fell; and the boat shot out into the raging sea. The moon had now reappeared, and the schooner was distinctly visible on the rocks, though both masts were gone, and the waves were boiling around her at such a rate, that the fishermen expected momentarily to see her go to pieces. With intense anxiety they watched the boat slowly struggling seaward. Now the light toy, for it seemed no more comparatively, rose on the wave, and now sunk wholly out of sight, nor did it appear, even to the most brave-hearted, that it was possible for her to achieve her errand. Every little while, some huge roller, twice as gigantic as even the enormous billows which had preceded it, was seen coming down toward the frail boat, mounting higher, and higher, and higher above it, as if first to overtop and then bury the venturesome adventurers; but, at such times, it fairly made the spectators cheer, to see how steadily the crew pulled, and with what eye and nerve the young lord steered up the wall, as it were, of waters. Suddenly, as the anxious crowd gazed, the crest of the wave was reached; the boat hung suspended for a second, her stern high in air; and, then with a rush, as if an abyss had opened before her, down she went, disappearing from sight. How every breath was held, after that, till she emerged again to sight, breasting a new wave, but only to vanish again, on surmounting it, and bring back a return of suspense. For half an hour nearly the excited group at the landing waited the end of this heroic strife, often losing sight entirely of the boat when the moon became obscured.

Torches had, meantime, been brought, and their lurid glare, lighting up the black rocks, the foaming surf, the bits of wreck coming ashore, and the grim tower in the back-ground, made the scene picturesque even to horror. Added to this was the unceasing roar of the breakers, like

ten thousand batteries, and the howl of the gale, which sometimes rose even above this tremendous thunder.

"God help him, God have pity on them," said the priest, unconsciously giving expression to his thoughts, "I can't see them any more, they must be lost."

The moon had, that instant, come forth again; and, as the priest said, no boat was in sight. But one of the fishermen, celebrated for his keen sight, hastened to say that, just as the moon emerged, he thought he had seen the boat disappear behind the Crag of Death.

"I'm not certain. For I saw it, if I saw it all, like the flash of a sea-bird's wing, low on the horizon, gone in a moment. But there's this in its favor. They'll have to go round the Crag, and lie under their lee, to get at the wreck at all. If the crew of the schooner have managed to get to the rock, Craigholme will bring 'em back, that is if he hasn't gone down. All we can do is to wait for the next half hour, and pray the Lord to have mercy on 'em all."

But how long that half hour seemed! Often the old priest looked at his watch, to be assured that the specified time had not expired, and thus to recall the hope that had almost died out. At last the full period had passed. Still no boat appeared. Five minutes, ten minutes elapsed, and now the most sanguine began to despair. The wreck, within the last few moments, had gone bodily to pieces, and the waters were churning white over the spot where it had struck. Even the Crag, though not yet quite covered with the rising tide, were hidden from view by the driving spray that hung continually, like a thick mist, above them.

"They are lost," said the priest at last, in a broken voice, "they who would have saved, as well as they who were in peril first. God have mercy on their souls." And tears chased each other down his aged cheeks.

But, at that instant, the keen-sighted fisherman, who had never taken his eyes from the spot where the boat had disappeared, broke forth rapturously, "I see them, I see them, the boat is full, they are coming back, hurrah, hurrah!" And he too, overcome, though in a different way, shed tears, waving his cap frantically around his head.

Every eye was fixed immediately on the spot to which he pointed. The clouds were now rapidly dissipating, and the moon shone with undimmed splendor, so that even those with the weakest sight could discern the boat. On she came, her bow pointed directly toward the landing, riding the surges as buoyantly as a wild-

duck itself. As she drew nearer, a white dress was seen among her crowded freight, proving that one female at least had been saved; and, on beholding this, the prayers of the spectators, and their anxiety, for the safe return of the adventurers, grew, if possible, more ardent than ever. Oh! how intensely the little crowd watched the struggle, which, for nearly half an hour, the light craft maintained against the angry billows, which waved around it, as if determined not to be cheated of their prey.

At last the boat shot into the comparatively smooth space in front of the landing; and the moment after, was disembarking her living freight. Two females were borne ashore, one in the arms of Craigholme himself, the other by a military-looking man, with grey hair, but still in the prime of his strength.

"Run to the castle, for life and death," were the young lord's words, "and have chambers prepared for these ladies. My good father," he added quickly, in a whisper, as he caught the eye of the priest, "only think of God's mercy, in instigating me to go out to that wreck. The schooner was a yacht, lent to my Lord Mountjoy, to bring him home, which induced him to change his plan of returning by the Rhine. They would have been lost, Edith and all, if I had not gone out. See that my lord and lady, the last of whom like Edith is senseless almost from exhaustion, are brought up to the castle; and have Dr. Morgan sent for immediately."

As he spoke these words, Craigholme had hurried on, the priest following by his side, and the fair burden in his arms lying so still that he might have thought her dead, but for the almost imperceptible pressure, with which, from time to time, she clasped his neck. He knew that the castle was the nearest place where any comforts could be found for the drenched and almost dead females, and therefore he was hurrying forward, without pause, to that destination, the emergency of the case giving him strength to carry the Lady Edith as if she had been but a child. The other rescued persons followed after, or were borne along by eager volunteers; while four or five of the fleetest villagers darted onward to announce their approach.

Three days from that memorable night, a carriage and four bore away the now recovered lord and countess of Mountjoy, with their fair daughter. Three months subsequently, a carriage and four, decked with white favors, drove into the castle gates, amid the ringing of the village bells, and the shouts of the villagers, while a procession of young girls, dressed in white, waited in front of the hall door to

strew flowers before their young mistress as she alighted. And such was the second welcome of the Lady Edith to her future house.

"Ah! never," she said, as she turned to her husband, "would I have entered here, either as rescued from shipwreck or as happy bride, if you, dearest, had not placed duty before even me, on that terrible night. God enable me to be worthy of you."

There were tears in her eyes as she spoke, which her young bridegroom kissed tenderly away, saying, "God strengthen us both, my love, always, and under all temptations, to do our duty, for therein lies the true path to happiness."

LINES.

BY S. E. JUDSON.

Irs pleasant change the Spring has wrought
Our homestead about once more;
Fresh buds and roses June has brought,
As sweet and bright as before.

The rugged boughs of the apple tree
Are enwreathed with blossoms again;
There sweetly the robins warble to me
A blithe and a cheering strain;

And the little brook o'er its pebbles sings
To the wild flowers on its bank,
Gurgling along where the tall grass springs
In the meadow so green and rank.

The early peppermint grows so near
That it bends to the surface bright,
Till its leaves are washed by the ripples clear
That sparkle and flash in the light.

Ah! the tiny footpath yet I can trace
That leads where the violets blew,
In that green, and moist, and sunny place,
E'er the sweetest and earliest grew.

O'er the spot I wandered a happy child,
Those tiny wild flowers to cull:
I remember how sweetly my mother smiled
When I brought her an apron full.

But, alas! their faintly perfumed breath
My spirit no longer cheers,
For her eyes are closed in the sleep of death,
And mine are dim with tears.

Away in the valley, peaceful and lone,
Where the head-stones thickly rise,
A new-made grave they have marked with a stone,
And 'tis there my mother lies.

Oh! sadly her love and care we miss,
And never again shall find,
In a world that is cold and false like this
A friend so faithful and kind.

But though pleasant the change the gentle hand
Of Spring has wrought round our home;
Yet my mother has gone to a brighter land,
Where the blight of no Winter may come.

THE STARS.

BY H. J. BEYERLE, M. D.

Ye twinkling sparks in yonder skies,
Ye watchmen of the weary night,
That pierce the gloom like angel's eyes,
And make the Heav'ns a sea of light:

Why do ye nightly range above
In thick array, in calmness deep,
And shower down your smiles of love
Upon the earth all lost in sleep?

List! list! a voice upon the breeze
Comes gently with the twilight's flight:
"The great Creator made all these
To glorify Him in the night!"

"The many songsters of the air,
Repeat His praises as they fly;

The flowers on the weeds declare
The skill of Him who dwells on high;

"The brooklet, rippling o'er the plain,
Murmurs His name at ev'ry bend;
And on the waving fields of grain
His love in words of gold is penn'd!"

"But when the sun's last setting ray
Has parted from the Western hill;
When calm succeeds the bustling day,
And ev'ry earthly voice is still:

"Then do the Heavens, in their turn,
To His dominion testify,
And mutely sing, as bright they burn.
'There is a God who rules on high!'"

COTTAGE AND VILLA ARCHITECTURE.

AN ITALIAN COTTAGE.



A COTTAGE is of course understood to mean a dwelling of limited accommodation, intended for the occupation of a family of moderate size and means, either wholly managing the household cares itself, or with the assistance at most of one or two domestics. It is, then, evident, that a cottage should be arranged with a different view, both as regards utility and style of beauty, from a villa; as the family which is satisfied by living in a comfortable and economical little dwelling has very different wants from the family of wealth which occupies a villa, and which is as often build as much for display, as for the gratification of taste.

The highest principle, therefore, to be followed in the designing and building of a cottage, is to arrange and construct everything according to its utility; which, when done, will give it the true character of a cottage, that of simplicity: a character most expressive of the tastes and wants of cottage life, and which ought, therefore, to pervade every portion of Cottage Architecture in arrangement, construction and decoration.

The predominant character of this cottage is simplicity, both in its external and internal arrangement. The vestibule is eleven by sixteen feet, and contains the staircase leading to

the second story. This vestibule is rather large for a dwelling of this size; but it may be used as a room, in connexion with the parlor and living-room, by opening the two communicating doors. The parlor is quite a spacious apartment for a cottage, being sixteen by twenty-two feet, and when fitted up in a tasty and simple manner, will make a very pleasant and comfortable room. The living-room is sixteen by sixteen feet.

Between the living-room and kitchen is a small entry. This entry will be found of great use. It interrupts the passage of all sounds and odors from the kitchen, and forms also a very agreeable communication for the kitchen and living-room with the yard. There is a small porch, six by ten feet, on the outside of the entry, constructed of lattice-work, and which may be suitably decorated with vines. The kitchen is sixteen feet square, with a good pantry connected, and supplied with an abundance of light and fresh air.

The veranda is eight feet in width, and forms a prominent feature in the design. The supports are formed of trellis-work. The little arbor, or covered seat, is constructed of trellis-work, and, covered with vines, and forms a very

handsome appendage to the gable, conveying at the first glance an impression of refinement and taste.

The height of the first story is ten feet, and the second eight feet, in the clear.

This cottage should be built of brick and stucco, with sixteen inch hollow walls; or with smooth brick, painted of some pleasing neutral tint. The window-dressings, where dressed stone is scarce or costly, should be built of brick and stuccoed, except the sills, which should be of dressed stone. The balconies may be of wood, painted and sanded to harmonize with the walls. All the inside woodwork, except steps and floors, to be painted of a dark color, and grained to represent oak or walnut.

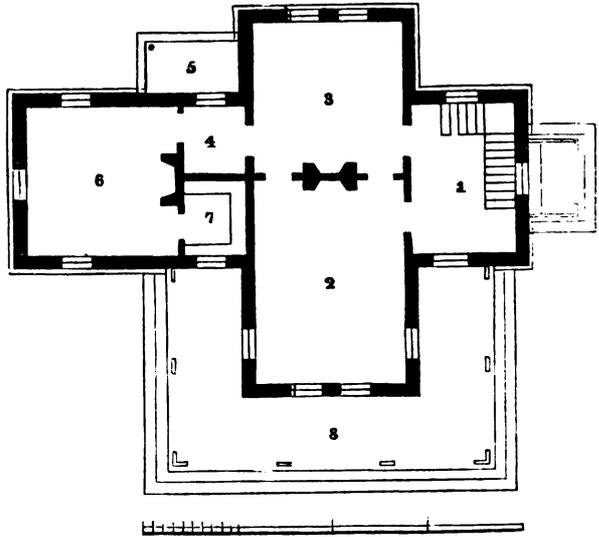
DIMENSIONS.

PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

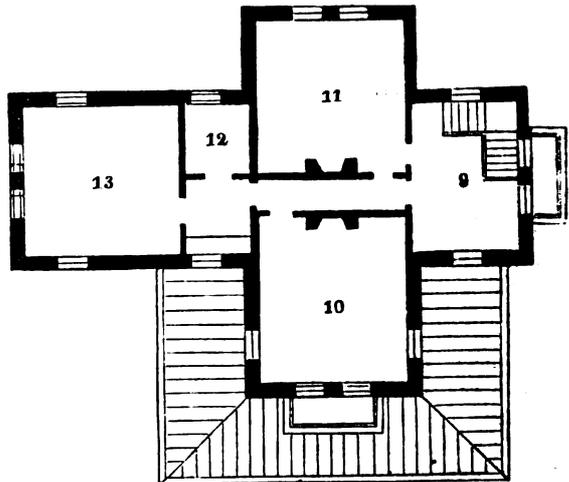
	FEET.
1. Vestibule, - -	11 × 16
2. Parlor, - - -	16 × 22
3. Living-room, -	16 × 16
4. Entry, - - -	7 × 7½
5. Porch, - - -	6 × 10
6. Porch, - - -	16 × 16
7. Pantry, - - -	7 × 8
8. Veranda, - - -	8 ft. wide.

SECOND FLOOR.

9. Staircase, - -	11 × 16
10. Bed-room, - -	16 × 18
11. Bed-room, - -	16 × 16
12. Linen-press, -	7 × 7
13. Bed-room, - -	16 × 16



GROUND PLAN.



PLAN OF SECOND STORY.

LINES.

BY G. L. PARSONS.

THE Summer days have come again,
And all seems bright and gay;
But a sadness rests upon my heart,
That I cannot banish away.

I think of one, so pure and good,
Who fades with the Summer flowers!
Yet why lament? Oh! she has gone
To a better home than ours!

COUSIN MARTHA.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

PART I.

It was the first of June, and we all sat down in family council to determine upon the important question of our summer arrangements. Where should we go first? The election was a puzzling one, for all pulled different ways, and no candidate received more than one vote. Papa was fond of travelling, and exhausted his eloquence in favor of Niagara; mamma loved quiet, and suggested a country farm house; (she had surely forgotten the roosters, and all those dreadful crowings and cacklings that rudely drag one from the land of dreams,) Sophia was given to "purling streams" and "shady bowers," and her choice had already taken firm root in Geneva; Tom, precociously seized with a fancy for going about and seeking what he could devour—in other words, being very fond of gunning and fishing, held out against a three hours' siege of his sisters' tongues in favor of some little, hum-drum village in Connecticut; and your humble servant, like an amiable weather-cock, stood ready to go with the victor.

We made such a din and confusion of tongues, that papa insisted upon it we quite put to shame the voters at election time; and Cousin Martha, who had come to spend the day, looked mildly up from her sewing, and smiled, half sadly, at our eagerness. "Perhaps," thought I, "it is selfish in us thus to discuss our plans of pleasure before one to whom such enjoyments are forbidden treats"—for Cousin Martha was a "poor relation," and quite unlikely ever to be anything else. Poor thing! she had known better days; but an unfortunate marriage reduced her from her once proud station, and she was now a childless widow, with very slender means.

"It reminds me so of old times," said she, as I seated myself beside her, "how well I recollect one summer, many years ago, when I, a giddy girl of seventeen, imagined that the life which lay before me was an uninterrupted pathway of roses. And how they all laughed at me that season! But I will tell you about it.

"My father, one evening, asked us where we were to go that summer; and, before the others could answer, I had seized a newspaper, and expatiated most enthusiastically upon the attractive allurements of Opossum Lake. There was the

man's advertisement; did he did not say that it was 'an uncommonly healthy place'—'within five minutes' walk of everything'—'finest fishing and shooting in the United States'—'comforts of a home and pleasures of a visit, &c.?' Surely, he ought to know the merits of his own possessions!

"Opossum Lake!" repeated my father, "why, I never heard of the place! Where is it? Half a day's journey from the city—humbly!"

"I hope there are no misquitoses there," observed Aunt Cornelia, who, during our summer migrations, made a regular practice of spending the nights, towel in hand, slaughtering her musical enemies.

"Depend upon it, Aunt Cornelia," exclaimed my brother George, "that, when you *do* get a bite, you will lose more than you gain!"

"My father joined heartily in the laugh at his sister's expense, and they seemed to have forgotten all about Opossum Lake; but I was resolved that, if eloquence could win the day, it should be mine, and, at a fitting season, I again broached the subject.

"Still harping upon that?" said my father, with a smile, "what, in the name of all that's wonderful, ever put Opossum Lake into your head? It offers very few inducements to a young lady."

"I went over the advertisement to see what I could find. I knew it all by heart—from the very beginning, to the 'apply by note, post-paid, to Zachary Grinder, at the Opossum Lake House.'"

"But why *did* you care so much about it?" I very naturally inquired.

"I expected to meet a friend there," replied Cousin Martha, in manifest confusion, "and I said that it must be so pleasant living near the water—and I should like to learn how to fish—and—"

"Gammon!" exclaimed my eldest brother, "you didn't think it so pleasant to live near the water last summer, when we went to Clam-Pasture—and as to fishing, why, you'd never have patience enough to catch anything!"

"The family were against me; but I replied mildly to all, and talked so reasonably that they began to think there might be something in it. My father was almost conquered.

“‘And you are sure,’ said George, ‘that there is plenty of shooting, and all that sort of thing?’

“‘What would I not have said ‘yes’ to? I made Opossum Lake all things to all men; until each member of the family almost recognized, in my description, his or her own particular *beautideal* of an earthly Eden.

“‘The first step toward reaching the summit of our wishes was to inform Zachary Grinder of our coming, ‘by note, *post-paid*,’ as I impressed upon my father, while I stood leaning over his shoulder. ‘But perhaps Mr. Grinder could not accommodate so many?’

“‘Nonsense!’ said my father, bluntly, ‘I’ll warrant you that he takes in all he can get—I only hope that we may not find it a take in earnest!’

“‘The wish was heartily responded to by the others; and I could plainly read, in the eyes of those around me, that did the reality fall short of their expectations, why, *my* position would not be exactly an enviable one. But I was young and hopeful; I forgot that there would not be the same sun to gild Opossum Lake for them as for me; and, under my instructions, everything was prepared for a long sojourn.

“‘At length, we were fairly en route—feeling somewhat like travellers going to seek our fortune. George had his cherished gun—my eldest brother his fishing implements—and the rest of us some little bag, basket, or band-box, which is always detached from the main-land of baggage as too precious to be entrusted to common hands.

“‘The whole distance was to be ‘half a day’s journey.’ At seven in the morning we entered the cars, and there were kept ‘in durance vile’ until twelve; we then found ourselves stranded upon a miserable hotel, where we stopped to dine; and, after various delays, we were packed, like so many bundles, in a rickety stage-coach, that bore on its side the magical letters ‘Opossum Lake.’ This vehicle must, at some former period of existence, have done penance as a snail; for crawling was evidently the only pace with which it was at all acquainted. When remonstrated with, the driver always replied that ‘we were going up hill’—had the height of that undulation been at all in proportion to its length, it would have caused Mont Blanc and Chimborazo to tremble in their shoes. And yet, in spite of this cautious manner of proceeding, we were jolted about at a fearful rate; until, as my father observed, ‘it was impossible to know whether we were in our place or not.’

“‘Half a day’s journey!’ The hills were red with the fading sunset, when our ark came to a stand-still before a low, dilapidated house, with

a piazza around it; and, in my innocence, I at first imagined that this was only a sort of by-place to change horses. The countenances of the others were firm, and plainly said, ‘don’t tell *me* that *this* is Opossum Lake House—I will not believe it.’ There was a stupid-looking man in shirt-sleeves on the piazza, who went in and shut the door, as though he expected to be robbed if he staid outside.

“‘We wondered that the driver did not go on; but he had now reached the coach-door, and looked smilingly inviting, as he said, ‘Opossum Lake House, ladies and gentlemen.’ True enough! there was blue water close to the house; and if we acted up to what was expected of us, our next movement was to get out.

“‘I don’t know,’ said Aunt Cornelia, as she shivered at the cold breeze from the water, ‘where the *healthiness* of the place is!’

“‘Mattie! where are the snipes and part-ridges?’ called out George.

“‘You can scarcely expect,’ said my father, kindly, as he noticed my embarrassed face, ‘to find them hopping about the door, or sending forth stentorian invitations of come and kill us! Now, Mattie,’ he whispered, ‘you must introduce me to your friend, Mr. Grinder.’

“‘It would sound rather foolish to say that I was unacquainted with him, for had I not been extolling his merits for the last two weeks? Had I not represented him as the most disinterested host that ever presided at an inn, until it seemed almost an insult to offer any remuneration to so noble a character? All of which my father treasured up against me, and reminded me of it, in his quizzical way, much oftener than was agreeable.

“‘We opened the front door, and found ourselves, without the least warning, in an apartment that seemed already occupied by a stout, sun-browned man—a thin, freckled woman—the bashful individual in shirt-sleeves—and two overgrown girls—all drawn up in battle-ray against us.

“‘We felt like intruders, and were about to take our departure; when the sun-browned man introduced himself as Zachary Grinder, and signified that we could remain. We were their first boarders—they were not, therefore, exactly *au fait* at receptions. One by one the family vanished, and we were left alone with Zachary Grinder. My father made all necessary arrangements; and in a short time we found ourselves seated at a supper-table, where fish, of all shapes and sizes, seemed the only sort of food to be procured at Opossum Lake. We soon found that this was a peculiarity of the place. Every knife had a fishy

taste; the potatoes were all consumed for fish-cakes; and every man that we met was always going a fishing.

"Aunt Cornelia and I were domiciled in a room with a single window, that boasted neither shutter, blind, or shade of any description; and we were obliged to erect temporary screens of towels, dresses, or anything that came handy. Opossum Lake was destined to be a failure. As to its name, not a single opossum had ever been heard of within a hundred miles.

"I began to feel weary and lonely. The Misses Grinder, during the whole period of their residence upon this terrestrial planet, had never crossed the limits of the turnpike-gate—a distance of two miles—and they looked with considerable horror upon any farther excursions. My father and brothers had become interested in the fishing, which was the chief end and aim of an Opossum Lake existence, and determined to stay some time; but Aunt Cornelia absolutely refused to forgive me for bringing her there. Besides myriads of mosquitoes, there were perfect shoals of little gnats, who did even more execution, in their small way, than their larger brethren; and between them both we bid fair to be eaten up alive.

"Didn't I watch and wait for a letter? At last it came—Gerard would be there to-morrow. But I see that you look inquiring: I must go back a little.

"If ever there was perfection in man, it was to be found in Gerard Linfield. He was handsome, generous, and good-tempered to a fault; he was everything but—rich. My father did not encourage his visits, because of his poverty; and when we were at home, there was old Grandmother Corning, who always peeped through the blinds at every beau that came to see me."

"Did they not think such conduct very strange?" I asked.

"I don't know what they *thought*," replied Cousin Martha, "but they never said so. I had no mother; and grandmother appeared to consider it her duty to torment my life out in consequence. When we left, in the summer, she always went to some other relations; and right glad was I when the time came around.

"We lived in an old-fashioned house, that *then* had a large garden attached to it; and at one side of the house was a lane leading to an apple orchard, and there was our trysting-tree. Many a summer evening have I gone up to the old apple orchard, with my apron full of strawberries or peaches, and sat on the fence beside Gerard, while we regaled ourselves on the spoils. The beautiful moonbeams shone down on our faces,

and silvered the gnarled trunks of the apple trees, as we sat there undisturbed in our quiet retreat. Oh! those were beautiful days! To get away from the eagle eyes of Grandmother Corning, and stroll with Gerard around the orchard was all that I asked of happiness.

"In the rich, full light of the harvest moon, I came home, one night, with a strange, new feeling of responsibility and concealment. I had stood with Gerard under our favorite tree; and he had taken both my hands, and fixed his eyes upon mine, while I gave him a solemn promise that I would live for him and him only. Then, raising his eyes to heaven, he repeated the same promise to me; and we spoke not again until we parted at the lane.

"Oh, that well-remembered August night! Its events seem as those of yesterday. I can see it all: the orchard, and the old fence on which we sat—the rich moonlight, that bathed everything in a flood of silver—the tall figure, and noble face of Gerard Linfield—and the snowy folds of my white dress, as I stood leaning against the tree where I had sunk from intense emotion.

"I did not tell my father of our engagement—I *dared not*; I told no one; and our only chance of meeting was by stealth. Gerard was going to Opossum Lake—he had been sent there by his father to attend an old uncle; and I was now established there, waiting for his coming.

"How bright grew the prospect around at our first meeting! How delightful the faces of Zachary Grinder and his family! How charming our fine diet! My ennui had departed; I wandered by the shores of Opossum Lake, and thought the earth beautiful. There was *one* Gerard, and *I* was his beloved.

"I wonder that my father or brothers did not discover our secret. Aunt Cornelia never *was* very sharp, and now obstinately persisted in playing the hermit in her own room; but the others appeared to notice us no more than she did. It was well for us that they did not. How suddenly would everything have grown dull and cheerless without those evening walks! Gerard's old uncle would, doubtless, have been left 'alone in his glory;' and I should have exerted myself as much for our return home as I had previously done for our going.

"But we were betrayed at last, and in a most unexpected quarter. One of the Misses Grinder was detected, by her respectable father, walking in company with a gentleman of her own stamp, after the rest had retired. In answer to his reproof, she replied quite innocently, 'why, father, I thought it was all the fashion! The young lady from the city walks here with *her* beau.'

'The young lady from the city' was then handed over to condign punishment at the hands of her father.

"I shall never forget that evening. My father cross-questioned me until he had drawn from me an acknowledgment of our engagement, and then he expressly forbid any farther communication with Gerard Linfield. 'He had,' he said, 'higher views for me,' and was in the nearest approach to a rage that I had ever seen him exhibit.

"The summer passed over, and we returned home; Gerard Linfield was an officer, and he had been ordered off to Florida. We parted with tears and promises on both sides—I never saw him again."

"Never saw him again!" we exclaimed, "and yet you married?"

"Yes," replied Cousin Martha, with a sigh, "my father lost his property—and 'auld Robin Gray he cam' a-courtin' me.' Would that I had then refused the gold? for too late I found that I had accepted the dross?"

"What became of Gerard Linfield?" we asked.

"Oh, he is now a great man," said she, "he married a rich girl, and lives in a beautiful place up the North River. I wonder if he is happy?"

"Gerard Linfield?" repeated papa, who had just caught the name, "why, he is an old friend of mine—I see him frequently."

"How does he look?" asked Cousin Martha, in a tremulous voice, "does he seem old?"

"About fifty-five, I should say," replied papa, "he is a fine, hale, aristocratic-looking gentleman, and has one of the sunniest faces I have ever seen. Poor fellow! it was cloudy enough the other day—he has just lost his wife."

"Has he any family?" asked Cousin Martha, in a still lower tone.

"One only daughter—an elegant-looking girl, who has been reared in the very lap of luxury."

Cousin Martha sighed; and we felt deeply for her desolate condition.

PART II.

COUSIN MARTHA was again on a visit.

"I saw Gerard Linfield to-day," said papa, as he came in for the evening, "and he asked me if I knew of any one whom I could recommend as housekeeper and companion to his daughter."

The color rose brightly in Cousin Martha's usually pale cheek, as she looked eagerly up from her sewing.

"Would he have me, do you think?" she asked, in an almost inaudible tone.

We were quite provoked at papa. Instead of jumping instantly to the conclusion, as we had

done, he actually took time to consider before venturing a reply; and then answered slowly,

"I think that you would answer as well as any one I know of—but I would advise you to go as a perfect stranger."

That was just what she had intended; and we rejoiced not a little in the prospect of romance that was opening before us. What could be more natural than for two long-parted lovers to recognize each other through the lapse of thirty years, and renew the very feelings that had prompted their last farewell?

"Now," said papa, when we were alone, "don't fall to building any preposterous castles in the air; it is my private opinion that Cousin Martha will return exactly as she goes—you don't know Gerard Linfield as I do. He must be a remarkably easy man, indeed, who could fall in love with an old sweetheart of forty-seven, who had jilted him at seventeen."

"Oh, but she was obliged to do that," we replied, with a happy stroke of policy, "she could not disobey her father!"

Papa was somewhat staggered.

"Then she should not have married any one else," said he, with an effort at rallying.

"What, and left them all to starve?"

Papa abruptly left the circle, and soon after we heard the library door closed with a bang.

How suddenly we all became interested in Cousin Martha! That love passage of her youth proved the "open sesame" to our hearts; and we canvassed over the probable effect of her intended proceeding as though it were fraught with the greatest importance. The interval before her departure was spent with us; papa had spoken to Mr. Linfield about it, and the widower had agreed to the proposal without a suspicion that he was admitting beneath his roof no less a person than his first love.

Cousin Martha had been a very pretty girl; she still had large, blue eyes, and a fair skin, and her manner was particularly gentle—in whatever situation she might be placed, it was impossible not to recognize the lady. Papa was to conduct her to Blemetsville, Mr. Linfield's place—so named after his wife's family; and on the afternoon of her departure it was easy to see that she had taken unusual pains with her appearance. Who could blame her? Not we, surely, for we were as much interested in the denouement as he herself could be; and we noticed with pleasure the improvement which excitement had made in the usually quiet face of our proteges. The soft lace trimming that rested on her cheek set off its delicate glow; and there was a lustre in her eyes that few of us

had ever seen there before. We watched their departure from the windows; and then sat down to talk over Cousin Martha's prospects.

The travellers reached Albany in the morning, and then took the cars for Blemetsville. A princely-looking residence, with its white marble front in beautiful contrast with the dark trees around, was pointed out as the mansion of Mr. Linfield; and with trembling steps Cousin Martha advanced up the avenue. A flood of emotions almost overpowered her; and she kept her veil closely over her face, as though fearing a discovery. She had forgotten the mask which thirty years never fail to supply.

Up a flight of broad, marble steps—through the open door and immense hall—past the elegant drawing-rooms and oaken staircase—and the visitors are seated in the library. The thick veil is at length thrown back from a face nearly as white as the marble statuettes; and the trembling form in widow's weeds seems almost incapable of self-support.

A step sounds in the hall; not indeed the same that caused her girlish heart to bound with hope and love—but firmer, more deliberate. A tall, noble-looking man, whose appearance has all the perfection of early autumn, enters the room, and welcomes his friend with a warmth and courtesy that leave no doubt of his sincerity. He turns to Cousin Martha.

As that piercing eye rested upon her for a moment, it seemed reproaching her for the broken engagement; but other thoughts than these occupied the mind of Gerard Linfield. He saw in his first love, not the idol of his youth, but a lady-like, middle-aged woman, who had come to superintend his household, and enliven his daughter's solitude. Poor Cousin Martha! She saw the Gerard Linfield of other days adorned with all the graces of mature manhood; and again her heart fluttered under the spell of his presence.

How it sunk at his first words! cold—indifferent—the same that he would have given to any other stranger. The name, Mrs. Nesbitt, aroused no slumbering memories of the olden time; and Cousin Martha entered upon her duties in the house of Gerard Linfield without his in the least suspecting that in the far-off past they too had been so near to each other.

Clara Linfield was a slight, gentle-looking girl, whose petite style of beauty seemed only fit to be arrayed in robes of gossamer and cobweb texture; but she received Cousin Martha with a graceful kindness that won the widow's heart. Her housekeeping duties were but nominal ones; her time was spent in Clara's boudoir; and the

motherless girl leaned upon her new companion with all the confidence of a daughter.

Gerard Linfield loved his daughter with an affection little short of idolatry; his marriage had not proved a very happy one, and on the child was lavished all the affection that had been repulsed by the mother. Attracted at first by Mrs. Nesbitt's lady-like manner and gentle mien, he felt still more kindly disposed toward her on witnessing his daughter's evident partiality; and to Cousin Martha the days glided on at Blemetsville in a round of quiet happiness. She was under the same roof with Gerard Linfield; and vividly returned the memory of those days when the enjoyment of this privilege was all that she asked of the future. The lively, pleasure-loving youth was transformed into the quiet, intellectual man; and sometimes, in passing through the house, as she caught a glimpse of him in his library, busily at work with some heavy folio or learned manuscript, how she longed to place her hand on his shoulder and tell him all! But what could she say? "Behold the weak-minded girl who 'her vows forgot, her faith forswore'—who clouded your early youth with her falseness?" Would he not spurn such an acknowledgment? So Cousin Martha passed on with a sigh, and dwelt sadly on the picture of that proud, calm face, so absorbed with the books and scrolls.

Gerard Linfield sometimes remembered his early love—but the recollection was not a pleasant one. The anniversary of that night in the old apple orchard had been preserved through thirty long years; and as the day came around, he spent it in solitude and thoughts of the past.

"I wish," said Clara, one evening, when the two were seated in her pleasant dressing-room, "that I dared to ask a great favor of you."

Cousin Martha smiled. She wondered what "great favor" the young heiress desired of her.

"I cannot say, like Herod, 'to the half of my kingdom, it is thine'—but whatever lies in my power to do shall be most willingly done."

"Papa is very strange," said Clara, in a hurried, nervous manner, "you would suppose from his careless, off-hand way, that he never thought of wealth and such distinctions, and would as soon admit to his table a poor artist as a wealthy nobleman. But few know him as he really is; and I tremble to tell him that I love one whom he would consider in every way unworthy of me."

Cousin Martha was thinking of her own youth; and there was a softened tone in her voice, as she said,

"But how came you to lose your heart, ma petite?"

"I do not know," replied Clara, with downcast face, "unless it was because we see so little company here, and I became fond of rambling in the woods. Oh, but," she continued, as she looked up with a bright smile, "you have never seen Edward Clarence, or you would not ask that question."

Just so *she* had thought of Gerard.

"I am perfectly willing to be poor," continued Clara, enthusiastically, "I have no regretful feelings at the idea of leaving this grand house for an humble cottage, except that papa would not go with me; I shrink not at the thought of waiting upon myself—for shall I not have *him* to wait upon also? I *know* that we could be 'passing rich with forty pounds a year'—why, then, will not papa let me be happy in my own way? I am afraid, though," she added, with a merry laugh, "that he will consider me some foundling unworthy of the noble blood of Linfield—else why do I have such plebeian thoughts?"

It was strange to hear the young mistress of that splendid establishment talk of the grim tyrant, poverty, as though it were some plaything to make merry with; but poor, innocent-minded Clara had no more idea of its true meaning than had Marie Antoinette and her companions, when they threw off the cares of state, and disguised themselves as humble villagers. It was a something that would compel her to wear a fascinating little straw bonnet and white dress, and look a perfect divinity while presiding at the meal of strawberries and cream—nothing more.

She sat smiling to herself at the pleasant visions she had conjured up; and her companion could not help thinking it a pity that so lovely a creature should select a life of toil and mortification. But how had it been with herself? Was she not rightly punished by finding the gold she had grasped, like that in the fairy tale, turned to withered leaves in her hand? And would it not now have been better, even in a worldly sense, had she married Gerard Linfield? These thoughts prevented her from remonstrating with the young heiress, and she listened to her confession in silence.

"I think," said Clara, timidly, "that papa likes you very much; he says that you are *soothing*, because you are so gentle and lady-like; and if you do not mind it at all, I thought that he would not be so angry to hear it from you, first, as he might be from me—at any rate, he would not scold you."

Cousin Martha had expected this from the first; Clara was a timid, nervous little creature, and it was quite amusing to witness her embar-

rassment and equivocations. It was rather an awkward affair to plead his daughter's cause with her first love; it might arouse memories of the time when *he* stood in the position of Edward Clarence; and was she quite sure that she could trust herself? Could she refrain from falling at his feet, and suing for his forgiveness? But she had promised Clara, and she now collected all her firmness for the interview.

"I shall stay up waiting for you," said the trembling girl, "and on the first glance at your face, I can tell whether you have succeeded."

She covered her face with her hands, and sank down in the farthest depths of the great arm-chair, as the door closed after her companion.

Gerard Linfield was in his library thinking of the August moon that, thirty years ago, had shone down upon those early vows—when, in answer to his permission to enter, Mrs. Nesbitt stood before him. He rose politely and handed her a chair, into which she sank, scarcely able to speak. He was surprised at her emotion; and, fearful that something had happened to Clara, begged her to put an end to his suspense as quickly as possible.

"It is of her that I would speak," said Cousin Martha, in a tremulous tone, "she is perfectly well, but she requested me to speak to you upon a subject that she dared not mention herself."

She then repeated all that Clara had told her; and as she proceeded, Gerard Linfield's brow contracted, and his lips were compressed ominously. How had he himself been treated when he stood in the place of this young adventurer? Was *he* now to reap the benefit of those years of toil that had followed his own disappointment, and revel in the wealth which had failed to console *him* for the loss of his early love? He turned almost fiercely to the trembling visitor; but as she stood there, with bowed head and clasped hands, he thought of the young, Madonna-like figure radiant in the pale moonlight. Just so had *she* stood on that summer evening—and a fancied likeness between the two rose suddenly to his mind. Had he gazed thus much longer he would have known all; for it was only by the greatest self-control that the erring one refrained.

He judged his daughter by his own feelings in early days, and his voice was softened as he said,

"You tell me that he is poor, and unknown?" Cousin Martha bowed assent.

"An artist?" he repeated, with a half smile, "perhaps his only work is Clara's portrait traced upon his heart, and warranted not to fade."

Mrs. Nesbitt turned to go. She had pleaded the cause of the lovers to the best of her ability, and she felt that it was dangerous to remain longer.

"Will you have the kindness to send my daughter to me?" asked Mr. Linfield.

With a glad heart she hastened back, for she felt sure that all would go right.

"I know that you have succeeded!" exclaimed Clara, joyfully, as she threw her arms around her friend's neck, "how can I ever thank you?"

She entered her father's presence with a wildly beating heart, and it was a long time before she reappeared; but when she returned to the dressing-room, there was a bright smile on her face that seemed struggling with the tears in her eyes.

The father, indeed, had not quite told her that they might marry as soon as they pleased, for he had never seen the young gentleman; but he had said that, if, upon acquaintance, he proved to be the paragon that Clara had represented him, why—"then he would think about it." Was not this just as encouraging as though he had given his consent at once? Clara rattled on in the wildest spirits; and Cousin Martha was made acquainted with the exact color of Edward Clarence's hair and eyes, and also knew that he had a dimple in his chin.

The very next day saw the lover installed at the dinner-table; and having borne, with the most stoical fortitude, an immense quantity of eye-shot from the anxious father, he was admitted at once to his good graces; and from thenceforth until the marriage Edward Clarence was the privileged *l'ami de la maison*.

The lovers were impatient—Mrs. Nesbitt interceded—and Gerard Linfield acknowledged, with a sigh, that it was the destiny of daughters to get married. On the wedding day, he placed in Clara's hands a paper which must have sadly annoyed her, for it effectually destroyed her pleasant little visions of love in a cottage. They must go to Italy; the artist to study—Clara to watch him; and soon in that great house there were only left the lovers of olden time, and the servants.

Gerard was beginning to feel very lonely; his evenings were now spent entirely with Mrs. Nesbitt, and her gentle ease of manner acted upon him like a soothing spell. He sat looking at her, one evening, and made the discovery that she must once have been remarkably beautiful. Then he thought that she had not lost those charms, even now; and the large, dreamy eyes reminded him of his first love.

He had been working himself up to it for some time; and at last it came.

"I have been thinking," said he, as he suddenly leaned across the table, and seized Cousin Martha's hand, "that Blemetsville has seemed

more attractive, more *home-like* since your sojourn among us, and your kindness to Clara has made a deep impression upon me. To this has lately been added a warmer feeling—prompted entirely by my own heart. We are both of us too old for lovers' raptures and kneeling vows—but if you will consent *always* to cheer my loneliness, I shall feel that no earthly happiness is left for me to wish."

Before he could prevent her she was kneeling at his feet.

"It is not too late for *me* to kneel," she exclaimed, with tearful eyes, "oh, Gerard! how deeply do I feel my utter unworthiness of that heart which I have now twice won! And when I confess that I am that false one who plighted to you her early love, there will be no need of my declining what you will then withdraw in contempt."

Gerard was fearfully agitated.

"Is it possible," said he, "that, after the lapse of thirty years, we meet thus! *Mattie!* I had resolved *never* to forgive you—the sting of the deep wrong you did me, years ago, rankles here yet."

"I do not extenuate my offence," she replied, with a meek sadness, "I do not deserve your forgiveness. Perhaps, if you knew *all*, you would not judge me so severely—but it is best as it is. I will never trouble you again with a sight that must be hateful to you."

Gerard Linfield held her hand, and gazed half dreamily upon her still fair face.

"I should never have known you," said he, "you do not look at all as you did then; even your manner is altered—subdued. We are both very lonely, and I now woo you as 'Mrs. Nesbitt'—leaving that naughty *Mattie* to the punishment of her own conscience. After all, it is only the fulfilment of those vows made in the old apple orchard."

"Let me go, Gerard!" said Cousin Martha, faintly, "I could never forgive myself for thus taking advantage of your present feelings—feelings that *must* change to indifference or contempt. You will say," said she, with a still warmer flush upon her face, "that I came here for this result—I knew that you were Gerard Linfield."

"*Mattie,*" said he, as he bent those deep, earnest eyes upon her excited face, "I freely forgive your offence, for I believe that you have suffered more than I have. And did I believe that you had indeed come here for the express purpose of making this confession, and renewing the old love, *that,* of itself, would be sufficient atonement."

Were we not right, then, after all? And did we not triumph over papa on account of our superior wisdom and foresight? Until, aggravated beyond all endurance by the din we raised about his ears, he actually wished us, one and all, the fate of Cousin Martha!

SPRING-TIME RAIN.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

ALL day long has the rain fell down,
 Slowly fell on a lonely grave,
 All day long, 'neath the grey sky's frown,
 Fell like the flood of a briny wave.

Drops have beaded the meadow grass,
 Drops have fell on the willow tree,
 And the village children pattering pass,
 A pleasant sight in the rain to see!

Flowers are bowing their heads at prayers,
 Birds are ringing their vesper bell—
 Monodies wild, and mournful airs,
 From viewless harps of the wind-sprites swell.

Still in a grave-yard lone, and old,
 Rises a tomb-stone fair and white—
 Pillar that sculptured seraphs fold,
 Cloud by day, and fire by night!

There, where the grave-mound groweth green,
 Flowerets spring in the Summer sun—

Roses, and myrtle, and eglantine,
 Weave a wreath round the old head-stone.

Settling down upon a shining hair,
 Lieth the grave-dust dark, and dim,
 Down on the brow that was once so fair,
 Mouldering round each snowy limb!

Never a fleck of the sunshine steals
 Into the grave they have dug so deep—
 Never a ray of the moon reveals,
 The spot where an angel went to sleep—

But when the rain of the Spring falls down,
 She comes from the world of living streams,
 Lighting the earth-life bare, and brown
 With rosy hues from the land of dreams!

By-and-bye, when the days grow long,
 I will lay me down by her side,
 Hushed to sleep by the wild-bird's song,
 Floating out on the even-tide!

“I AM THINE.”

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

I'm thine in thy gladness,
 I'm thine in thy woe—
 My spirit is with you
 Wherever you go—
 No matter how distant
 Thy form is from me,
 Should you dwell with the stranger
 Far over the sea!
 In poverty's hamlet,
 Or garlanded halls,
 Your sweetness and beauty
 My spirit recalls!
 When Summer is gay,
 By the hill-side and tree,
 All nature will whisper,
 My dearest, of thee.
 My heart bears the image
 Forever impressed,
 Like the beautiful bow
 On the thunder-cloud's breast;

The flowers I sent thee
 I know thou wilt prize,
 They should bloom on for aye
 In the light of thy eyes!
 Were a dungeon thy dwelling,
 I yet would be there
 To soothe thee, and bless thee,
 And lessen thy care;
 The throne of a Monarch
 Were worthless to me,
 Could I never share it,
 Sweet lady! with thee!
 In the breeze there's no freshness—
 No tints in the flower,
 Unless thy bright presence
 Give light to each hour!
 I'm thine in thy gladness,
 I'm thine in thy woe—
 My spirit is with you
 Wherever you go!

A CHAPTER ON HUMAN HAIR.

BY L. N. MORTON.

THE ancient Assyrians, according to Layard, the explorer of Ninevah, were as fastidious in the arrangement of their hair and beard, as a fashionable lady or gentleman of the nineteenth century. Homer continually refers to the hair in a way to show that dressing it carefully was common in his time. The world manifestly has not changed, either for better or worse, in this matter of the hair, since the earliest ages. Railroads and magnetic telegraphs cannot put down hair. The hair-dresser is as great a man as ever.

What is hair? A smooth cylindrical tube like a quill? No such thing. It is a pile of horny thimbles, infinitesimally small, growing at the root like a hyacinth: a new thimble coming out, at the bottom, every day or so. In substance the hair of a belle, and the hide of a rhinoceros are substantially the same. How is hair colored? By a pigment, derived from the blood, and circulating within this pile of horny thimbles. Black hair owes its jetty appearance to an excess of carbon; golden hair to a superfluity of oxygen and sulphur. To call red hair brimstone is, it thus appears, no exaggeration. The color of hair, strange to say, affects its texture. Red hair is the coarsest, black next, brown stands third in the list, blonde is finest of all: to sum up, two red hairs are as thick as three golden ones, and twenty times uglier.

In fact it is the silkiness, that is fineness, that blonde hairs owe much of their popularity. This color has always been the favorite with poets and painters. Homer goes into raptures, when he speaks of golden hair. Shakspeare connects light colored hair invariably with soft and delicate women. It is said that there is not, in the numerous *chef d'ouvres* in the British National Gallery, a single female head, from Correggio down to Rubens, that has dark hair. Men of science assert that poets and painters have, in this preference for blonde hair, hit upon a great truth in Nature; for that such hair is proof of a finer nervous organization than common. Perhaps they are right; but perhaps also they are wrong. It is certain that golden hair is not always the sign of a terrestrial angel. Lucrezia Borgia had blonde hair; and neither history, nor opera extols her particularly. Jenny Lind has

light colored hair; but gossip says her temper is not light by any means. However, on points like these, we must not be positive.

It is scarcely necessary, we suppose, to tell our fair readers, that as all which glitters is not gold, neither is all which seems hair the wearer's natural hair. False fronts to ladies' heads are almost as common, they say, as false fronts to Broadway shops. But this, we suppose, is a libel. Most of the false hair, sold in cities, is brought from Europe. France particularly exports large quantities of this "raw material." The average price for a head of hair, in Brittany, is about twenty sous. A dealer in hair can, it is said, detect German from French hair, or even Scotch from English, by the smell. Hair is a "rising" article, in every sense of the word. What costs but twenty sous at first, is resold for five dollars. What starts in life on a peasant's head, finishes on that of a fashionable lady, if not on that of a duchess or a queen.

The hair generally does not turn grey till late in life. But sometimes it becomes white in a few hours, as in cases of extreme terror, or grief, or from severe sickness. The discovery of the first grey hair is usually a sad event to a beauty. Sensible people wear their own grey hair. Men and women of the world try to cheat each other by wearing wigs, which deceive nobody but themselves. The fair sex, though they have grey hair as often as men, rarely get bald. This is because, in the female scalp, there is a larger deposit of fat, which allows of a freer circulation in the capillaries of the skin. People become bald by the destruction of the bulbs, at the root of the hair, and by the closing of the follicles, which are the tubular depressions into which the hair is inserted. The scalp of a bald man is consequently as smooth as ivory. Silk hats, japed caps, or any other covering which is perfectly air-tight, tends to produce baldness. Wearing a hat constantly produces the same effect. Baldness is incurable, Macassar to the contrary notwithstanding; so, ladies, make your husbands, if they threaten baldness, use the brush freely; but, when once their heads, as Chaucer says, shine "like any glass," save your money and theirs, for a Pacific ocean even of oil and pomade will not bring back their hair.

To describe the modes of wearing the hair, that have prevailed in various ages, would require a chapter by itself. The almost universal fault with ladies is to wear their hair in the prevailing fashion, without reference to its suitability to their style of face. Yet different physiognomies require different arrangements of the hair. Curls suit some countenances; bands set off others; but the waved, or rippled style is, perhaps, the prettiest for most. One modification of the latter is the Greek style, such as we see it in ancient sculpture: the secret of its beauty probably consists in its repeating the facial angle. No style is equal to it where the head is well-shaped. Strong-minded women, who sweep the hair off their brow, so as to increase the apparent height of the forehead, only render themselves masculine-looking, and spoil whatever beauty of face they may happen to have. Nature is usually the best guide for the style of wearing the hair. This is particularly noticeable in gentleman, who always spoil the harmony of the countenance, when they permit the barber's tongs to mangle the style of coiffure that was born with them.

What is true of this, is true also of color: no eye ever looks natural on whiskers, moustache, or beard.

The Caucasian race originally, it is thought, had light hair entirely. At present blonde hair is confined to Northern latitudes. As we go South the hair becomes darker, passing through light brown and dark brown, to the blue black of the Mediterranean shores. In Africa, among the dark races, hair literally becomes wool, if we are to believe Peter A. Browne, of Philadelphia, who has studied hair, perhaps, more than any man living.

Beautiful hair is one of the best ornaments of a woman. Sir Walter Scott makes the tresses of Fenella as long as her person; and the legend of Godiva describes her hair as "rippling to her feet." Potent is its power; beyond everything else, if we are to believe the poets; for one of that race actually makes it stronger than the cable of a seventy-four.

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair."

THE CHILD AND THE FALLING LEAVES.

BY IDA TREVANION.

A PALE child through a forest strayed,
When sunny days had reached their close;
Where he in the sweet Spring had played,
With bounding step, and cheek of rose.

The faded bowers no fragrance lent,
The sere leaves fast around him fell;
Each, like a sign from Heaven sent,
His brief life's mournful doom to tell.

The yellow leaves went rustling by,
The chill gale would not let them stay;
Each whispered, "Learn of us to die,
Fair boy, we go the self-same way!"

"Nay," said the smiling child, "I go
Unto a far and sunnier land,
Where the green leaves no winter know,
By Spring's soft breezes ever fann'd."

MORNING.

BY WILLIAM B. LAWRENCE.

'T is morn—dark night has fled away,
Bright rosy morn doth herald day;
And joyous birds in songs of praise,
Their ever welcome voices raise.
All things possess a beauty new,
The tender, frail, and fragrant flower
So fresh and sparkling with the dew,

In silence, praises this fair hour.
The cool refreshing air of morn
Invigorates the weary frame;
Floating o'er hill, and vale, and lawn,
It visits all alike the same;
While to the weary and opprest,
Its soothing balm is ever blest.

MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT SCHOOL KEEPING.

BY JEREMY BOGGS.

I.

"WHERE," said my friend, cheerfully, "is your 'skewl 'ous,' as they call it in these parts? Now keep a stiff upper lip, and mind, boy, don't pay too much attention to the girls! This road turns off to C——. So good-bye, Billy"—and he grasped me warmly by the hand and laughed, and winked, and started his horse into a brisk trot homeward.

We had been playmates in our younger days, and were now at college together. It was our long vacation. He proposed to spend it pleasantly among the winter festivities of C——, while I, being less fortunately situated in life, was driven to school teaching to defray my college bills. Learning my intention, nothing would satisfy my friend but to drive me out to the "deestrick" which had been kind enough to place the tutelage of its rising youth in my inexperienced hands. He had driven me out, had heard me undergo an examination before the portentous "committee," (during which he adroitly telegraphed the answers to some mathematical posers, upon which otherwise I might have blundered) had seen me installed into my boarding-house, had spent the night with me in a most tumultuous manner, and had now after carrying me half way to the "skewl 'ous," bidden me farewell, and left me standing desolate—for the first time in my life without a friend or adviser. I stood still, watching his receding carriage till it was lost from view in a valley. The smile which I had conjured up at his departure had disappeared, and I felt my boasted courage, like Bob Acres', oozing out at the fingers' ends! I wrapped my cloak tighter about me and strode off through the mud and chilling sleet toward the scene of my future joys and sorrows—mainly sorrows, as a foreboding told me.

The school-house was one of those dingy, scrambling structures, which, notwithstanding the much-talked-of "march of intellect," are to be found, at this day, in the rural parts of upper New England. It was built of wood, one story high, and was possessed of a low, narrow doorway, and small windows. What rendered it more unsightly, though it must be owned more comfortable, were sundry patches among the clapboards and shingles, and a few fresh bricks in

the black and tottering chimney. These repairs, it seems, were fitfully made every year by the proper authorities, to cover up such ravages as were inflicted by time and roguish boys on the venerable edifice. To complete the promising appearance of this "popular institution of learning," (as it was playfully styled by the state superintendent in his annual report) it was perched upon a rock, upon the highest point of ground thereabouts; and, by consequence, exposed to the full sweep of our keen northern winds.

At the door of the school-house stood a group of boys and girls, staring anxiously at their future instructor as he approached. They were of various sizes and ages. Among the motley mass, one half of which was made up of little swathed morsels of humanity just escaped from their nurses, I was glad to see several young ladies between the years apparently of fourteen and eighteen, (I was just turned of the latter) but, on the other hand, I marked with feelings of decided apprehension a half dozen raw, shaggy fellows considerably my seniors, and teeming with the strength of their favorite bullocks. I had now reached the expectant theory. I gathered myself up with a good deal of dignity, (as I thought became my calling) adjusted my hat, (it was my first hat—bought to convey a semblance of maturity) bade my future pupils a benignant good morning, and walked with a most majestic air into the school-house. As I passed through the little flock, I caught the eye of one person, under whose gaze I am conscious of wincing. I was instinctively assured that my evil genius stood before me. He was six feet and some odd inches high, well proportioned across the shoulders, and obviously entitled to all the privileges and responsibilities which attach to legal manhood. His garments, though made of homespun, had a smack of the rakish about them, which ill accorded with the traditional simplicity of country life. His coat was long waisted; his trowsers profuse over his cowhide boots; his vest expansive and rolling. The same passing glance which communicated these facts, further revealed a huge brass seal dependent from his fob; a bright red and yellow neckcloth, and a visorless fur cap, which he wore jauntingly.

"He is addicted to occasional trips into town," I said to myself, "and is probably the leader of *la jeunesse doree* in this region." His grey eyes just then rested on mine with a mocking leer. It brought my youth and presumption home to me with a shiver. He couldn't have expressed himself more clearly in words—indeed, it added nothing to my emotion to hear, as I was entering the door, in a voice which I knew from its rotundity must be his—"pooh, he's nothing but a monkey!"

The scholars came trooping after, all but my mysterious foe, (for such I at once regarded him) whose name, I may as well inform the reader now as ever, was Zerrubabel Jones. When the scrambling for seats was over, he stalked in very leisurely, loitered by the stove, and walked to a desk which had been left vacant for him in the back part of the room, evidently out of respect to his prowess and attainments. Here he condescendingly seated himself, and surveyed from his high position (for the floor ran back at a formidable angle) the crop of heads before him, ending his inspection by another curious leer at me. He seemed to my nervous imagination to consider the pupils as his own property, and had he risen and entered a protest against my occupancy of the throne as an usurpation, I believe I should have waived it on the spot. I really felt that I was acting under his permission and patronage—which proved essentially to be the case.

I know that the idea affected me unpleasantly during the delivery of my opening speech. For I had deemed it proper to define my position in the parliamentary form, and had written out and learned a neat little address, elucidating the "vital importance of education," and so forth. Among other topics, I laid stress on the necessity of good order, and cited, by way of illustration, the case of an army which is effectual only when it is well disciplined. This I conceived to be a strong point, and, in humble imitation of more practised speakers, I paused, and swept my eye over my mimic senate, in the course of which impressive act I again met the sinister gaze of Zerrubabel, and was again abashed.

The rest of the forenoon was spent in assorting the heap of intellect before me into lots for handling. Precisely at twelve o'clock, I took down my fine silver watch, which I had hung against the wall for effect, and with a preliminary flourish of my knuckles upon the desk, (for I had a notion that rapping was part of a pedagogue's business, and couldn't come in amiss) declared the school adjourned till afternoon.

On the way home, I found myself side by side

with one of my pupils—a very tidy, sweet lass of about my own age. As it was my duty *ex officio* to know my scholars, it struck me as quite correct to draw this interesting charge into conversation. "For," I argued to myself, "my responsibilities do not end with the school-room." So I dropped a remark about the weather, which had luckily cleared up. She turned her fresh face toward me, and smiled as she answered, "yes." I felt more than ever the pride of my vocation, and went on, in a high and mighty style, to expatiate over the philosophy of clouds and storms. To all of which, when I had brought the discourse with a splendid sweep down to the mud at our feet, she responded "yes." It was a simple word—one that might naturally be expected from anybody. But from her it signified more than a passive assent. Her tone indicated that she entered sympathetically into the feelings of wonder and admiration which I confessed for those ingenious provisions of nature, the clouds and storms aforesaid. I proceeded still further in the discharge of my exalted office, and started a disquisition on the component parts of the four elements, in which I was getting along swimmingly, when my fair pupil interrupted me with, "here's our house, sir."

How sweetly she spoke it. And her light blue eyes! how they tickled my heart. Yes, my heart. For as she placed her hand upon the latch of the paternal dwelling, (a one story red) I barely checked myself in the act of touching my new hat—forgetful of our relations!

II.

REGARDING school keeping as altogether an artificial employment, I studiously endeavored to make myself as unlike myself as possible. Being young, I strained to appear old. Holding with the poet, that "'tis well to have a merry heart, however short we stay," I deliberately stifled the rising laugh, and smiled only as kings smile upon great occasions, and even then in a melancholy, anti-mundane fashion. Some of my devices were singular enough. I affected, I remember, a heavy bass voice. I had, it is true, survived that pleasant era, when one's notes are subject to capricious oscillations through two or three octaves. Still my voice was not what is technically known as "deep," and depth being popularly accepted as an index of years, I thought best to deepen it by a forced process. I was perpetually talking in a growl. I flattered myself that this deceit was successful, till Mrs. Smart, the kind matron at my boarding-place, asked me one day why I didn't get rid of my cold, and offered to prepare an infallible poultice for it, which treatment I

declined in great confusion. As it was, the habit nearly threw me into a bronchitis. I pretended to be weak-sighted, though my eyes were the best in the world. In a hunting party, which we had at college, I shot more "greys," with a rifle, than any other man, and in five cases out of ten drove the ball through the head or shoulders. Yet, it is notorious, I reasoned, that all hard students are weak-sighted. What right have I to be teaching others with these tell-tale witnesses of my own incapacity about me? So I blinked and winked all day long, and wore an ugly shade across my forehead to keep out the candle-light; and condemned, in common with Grandmother Hodgkins, the oldest inhabitant of the district, the vile latter-day practice of printing in small type. My talk with the farmers was exclusively upon agriculture and kindred topics. I sustained it with a good smattering of terms; for my knowledge of which I stood indebted to the "Fiddletown Farmer," and an old copy of the Patent Reports. The science of pigs I delighted in, and used to stand admiringly by the pen while the monsters were being fed. As for horses, to which I had an aversion from youth, being always apprehensive of furtive kicks in the ribs; I so far mastered my prejudices as to harness a pair one day for Farmer Smart. How I ever performed the feat is a wonder, yet I got through it with only one mistake—a simple one—that of putting on the hames wrong side up. But I excused myself on the score of defective vision. Cattle, I may say, I adored. A casual observer would have pronounced cattle my *grand passion*; I have stood a half an hour at a stretch in the barn-yard, with my boots buried ankle deep in its succulent strata, patting huge oxen on the back, punching their ribs, judging on their thickness of fat, and beating my brains to guess at their gross weight. I found it wise policy to guess high, it flattered the owner. My conjectures ranged, I believe, between two and three hundred pounds above. I have reason to think that, after all, Farmer Smart doubted my pretensions. One morning he brought home a bull, and I marched out highly elated to look at the animal. "Ha," I cried, as the brute went past me tossing his head, "some Devonshire in that fellow." I said it on the strength of a picture in the last year's Almanac, between which and the bull I fancied I traced signs of resemblance. "Devonshire, pooh! not a particle of Devonshire blood in him. He's half Durham," and Farmer Smart proceeded to expound the difference between the two varieties, "which was," he said, "as plain as the nose on a man's face." This, of course, meant me. I did not attempt a reply.

Among the scholars I was dignified. I never conversed with them, in or out of school, in an ordinary colloquial style. My aim was on all occasions to astound. Even to the charming Nancy Potter (whom I have already introduced) I never unbent. But I always felt like unbending though, and prattling to the pretty innocent about love—for naturally, dear reader, I was the jolliest and most romantic youngster in all C——.

How I used to hover about her in school time, of course in the discharge of some professional duty. The writing days, which to most teachers are an insufferable nuisance, were to me seasons of refined delight. Nancy had contracted a shocking scrawl from former instructors, and I took upon myself the task of making it straight. This imposed, obviously, the necessity of sitting along side of her in her little, narrow seat, and superintending the business personally. How could she be expected to make straight marks without properly holding her pen; and who so competent as I to adjust these plump little fingers upon it? And that soft, round arm—how *could* she write decently, holding it out at such an awkward angle—and wasn't it my bounden duty to press it gently into the proper place? And what more natural transition, than looking up from her homely "I's" to the beautiful eyes in her dear little head, and contrasting the clumsy curves of her "g's" and "q's" with the graceful flow of her soft brown hair?

But when I was thus engaged, I always found Zerrubabel staring at me more maliciously than ever—which was not at all strange, as he was suspected, in rural phrase of "shining up to Nancy." Indeed, from the beginning, just as I had expected, he proved himself my enemy. He evinced his hostility in a peculiar way. *He* didn't upset the stove, nor clog up the chimney, nor pile the desks in the middle of the room, and crown the pyramid with a scare-crow figure, holding a book in its dexterous hand, designed to typify myself—though I would not say that Zerrubabel strenuously opposed the commission of these flagrant offences. Still *he* never came into a direct collision with me. Though persisting and determined, he was sly and quiet in his malice. For example, I had not filled my position two days, before he came in with a "standing collar;" (he never wore one before) at least one inch taller than mine, which was itself an extravagant sample. This created a general tittering in the school. The collar was made of foolscap, and its cut and dimensions as well as its material betrayed an obvious design to caricature. But as Zerrubabel wore it in apparent good faith, I

really had no right to take umbrage thereat. Whether I was not deterred by a consciousness of physical inability to support my protest—deponent saith not. I was sorely vexed when, on repeated occasions, my tormentor gravely fondled and pulled up this part of his attire; or, what was worse, deliberately turned down one division of it, stretched out his neck and expectorated over it. He travestied my watch, which, I have said, I was accustomed to hang up with no little ostentation above my desk. What was my astonishment one day to see Zerrubabel pull forth an enormous turnip-shaped chronometer, and suspend it, with an important air, on a nail in the wall behind him. Yet while everybody else (me excepted) was laughing, he kept as sober as a church deacon. What could I do? Again, I had a hair ring—a gift from a pretty cousin of mine. I was proud of it, and, to pique Nancy's curiosity, used to parade the hand that bore it oftener than was actually required. Now, what should the relentless Zerrubabel do but manufacture two rings of horse hair—the braid an inch wide at least—and wear one on the middle finger of each of his great lobtser hands! And, to heighten the indignity, gaze at them now and then and sigh. He further found a savage enjoyment in bringing me the toughest and most impracticable sums in arithmetic and algebra; and, with a view of puzzling me, ransacked the entire district for recondite books. It would never answer to decline the task—and an awful task it was, keeping me up half the night for weeks together. In short, never was poor pedagogue, on thirteen dollars per month and found, so punished as I with Zerrubabel. There were, to be sure, other vicious scholars. These were Tom Titcomb, Dan Arlin, and Bill Swipes, who were engaged in some of the grosser freaks I have already mentioned; but I soon quieted their insubordination by threatening an instant dismissal. In this the committee would have borne me out. But Zerrubabel was intangible, and I must needs endure him. At one time I thought of conciliating my annoyer, but pride forbade. I had thus far reposed on my dignity. It would be weakness now to relent.

But Zerrubabel did not confine the exercise of his eccentric talents to the school room. He was all abroad with them as I soon learned.

In commencing my labors, I had deemed it wise policy, like most other beginners, to find fault with the reigning order of things. This mania for innovation was specially directed against "reading books," which were, as I remarked to the committee, "behind the spirit of the age." The committee coincided with my

suggestion, and procured a new set, the chief merit of which lay, as I pointed out, in instructions for developing the lungs; and I dilated upon the importance of this long-neglected branch of education, and assured the committee, that, with practice, every male ragamuffin in the district might become a Demosthenes or Cicero at least. The books were of different sizes and adapted to various classes—but, in one respect, they agreed. They all contained simple formulas—as "ba, be, bi, bo, bum"—the repetition of which, three times a day, under some modifications and restrictions, would, as the prefaces all promised, "communicate strength to the lungs, and give that tone to the voice which is the first requirement in an accomplished orator." For the sake of my own ease, tried to render the performance more agreeable to my pupils, I drilled them all together in the "ba, be, bi's," &c. In the outset, I succeeded in extorting little more than a whisper from the future Demostheneses. But by dint of encouragement and practice, they climbed from one pitch to another, till at last, when fresh-winded, it seemed as if they would tear the roof off. I plumed myself on the triumph of this experiment, and looked forward with delight to the closing day of the school; when the assembled parents should listen, in speechless joy and wonder, to the trumpet tones of their oratorical offspring.

As I was walking toward the school-house, one cold, blustering morning, I was met by a horse drawing a small sleigh, with a large man bundled up in it. This individual—that is the man—who looked preternaturally immense in a buffalo coat, reined in his steed and accosted me with,

"Hallo, mister, do yew keep skewl down thar?" jerking his whip over his shoulder toward the school-house.

"Yes, sir," I replied, trying to assume an old look.

"Well, sir, they tell me yew have some new fangled notions abeout teachin', and how yeoure injurin' the childrens' health with makin' 'em yell, like all possessed. My boy Ezekiel caught a bad cold from it. And now look 'ere, mister, my names Puffer, and I 'aint agoin' to have any more such donis with my family." Upon which Mr. Puffer shook his head in the most incontrovertible manner.

"But, my dear sir," I exclaimed, somewhat alarmed at this unexpected turn of affairs, "my dear sir, I hardly think that Ezekiel contracted his cold under my instructions. I saw him, the other day, running backward and forward through a puddle of water, and called him away from it. It is most probable—"

"Do you mean to tell me I lie, sir?" broke in Mr. Puffer, glaring ferociously on me.

"By no means, sir—but——"

"But! yew cant pull the wool over old Puffer, and I want ye to know it for sartain. I've hearn tell abeaout ye; and if yew don't leave, Zeke shall—that's flat. Ge-e-et along," and Mr. Puffer cracked up his horse and abandoned me to my reflections, which were none of the pleasantest.

On the afternoon of the same day, returning from school, I was hailed by Farmer Lubbett with a similar accusation. When I attempted to explain, he fended me off with—"yew can't make me believe that screechin' all day long won't bring on a cough!"—and I left the indignant father in despair of converting him.

Others took up the cry, and the result was, that four of the most respectable families in the district withdrew their children from my control. The committee, however, having consented to purchase the odious "readers," naturally considered their own reputation at stake, and sided with me. This checked the progress of disaffection, and I continued my vocal exercises as before—but I was aware of having made a small party of enemies. So that my position was not at all to be envied.

And this misfortune I traced to the quiet suggestions of Zerrubabel!

III.

It will be understood that I was not in love with Nancy. I merely "liked" her in an enlarged sense of the word. It is quite probable that had I not been weighed down with the panoply of a pedagogue, (I made it heavy) I should have "waited on her" after the most approved methods, and have gone into such little extravagancies of gallantry, as characterize youth of a susceptible temperament. But I contented myself with nothing more than an assiduous attention to her educational advancement, (especially her chirography, which rapidly improved under my supervision) and to walk with her to and from school whenever a fair opportunity offered—on which occasions I prated not of love but of learning. Still I was generally regarded as not wholly insensible to her charms. As for Nancy herself, I doubted, latterly, whether she returned even my "liking"—indeed I had reason to suspect that she was not altogether indifferent to the Herculean attractions of Zerrubabel.

It was now the fifth week of my term, and the first set party of the season was announced to come off at Squire Cummings'—why called "Squire" I never could learn—to which party I was invited. Hitherto, in pursuance of my

dignified policy, I had not paid a single visit in the neighborhood. This invitation I could not well decline. Nancy, being the reigning belle, was of course on the list of guests. I, therefore, made an early proposal to "call" for her, and she accepted the proffer of my company.

The appointed evening came round, and, after taking the fiftieth look in the glass, to make sure that all was right even to the angle of my collar, I sallied forth on foot. The air was just keen enough to be bracing, and the moon never shone with a softer light. It rested mildly, I thought, on the roof of the "one story red," at the door of which I gave a lively, double knock. It was answered by Nancy. She was all accoutred, and looked exceedingly pretty and impudent beneath a great thick hood. The appendage was itself ugly enough; (it belonged to her grandmother) but I am persuaded that her ruddy face and laughing blue eyes would have taken the obloquy out of the most hideous creation of the mantua-makers—not excepting the antiquated "calash."

I tucked Nancy's arm under my own, ('twas indispensable—the road was so slippery) and we started for the Squire's. As we went crackling over the hard-beaten snow, I felt that my "liking" was gradually giving way before something of a less philosophic nature; and on that very short journey I discoursed of nothing more abstruse than the moon, and limited myself, even then, to its obvious beauties! In fact, I was growing pathetic about it, and don't know whither my tenderness might have led, had not Nancy called me from the region of enchantment with the simple remark, "we're at the Squire's." I summoned up my vanishing stock of dignity, and we entered.

We found a large party already convened in the hospitable parlor. Zerrubabel, I observed with satisfaction, was not present. But while Nancy and I were toasting ourselves by the huge wood fire, Zarrubabel came—and *alone*. This called out a vast amount of sly bantering, most of which, I was positive, was directed at me. We nodded to each other—and he bade Nancy good evening. The slightest possible smile lurked on his lip; and I am not quite sure that the little mink didn't wink at him. I know that the suspicion plagued me, and I dwelt upon it some time among the coals. Presently raising my head, I noticed that Nancy had slipped away, and was chatting briskly with a knot of school girls at the farther end of the room. Among them ominously loomed the stout form of Zerrubabel. I buried my chagrin in a conversation with Squire Cummings, who was a fine, stupid, hearty old fellow, always insisting on the

"practical." So, in deference to his hobby, I launched out upon that pre-eminently practical theme—*oxen*. I was in the midst of a description of the prize ox "Columbus," (over which the Squire was licking his lips) when somebody cried out, "forfeits! forfeits!" "Yes, forfeits, let's have a game of forfeits," answered twenty voices. After considerable rushing and tumbling, a circle was formed in the middle of the room. But no one asked me to enter it. My claims to dignity were at last fully recognized! I, who played forfeits charmingly, was doomed to sit in the chimney corner with the venerable Cummings and talk of—*oxen!*

But while I talked, my eyes were on the gay circle, and especially on an important component of it—Nancy—who was seated in an alarming contiguity to Zerrubabel. The kissing went on briskly, while my poor narrative lagged. By-and-bye the latter stopped short—what were *oxen* to the scene before me? There was Zerrubabel "measuring off tape" (a diabolical refinement in the art of osculation) with Nancy, who not only *endured* the penalty, but took it with a confoundedly keen relish! As for Zerrubabel, he performed his part of the business like one who was used to it; and as he twirled off yard after yard, looked triumphantly over Nancy's white shoulders at me in the chimney corner. One—two—three—four—five—slow and full—and so on to *fifteen*, when they ceased—reluctantly, it was plain to see. Oh, how I itched to throw my dignity to the dogs, leap into the charmed circle and run a muck at kissing like a Malay.

"And heaow much did he give?" asked the Squire.

It was lucky that he recalled me at this crisis, or I might have done something rash!

Presently, but not till after Nancy had been again punished, oh, horrors! through the back of a chair—still by Zerrubabel—the circle was dissolved, and I breathed easier. Mrs. Squire Cummings, a fat, matronly soul, now announced a "bite of suthin' to eat in the kitchen." The party formed into pairs and marched to the repast—Zerrubabel and Nancy leading the van!

The Squire and I closed up the procession. The "bite" proved to be a sumptuous array of pumpkin pies, dough-nuts, sweet cakes, home-made apple-sauce, (the daintest of preserves) hard cider, and hot coffee. I could eat nothing. Nancy, on the contrary, committed fearful onslaughts among the viands—Zerrubabel plying her all the while with a tenderness that was very affecting! I felt an uneasy sensation in the throat, and was glad to get back to the parlor in the chimney corner, with the Squire and his eternal oxen.

The company soon broke up. It was my business, of course, to return Nancy to the paternal roof. My dignity had kept me on tenter hooks all the evening, and I was determined to discard it—at least to Nancy—on the way back. I rose to seek her, when the Squire grasped me by the arm. He had a little anecdote to tell about an old steer of his. It would take but a moment. The Squire was urgent, and as I had done more than my share of the talking—how could I refuse? It turned out to be his favorite story, which he always reserved for the climax! I bore it for ten dreary, agonizing minutes—then peremptorily excused myself, and made a mad plunge for Nancy. She was missing—Zerrubabel had gone home with her!

The blow was too much for me. To be jilted under the mildest circumstances is awkward enough. But I was a man in authority—and had been rejected by one of my own pupils. It was insupportable, I knew it was the standing topic for discussion throughout the district. Hints and inuendoes were not to be misunderstood, and I saw no end of them. So the third day after this unhappy adventure, I was attacked by a severe headache which grew rapidly worse, and forced me to give up the school.

Next winter I tried pedagogy again in a region remote from the scene of my mishap. I pursued a different plan. I laid aside my dignity, sympathized with the sports as well as the studies of my scholars—didn't talk mightily—visited at large—and "though I say it as I shouldn't," won the reputation of being the best teacher in the whole country!

THE LAST SMILE.

Why, oh, why smiled the babe in its dying hour,

When its earth-weary days were done,

It had faded away like a blighted flower,

'Neath the rays of a Summer's sun?

Love-fall was the look of the innocent child,

So peaceful, so trusting, so sweetly it smiled.

Oh, why did it smile? had angels down come

From the far-off sunny-hued land,

To bear its pure spirit away to its home,

To join a bright seraphim band?

Ah! yes, and they whispered of mansions of peace,

Of joys and of pleasures that never will cease.

THE HERMIT'S REVENGE.

BY R. H. BROWN.

In the middle of Hatfield Chase, many years ago, stood the remains of an ancient Hermitage, formed out of a vast rock. An altar of hewn stone appeared at the eastern extremity of the cell, and a free-stone slab covered what was designated the Hermit's Cave at the west end. From the centre of the floor a spring of clear water had its source, and flowed through a fissure in the rock-bound wall, falling with a musical sound over the shelving stone without; from thence it took a winding course over the Chase. The solitary habitant of this gloomy hermitage was called William of Lindholme, and was as remarkable for his severe monastic discipline as for his rigid adherence to seclusion. Seldom was he visited by the neighboring people. On a marriage celebration, however, a visit to the priest was deemed indispensable. The bridegroom invariably on the morning of wedlock led his fair bride to the Hermitage, to drink water from the "Well of Happiness"—as the priest was supposed to have endowed the stream with divine excellencies—and to receive the blessing of William of Lindholme.

Three miles north of Hatfield lies the rustic town of Thornes. At the time to which our legend refers, an old baronial hall stood in this vicinity, belonging to the Loveleigh family. The wars of the Roses had scattered and decreased the numbers, and leveled much of the grandeur of these possessors, and now, the only representative of the family was a young man who had been restored to part of his paternal-estates, along with the titled dignity of his ancestors.

One autumnal evening, returning from hunting, accompanied by a number of his friends and retainers, Sir Walter Loveleigh had occasion to pass by the dwelling of the priest. The measured tones of the bell had but just ceased, by which the hunting party knew that the devoted man had commenced his vesper duties. Sir Walter ordered his men to halt at the threshold of the cell, and driving his spear against the rough oaken door, demanded speech with the hermit. No attention being paid to various summons, he applied the head of his hunting-spear to the greensward, cut out a square piece of turf, which he gathered carefully into his hands, and with it filled the hole through which

the stream flowed from the interior of the cell. He waited the result with pleased complacency. Presently the waters inundated the cave, and the priest was heard inside, drawing the huge fastenings of the door with an impatient hand. Through the gloomy doorway stalked the tall figure of the monk, his face betokening a consciousness of unprovoked wrong. He fixed his large black eyes upon Sir Walter Loveleigh, uttering at the same time a malediction on his untimely sport. He then released the waters from their troubled hold, and with a look of rage re-entered his dwelling-place. As Sir Walter vaulted lightly into his saddle, he shouted aloud to the priest:

"I have heard thy much-vaunted waters designated the 'waters of happiness;' methinks they may henceforth be better recognized as the troubled waters of Hatfield Chase."

The hunters moved away, the waters flowed peaceably as before, and the priest closed the door of his dismal abode, to resume his vesper duties.

Years passed. There was revelry in the halls of Sir Walter Loveleigh, for that day he had brought a bride, to add fresh lustre to the home of his fathers. The noble friends of the happy pair were gathered in all their glittering array; knights and ladies, retainers and serving-men. Many were the sports that were to be performed in honor of the day; and every face beamed with becoming hilarity while anticipating the scene before them.

One ceremony, however, was still to be effected to make perfect the harmony of the present occasion. The usual visit to the abode of the hermit was yet to be performed. Sir Walter had forgotten his prank years before, and now he and the fair Rosa, with a gay cavalcade, proceeded without delay to the Hermitage. William of Lindholme received them in silence; proceeded to the extremity of the vaulted dwelling, and from its dark recesses produced a large drinking horn, and applying it where the stream fell into an artificial basin of the rock, he gave it into the hands of the lady, filled with water. Rosa drank freely of the contents, and then gave the drinking-cup into the hands of Sir Walter. The vessel being partially emptied, the priest commanded

them to kneel. Supposing he was about to invoke a blessing on their heads, the bridal pair immediately complied.

"The insults and injuries that we treasure never grow too old for retribution," spoke the monk, in a deep sepulchral voice. "Sir Walter Loveleigh once broke upon the devotions of an unoffending brother of St. Benedict! he desecrated the threshold of his dwelling with revilings and untimely jests; by his sacrilegious pastimes did he subject himself to the malediction of one whose curse, once pronounced, no soul can avert—no prayer retract—no penance annul! He dared to pollute our consecrated waters—to dally with virtues that do wash away the loathsome corruption of mortality; and from this hour a fearful retribution awaits him. Ye have drunk of the troubled waters of Hatfield Chase—the curse of William of Lindholme attend ye to your castle hall!"

Sir Walter, partly through rage, and partly through fear, started to his feet, and for the first time became conscious of the state of insensibility into which his young bride had been driven by the awful words and gestures of the priest. Turning from the latter, with eyes starting with passion, he raised the lady in his arms, and bore her through the rude doorway of the cell into the open air, where he laved her pale cheeks with the water flowing through the rock. As soon as animation was restored, Sir Walter lifted her into the saddle of his horse, and holding her before him, rode with haste home. The air and the ride seemed to have given reaction to her fainting system, and by the time they reached their destination, the fair Rosa declared herself well enough to join in the festivities of the day. The music began, and soon, in the gaiety of the

dance, the sinister words of the Hermit were forgotten.

The night was advanced—the tide of mirth bore the hours along—midnight was proclaimed from the turret walls. Hushed was the music and the laugh, the measured dance and the joyous song. Silence was in the hall, and soft feet moved round the couch of Rosa Loveleigh. A tremor was over her whole frame—her face was pale—her eyes were shut, or did but open at intervals, when a deathly languishment was in their expression. The frantic husband watched the intermitting breathings of his wife—he felt her tremors become more violent, until convulsions ensued—he saw her beautiful features writhing into most fearful contortions. The fever, the labored respiration, the death-pallor, the agony, struck terror into his soul; he uttered a wild exclamation, and fell senseless into the arms of his attendants. That night, bride and bridegroom lay side by side locked in the sleep of death!

Suspicious were busy in the minds of the bridal guests. No time was lost—they repaired to the Hermitage on the Chase. The door was fastened; and on admission being demanded, no reply was returned. The door was broken open. There lay the nefarious priest, in the last struggle between life and death. A drinking horn was by his side, toward which he pointed, and with his last breath he confessed having administered a poisonous drug to the bride and bridegroom, when they had visited him for the purpose of receiving his blessing; that afterward, by mistake, he had drunk of the fatal draught; and that the throes of death were already convulsing his system.

LITTLE KATE.

BY CLARA MORETON.

To what shall I liken matchless Kate?
The queen of flowers in all her state,
Cannot with her compare!
No lily drooping in valley low,
Where only purest of lilies grow,
Was ever half so fair.

Eyes that would shame the stars of night,
So pure their flashing depth of light—
Yet shy as wild gazelles;
Lips of as rich and bright a dye,
As crimson tints of Orient sky,
When chime the vesper bells.

Cheeks of as rare a curve and mould
As ever shaped by sculptor old,
In palmiest days of art:
And waves of silken, sunny hair,
Shading a brow of marble fair—
Seductive as Astarte.

All these are her's, and ah, we fear
Such charms increasing every year,
A dangerous dower will prove.
"God shield our little Kate from ill,"
Shall be our prayer, as ever, 'till
She needeth not our love.

THE WHITE HOUSE UNDER THE ELMS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BUSY L——'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

You hear something on every hand of the white house under the elms, or of the owner of the house, Squire Hurlbut, or of the daughter of the house, Amy Hurlbut, if you come anywhere within three miles of Swamscott Plain. If you are at East Swamscott, and would fain be at Swamscott Bridge, by the shortest route; and if, to this end, you inquire about the way of any of the loungers at the hotel, the landlord, Jones, being there, he answers you. If he is not there, fat Squire Gilbert is, you may know; for he is always there. Half lying, half sitting, he is stretched upon a bench in the piazza; and without rising in the least from his elbow, without breaking off in the least the sluggish play with his tooth-pick, he says—"go down the hill you see there—it's steep, you see, but not long—and then turn to the right. You go on straight a while, over as pretty a road as ever you saw, sir, till you come to a large white house under the elms. You can hardly see the house *for* the elms. That's Squire Hurlbut's. There you've got to bear a little to the south; to the left, that is; for there are two roads, mind you, at the white house. Take the southermost one, and it will lead you through the village called the Plain—close by the white house, almost—and to the Bridge, a mile and a half further on. You're a stranger in these parts, I see."

You bow your affirmative, thank him and go on.

You put up at the Coffee House at the bridge, for the sake of trouting in the brooks that go babbling everywhere, or of rest from your books, or your town life, in the magnificent walks that lie in all directions through the still old woods and along the brooks; in the berry hunts along the walls, or over the pastures. You stay for these; and that, when the walks are ended and the night comes on, you may sit in your arm-chair in the upper balcony, to look upon the mill-pond and dam where the branches of the great trees sweep so low, and the moon shines with a twinkling, silvery light.

The first hour that you spend there, and while you wait your dinner in sauntering back and forth in the lower balcony, the sheriff, Corning, throws his reins and springs to the ground, at

the same moment that his horse stops at the oft-frequented post; and he says to the landlord, "Peters, good morning. You! where can I get some good hay—clover?"

"Over to the white house under the elms, to Squire Hurlbut's, I guess. He's got a barn full of it; very best of hay. My horse has his living out of it, and he's as round as a pancake."

Smith, one of the village merchants, comes in with heavy steps and eyes. He seems to try to move briskly and to hold his head up firmly; but the briskness, the firmness all go the next moment after he has called them up; and it is because he has to borrow money somewhere that very day. He can put it off no longer.

He tucks Peters with his thumb, and takes him a little one side. He speaks low, but in a hissing, unpleasant sort of voice, that you hear distinctly every word; and you are reading the "Swamscott Herald," too. "Peters, the fact is—you see I'm obliged to go to Boston to-morrow to fill up." (Ah, but he isn't obliged to fill up. It isn't that he is thinking of, at all; but of satisfying his principal Boston creditor. Pity he couldn't say it honestly. 'Tis the falsehood in his soul, no doubt, that gives him the craven look. Pity that he didn't maintain an honest, uprightness, and let it speak in his face and with his tongue. This alone would recommend him to any man who is exactly fit to be in this world with money to lend to his straitened brothers.)

"And I've got to see to borrowing some money somewhere," Smith adds. "I wonder how it is with you—"

You see Peters turns a little and sets his back firmly against his money-drawer. "I tell you!" he says. "You'll get it at the white house—at Squire Hurlbut's. And I'll tell you how I know. Herrick told me to-day that he'd been up to pay him three hundred dollars that he borrowed of him last spring when he built his house, you know. You'd better try him, I guess. John! John!" to his boy, starting out of Mr. Smith's neighborhood—"call Watch out! Call him out! They're Squire Hurlbut's creatures; and his creatures are never in the road without some one near to take good care of them. They're driving them over to the other pasture, of course."

Poor Watch comes up to his master with

drooping ears and tail, as if suddenly his good opinion of himself were gone forever. Squire Hurlbut's creatures meanwhile go by, taking slow, measured steps, and always together with the look as if, of all the oxen and calves and sheep about, they are unquestionably the aristocracy, so to speak.

"There! there's a girl for you!" says Peters, starting, and laying one hand heavily on your shoulder, at the same time that he tosses the other a little toward the north. You look—indeed you had been looking some minutes already on a light buggy wagon, drawn by the sleekest of brown horses, and in which sits a stout gentleman of sixty, or thereabouts, with a fresh, good-natured face, and a little girl of sixteen perhaps, perhaps of eighteen, in a light gingham dress, and straw bonnet trimmed with blue ribands, within and without. She sits close by her father, you see; or, you are sure that he is her father, even before Peters adds—"the squire always wants her close to his elbow. The only girl they've ever had, you see; and she's made a real baby of at home—and everywhere else, for that matter. If you can get a peep at her eyes, any way, you'll see that they are bright ones; and—"

But you don't get a peep at her eyes; or, a second peep, that is. You have had one, and that is quite enough for you, perhaps. If it is not enough for you, it was enough for our hero, Ben Frank Hazeltine, who, once on a time—and it was four years ago this day; this sixth day of May—sat and sauntered by turns in the balcony of the Swamscott Coffee House, under precisely the romantic circumstances we have together imagined for you, dear bachelor friend. The mill-pond and the dam were there in plain sight; and the long, green, sweeping boughs of the old willow trees and the elms on the shore were dipping their tips in the cool waters and swinging above them, as if they were alive; as if they felt what graceful things they were doing, what a graceful life they were living there by the mill-pond and the rushing water-fall.

Amy Hurlbut was there beside her good-natured father, in the light buggy wagon. Besides bright eyes, she had a fair forehead, dimples in her cheeks and chin, and lips red as a cherry. She had a parasol too with a waving fringe; and, as she came along, she dropped it a little between herself and Ben Frank Hazeltine, as she would have done between herself and you, dear bachelor, if you had been there in Frank's place; certainly, if you are graceful and noble; if you have an air to distinguish you from all ordinary loungers in that balcony, as he had.

Moreover, the flavor of coffee and other excellent dishes was in the balcony, and John was in the door swinging the huge dinner-bell; so Frank took his eyes away from the light figure, the retreating carriage, and turned to his dinner, as you, dear sir, had better do—that is, if it is at all worth while, since you have no wife to pour your coffee, no little children to drop lumps of sugar in it, and to enliven the whole meal with its prattle.

CHAPTER II.

BEN FRANK HAZELTINE was an earnest, thoughtful man, who often chose rather the company of a few dear books, and of the trees and brooks, than of ordinary men and women; because in men and women he saw many affectations, many insincerities, many offences of various other kinds; and in the brooks and trees he saw none. If the brooks were muddied by the storms, it was the storm's fault, not the brooks. This the brooks seemed to feel; for they went tinkling on just the same, biding their time until clearness should come again. If the trees were gnarled and twisted standing there in the midst of the erect, the perfectly regular and beautiful trees, they still, in their quiet way, did their very best; still offered the cooling shade, the musical flutter of many leaves; they nestled the singing birds close; and, whatever they did, doing it without ostentation. If they were gnarled and twisted, it was the fault of the seed from which they sprang, or of obstructions in the way of a perfect growth; like the brooks, therefore, they bothered you and spoil themselves by no awkward apologies and self-justifications. So that, as you looked on them more and more, you loved them more and more, until it was made clear to you that the sublimest features of that forest landscape, were, after all, the gnarled, the twisted, the uncomplaining old trees.

Frank Hazeltine had been only three days at the Bridge, when our story opens; but he had explored every hill and dingle within two miles. He knew all the prettiest homes of the arbutus, all the windings and little cascades in all the brooks about, and all the darkly-shaded places, where the mossy lounges were, over which the little shy, plaintive-toned birds sang in the branches. He had passed the white house under the elms in one of these walks. It was just at night; and he went by slowly, that he might see well what a picture of thrift and comfort the whole place was. He saw nothing of the daughter of the house, Miss Amy. He heard her though, laughing, and the next moment singing,

as if she were a mocking bird. For the rest, he saw a very large white house with green blinds, spacious yard and garden, where were many trees, many shrubs, and clustering vines, and many trellises of many fashions. A boy of twelve drew water at a well in the orchard close to the back door; seemed intent on what he was doing; and whistled "Bright Alsanata" in a musical way, as if he had a great deal of pleasure in it. Two other manly little fellows played on the carriage-sweep between the yard and the road. One ran with a stick, to which the dog, Hesnut, clung; the other sat quietly on the turf repairing his kite strings. His name was Washington, Hazeltine knew, because he heard the other little fellow say to him—"Wash! shouldn't you be glad if Hesnut was as big as an elephant? bigger than an elephant? I should."

"Poh!" said Wash, half lifting his eyes a moment from his work. "If he was, he could take you on his trunk and set you up on the top of that mountain, away over there; and would, as likely as not. And then you wouldn't see father nor mother, nor Amy any more. What do you think of that, Mister Fred?"

Freddy at first seemed to think it rather a grave affair. But, in a moment, it was forgotten, and he was again springing over the turf with Hesnut.

Hazeltine sighed a little for the buoyancy of heart and limb; wondered what might be the look of the owner of the voice he had heard; wondered if troubles, great or small, came often to that house, as they are accustomed to come to other houses; wondered if the mistress of the house were a motherly sort of woman, who smiled kindly on all who came, and gave them warm, corn-meal bread and rich milk and berries; wondered—wondered, at last, if he were not almost back to his hotel; for he was hungry! he was tired! he believed he was a little impatient and cross. But good! it would be over again. He would eat his good supper. He would then sit and watch the moonlight on the trees and water, and nurse his content.

He did; but he dreamed a little of the bird-like voice, now and then; and afterward whistled a little and called it all folly.

CHAPTER III.

THE next day Amy passed by, as has already been related. The next, he was sitting on a turf-cushioned rock on the road-side, close to the grey wall, close to a clump of lively, whispering birches, and seeing to some matter that made his fishing-tackle difficult to carry, at the same time

that he was carrying an open book and reading, when he heard the steps of a horse, lightly cantering. It was Amy, as the reader knows, beforehand. The reader knows, beforehand, how, after that, he some way had glimpses of her everywhere that he went; and some way had glimpses of nobody else; how he saw a fitting figure through an open window or door, whenever he passed the white house under the elms, (as, truth to speak, he often did, on his way to East Swamscott, where an old friend was settled in trade; or in search of a trout neighborhood; and just think of it, reader mine! think of his going, every now and then a morning, up over that far-sweeping hill searching for trout!—or to ride his host's plump horse, Pancake, as Hazeltine called him, and as we, therefore, shall call him, in want of another name.) The time had come when she must be often in the yard and garden, remodelling the beds, clearing the dead leaves out of the borders, sewing seeds and digging with her little hoe among the perennial plants and shrubs. She was often there in the early morning; oftener, still, and for a longer time in the early evening. And then the boys and Hesnut were always with her. Her mother was sometimes with her, helping her; and her father; helping her a little, but hindering her more, partly because he did not exactly understand "Amy's flagree work," as he called it, and partly for the sake of the jokes and laughter they all loved so well.

"Father don't behave so well as we do, does he, mother? does he, Amy?" Hazeltine heard the good-voiced Johnny saying one evening, in the midst of a great deal of laughter. "He steps on one bed, and then, when you tell him of it, he goes scampering right over on to another, as if he didn't know it; but I know he does, don't you? Don't you know he does it a purpose to be puny, Amy?"

"I think he does, Johnny," Amy replied in a hearty voice. "Oh, but then, how warm it is; I shant wear my bonnet!" she added, dropping her hoe to untie her bonnet. "I shall throw it into the palm tree thus! I shall put my hair back thus!"—with both hands putting her hair away from her face and ears. "I shall——"

But she did not draw off her polka, as from her action it was clear that she meant to do—if her eyes had not that moment fallen on our hero. He was passing the gate. He, in truth, did little in those days but saunter, or rock, and think about the people there at the white house; but he still carried gun and fishing-tackle with him; and his book, his Howadji's "Syria;" and always had Watch with him. He had them all with him

now, as if his life were intent on, at least, forty purposes. He was going straight forward to take the road that led to Swamscott Bridge; but his head was half turned; his eyes were wholly turned and fixed on Amy, as she saw in the quick glimpse she had of him.

"Oh, dear!" said she; in very low tones, but he heard them. He saw too the impatient action that accompanied them; saw her turn hastily away, catch up her hoe; and, with her head bent, go on with her work again.

No one else saw him, it appeared; for the jests and the laughter went on; but he heard no more of Amy's voice.

At church, on the Sabbath, Peters introduced him to Judge Humphreys; and upon a hint from Peters that his pew—the judge's pew, that is—was very soft and elegant, while his own was hard and plain, and not in altogether the "genteel quarter" of the house, the judge invited Hazeltine to take a seat with him; when services were over invited him, with many gracious inclinations, to take a seat there any Sabbath, every Sabbath, if he pleased, while he remained among them. Hazeltine gave many thanks; but he sighed somewhere in the midst of them; for you see Judge Humphreys' pew and Esquire Hurlbut's were side by side, with not even an aisle between them. It was something to sit there so near Amy, to see how perfectly beautiful she was, and what demure little ways she had of leaning her head on her hand, and looking on the white-haired preacher all the while. This too was something; and with this the sigh had something to do, that she had not once looked at him through the services; not once seen that he was in the house, as he believed, or taken a thought that there was such a person as himself in the world, and his heart ready to thump people over on its way to her feet, too! She had a grave air, as if her thoughts were fixed upon something holy and pure, when she came in, when she went out, and when she was in the crowd at the door, waiting for their carriage to come up. The look was a reproach to Hazeltine, who stood near her, doing his best to know what Judge Humphreys was saying to him, and what Mrs. Humphreys and Miss Humphreys, to whom the judge had introduced him; but utterly unable to know any thing beyond this, that Amy Hurlbut was an angel, with a voice and a bearing to put sin and suffering out of every one that could be near her, that could see her smile, and hear her speak, as she was speaking then to one and another who came along. They came with hands seeking her's, and with an expression upon their faces and their movements which said plainly—"I wanted

to come near you and touch your hand. You see I have trouble, in one way or another often; and am often weary with this 'march of life;' and some way it does me good to look into your eyes that are so quiet and friendly, and to hear the cheerful words, that are always the very words I need to hear. I am sure I hope somebody will bless you for the blessing you are to us all, by your good-natured and kind ways." Hazeltine understood it all, and even had tears in his eyes. He watched closer and closer for one look—just that she might know that there was a Ben Frank Hazeltine, and that he had been there in the same house with her, listening to the same simple words of truth, the same unpretending, but heart-touching music; and that he had stood there so near her that he could hear the softest words she spoke. But it was of no use; for now that the crowd was thinned so that no one came to speak to her, she talked with her mother, smiled on the little brothers, and watched the approaching carriage.

Esquire Hurlbut, when he came up, gave him a bow that was worth having; for it said—"I rather respect you, sir stranger, and like the looks of you. If you want any of my trout, catch 'em; or of my birds, shoot 'em. If you want anything, any time, come to me as if I were no stranger at all; as if I were your old friend; for we are here in the same world together; and you're my brother, any way!"

Mrs. Hurlbut's eye rested on him a little on her way into the carriage. It said to him—or, he believed it did; and no doubt he was right—"you are a stranger, sir, I see. But you have a mother somewhere, who loves you. Or you had one once who loved you and gave up her rest for you. I could easily love you for her sake."

The twelve years old Webster was quite too bashful and too proud to look him fairly in the face at all. But he watched him with sidelong glances both in the church and at the door; and hoped that when he came to be a man, he would be like that man; that his hair would be as black and thick and wavy, and that it would lie about his forehead and neck in the same fine way; that his cloth would be as black and fine, his collar and cravat and waistcoat as unquestionable. He hoped that so genteel a man would just see him, and see if he did not look a little better than any of the rest of the boys. And if he would just notice their carryall and their horses, and see how they were the most stylish-looking there, that would be capital! And if he would see how pretty his sister Amy was, and what pretty ways she had about her, wouldn't that too be capital!

Washington and Johnny had their heads close together over the affair. They felt as though they knew him and liked him, they said to each other, they had seen him pass their place so many times; and had seen him stop a little and look at their play, as if he were thinking of speaking to them. They were glad that he remembered them at church; and they knew he did remember them, because he smiled in a real good way when he saw them looking at him out by the door.

Yes; all but Amy. All the rest saw him; and in one way or another felt interest in him. She had not a word to speak. She only looked away over the hills, when she heard the rest talking about him and praising him. When good-voiced Johnny said, appealing to her—"I don't care if he does shoot some of our birds, do you, Amy?—if he don't kill any of the robins, and sparrows, and wrens, and blue-birds, that have been gone all winter and just got back. Do you, Amy? Say, Amy! do you?" tugging at her hand to bring her face round.

"Yes, I do, Johnny. I shan't like him if he kills one of our birds."

"Then you don't like him now!" eagerly interposed Wash.

"No!" said good-voiced Johnny; "for I heard his gun go bang! up in our woods the other day; and, in a little while, it went bang! again; and then (don't you know, Wash?) pretty soon he went down by with a partridge and a grey squirrel in his hand. Didn't he, Wash?"

"Yes. Do you like him now, Amy?"

"I don't like to have him killing the birds and squirrels."

"But you like *him*, don't you? I do. Don't you, Amy?"

"Not very well. See, Wash! see, Johnny! there is a dear wood colored bird up on the tip-top of that little limb, singing. Hear him; see how he tips back his head, open his throat and pours out the beautiful sounds. What would you say if your new friend were here to raise his gun and shoot him while he sings?"

"I should be madder than any fire!" said Johnny. And even Johnny had flashing eyes.

"You needn't be mad, Johnny," said Wash, who, impetuous as a whirlwind himself, had seldom reason to lecture the placid tempered little Johnny. "He wouldn't do it. He just kills the birds that are good to eat and that don't sing anything worth hearing. And father says it's right to shoot them? Didn't you say so, father?"

"Yes, my son," watching with Amy and Johnny to see how the little brown bird went

careering hither and thither on his light wings, keeping along with their carriage.

"There!" persisted Wash. "Now don't you like him, Amy?—that man that you call our new friend, I mean?"

"Not very well."

Wash was gravely disappointed and at a loss. Besides being impetuous, or better, along with being impetuous his heart was always running over with generosity and affectionate zeal toward those who liked him, and smiled when he came along, and treated him in a delicate way, as if he were a man. His quick instincts helped him to tell that his "new friend"—as he loved to keep calling him in his thoughts—was one of these; and he would hardly have cared for taking a little piece out of his cheek, if it could have made the Amy he loved so well say that she too liked him, and was willing that he should kill all the birds, if that was what he wanted to do.

He did not speak again on the way home. But he kept his large, fine eyes going here and there amongst the birds. The next day, even while he ate his meals, he watched hoping to see his new friend come up the road. And, by-the-by, he had all his pockets stuffed out with the last year russets, with which he meant to make his acquaintance when once he did come.

CHAPTER IV.

BUT Hazeltine sat almost all day in his arm-chair in the upper balcony, snapping his knife-blade and wondering whether the jovial young Hurlbut he remembered seeing at the last year's commencement at Dartmouth, belonged in the white house under the elms; wondering whether Amy Hurlbut was a prude or a coquette; whether he would ever, under any circumstances, see the inside of the white house, see Amy in the midst of her family; and, if he would, whether the circumstances would be so and thus, or thus and so; wondering if any of those books that he had strewn about him, or morning papers, would ever again be worth anything to him. Poh! what indeed could Whittier, or Klopstock, or Lamb, or Goethe, or even the blessed, child-like-minded Howadji say in any of those books, or papers, that he did not already know? that he could not say as well, or, at any rate, well enough, if he would take the pains? Poh! He was sure he wondered how he ever had patience to spend his days and nights with them as he had done; as he did when he first came to Swamscott. As for the rambles by the brooks and through the woods, what dull old paths! let the sheep walk in them. And what were trout good for? Could

anybody tell him what they were good for, or what it was worth to catch them? Poh, indeed! Amy Hurlbut—why, let Amy Hurlbut go! Was there nobody else in the whole world for one to be thinking about but Amy Hurlbut, pray? He rather thought he would demonstrate shortly that there was. There was Miss Humphreys, for instance; not so much like a dove or a lamb, was she, as Amy Hurlbut was; (or *seemed*; perhaps only seemed; *probably* only seemed.) But she was magnificent. Her papa was magnificent. All the Humphreys were magnificent, for that matter; and he would go that afternoon, as he had been invited by each one of them, and be with the sewing circle at their house, and take tea with them. The preceptor of the Swamscott Academy, whose name was Edward Singleton, and who boarded with him there at the Swamscott Coffee House, had, in the morning, and again at noon, offered to accompany him; had assured and reassured him that all the Humphreys particularly desired his company, since the judge had some how learned that he was the nephew and *protéges* of the rich manufacturer, Hazeltine, of Boston. Yes! so Hazeltine promised to go. And so, at three o'clock, he came to his feet; *precisely* at three o'clock; for he looked at his watch every five minutes during the last half hour before the time; since he had determined that, at three o'clock he would put his knife in his pocket, be done with Amy Hurlbut and all the Hurlbuts, and turn himself over, bodily and psychologically to Edward Singleton and the Humphreys; especially to the Humphreys; especially to Miss Humphreys, who, as he had seen, was gracefully near-sighted; who wore satin dresses and embroidery, and had numberless articles of gold and precious stones about her.

Miss Humphreys and her very dear friend, Augusta Morse, assistant principal of Swamscott Academy, had their heads close together over their crochet work, when he came. Miss Humphreys had just been saying to Miss Morse—"oh, yes, indeed! the Hazeltines are *all* so rich, you know! *Everybody* knows how rich the Hazeltines of Boston are. Why, this uncle of his—and he has no children, you know," lifting her eyes in a peculiar way she had, half-ascREW, half-asquint, "he owns the mills, and almost the whole village at Tuberville; and has besides property at Springfield and Andover. *Oh*, he's immensely rich!"

"Is!"—evidently with far less self-gratulation, far less gratulation of any sort, in the matter than her friend had.

"Yes, indeed! and this Hazeltine that is here, you know, is his principal director; that is, he

just sees to his uncle's business everywhere, as the uncle himself does; or, in pretty much the same way. And has his *home* at his uncle's as if he was *really* his son, you know."

"Yes;" lifting her eyes a little from her work and bowing a little.

"Yes! and so he can go travelling off to the mountains, or the springs, or to any of the watering-places, or to a country place like this, or any where, whenever he wants to, and keep things along at the works, by just writing every day or so to the under agents and so on. And—*see* those girls! I wonder what they are looking at. It's time for *him* to be here, and the preceptor, I should think," dragging out her watch. "So he writes the greatest number of letters. And"—putting her head closer to Miss Morse's, and speaking very low—"and Hetty Crane says he never sends one to any lady, except occasionally one to *Mrs.* George W. Hazeltine; his *aunt*, you know." She looked up as if she expected to be congratulated upon this circumstance; especially upon *this*.

"Ah?" said Miss Morse, who, truth to say, by the way, was a noble, fine-looking woman, and Miss Humphreys' senior by several years.

"Yes. I was in there the other day—in at the post-office, I mean—(I guess he's coming now by the way those girls *act*.) I was in there," speaking hurriedly, and adjusting her undersleeves, handkerchief, work, and the folds of her dress at the same time, "and he brought in a *whole bundle* of letters he had been writing; a *whole bundle* of them. And I *never* saw, any *where*, such beautiful, such perfectly beautiful writing."

In passing, Miss Humphreys had a certain emphatic way of speaking, of which our readers will have difficulty in getting a conception, so that we must even go under-scoring all of the way, if we would represent her adequately.

Mrs. Humphreys stood in the parlor door to receive our gentlemen. She filled the door with her, by no means tall, but wide self, with her ample folds of lustrous silk. She put on airs of overteeming delight and obsequiousness, as if Frank were a king, and Singleton his prime minister, or Lord Chamberlain. She almost overthrew knots of young girls on her way with the gentlemen across the parlor to a pleasant corner, where the Misses Humphreys and Morse sat on a new *tete-a-tete*. The *tete-a-tete* was from a Boston warehouse the day before; and so was the great soft arm-chair with the rockers, in which Frank was to seat himself close by the *tete-a-tete*, according to Mrs. Humphreys' intimation; and the soft arm-chair without rockers, where Singleton was

to sit. He was to *sit there*, Miss Humphreys said, with one hand on the back of the chair, and another pointing to the seat; for Edward Singleton out of a genial heart, and without making the least noise about it, was a punctilious man, who taught his pupils expressly to give the best seats to their betters. And elderly ladies were there, his best friends, some of them, and the mothers of some of his best pupils, sitting close by in the chairs without arms, without cushions, without rockers, the kind of chairs that are always expected to keep their places stiffly by the walls. Would not they—would not Mrs. Crane, for instance, have that chair, Singleton asked. But Mrs. Humphreys interposed. She herself had asked her that question when she came, Mrs. Humphreys said; but she declined. Would Mr. Singleton take the chair now, like a good boy, and then his friend, Mr. Hazeltine would be seated quite at his ease, instead of standing, as it mortified her to see him doing in her house.

"Yes, yes, sit down, Ned!" said Mrs. Crane, who was Singleton's relative. She was a fat, laughing little woman, who never had a spark of malice, or any sort of ill-nature in her soul; and who, therefore, spoke always with a leaping, unbridled, albeit harmless tongue.

"Sit down," she added, with her round hand on the cushion. "Sit down, Mr. Hazeltine. I have no doubt the chairs took the cars and came up here, knowing all the way that they were for you two. And this *teety-a-teety*—as I used to call it when I was a young girl and read novels—came up to accommodate Judith and Miss Morse. Didn't they, Mrs. Humphreys? I will leave it to you. Didn't they hold themselves back when you offered them to us? I thought they did at the time."

Mrs. Humphreys laughed. In a hollow way, though. She always laughed with a hollow sound, and with a hollow expression on her features. She called Mrs. Crane "a lively creature," made remarks to Frank and Singleton—stereotyped remarks they were; she presented them to all who came—upon the weather, upon the forwardness of the spring. And were they not both fond of spring? Did they not think that it was the season of hope; and that autumn, on the contrary, was the season of melancholy? She had a friend once, a most intimate friend, who always connected the seasons with the mind, in that way. Her friend's name was Hazeltine; she was the daughter of a clergyman of that name, of Acton. Did Mr. Hazeltine know, was she his relative? Mrs. Humphreys bowed very low and very stiffly when she propounded the question.

No; she was not Frank's relative. Or, so he believed. Ah? she was rather sorry. She had, in a way, made up her mind that they were related. Had he never heard of her father? *Luther Hazeltine*, she believed his name was. She was not certain. She believed that that was the way her friend used to superscribe her letters. Perhaps he had heard of them?

No. Frank regretted that he could not give her another answer; but he had really never heard of the Hazeltines of Acton. Again Mrs. Humphreys was sorry. Getting over it a little, she "must ask how he liked their village;" and whether he didn't find it dull?

"Not dull in the least; far from it."

Mrs. Humphreys was glad to hear that. She had thought about it a great many times, she and her daughter had spoken of it often; they spoke of it that very morning, while they were at breakfast; they were afraid he would find it dull, where people were all so busy, such workers, that they had no time to attend to strangers.

"Or we here are lazy enough," she added, looking in her daughter's face, as indeed she did somewhere in each of her remarks. "My daughter and I don't know hardly what to do with ourselves, half of the time, for want of seeing more company than we can see here." She smiled; she smiled in fact, all the way along, smiled in her manner, that is. She said something to Frank and Singleton about leaving them in the care of the girls—meaning her daughter and Miss Morse, and then went jostling people on her way to the back parlor.

CHAPTER V.

LET me recollect what was the first thing said by Miss Humphreys after her mother left the room. She made great stir and ado about it, I know, not as if she were just a little lady sitting in a corner of the *tele-a-tele*, who had some good things in her soul worth finding, worth speaking in a quiet way, but actually as if she were a smart revenue cutter, with whose rigging and outfit masterly pains had been taken, so that she might be fit for that moment, when the frigate should move off and leave the whole coast to her. So she laid her head back on her shoulders, screwed her eyes, crossed her hands in a new way, cleared her throat, and said—"what ma said of spring, Mr. Hazeltine, makes me think of Mrs. Hemans' 'Voice of the Spring.' You have read that poem, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am."

"Yes; I read it all the time lately, don't I, Miss Morse? I have a real passion for it!—a real passion! Haven't I, Miss Morse?"

"So you say," with a quiet smile.

"Yes, and I have. Which do you like best, Mr. Hazeltine, (I know which Mr. Singleton likes best; for I have asked him and he told me;) and now which do you like best, Mrs. Hemans or Elizabeth Barrett?"

"Elizabeth Barrett."

"Do?" jostled a little, one saw, in her well-drilled curvetings. "I don't know but I do. But Mrs. Hemans writes beautifully, don't she?"

"Certainly."

"Yes; I admire her."

And more she said, a great deal more, of this same character, so that Frank was ready to tear his hair.

Hu! could one stand that, two mortal hours—for two hours he calculated it would be to Mrs. Humphreys' tea-time. The room made so close by the summer heat and the large company, forty ears beside Miss Humphreys' listening for every word he would speak, forty eyes, again beside Miss Humphreys', watching to see his manner of saying it—hu! he would be stone dead there in his chair in less than two hours, if that went on. Could not Singleton talk, pray? Was he suddenly stricken dumb? He would try him. He would say something revivifying to him; something that had pepper and spice in it.

Ah, but he didn't; he couldn't. He could no more do it, than if he were a man made of lead, with leaden veins, leaden arteries and leaden nerves. Hu!

And what would Miss Humphreys say now? She was again setting her head back, again laying her hands on her soft embroidery.

"Have you seen any of Clarina Adalembert's writings?—she writes for Peterson's National."

"Clarina Adalembert's?"

"Yes. This isn't her real name. Her real name—I will tell him, Miss Morse!—her real name is Miss Morse, Augusta Morse. And here she is!"

Miss Morse laughed and blushed in rather a sensible way, as if she were too sensible to take

so foolish a name upon herself, and said—"that is nothing, Miss Humphreys."

"Oh, but you say"—laughing immoderately, as if she were about to pen Miss Morse in a corner—"you say my poor lines are something; and if mine are something, I am sure your's are a great deal——"

This was all Hazeltine heard; for, just then, somehow a cool, moist breeze seemed to go over him. He felt it as if it were a baptism, even before he caught a sound of Amy Hurlbut's voice, or a glimpse of her light figure tripping along the hall. At least, so he verily believed; and, if half the psychologists say is true, it may be that he did.

"Amy—Amy"—and "Amy has come!" Frank heard from a dozen voices. Old voices, middle-aged voices and young voices chimed in the girl's welcome, with the same glad cadence. They claimed her in both parlors. Some young girls, who would not, any way, bear the crowded back parlor to which Mrs. Humphreys took them when they came, (and, by-the-bye, it so happened that she put all the young ladies, save her daughter and Miss Morse, into that room, together with a few advanced ladies who wore uninteresting gowns and caps) had brought their work out and taken their seats on the wide stairs. There it was pleasant; and there Amy must come as soon as she got her work. They had been keeping a place for her all the afternoon. And what made her so late? what made her so late? She was too bad, wasn't she, Cad? wasn't she, Hetty? wasn't she, Lou and May and Clarissa? For she knew they always wanted her in the first of it.

Hazeltine heard that; heard Amy's cheery replies, her soft laughter; saw the affectionate interlacing of white fingers, of white arms, the quick meeting of rosy lips; and drew himself up giving thanks that there was vivacity and feeling and natural, spontaneous expression somewhere in that great company of God-made beings, if Miss Humphreys and her mother had none of them. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

L I N E S .

THE mower swept his whistling scythes
Where green the meadow lay—
The honey-cups and cowslips lithe,
All faded, strew'd his way:
So ruthless Care, in youth's despite,
Mows down Joy's fairest flowers;
Nor spares one tender blossom bright,
To cheer Life's Wint'ry hours.

Yet shrink, oh, shrink not ye to whom
The bitter part is given
To mourn e'en in their first pure bloom,
Your heart-flowers rudely riven:
For when th' Archangel's mighty blast
Shall winnow chaff and grain,
The joys which fade on earth so fast
May charm in Heaven again!

MISS PENDYKE'S POODLE.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

ONE fine spring morning, Mrs. Wickley looked through the jessamine screens that shaded the windows of her village and saw Mr. Soloman Hatch, of wheel-barrow renown, laboring toward the garden gate, with a load of band-boxes, carpet-bags and trunks.

Mr. Hatch was followed by a very large lady, and a very small dog. Suddenly the proprietor of the public wheel-barrow stopped, looking around, as if he had been spoken to. Thereupon the large lady took hold of the small dog, and lifted him carefully to the summit of the load of baggage. Having patted his neck to make him lie there, she waved her hand to Sol, who proceeded on his way.

Mrs. Wickley was as enviable, quiet, and good-natured as any pretty little wife of twenty-five you ever saw; yet she laughed behind the jessamine, till tears ran down her cheeks, at the ludicrousness of the scene I have described.

"What an odd woman that must be!" she said to herself; for the large lady was queenly dressed, and had a majestic gait, which, considered in connection with the pile of baggage, and the little dog, would have excited a smile from the village minister himself. "It is lucky for Sol's shoulders that she did not mount his vehicle, and ride, instead of the poodle. She is going to see some of my neighbors, I suppose. Dear me! how terrific! to see such a large woman coming to make a visit, with so much baggage! I am thankful she is not coming to see us—mercy!"

The laughter died on Lizzie's lips. The mirth faded from her countenance. She seemed horror-struck.

The truth is, Mr. Soloman Hatch, with his wheel-barrow, baggage, little dog and big lady, had stopped at Mrs. Wickley's gate!

Lizzie sat upon a chair in the greatest consternation, and called Polly to bring her smelling bottle and a fan.

"Polly!" she said, inhaling the restorative essence.

"What, mum?"

"Do look out of the window, and see who that is Sol Hatch has brought here from the railroad!"

. Polly thrust her red arm through the jessa-

mines, brought her vision to bear upon the stranger, and declared that she blessed her soul she didn't know!

"But I guess," said she.

"What do you guess?"

"I guess she's some of Mr. Wickley's relations!"

Dismayed by the mere supposition, Lizzie sent the domestic to admit the visitor.

While Sol Hatch, having carefully lifted the little dog into the large lady's arms, proceeded deliberately to unload his wheel-barrow, she walked majestically up the garden path, and knocked at the door. The next moment she loomed up before Mrs. Wickley, a mountain of flesh worthy of such a mountain of baggage.

"And this is my niece!" she exclaimed, smiling benevolently and kissing Lizzie over the poodle.

"Then you are—are Mr. Wickley's aunt?" faltered Lizzie, trembling.

"Aunt Lucina, my dear! You have heard him talk about his Aunt Lucina, I know! Then you are his sweet little wife. He! Prinnie—don't bark, Prinnie! This is Cousin Wickley."

"Gr—r—r—r!" said Prinnie, in the old lady's arms.

"Poor Prinnie! was he frightened?" said Aunt Lucina, smoothing his shaggy neck. "That's a naughty Prinnie! Come, Prinnie! kiss his cousin."

Lizzie, horrified at being denominated the poodle's near relation, put out her hand instinctively, as the old lady approximated his hairy face to her's; but Aunt Lucina, having set her heart upon seeing a cousinly kiss, followed up the undertaking until Prinnie was pacified, and Lizzie reconciled to her fate. After the affectionate poodle had licked her nose tenderly, he was caressed by his mistress, and placed carefully upon the floor; whereupon he ran savagely at Polly, who sprang backward with a scream, and fell into the pantry.

"Take him away!" she shrieked. "He'll eat me up!"

At this Lizzie could not help laughing heartily; and her good humor being perfectly restored, she was prepared to treat her husband's relative kindly. Accordingly, as soon as Aunt Lucina

had made an end of praising Prince for his valor, and gently reproving him for his lack of gallantry in attacking a helpless female, she was conducted by Lizzie herself to an apartment, whither Sol Hatch conveyed as much of her baggage as she desired.

Greatly relieved at seeing the dangerous poodle shut up with his mistress, the timid Polly was herself again, and went to Mr. Wickley's store to announce the important arrival, calmly as if her life had never been in danger.

Mr. Wickley proceeded at once to congratulate his wife on his aunt's condescension.

"It's a great event!" said he, in a whisper. "Only think of it! she's worth her thousands! We must treat her like a queen!"

"And her poodle like a king, I suppose!" laughed Lizzie.

"And I hate dogs, though!" suddenly muttered Alonzo, thoughtfully—"poodle dogs above all! But we'll have to endure it only a few days. We can love her and love her dog for any reasonable length of time."

"I thought more of your principles than this!" murmured Lizzie.

"My principles? oh?"

"Yes, Alonzo. I never supposed you would play the hypocrite for anybody's favor—"

"Dear Lizzie!" exclaimed Mr. Wickley, coloring, "you don't understand me. Isn't she my aunt?"

"And shouldn't any respectable aunt be treated with respect?"

"To be sure. But Prince is not my cousin," said Lizzie, laughing, "and I don't know as I owe him either respect or love. Seriously, however, Alonzo—I know we shan't like your Aunt Lucina, and although I think we ought to treat her kindly while she stays with us, I don't think we ought to profess a great deal more affection than we feel."

"No, certainly—but then—bless you, Lizzie! you are too scrupulous! Think of our children, for whom a few thousand dollars would come so beautifully in play, some of these days! No, we must not be hypocrites—but it won't do to neglect the interest of our children, you know!"

The allusion to her children, whom she dearly loved, blinded Lizzie to the lameness of his arguments, and she began to think a little hypocrisy would not be very wrong, nor very difficult of accomplishment, after all.

Shortly after, Aunt Lucina came out of her apartment and embraced her nephew, who kissed her tenderly, (much against his taste) and suffered Prince to lick his nose.

Now although Lizzie had succeeded in quieting

her conscience in respect to the use of a reasonable degree of hypocrisy, she could not help feeling shocked at her husband's extravagant expressions of joy on meeting his aunt. Had he confined himself to mere kindness toward the old lady, it would have been otherwise; but when, in his great gladness of heart, he went so far as to caress and fondle the poodle, his wife lost all patience, and hastily escaped to the kitchen, where she labored to convince the timid Polly that there was no danger of Prince's eating her, and that brave as he was, a bold front would cool his thirst for blood.

At this juncture, the children—three in number, viz: Alonzo, aged two; Lizzie, aged six; and Lucina, in her fourth year—came home from school. One after the other, they endured the disagreeable old lady's caresses, looking very silly, and not knowing what to say. The youngest girl, less obedient to her father's wishes, however, struggled in the old lady's arms, and shook her bright curls all over her face, so that there appeared small chance for kissing.

"Hold up your head like a little lady!" said Mr. Wickley. "We named her after you, aunt: she is very timid."

Miss Pendyke—for that was the old maid's name—seemed highly pleased at this indication of tender respect, on the part of her nephew; while the latter silently congratulated himself on the circumstance, that, having disputed with Lizzie about a name for their third child, they had compromised the matter by calling her Lucina.

The old lady's name-sake would not be kissed, however; and soon after she further manifested her dislike to the new comers, by chastising Prince with a broomstick, to the terror of her father, and the horror of Miss Pendyke.

As soon as peace and good feeling were restored, and the other children had done penance for Lucina, by kissing the poodle, Polly announced dinner, and there was a funeral movement toward the table. Lizzie led little Lucina, who was sobbing because the broomstick had been taken away from her; Alonzo conducted his aunt, who—*horresco referens!*—carried the poodle!

Mrs. Wickley exchanged glances with Mr. Wickley. Mr. Wickley glanced wickedly at Prince, who glanced wickedly at him and said,

"Gr-r-r-r-r!"

Thereupon Mr. Wickley bit his lips; afterward smiled; made a polite flourish to his aunt, and inquired in a half jesting tone if she would have the arm-chair brought for her lap dog.

"You are very kind!" replied Miss Pendyke.

"I sometimes hold him in my lap, but as I am tired, I think he will have to content himself in the chair."

Mrs. Wickley was shocked. Mr. Wickley was well nigh thrown off his guard. But he summoned all his patience for the trial, and turned away his face—ostensibly to speak to Polly; in reality to hide his blushes, and said,

"Bring the big chair!"

Miss Pendyke sat down with Princie in her arms, and held him tenderly until the chair was rolled to her elbow, when he was placed comfortably upon the cushion.

It is needless to relate, minutely, the history of Miss Pendyke, and Princie, her poodle, at Mr. Wickley's house. Lizzie became daily more and more weary of the part she had attempted to play, and of that assumed by her husband. For only one thing did she have cause to feel thankful. Alonzo, who, after the first few months of their married life, had shown himself a somewhat fretful mortal, proved to be the most patient of men. Miss Pendyke and her poodle could do whatever they pleased in his house, and he showed no irritability in view of the liberties they took. He endured Princie in the parlor, at the table, in his lap, with Christian humility. When he bit Lucina, and actually brought little stars of blood, with his sharp teeth, on her fair arm, he was coaxed, and told in tones of mild reproach, that he was very naughty. When he tore little Lizzie's new bonnet to pieces, the crime was winked at; and Mr. Wickley purchased a new bonnet more cheerfully than he was wont to open his purse for his family.

On the other hand, Miss Pendyke was flattered, caressed, and instituted mistress of the house, as Princie was the master; and the two lived sumptuously to the great deprivation of Mrs. Wickley and the children.

Days—weeks—months rolled by, and Miss Pendyke gave no intimation of bringing her visit to a close. Every night Lizzie cried with vexation, and remonstrated with her husband, for giving up everything to his aunt and her dog.

"But she *can't* continue her visit much longer!" he would reply—"and when she is gone we shall not be sorry for having done all in our power to please her."

And at length—it was in the month of September—Miss Pendyke declared her intention to depart. Alonzo ventured timidly to urge her to spend the autumn with them, but all she could do was to promise him the pleasure of another visit the following summer.

As yet Aunt Lucina had made no presents to the family, except some trifling gifts to the children; and Mr. Wickley expected "something handsome" on the day of her departure. He had neglected his business for her; he had deprived his children to gratify her dog; he had made himself and Lizzie miserable to render her happy; and he felt that the least the rich old lady could do, would be to volunteer the expense of young Afonzo's future education.

On the morning of her departure, Mr. Wickley appeared much affected. He made all his children kiss her; and compelled Lizzie to assume an appearance of affliction. He then accompanied his aunt to the railway station, carrying the poodle in his arms, to show his love. Still not a word of any gift; no promise of property to his children. Alonzo was beginning to despair; but, on taking final leave of her, the cars, his hopes suddenly brightened.

"For all this kindness," she said, "I have been thinking what return I can make. After mature reflection," she continued, with emotion, patting Princie's neck, "I have resolved to make the greatest sacrifice in my power, to show my gratitude."

"Oh, I assure you, aunt——"

"Yes, I will make it. You have deserved it. You have been kind to me, and you have *loved* Princie! Here! he is yours! and may heaven bless you!"

What happened, until Mr. Wickley found himself standing on the platform of the station, with the dog in his arms, and the cars in the distance—he never knew; but having recovered from his stupor, he regarded Princie for a moment with a melancholy expression, then carried him tenderly home, chopped off his head, buried the dead, and related the story to Lizzie—with a dismal laugh and an earnest affirmation, that if he was ever caught playing the hypocrite again, she might name their next child, if she pleased, after Miss Pendyke's poodle.

JULY.

THE Summer beats have come, and near and far,
O'er plain and stream hovers the wavy air;
The leaves stand still, the very birds are hushed,
And even the wild cat seeks her forest lair.

'Tis the year's manhood, the dividing line,
'Twixt Spring and strength, and Winter and decay.
And here it pauses loath, as man at prime,
But forward, both! God always leads the way. C. A.

ZANA.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GIPSEY GIRL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

"ZANA, child, will you see to the chrysanthemums that were trailing across the walk this morning, they will be trodden down?"

I looked in Turner's face as he said this, and felt a mischievous smile quivering on my lips. The dear old fellow grew red as a winter apple, then a grave, relishing look followed, and I was glad to escape into the garden.

It was very wrong, I admit, but a curiosity to see how Turner would make love overpowered all sense of honor. I confess to lingering in sight of the windows, cautiously keeping myself out of view all the time. Turner and Maria still kept their seats by the breakfast-table, his look was toward me, but I could discern that one elbow was pressed on the table, and he sat sideways, looking hard at the opposite wall while speaking. But Maria was in full view, and a very picturesque portrait she made framed in by the open window. I watched her face as it changed from perplexity to wonder, from wonder to a strange sort of bashful joy. Her cheeks grew red; her great, black Spanish eyes lighted up like those of a deer: yet she seemed ashamed of the feelings speaking there, as if they were unbecoming to her years.

All at once she arose, and, coming round the table, leaned against the window-frame. This movement brought me within hearing, but I could not escape without being discovered; so after taking one wrong step, I was forced into another still more dishonorable. At first Maria spoke in her usual broken English, which I cannot attempt to give, as its peculiarity lay rather in the tone than the words.

"This is very strange, sudden, to read me your heart, Mr. Turner. Why do you speak of this thing now after so many years? What has happened that you talk to me now of marriage?"

Turner made some reply that I did not hear.

"You say it is better for the child—better for us all. But why?—why is it needful just now, more than a year ago?"

"I will make a good husband to you—at any rate do the best I can!" pleaded poor Turner, sadly out of place in his love-making.

"Perhaps you have fallen in love with me all of a sudden," said my bonne, half bitterly, half in a questioning manner, as if she faintly hoped he would assent to the idea.

"I—what I fall in love!" cried Turner, and his face writhed into a miserable smile; "it isn't in me to make a fool of myself at this age. I hope you have a better opinion of me than that."

She answered rapidly, and partly in Spanish. There was a good deal of womanly bitterness in her voice, but I could only gather a few hasty ejaculations.

"You joke, Mr. Turner—you mock—you have found a way of amusing yourself with the lone stranger. I know that you always hated us Spaniards, but you never mocked me in this way till now."

"There it is again," exclaimed the poor suitor. "I guessed how it would all turn out; never did know how to manage one of the sex—never shall! Look here, Maria, I'm in earnest—very much in earnest; ask Lady Catharine—ask Zana if I'm not determined on it."

Turner gathered himself up, moved awkwardly enough toward Maria, and taking her hand looked at it wistfully, as if quite uncertain what to do next.

"I never kissed a woman's hand in my life," he said, desperately, "but I'll kiss yours, on my soul I will, if you'll just marry me without more ado."

"You have been drinking, Mr. Turner—drinking in the morning, too!" said Maria, passionately. "Go away, I will forget all this: but do not dare to insult me again!"

Turner's troubled glance subdued the fervor of her words. She paused, leaned heavily against the window, and said more temperately,

"Say, why have you asked this of me?"

I do not know what Turner would have replied, for, obeying the impulse of the moment, I came forward, and before either of them were aware of my approach, stood in the room.

"Tell her the whole, dear Mr. Turner," I said, going up to Maria with a degree of reverence I

had never felt for her before. "She ought to know it—she must know that you are asking her to marry you that Lady Catharine may not turn us all adrift on the world; that the people may stop pointing at me because I have no father."

Maria flung her arms around me.

"There—there!" exclaimed Turner, moving toward the door, "you see I've done my best, Zana, and have got everybody crying. Tell her yourself, child: just arrange it between you; call for me when all's ready: what I say I stand to." The old man writhed himself out of the room, leaving Maria and I together.

My good *bonne* was greatly agitated, and besought me to explain the scene I had interrupted, but I could not well understand it myself. All I knew was that this marriage had been demanded by Lady Catharine as a condition of our remaining in the house. I repeated, word for word, what I had gathered of the conversation between her and Turner, omitting only those expressions of reluctance that had escaped my benefactor. She listened attentively, but, being almost a child, like myself, in English custom, could not comprehend why this necessity had arisen for any change in our condition.

"And do you hate Mr. Turner so much?" I said, breaking a fit of thoughtfulness into which she had fallen. "I thought you liked each other till now; don't, oh, my *bonne*, don't marry him if it troubles you so! You and I can get a living somehow without taking him from his place."

"Yes—two children—why, Zana, you know more of the world than I do. Where could we go?"

"I don't know, without Mr. Turner, what we should do," I answered, sadly.

"Without him, why, Zana—without him we should both die!"

"Both!" I answered, drooping with the mournful thought.

"And he—what would he do without us?" she murmured.

"Oh, how hard it will be for him to live!" I rejoined.

She looked around at all the familiar things in the room. It seemed to me that she was taking farewell of them in her mind. My heart swelled at the thought.

"Oh, Maria, my *bonne*, if you could but like Mr. Turner, only a little, just enough to marry him, you know!" I exclaimed, amid my tears.

"Like him, Zana, I have had nothing but him and you in the world for years," she said, weeping.

"Then you do like him—you will marry him!" I exclaimed, full of joy.

She wept more bitterly than before.

"Why do you weep, my *bonne*?" I cried.

"He does not like me. Mr. Turner hates my nation. He would not marry me if he could help it," she said, gazing earnestly in my face, hoping, I do believe, for a contradiction.

My head drooped; I remembered his words that morning. For my life I could not have uttered the falsehood that might have appeased her; for, with all my faults, there was pure truth at the bottom of my nature. But her eager look was so appealing that it awoke arguments in my brain, that were both effective and sincere.

"He does like you very much, I am sure of that, Maria," I said. "When did he ever speak a harsh word to you, or say anything to offend about your country? Not in years and years!"

"No, but the feeling is there. He hates Spain and everything in it!"

"But you are half English now."

She smiled.

"But this marriage. It is Lady Catharine's plan, he is forced to it. No, Zana, let us go; beg I would rather than marry him when he hates the thought!"

"It seems to me," I said, with the dawn of a mischievous conviction in my brain—"it seems to me that he rather begins to like the idea of it. You looked so very nicely this morning, Maria, I really believe he wanted to kiss your hand, only didn't know how."

She blushed up to her temples.

"Besides," said I, pleased with this dawn of feeling, "you don't care about much liking at this age."

She shook her head.

"When a woman is so old that love is of no value, she is too old for marriage or life, Zana."

I had no argument to offer here, my soul answered to the womanliness of her's. I felt that a woman's heart must be lost in depravity, or cease to beat altogether before it can quench the desire to be loved, inherent in its first pulsations.

"But he is kind, and so are you—he will love you, he must!" I cried, feeling how impossible it was for that tough old heart to withstand the goodness of her's.

Her face lighted up as if my words had been a prophecy. I took advantage of the expression.

"You will not let them turn us out of doors?" I said, flinging my arms about her.

She strained me to her bosom and kissed me in her old passionate way. I sprang from her arms the moment they were loosened, and ran off in search of Mr. Turner.

He was working in the garden, stamping the earth around a young laburnam tree, which he

had just planted, with a sort of ferocious vehemence, as if striving to work away some lingering irritation.

"Go in and speak with her now!" I said, pulling his arm.

"No, I've made a fool of myself once, and that is enough for one day!" he answered, shaking me off. "I didn't think any woman living could have driven me to it—especially one that hates me as if every drop of blood in my veins were poison."

I saw Maria coming from the house, and ran off quite satisfied with the part I had taken. In good faith I kept out of sight, among the fruit thickets, determined not to break in upon their conversation again; but in turning an angle of the wall I could not resist the temptation to look back. They were standing together. Turner had her hand in his, and—I cannot keep from laughing at my own astonishment while I record it—his lips were pressed down upon the plump little hand with a vehemence quite commensurate with his assault on the poor laburnam tree. I laughed aloud, and, rushing into the wilderness, set up a merry song with the birds that haunted it.

That evening Mr. Turner was absent both from our cottage and the Hall. He came back the next day with a portentous-looking paper, which he and Maria scanned over with great interest. When I asked regarding it, they told me, with a good deal of smiling awkwardness, that it was a marriage license.

Two or three mornings after this I was sent over to the parsonage to spend the day with Cora. Maria took more than usual care in dressing me. I went forth in a white muslin dress fluttering with rose colored ribands, quite too fairy-like for my usual morning visits to this my second home. But Cora was also floating about in clouds of white muslin, with glimpses of azure here and there about her arms and bosom, as if arrayed for some festival. How beautiful she was!—angelic, flower-like was the style of her loveliness! Those ringlets of glossy gold; the violet eyes so full of softness, downcast, and yet so brilliant when she smiled; the rounded arms, the neck and shoulders, white and satiny as when I first saw them by the spring in her infancy; the little foot and hand, slender and rosy: all these points of beauty are before me this instant vividly as if painted on canvass. There is a reason why they should have sunk deep into my heart—a cruel reason which the hereafter will disclose.

Her father was in his clerical robes walking up and down the little parlor, gently, as he always moved, and with a soft smile on his lips as if amusing himself with some odd fancy.

"Come in, my child," he said, with a change of expression, brought on, I felt, by a more serious current of thought which my appearance suggested. "Come in—you will find Cora in her room."

I paused, as was my habit, to kiss his hand in passing, but he detained me a moment, pressing his lips upon my forehead. "God bless you," he said, "and make you worthy of all that your friends are so willing to suffer in your behalf."

I knew what he meant, but the remembrance of dear old Turner kissing Maria's hand destroyed all the seriousness of the allusion. My heart laughed within me at his idea of sacrifices. I was well assured that it would have broken both their old hearts had anything separated them that very moment. So with a gleeful laugh I darted away to Cora's room. I have told you how very lovely she appeared in her pretty dress, but it is impossible to describe the graceful undulations of each movement, the bewitching softness of her smile! My own olive complexion and deep bloom seemed coarse and rude beside her.

"And so you have come to the wedding," she said, wreathing her arm around my waist, and drawing me before the little mirror at which she had been dressing. "Isn't it a droll affair altogether?"

"They are very kind, very good to me," I replied, a little hurt by her air of ridicule.

"And to me!" was her laughing reply; "this is the very first wedding I shall have seen. Isn't it charming. The people will be here from the Hall; the young heir, perhaps."

Why did that spasm shoot through my heart so suddenly? I was looking upon the reflection of Cora's beauty. It was a lovely vision, but the color went from my own cheek as I gazed on her's, and that made the contrast between us strange and darker. I remembered that George Irving would look on that lovely vision also; and the first sharp pang of jealousy known to my life tore its way through my bosom. I did not know what it was, but sickened under it as the grass withers beneath a Upas tree.

I struggled against myself, conscious that the feeling was wrong, though ignorant of its nature, but other thoughts mingled with these selfish ones. I was astonished and hurt that strangers should force themselves upon a ceremony which the parties desired to be private. It seemed rude and cruel to the last degree.

But I was called into the parlor. Turner and Maria were in sight quietly crossing the fields together without the slightest pretention. Maria looked nice and matronly in her dress of soft grey silk and cap of snowy lace; Turner wore

his ordinary suit of black, for he had long since flung off livery, and bore his usual business-like appearance. It was impossible to find anything to condemn in persons so free from affectation of any kind. For my part I was proud of my benefactors, there was a respectability about them that no ridicule could reach.

We entered the little church, and found it already occupied by a large party of strangers from the Hall. I saw Turner start and change color as he went in, but pressing his thin lips together till they were almost lost among his wrinkles, he walked firmly on, holding Maria by the hand.

I saw it all, I knew that he was suffering tortures from those imperinent people, and all for my sake. It seemed as if my presence would be some support to them; and when Cora would have turned into a pew close to that occupied by Lady Catharine, I resisted and led her up to the altar.

There on the very spot where Cora's mother had rested in her death sleep, Turner and Maria were married. I thought of all this, and it made my heart swell with unshed tears; but Cora seemed to have forgotten it entirely. She drew softly toward one side of the altar, and her downcast eyes wandered sideways toward the intruders all the time. The two great mysteries of life, death and marriage, which we had witnessed, and were witnessing together by that altar stone, were driven from her mind. The ceremony was over. Turner and his wife moved toward the vestry, passing through the crowd with a serious dignity that would make itself respected. I would have followed close, but Cora held back, keeping on a range with the intruders. Lady Catharine was directly before us, leaning upon the arm of an old gentleman I had seen in the hunt.

"Ah, Lady Catharine, your benign goodness is felt everywhere," he was saying. "It must have had an angel's power in reforming this old stoic!"

"Hush," said the lady, touching his arm with her gloved finger, "his daughter is just behind us!"

"What, the little Diana!" exclaimed the gentleman, looking over his shoulder. "I would give fifty pounds to see her again."

"She will hear you!" whispered the lady, impatiently. "Come, let us get another sight at the bride."

"Here is a sight worth fifty of it," cried the old squire, whose admiration was not to be subdued, "as your son will tell you when he can once take his eyes off the little sylph. Why,

dear lady, you have a new race of fairies and goddesses springing up about Clare Hall. Take heed that my friend George is not made captive by them."

I followed the old squire's look, and saw George Irving, with another young man, older and taller than himself, with their eyes riveted on Cora.

I remarked with Cora all night. She was full of gleeful gossip about the wedding, and more than once spoke of the young gentleman who had looked at her so steadily. She did not say so admiringly, but I knew well the glow of vanity that led her thoughts that way, and the subject caused me unaccountable pain. I listened to her, therefore, with impatience, and while her beauty seemed more fascinating than ever, its brilliancy gave me a pang for the first time. It was a precocious and wrong feeling, I confess, but there were many passionate sensations in my heart even then, which some women live from youth to age and never know.

I was reluctant to go home—to meet Turner and Maria after the sacrifice and insult of the previous day. It seemed as if they must hate me for being the cause of it all. But as the morning wore on, I put on my bonnet and prepared to return home. Cora proposed to go part way with me, and though I preferred to be alone, she persisted with laughing obstinacy, and flinging a scarf of blue silk over her head, ran after me down the garden.

I was very willing to loiter on the way, and we turned into the fields enjoying the soft autumn air, and searching for hazle-nuts along the stone fences.

We came to a thicket where the fruit was abundant, and so ripe that we had but to shake the golden husks, and the nuts came rattling in showers around us. I clambered up the wall, and seizing a heavy branch from the thicket, showered the nuts into the pretty silk apron which Cora held up with both white hands.

I think in my whole life I never saw anything so lovely as she was that moment. The blue scarf floated back upon the wind, circling her head as you see the drapery around one of Guido's angels; her eyes sparkled with merriment: and she shook back the curls from her face with a laugh, so gleeful and mellow, it seemed impossible to fancy the creature had not been fed on ripe penches all her days. "Stop, stop, you will smother me!" she shouted, gathering the apron in a heap, and holding up both hands to protect her curls from the shower of nuts that I was impetuously beating over her.

I paused, instantly, ashamed of the impetuous

action which had been unconscious as it was violent.

"Did the nuts hurt you?" I said, bending forward to address her.

"No, no; just a little when they struck my forehead: nothing more!" she said, still laughing, but with the rosy palm of her hand pressed to one temple that was slightly flushed.

That instant I heard the report of a fowling-piece close by, and a thrush fell, with a death shriek, down to the hazle thicket. It beat its wings about among the green leaves an instant, and then fell heavily through, lodging at Cora's feet. The laugh died away in a sob; the poor thing grew pale as death, and I saw with a shudder that two great drops of blood had fallen upon her neck.

She dropped the nuts from her apron, and sank down to the earth as if she herself had been shot. I sprang upright on the wall and looked around, excited and angry, for the shot had rattled against the very stones upon which I was seated.

"Great heaven! what is this? Are you hurt?" cried a voice, and I saw George Irving, with his young companion of the previous day, running toward us; while a fine pointer cleared the wall in search of the dead bird.

"I do not know, there is blood on Cora's neck, it may be only from the bird," I answered, leaping to the ground. "Cora, Cora, look up—are you hurt?"

I trembled from head to foot, and strove to lift her from the ground, for she made no answer, and it seemed to me that she might be dying. Some one cleared the wall with the leap of a deer and pushed me aside. I saw Cora lifted in the arms of a young man, and heard her begin to sob with hysterical violence.

"She is not hurt; it is not her blood!" he said, in a voice so calm, that though full of music, it grated on my ear, and with his cambric handkerchief he wiped the blood spots from her neck. "She is frightened a little, nothing more."

"Nothing more," exclaimed Irving, passionately, "why, is not that enough, ~~the~~ ^{the} gauds that we are, to terrify the sweet child into this state!"

I felt myself growing cold from head to foot, for Irving had taken the weeping girl from her supporter, and held her gently in his own arms. She opened her eyes—those beautiful violet eyes—and a smile broke through the tears that filled them.

I grew faint, a mist crept around me, and I leaned against the wall for support. No one seemed to observe it, for I made no noise, and they were busy with her.

"I am glad that it is no worse; the leaves

were so thick, and I looked only at the bird: can you stand now? The blood is all away, nothing but a rosy glow on your neck is left to reproach us." It was Irving's voice, and I could see dimly as through a mist that Cora still clung to him, and that he was looking into her eyes. Then I heard another voice calm and caustic as if feelings like my own lay at the bottom, suppressed but observant.

"In all this you overlook the real evil," it said, "don't you see, Irving, that while this child does not require so much care, the other is really suffering—nay, wounded."

I felt a sharp pain in my arm just above the elbow as he spoke, forgotten till then in the more bitter pain at my heart; and through the mistiness that still crept over my eyes I saw a slender stream of crimson trickling down and dropping from my fingers.

"She is hurt indeed—a shot has gone through her arm," exclaimed Irving, and I felt through every nerve that he had put Cora away from his support almost forcibly, and was close by me. Child as I was, the master feeling of my nature awoke then, and I started from the wall, dizzy and confused, but determined that he should not touch me.

"It is nothing," I said, winding my handkerchief around the arm, and turning haughtily away "Come, Cora, shall we go?"

"Let me rest, Zana, I am so tired and frightened!" she said, and her beautiful eyes filled again.

Irving's face flushed crimson as I repulsed his offered support, and though the look with which he regarded me was regretful, it was proud too. When Cora spoke in her sweet pleading way, he bent his eyes upon her with a look of relief, but turned to me again.

"It is an accident; you cannot suppose I wounded you on purpose," he said, pleadingly. "Why are you so unforgiving?"

"There is nothing to forgive!" was my cold answer.

"You are wounded! Is that nothing?"

"It is nothing, and if it were, the wound was not intended for me."

He looked at me earnestly, as if pained and embarrassed by the manner with which I received his apologies; then he turned toward Cora.

"I hope my friend is not mistaken—that I have not injured you, also."

"No," replied Cora, casting her eyes to the ground and blushing. "I was terrified: the feeling of blood: fear for Zana made me tremble, but I am not hurt."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed young Irving,

and gathering up her azure scarf, he dropped it lightly over the shining gold of her hair. I watched him with burning indignation: his gentle interest in Cora, who was all unharmed, seemed a mockery to the stinging pain of my arm. I forgot how coldly I had received his sympathy, and like all impulsive but proud natures, fancied that he must read my feelings, not my actions, and judged him by the fancy.

"I must go home now, the morning is almost gone!" I said to Cora. "Are you well enough to move on?"

"No, I tremble yet," she said, sweetly, "your wound pains me more than it does yourself, Zana, it has taken away all my strength."

"Then I will go alone," was my curt rejoinder. "My arm bleeds." I started suddenly and almost ran toward home.

Directly I heard a light step following me.

"This is unkind, cruel!" said Irving, pleading, "let me help you."

The pride of my heart was subdued, I relaxed the speed with which I had moved, and listened with a thrill of grateful pleasure.

"You smile—your color comes back, thanks!" he said, gaily.

I could not answer. The sweet sensations that overwhelmed me were too luxurious for words.

"You will not speak to me," said Irving, stooping forward to look in my face. My eyes met his, I felt the lids drooping over them, and, spite of myself, began to tremble with delicious joy. Like a cup full of honey my heart overflowed with sighs, but I could neither speak nor look him in the face. Did he understand it all? Did he read in my face all that was making a heaven in my heart? All I know is that he grew silent like myself, and we moved on together through the soft atmosphere like two young creatures in a dream. At length some obstacle arose in our path—I know not how it was, but we paused and looked at each other. My eyes did not droop then, but were fascinated by the deep, earnest tenderness that filled his. I met his gaze then, and kept it forever in my soul, the most solemn and beautiful memory ever known to it.

"Zana, do you love me?"

The question fell upon my ear like a whisper of expected music. I had listened for it with hushed breath, for with the soft atmosphere of love all around me, it came naturally as lightning in a summer cloud. I think he repeated the question twice before the joy at my heart sprang with a deep, delicious breath to my lips.

"Zana, do you love me?"

"Yes!"

As the word left my soul a calm, solemn con-

tentment brooded down like a dove upon it. The feeling was too holy and sweet for blushes. It seemed to me as if I had partaken of an angel's nature while uttering it. Up to that moment had never dwelt upon the thought of love, save as a pleasant household tie. The passion of love I did not even then comprehend, notwithstanding it beat in every pulse of my warm, Southern blood.

He took my hand, holding it with a firm, gentle pressure, and thus we walked on softly and still as the summer air moves among the daisies. I can imagine Adam and Eve walking thus in Paradise, when the temptation first crept across their path. I can imagine them starting at the evil thing as we did when Irving's young tutor came suddenly upon us.

"Ha! you walk slowly," he said, in his calm, silky way; "I have seen the little girl to her father's door and back again."

Irving tightened his grasp on my hand.

"You can find the way home now," he said, dropping it and turning away with his tutor.

"Nay, this is ungallant, Irving," said that person, moving toward me; "you forget her wounded arm."

"Yes, I had forgotten it," was the reply, and he came back. "Can you forgive me?"

I too had forgotten it. "There is no pain left," was my answer. "Go away with him, he troubles me."

"And me!" was the murmured reply. They went away together, leaving me alone with my great happiness.

It is said that love gives beauty to all material things. It may be so with others, but to me nature looked faded and insignificant that day. I longed for a rainbow in the skies; for a carpet of blossoms under my feet; for the breath of roses in every gush of air. Nothing but heaven could have matched the beautiful joy of my soul.

For three days my rich contentment lasted, during that time I scarcely seemed to have a mortal feeling. When fancy could sustain itself no longer came the material want of his presence. My heart had fed upon its one memory over and over again. Now it grew hungry for fresh certainties. I began to think of the future, to speculate and doubt. Why had he kept away? Where was he now? Had I been dreaming—only dreaming?

I did not observe Turner and Maria in their new relations. At another time their awkward tenderness and shy love-making would have amused me, but now I scarcely remarked it, and in their new position they forget to notice me.

Perhaps they would have detected nothing

remarkable had they been ever so vigilant, for I was self-centred in my own happiness, and joy like mine was too deep and dreamy for easy detection.

On the third day, Lady Catharine sent for me to come up to the Hall. It seems she was resolved to carry out her plan of giving me a few snatches of education, such accomplishments as I could pick up, without expense, from her son's tutor, and her own waiting-maid.

I went, not without a pang of wounded pride, but too happy in the hope of seeing him again, for thought of much else. Lady Catharine was in her dressing-room, and several ladies, whom I afterward learned were guests from London, had joined her, it seems, curious to see the wild wood-nymph who had made a sensation at the hunt.

Lady Catharine half rose from her silken lounge as I entered, and pushing an embroidered ottoman forward with the foot that had rested on it, made a motion for me to sit down, while she caressed a little tan colored spaniel that nestled beside her on the couch. I sat down, with a burning forehead, for it was easy to see that she placed me and the dog on an equal level, if indeed the animal did not meet with higher estimation than the human pet.

"Isn't she a spirited, wild little beauty," she said, addressing a young girl some two years older than myself, perhaps, who was busy working seed pearls into the embroidery of a hand screen.

The young lady looked coldly up, and after scanning me from head to foot, dropped her eyes again, murmuring something about my being older than she had supposed. Lady Catharine drew her pale hand down the folds of my hair, exclaiming at its thickness and lustre, just as she had handled the silky ears of her King Charles a moment before. "Did you ever see anything so long and so raven black," she said, uncoiling a heavy braid from around my forehead, and holding it up at full length.

"That sort of hair is often seen in persons of mixed blood," answered the young lady, without lifting her eyes, "long, but of a coarser texture; I must confess black is not my favorite color."

"Oh, flatterer!" exclaimed Lady Catharine, putting one hand up to her own pale brown hair, and giving a twirl to one of the sparse ringlets.

A covert smile crept over the young girl's lips, but she made no reply, and Lady Catharine went on.

"You must take an interest in this poor child—indeed you must, Estelle, I have quite depended on it, she will be quick to learn: won't you,

child? Let her look over some of your drawings, Estelle, I dare say she never saw anything like them in her life!"

The young lady kept at her work, not seeming to relish the idea of amusing a creature so disagreeable as she evidently fancied me. Lady Catharine arose, for under all her languid affectation she had an unyielding will, as I had already discovered. She spoke to the young girl in a subdued voice, but not a syllable escaped me.

"Nay, now, love, you must. It will please George more than anything; besides I promised as much to her father in order to induce him to abandon that horrid way of life. It is quite a moral duty to civilize the child, now that the parents are married; George looks upon it in this light, I assure you."

"I would do anything to please him, you know," said the girl, half sullenly, "but he never sees my efforts: never cares for them."

"Who should know, dearest, but the mother who is his confidant?" was the cajoling reply. "How can you doubt what I tell you?"

"Well," replied the girl, rising, "let the child come to my dressing-room!"

"No, love," interposed Lady Catharine, returning to her dog, which began to whine over his consciousness of neglect; "bring them here, I never weary of them myself."

The young lady withdrew, and returned with a richly embroidered port-folio crowded full of drawings. She spread them out upon a table, and haughtily motioned me to approach.

The drawings were evidently copies highly finished, but variable as if more than one pencil had performed its part there. My quick intuition told me this at a glance, and I looked into the girl's face with a feeling of contempt, which probably spoke in my features. She probably held me in so much contempt that my look was unnoticed, for she continued to turn over the drawings with haughty self-possession, as if quite careless of any opinion I might form.

At last we came to a head sketched with care, and evidently an attempt at some likeness. "Do you know that?" said Estelle, "probably you have never seen Mr. Irving."

"I have seen Mr. Irving," was my answer, "but this is not in the least like him."

"Perhaps you could draw a better one!" she said, casting a sneering smile toward Lady Catharine, but with rising color, as if she were a good deal vexed.

"Perhaps," I answered, very quietly.

"Try," said the haughty girl, taking a pencil and some paper from a pocket of the port-folio. I took the pencil, dropped on one knee by the

table, and, excited by her sneers into an attempt that I should have held almost sacrilegious at another time, transferred a shadow of the image that filled my soul to the paper. I felt the look of haughty astonishment with which the young patrician bent over me as I worked out the quick inspiration.

"What is she doing?" inquired Lady Catharine, gathering the dog to her bosom with her two pale hands, and gliding toward the table. "Why, Estelle, you seem entranced."

Estelle drew proudly back, and pointed toward me with a sneering lift of the upper lip, absolutely hateful.

"You have found a prodigy here, madam, nothing less," she said; "what a memory the creature must have to draw like that with only one sight of your son's face!"

Lady Catharine bent over me fondling her dog; but I felt that she breathed unequally, like one conquering an unpleasant surprise.

"What an impression that one interview must have made," persisted the young girl.

"I have seen Mr. Irving more than once, or twice," I answered, without pausing in the rapid touches of my pencil, though my heart beat loud and fast as I spoke.

"Indeed!" sneered the girl, with a glance at Lady Catharine.

"Indeed!" repeated that lady, in a tone of languid unconcern; "the child wanders among the trees like a bird, Estelle, you have no idea what a wild gipseyp it is: we must civilize her between us."

"Is Mr. Irving to help? It looks like that," answered Estelle, spitefully.

"Is there anything in which I can be of service?" said a voice that made the heart leap in my bosom; but so perfect was my self-control that I finished the shadow upon which I was at work mechanically, as if every nerve in my system were not thrilling like the strings of an instrument.

"We were speaking about humanizing this strange obid a little," said Lady Catharine; "she really has a good deal of originality, as we were saying, and Estelle is quite charmed with the idea of bringing it out."

My soul was full of scornful ridicule. I felt it breaking up through my eyes, and curving my lip as I looked from Estelle to George Irving. His own face caught the spirit, and he met my glance with a bright smile of intelligence, that others read as well as myself.

"Did you ever try to teach music to a wood-lark, dear mother?" he said, stooping down to look at the head I had sketched.

My heart stood still, but I would not permit myself to blush; on the contrary, there was a dry, cold feeling about my lips as if the blood were leaving them: but my gaze was fascinated. I could not turn it from his face, and when the warm crimson rushed up over his brow and temples, as the likeness struck him, my breath was absolutely stopped. I would have given the universe for the power of obliterating my own work from the paper and from his brain. There was anger, reproach, and a dash of scorn in the glance which he turned from the likeness to my face. I trembled from head to foot. The lids drooped like lead over the shame that burned in my eyes; a feeling that he thought my act indelicate scorched me like a fire.

"The likeness does not seem to please you, Mr. Irving," said Estelle, and her face brightened. "In my humility I had supposed it better than my poor attempt."

"Oh, it was only a copy then!" he cried, laughing, and the cloud left his face; "this is your first lesson, and my poor features the subject. You honor them too much; pray whose selection was it?"

"I believe my sketch gave rise to the other," answered Estelle, casting down her fine eyes, and certainly mistaking the feelings she had excited.

"I am glad of it," answered Irving, and the glow of his countenance bore proof of his sincerity.

"Now," said Lady Catharine, in her usual languid way, which with all its softness had authority in it, "let us settle things for the morning. We visit Greenhurst, Estelle has never been thoroughly over the house; of course you go, George."

He did not seem embarrassed but thoughtful, and, after a moment's consideration, replied, "yes, I will escort you on horseback—who are going?"

The guests were enumerated, most of the names I had never heard before. My own was not in the list.

"And Zana!" said Irving, with a slight rise of color when his mother paused.

"Oh, Zana, she will find amusement for herself. She has never seen the house yet—besides as your tutor remains behind, he can take the opportunity to give her a lesson or two."

His brow clouded, and his lips were set together very resolutely; but his voice was low and respectful as he replied,

"Not so, madam! Unless in your presence, a young man but a few years older than myself is not a proper person to teach a girl like that!"

"Dear me, you are really making the thing a burden. How can you expect all these formalities, George, in a case like this—and me with nerves worn down to a thread?"

"I will teach her myself," was the firm reply, though rays of crimson shot across his forehead as he spoke.

"You, George—preposterous!"

"Why preposterous, madam?"

"Your youth!"

"Is my tutor old?"

"Your position—your prospects!"

He laughed in a gay, light fashion.

"Well, should my Uncle Clare marry again, a thing not unlikely, exercise of this kind will be a useful experience, for then I shall have little but my brains to depend on."

"But he will never marry!—who thinks it?" cried the mother, impatiently.

"Men of a little more than forty do not often consider themselves out of the matrimonial market, mother."

"You talk wildly, George. Clare will never marry again—never, never!"

"And if he does not, am I his next heir?—or does my hopes of advancement and fortune rest on you, lady mother?—you who certainly will not own yourself too old for a second marriage!"

"This is nonsense, George!"

"No, sober truth; my uncle—whom heaven preserve, for he is a good man—could aid me nothing in his death. You would inherit, not your son; the ladies of our line are a privileged race."

"But are you not my only son and heir?"

"True again; and your favorite while I do not offend."

"That you will never do," answered the mother, with a glance of feeling in her voice.

"I hope not, mother," he said, lifting her hand to his lips with an expression of earnest affection. "But while fate and fortune hang on the breath of another, do not talk to me of expectations that may be dreams; and rank that may find me, when it comes, a broken-hearted old man!"

"This is strange talk, George, and in this presence. Estelle will learn to look upon your prospects with distrust."

"She, with all my friends, will do well to think of me only as I am, the dependant of a good uncle. Certain of nothing but a firm will, good health, and an honest purpose!" he answered, glancing not at the haughty patrician, but at me.

"And that is enough for any man," I exclaimed, filled with enthusiasm by his proud

frankness. "What inheritance does he require but that honest, firm will, which cleaves its own way in the world? Oh, how the soul must enjoy the blessings which its own strength has had the power to win. If I were a man neither gold nor rank should detract from my native strength. I would go into the world and wrestle my way through, not for the wealth or the power that might come of it—but for the strength it would give to my own nature—the development—the refining process of exertion—the sense of personal power. In that must lie all the true relish of greatness!"

The guests had one by one glided from Lady Catharine's room before her son came in, and no one listened to our conversation but her ladyship and the girl Estelle. When I ceased speaking, Lady Catharine sunk among the cushions of her couch, hugging the dog to her bosom as if she feared my rash words would poison the creature; while her young friend stood close by with both arms folded scornfully over her bosom, gazing at me from her open eyes as if there had been something wicked in my expression. For myself, the moment my rash enthusiasm gave way, all courage went with it: and before the fire had left my eyes they were full of tears.

"Is the creature mad, or a sybil?" said Lady Catharine, in a voice that went through me like a hiss.

"Mother," said her son, pale as death, but with a strange glory of expression in his face—"need you ask again whose blood spoke there?"

He addressed her in a whisper, but she turned white, and lifted her finger to check his further speech, glancing sideways at Estelle.

"Strange language this for the daughter of a servant!" exclaimed Estelle, her bosom heaving with scornful astonishment.

"I am not the daughter of a servant," was the reply that sprang to my lips, "the story is a falsehood; a proud Turner is my benefactor, my more than father: *not* my father; but if he were, why should my words, if right, not spring from the lips of *his* child? Are all gifts reserved for the patrician? Does not the great oak and the valley lily spring from exactly the same soil? Thank heaven there is no monopoly in thought!"

"In heavens' name, who taught you these things?" cried Lady Catharine, aghast with my boldness.

"Who teaches the flowers to grow, and the fruit to ripen?" I answered, almost weeping, for my words sprang from an impulse, subtle and evanescent as the perfume of a flower; and like all sensitive persons I shrunk from the remembrance of my own mental impetuosity.

"Really, your ladyship, you must excuse me, this is getting tiresome," said Estelle, sweeping from the room; "I fear with all your goodness the child will prove a troublesome pet."

Lady Catharine sat among her cushions very white, and with a glitter in her pale eyes that I had learned to shrink from. "Irving," she said, speaking to him in a low, but firm voice, "plead with me no more, she must and shall leave the estate."

"Madam, she is but a child!"

"A mischievous one, full of peril to us all, and, therefore, to be disposed of at once. Out of my own small income I will provide for her wants, but away from this place—in another land, perhaps."

I felt myself growing pale, and saw that Irving was also greatly agitated. He looked at me reproachfully, and muttered, "imprudent—imprudent." I went to a window, and leaning against the frame, stood patiently, and still as marble, waiting for my sentence. Again my rashness had periled all that I loved: the thought froze me through and through; I hated myself. Irving was talking to his mother: she had forgotten her softness, her elegance, everything in indignation against me. At last I caught some of his words, they were deep and determined, contrasting the feeble malice in her's with a force that made my heart swell again.

"No, mother, I will not consent. If our suspicions are true, and I must confess every day confirms them in my estimation—the course you propose would be impolitic as cruel. You cannot keep her existence from Lord Clare; all that we guess he will soon learn. He is just, noble—think if he would forgive this persecution of—an orphan—for she is that if nothing more!"

"But am I to be annoyed—braved, talked down by a child, and before my own guests?" said the mother. "Who knows the mischief she has already done with Estelle?"

"Mother, I beseech you, let that subject drop. It is a dream."

"One of the best matches in England, my son: a golden dream worth turning to reality."

"No, mother, in this I must be free."

"Perhaps you are not free! That child!"

They were looking in each others eyes. The mother and son reading thoughts there that each would gladly have concealed from the other. I came forward.

"Madam, let me go home, I am not fit for this place. Let me return, and I will trouble you no more."

"I wish to heaven it were possible for you to keep this promise, girl."

"Let me go home; send for me no more; I will never willingly cross your path again."

"Nor his?" said the mother, fixing her cold eyes on my face, and pointing to her son.

"Madam, I beseech you, let me go."

"But I have promised Turner to educate you."

"Lady, you cannot. The curate has taken great care of me, and in some shape I have educated myself."

"You are a strange girl."

"I feel strange here. May I go?"

She fell into thought with her eyes on my face as if it had been black marble.

"Yes," she said, at length, "go, but I feel that we have not done with each other; I may send for you again, we must not lose sight of our pet. Now, George, equip at once: we have kept our guests waiting!"

"No, mother, I cannot go to Greenhurst: make my excuses!"

He went out, leaving no time for a rejoinder; and Lady Catharine followed. I was alone in the room.

All at once a strange sensation came over me. I looked around with a vague feeling of dread, things that I had not before noticed were strangely familiar. It seemed as if I were in a dream, and like one moving in a vision, without volition, and without object, I crossed the room toward a small antique cabinet that stood in one corner. The lids were deeply carved and set heavily with jewels. It is a solemn truth, I was unconscious of the act, but unclosing the cabinet reached forth my hand, and opened a small, secret drawer that was locked with a curious spring.

Among other trinkets, two locketts of gold lay within the drawer, one shaped like a shell, and paved thickly with pearls: the other plain, and without ornament of any kind. I took up the shell, and it sprung open in my hand, revealing two faces that seemed like something that had floated in my dreams years ago. One was that of a man in the first proud bloom of youth, with a brow full of lofty thought, but fair and of a delicate whiteness that we seldom see beyond infancy. The lips and the deep blue eyes seemed smiling upon me, and with a pang of love, for it was half pain, I kissed it. The female face I could not look upon. It seemed to me like the head of an evil spirit that was to haunt my destiny, and yet it had a wonderful fascination, terrible to me.

I laid the shell down, and with a sort of mysterious awe took up the other locket. It opened with difficulty, and when I wrenched the spring apart, it seemed as if my very soul had received

a strain. It was a miniature also. I looked upon it, and the claw of some fierce bird seemed clutched upon my bosom and throat. It appeared to me as if I struggled minutes and minutes in its gripe, then the pressure gave way, and with a burst of tears I cried out, "the face!—the face!"

A thin hand was thrust over my shoulder and snatched the locket away. I turned and saw it in the grasp of Lady Catharine. With a choking cry my hands were flung upward, and I leaped madly striving to snatch it away.

"Would you steal? Are you a thief?" she cried, grasping the locket tight in her pale fingers, and holding it on high.

"Would you steal? Are you a thief?"

The words rang hissing through my ear: a hot flush of indignant shame clouded my sight, and I saw George Irving, as it were, through waves of crimson gauze, looking sternly upon me. Then all grew black and still as death.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MARY.

BY MARGARET LEE RUTENBUR.

Now the plaintive winds are sighing
Through the dark trees o'er thy head;
And a silver lake is lying
Close beside thy silent bed!

But thy soul has passed the portal
Of that pure and happy bourne,
Where the good are made immortal,
Never, never more to mourn!

Now our parents smile upon thee,
As on spirit wings ye glide
Through the rosy paths of Eden,
Or by placid Jordan's tide!

And thy baby bird long vanished,
Folds its pinions into rest
By the music of the angels
Lulled—upon thy happy breast!

Gentle sister, shall we sorrow
While such joys as these are thine,

Where there comes no sad to-morrow,
For the day has no decline!

But its sun of glory lingers
On the ever perfumed flowers,
Woven by the seraph fingers
Of the dwellers in those bowers.

Where angelic harps are sounding,
Turned to Heavenly music rare;
Or on waves of glory bounding,
Radiant forms are gleaming there!

May we with thee, blessed spirit,
And the dear departed band
Of our household—yet inherit
Life eternal in that land!

There united—ne'er to sever,
As we view its scenes of bliss,
May we in that world forever
Lose the haunting cares of this!
Lose the aching woes of this!

TO MISS E. A. J.

BY GRACE NORMAN.

Oh! deem it not an idle thing,
That from a leaf or flower
A host of memories should rise
To mark some by-gone hour.

Thou canst not know how light a thing
May change thy destiny;
Or that the perfume of a rose
Should speak of love to thee.

A drooping bud, a wither'd leaf
May cause thy pulse to thrill,
And thou shalt feel, though years have fled,
A magic in them still.

Then deem it not an idle thing,
That "trides light as air"
Should bring to each true loving heart
Fond memories everywhere.

"NEVER CONTENTED LONG."

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"I wish we had a new carpet," said Mrs. Arnold, somewhat petulantly, to her husband.

Mr. Arnold looked up from his newspaper, glanced at the carpet, and said, "if you really think we want one, my dear, you may go and buy it to-morrow; but this seems to me quite decent yet."

"Yes! decent, I grant," said his wife, with emphasis. "But I am not contented with being decent merely. If I can't be more than decent, nice in fact, I don't want to live at all."

"Well, well, my love," replied the husband, "suit yourself." For Mr. Arnold was doing a good business, and knew he could afford a little extravagance, now and then.

The carpet was accordingly purchased, and, for a while, Mrs. Arnold was contented, or appeared to be so. As long as the novelty continued, she really was satisfied. But when she had grown tired of admiring it, and when the neighbors, having all seen it, ceased to expatiate on its beauties, she began to be dissatisfied again. It was not the carpet of course which now made her unhappy: it was the parlor chairs.

"I do think we have the shabbiest chairs," she said, one evening, "of anybody I know. I declare I'm ashamed to let the light in on the room, when anybody calls, lest they should see how mean our chairs are."

"The chairs appear to me to be good chairs enough," replied Mr. Arnold. "Perhaps they don't look quite as well as they did, before we bought the new carpet, for its freshness makes them seem a little dull by contrast. But for that you are to blame, you know, Mary."

The wife bit her lip, and made no reply. But, on other occasions, she returned to the subject, until Mr. Arnold, who hated to be "bothered," as he called it, surrendered for peace sake.

The new chairs, like the new carpet, pleased Mrs. Arnold for a while. But, in time, they ceased, like it, to make her contented; and she now began to see, for the first time, that the furniture of her best chamber was unworthy of her.

"James," she said, "your newly married sister is coming, on Tuesday week, as you know. But the bedstead, dressing-bureau, and wash-stand of our spare room are shocking, they are so out

of fashion, and so scratched. I wish you would new furnish the chamber. It's disgraceful to put a bride into such a place."

"The furniture was thought very fine," replied her husband, "when we purchased it, on setting up housekeeping, ten years ago. I am sure, Mary, you were quite proud of it."

"But we can afford better now," stoutly answered the wife, "and what was fashionable then, isn't fashionable now. Your sister will think the meanness is mine, for she'll never believe its yours, as men generally let their wives have their own way in such matters, especially if they are doing well, as everybody knows you are."

"Well, well," said Mr. Arnold, a little annoyed, "do as you like. I suppose you'll have it out of me some day, and you might as well get it now."

"And the old furniture," added the wife, by way of a concluding argument, "will answer for our chamber, while that which we now use I'll give to the children."

It was not long subsequent to this, when one of Mrs. Arnold's female friends, who was married like herself to a successful business man, set up a one horse carriage. Instantly Mrs. Arnold herself began to wish for a carriage. She had been healthy enough before, by the aid of an occasional walk, but now she discovered, all at once, that both she and the children required riding as an exercise. In short, she was discontented once more, and she gave her husband, as usual, no peace, till he gratified this new desire. Not that she stormed, or even had the sullen; but she looked discontented, sighed, and often regretted the want of a carriage; and so, finally, Mr. Arnold began to believe that her health would eventually suffer, if it had not already.

The carriage kept her contented for an unusually long time. But when she had called on all her acquaintance in it; taken all her relatives and friends by turns out in it; persuaded Mr. Arnold into letting the man who drove wear a sort of livery; and had a new harness bought, and then a lighter carriage for herself and her husband to use exclusively, she began to be discontented again. The truth was one of her set had just moved into a finer house, and Mrs.

Arnold wanted immediately a new and larger house also.

She has just succeeded in obtaining this fresh desire. But how long it will satisfy her we cannot say; certainly not until this time next year; for, before that, its novelty will be worn

off; and when once a thing ceases to be new, Mrs. Arnold ceases to be contented with it.

In truth she will never, let her get what she may, remain contented long. Who does not know a Mrs. Arnold?

LINES TO KATE.

BY RICHARD COE.

KATY darling! Katy dear!
Listen to my words sincere;
As the blossom loves the gem,
Trembling on its fragile stem;
As the birdling loves the shade,
By the spreading branches made;
As the mother loves her child,
Meekly pure and sweetly mild;
Love I thee, my Katy dear,
With a love intense, severe!

Gazing up into thine eyes,
I am looking on the skies;
For they have as sweet a hue
As the Heavens' quite blue;
Naught in beauty will compare
With the color of thine hair;
Not the raven's glossy wing
Is so beautiful a thing;
Not the dusky shades of night
Fill me with so pure delight!

Katy darling! Katy dear!
Listen to my words sincere;
Never lover wooed a maid,
Underneath the aspen shade,
With a warmer, fonder kiss,

Or a soul so full of bliss;
Never truer heart than mine
Bowed the knee to beauty's shrine;
Words are feeble to express
What I feel of tenderness!

Katy darling! Katy dear!
Lov'st thou me with love sincere?
Doth that little heart of thine
Beat responsive unto mine?
Doth my warm, impassioned kiss
Waken in thy soul such bliss
As the angels only know
Where the good of earth shall go!
Katy darling! Katy dear!
Is thy love as mine sincere?

Now the little maiden's eyes
Fill with tears of glad surprise;
Now she gazes on my face,
Full of modesty and grace;
Then she whispers in mine ear,
"Thou to me art truly dear!"
Then to word of doubt of mine,
"I am thine and only thine;
Living is such sweet unrest,
Doubly dying we were blest!"

THE WELCOME MESSENGER.

INSCRIBED TO PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

BY H. ELLEN WILLFORD.

WELCOME, welcome thou to us
In this home of ours;
With thy many tones of love,
And thy bright-eyed flowers.
Oh! we love to greet thee here,
Harbinger, forever dear!

Thy monthly coming is to us
A source of happy feeling,
All thy tales of hope and love
Unto us revealing;
And thy lines of music sweet—
Oh! we kindly, kindly greet.

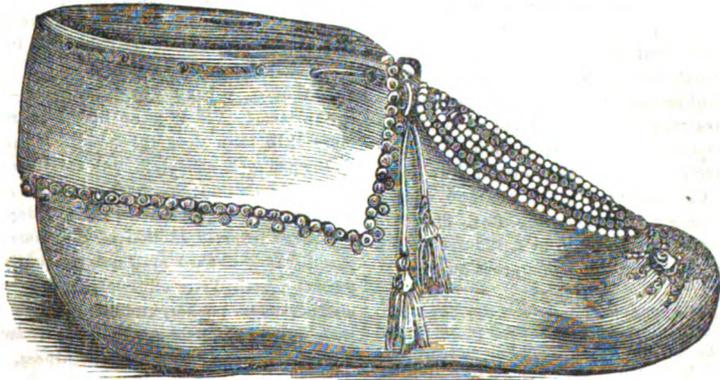
We have ever met thee kindly;
Now to love thee we are grown:
If one month thou fail to reach us,
We are grieved and feel alone,
For our hearts are 'twin'd around thee
As the vine doth clasp the tree.

Then, oh, come each month, we pray,
For without thou'rt here
We should grieve and sadly sigh
With no voice to cheer:
Welcome to our home and hearth,
Messenger of priceless worth!

OUR WORK TABLE.

INFANT'S SHOE.

BY M^LL^E. D^EF^OU^R.



MATERIALS.—A small piece of chamois leather, a little coarse crochet silk, or Russian braid, and a small quantity of beads, of various colors, the size usually called seed-beads, and a size larger. Also two short white bugles, or large beads, and a few gold ones.

We have great pleasure in presenting our friends with this elegant little novelty, which is infinitely better adapted for an infant's *first* shoe than any woollen fabric can be. Several medical men have assured us, it is quite invaluable for keeping the feet warm, and being, at the same time, so soft and plastic. We may add that it is also extremely pretty, and washes and wears well.

The shoe is cut, in one piece, out of good chamois leather. It is in the form of a boot, being about three inches deep. It is sewed up the front to the instep, and the toe gathered in; the back of the heel is also sewed up. A bugle is placed at the toe, over the close of the gathers,

with a few gold beads, forming a star round it. The seam up the front is covered by rows of beads of various bright, strongly-contrasting colors. They are laid on in the pattern in the following order:—The seam is covered by two rows of blue, these are surrounded by clear white, then a round of garnet, the next bright green, the outer row chalk white. The upper part of the leather, to the depth of an inch, falls over round the ankle, giving it additional warmth. It is trimmed with blue beads, *larger* than those on the front. The edges are not hemmed, as the turning over of the leather would make them clumsy; and the seams are made perfectly flat. The strings round the ankle are of braid, or of silk twisted into a cord, and finished with small tassels.

A shoe of about three inches and a half long will be found quite sufficiently large for the first size. It should be worn with a fine open-worked sock.

SHE FLED WITH THE FLOWERS.

BY ARAZEL ADAIR.

SHE fled from earth with autumn's flowers,
The loved, the beautiful, the true:
Afar in Heav'n's celestial bowers,
She blooms a flower of deathless hue.

When standing round her open grave,
The Wintry rain in gusts was driven.
Thank God, we said, though winds may rave,
They cannot reach her up in Heaven!

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE MISSION OF WOMAN.—We have always been, as our readers know, foremost in advocating the rights of woman. Not that we have lent our countenance to vain and false systems of so-called reform. We belong to those who "prove all things, and hold fast to that which is true," not to those who believe whatever is new must be progress, from the mere fact of its novelty. All the greatest writers of the age are ranging themselves, or have already ranged themselves, on our side, in their opinion of what is woman's mission. An eminent New England divine, the last man to be charged with a sleepy conservatism, we mean the Rev. Theodore Parker, has expressed himself, in a late lecture, in the following terms respecting this great question:

"Hitherto, with woman, circumstances have hindered the development of intellectual power, in all its forms. She has not knowledge, has not ideas or practical skill to equal the force of man. But circumstances have favored the development of pure and lofty emotion in advance of man; she has moral feeling, affectional feeling, religious feeling, far in advance of man; her moral, affectional and religious intuitions are deeper and more trustworthy than his. Here she is eminent, as he is in knowledge, in ideas, in administrative skill.

"I think man will always lead in affairs of intellect—of reason, imagination, understanding—he has the bigger brain; but that woman will always lead in affairs of emotion—moral, affectional, religious—she has the better heart, the truer intuition of the right, the lovely, the holy. The literature of women in this century is juster, more philanthropic, more religious than that of men.

"Well, we want the excellence of man and woman both united; intellectual power, knowledge, great ideas—in literature, philosophy, theology, ethics—and practical skill; but we want something better—the moral, affectional, religious intuition, to put justice into ethics, love into theology, piety into science and letters. Everywhere, in the family, the community, the church, and the state, we want the masculine and feminine element co-operating and conjoined. Woman is to correct man's taste, mend his morals, excite his affections, inspire his religious faculties. Man is to quicken her intellect, to help her will, translate her sentiments to ideas, and enact them into righteous laws. Man's moral action, at best, is only a sort of general human providence, aiming at the welfare of a part, and satisfied with achieving the 'greatest good of the greatest number.' Woman's moral action is more like a special human providence, acting without general rules, but caring for each particular case. We need both of these, the general and the special, to make a total human providence."

In these noble and elevated sentiments we can most cordially concur. Between true manhood and true womanhood; between that man and that woman who are worthy of each other, and of the married state:—there can never arise difference as to what

is the right, or duty of either. Each works in a different sphere, yet both work harmoniously as one. Nor does the cultivation of a woman's intellect render her, as the old prejudice held, less fitted to be wife and mother; but, on the contrary, more competent for those dear and holy duties, if the moral faculties, are, as they should be, cultivated in proportion.

PATCHING, A FINE ART.—To patch—how vulgar is the term! Yet it is an operation requiring far more skill than does the making a new garment, and, when well executed, may save the purchase of many a costly one; the most expensive robe may, by accident, be torn, or spotted the first day of its wear: the piece inserted in lieu of the damaged one is a patch. If a figured material, the pattern has to be exactly matched; in all cases, the insertion must be made without pucker, and the kind of seam to be such as, though strong, will be least apparent; the corners must be turned with neatness. Is not this an art which requires teaching? So of darning, much instruction is necessary as to the number of threads to be left by the needle according to the kind of fabric; then there is the kind of thread or yarn most suitable, which requires experience to determine. Where the article is coarse, the chief attention is directed to expedition; but a costly article of embroidery on muslin can only be well darned with ravellings of a similar muslin; such particulars do not come to the girl by inspiration; they must be taught, or left to be acquired by dearly bought experience. The third mode of repair is well understood and practised by European ladies though rarely in this country. The stocking stitch is neither more difficult nor tedious than the darn, yet how many pairs of stockings are lost for want of knowing it when a hole happens to be above the shoe? Practice in lace stitches is still more desirable, particularly for repairing lace of the more costly descriptions. The deficiency of a single loop, when lace is sent to be washed, often becomes a large hole during the operation, and thus the beauty of the lace is destroyed. Indeed, lace, when duly mended, on the appearance of even the smallest crack, may, with little trouble, be made to last twice or thrice the usual term of its duration. So the shawl-stitch is not sufficiently taught, though, by employing it with ravellings from the shawl itself, the most costly cashmere can be repaired without a possibility of discovering the inserted part. It must further be observed, that without a practical knowledge of needlework, no young lady can judge whether her servant has or has not done a reasonable quantity of it in a given time; and if this be true as to the plain seam, it is still more essential in regard to mending of all kinds.

"ONE HUNDRED AND TWO."—We give, on our cover, an engraving of No. 102 Chesnut street, where T. B. Peterson, the great book-publisher, has his new store, and where we have our Magazine office, as formerly we had it at No. 98, with the same gentleman. The store is one of the "wonders of America," in many respects; and we invite strangers, visiting Philadelphia, to call and see it. From a description, in Scott's Weekly, we copy the following account of its size and arrangements.

"Having seen the handsomest and most spacious book stores in the United States, we are able to pronounce this confidently to be the largest and most elegant of all. It is built of Connecticut sand stone, in a richly ornamented style, from designs furnished by N. Le Brun, Esq. The whole front of the lower story, except that taken up by the doorway, is occupied by two large plate glass windows, a single plate to each window, costing together over two thousand dollars. On entering and looking up, you find above you a ceiling sixteen feet high, while, on gazing before, you perceive a vista of one hundred and forty-seven feet. The counters extend back for eighty feet, and, being double, afford counter room of one hundred and sixty feet. This part is devoted to the retail business, and as it is the most spacious in the country, furnishes also, perhaps, the best and largest assortment of books.

"Behind the retail store, at about ninety feet from the entrance, is the counting-room, twenty feet square, railed neatly off, and surmounted by a dome of stained glass. In the rear of this is the wholesale and packing department, extending a further distance of about forty feet. The cellar, of the entire depth of the store, is filled with printed copies of Mr. Peterson's various publications, of which he generally keeps on hand an edition of a thousand each, making a stock of over two hundred thousand volumes. The "Ladies' National Magazine," published by Charles J. Peterson, has its office in the same store, sending out monthly its tens of thousands of copies of that elegant ladies' periodical. The place, in fact, is the head-quarters of Philadelphia literature."

CARE OF THE EYES.—So many women complain of weak eyes, that we have thought it wise to give some directions as to reading and writing, by which the sight may be preserved uninjured. Observe then, that the light should never be allowed to fall full on the paper, or on the eyes of the reader or writer, but to the left side; for then the eyes are not annoyed with the shadow of the pen, as will be the case, when the light comes from the right side. That writing tries the eyes more than reading is a popular error; and, in writing, bluish paper is better for the eyes than pure white. When the eyes feel fatigued, bathing them in cold water will both strengthen and relieve them. In reading, great relief will be found, if the eyes are turned from the book to some soft and harmonious colors. Brilliant colors, therefore, in paper or paint, should not be chosen for a library or sitting-room, where either reading, writing, or sewing is going on. For sewing, that peculiarly feminine employment, is quite as trying to the eyes as study; and fine sewing at night is really very injurious, and should always be

avoided if possible. Generally the eyes should be used, in all these occupations, as much as can be in the morning. Ground glass shades, at night, are bad, as they deaden the light too much; the common paper shade, which concentrates the light downward, is better.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Preacher and the King; or, Bourdaloue in the Court of Louis XIV. With an Introduction by the Rev. George Potts, D. D. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—This is a translation, from the twelfth Paris edition, of Bungeners's popular work on the pulpit eloquence of the age of Louis the Fourteenth. The period which produced a Bossuet, a Bourdaloue, and other preachers nearly as eloquent, could not but afford a fine theme for any writer. M. Bungeners has, if possible, increased the interest of his subject, by the skilful manner in which he has handled it: few authors, indeed, possess his graphic power of delineating character; for his orators seem actually to live, move and speak before us. The narrative style, in which the book is written, gives it the interest of a novel; while the remarks on pulpit eloquence are of the very highest value. The interview between Bourdaloue, Bossuet, and Claude, in the apartment of the former; the scene where Bousset confronts Louis XIV.; the bishop's visit to Madame de Montespan at the request of the king; and the final grouping of all the characters, in the chapel at Versailles, where Bourdaloue openly assails the monarch's sins, are finely conceived, and powerfully portrayed. The discourse of Claude on the Bible, and on what constitutes true pulpit oratory, is an elaborate and masterly piece of criticism. It would be of advantage to clergymen, we think, to study the various views on this subject, put into the mouths of the principal speakers. The introduction to the work, written by the Rev. Dr. Potts, is an appreciative bit of composition, and forms a fit prelude to the volume.

Harry Coverdale's Courtship, and What Came of It. By the author of "Frank Farleigh." 1 vol. New York: H. Long & Brothers.—The author of this sparkling fiction always writes racy. One is sure of a good laugh, at least, when one has a new novel to read by this author. We commend the present tale as especially good, though we cannot, to be frank, praise the style in which it is published. For ourselves, we would rather pay a higher price, and have a book well printed, than endanger our eye-sight with yellow paper and bad type.

Discoveries in the Ruins of Ninevah and Babylon. By Austin H. Layard. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—In our last number, we spoke, in advance, of this edition of Layard's new work. It is only left to us now to record its publication, and to advise all persons, who desire a copy, to be particular in ordering this edition, alike cheap and superb.

Clouds and Sunshine. By the author of "Musings of an Invalid." 1 vol. New York: J. S. Taylor.—We have frequently spoken of this author's former works, and always in terms of high and deserved praise. The present volume is not less pleasant reading than its predecessors; it is full of noble sentiments, a generous love for the human race, eloquence, truth and religious feeling. Its faults, in common with all the other books of this author, are want of finish in style, and want of condensation of thought. In many points, this writer reminds us of the author of "Friends in Council." The volume is published in excellent style.

"*To Daimonion.*" Or *The Spiritual Medium: its nature illustrated by the history of its uniform mysterious manifestation when unduly excited.* By Traverser Oldfield. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—We recommend all persons, who are interested in what are called the "Spiritual Rappings," to procure, and carefully peruse, this book. The plain good sense of the writer is not less remarkable than his scholastic and Biblical learning; and his style, at once easy and popular, renders his book one that few will lay down till they have finished its perusal. We look to these familiar letters to do substantial service to the cause of scientific and religious truth.

Marmaduke Wyvil. By W. H. Herbert. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—We hail, with pleasure, the republication of this stirring novel, in a form worthy of it. Originally issued in a most slovenly manner, it yet passed through thirteen editions; and the demand for it, we learn, continues to this day. We regard it as one of the best, if not the very best of Mr. Herbert's fictions. The events are laid in the time of the Great Rebellion, the first chapter opening immediately after the fatal battle of Worcester. The volume is published in the neat style characteristic of all Redfield's books.

Chambers' Repository of Instructive and Amusing Papers. With Illustrations. Vol. II. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—For an agreeable popular miscellany, we know not where to find the equal of this serial, whose general scope we described, at large, in our notice of the first volume. The present number contains several very instructive articles, among them "The Struggle in the Caucasus," and "Arnold and Andre," besides one of the best stories, "Grace Aytoun," we have read for a long time. Each volume of this serial, it should be remembered, is distinct in itself.

Cyrilla. By the author of "The Initials." 1 vol. New York: Appleton & Co.—Those who have read that capital novel, "The Initials," will be eager to peruse this new fiction by the same author. They will be disappointed. It ends tragically, and unnecessarily so: it is thorough German nonsense; in fine, the book is full of improbabilities. The publishers have, moreover, issued it in anything but a creditable style; for typographical, and other more serious, mistakes, constantly disfigure its pages.

History of the Restoration of the Monarchy in France. Vol. IV. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The closing volume of this brilliant work is now before us. Though, perhaps, not to be implicitly followed, no one can form a true idea of France, subsequent to the Restoration, and up to the death of Louis the Eighteenth, without carefully perusing this history. The work, like most of Lamartine's, is as fascinating as a romance. The volumes are issued in a form to match the History of the Girondists by the same author.

Pleasant Pages for Young People. By S. Prout Newcombe. With Numerous Illustrations. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—This is intended for the entertainment and home education of young people. It is written in the form of conversations between a parent and children, and contains useful information, scientific, social, moral, political, indeed of all kinds, imparted in a pleasant style, and illustrated, when necessary, with appropriate engravings. Every intelligent household, in which there are young folk, should have a copy of this volume.

The Captive in Patagonia; or, Life Among the Giants. A Personal Narrative. By Benjamin Franklin Bourne. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—There are parts of this volume positively Crusoe-ish. The author was prisoner, for a considerable time, among a race of whom little heretofore was known, so that his pages are always fresh, and often profoundly interesting. No person will regret having purchased this fascinating book. The publishers have issued the volume quite neatly, embellishing it with several graphic illustrations.

Father Bright hopes; or, An Old Clergyman's Vacation. By Paul Creyton. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Philada: H. C. Baird.—Paul Creyton, better known to our readers, under his real name, as J. T. Trowbridge, invariably writes well, whatever his subject. The present volume, intended for youth, is an admirable work, and we cordially commend it to our eighty thousand readers. The story is alike instructive and absorbing.

Marco Paul in Boston. By Jacob Abbott. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a capital addition to Abbott's popular series, describing the adventures of his little hero, while travelling in search of knowledge, and in Boston. It is issued in the elegant style for which this juvenile series has become distinguished.

Bleak House. No. XV. By Charles Dickens. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have here the fifteenth number of "Bleak House," and one of the very best in the series. The death of poor Joe, and the scene in the Roman chamber, will rank among the highest efforts of this popular author.

Flirtations in America. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is a spirited novel of real life, just the book for a dull day, a railroad car, or a summer afternoon. It is published in cheap style, yet neatly, and with large, clear type.

Memorialia; or, Phials of Amber Full of the Tears of Love. A Gift for the Beautiful. By T. H. Chivers, M. D. 1 vol. Philada.: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.—Dr. Chivers is a familiar name with the steadfast patrons of this Magazine, he having been an occasional, and always welcome, contributor, for many years. The present volume is a collection of some of his best pieces. We hope that no person will allow its quaint, and somewhat affected, title, to prejudice them against the book, which they will find full of true poetry, sometimes indeed over-strained in sentiment, but generally very beautiful. The verse of Dr. Chivers is always melodious; his ear for rhythm, indeed, is exquisite. A deep sense of the religious pervades all his poems. His idea of the poet's mission, and consequently of his duty, is lofty and grand. We regret to see so many gems, as this volume really contains, set in the coarse style which the publishers have given them: for in paper and binding this book is no credit, but a positive disgrace, to any respectable Philadelphia firm.

The Complete Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. With An Introductory Essay upon his Philosophical and Theological Opinions. Edited by Professor Shedd. Vol. V. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This valuable publication draws toward a close. Of the seven volumes, in which the works of Coleridge were announced to be issued entire, five have now been printed. The present volume is devoted to the literary remains of the great poet and philosopher, as collected and edited by his son, Henry Nelson Coleridge. The whole work is indispensable to a judiciously selected library. Fragmentary as these intellectual remains of "the old man eloquent" are, they yet contain reaches of thought, and passages of surpassing eloquence, such as repay, a thousand fold, for the careful reading required to dig them out of the rough strata, so to speak. The volumes are published in fine library style, in embossed muslin, and with red edges.

Dr. Grant and the Mountain Nestorians. By Thomas Laurie, Surviving Associate in that Mission. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—We regret that we are unable, the present month, to give this work the extended notice it deserves. Every American Christian, without regard to denominational differences, is interested in the Nestorians: and every reader, who has perused Layard's travels, is almost equally concerned for them. In this volume is to be found the completest account of that singular people, which has, perhaps, ever been published, as well as a full narrative of the almost incalculable, and always heroic, services of Dr. Grant in their behalf. The book is handsomely printed, and profusely illustrated with maps and engravings, besides a life-like portrait on steel of Dr. Grant.

Father Clement. By Grace Kennedy. 1 vol. Philada.: T. B. Peterson.—A new and neat edition of one of the best fictions of Miss Kennedy, better known as the author of *Dunallan*.

Memorials of the English Martyrs. By Rev. C. B. Taylor. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A deeply interesting volume, intended to set forth the memory of the Protestant martyrs, containing many new facts, and written in an eloquent and impressive manner. Hooper, Ridley, Latimer, Cranmer, and even Wycliffe, live and move again, as it were, in these pages. The volume is beautifully illustrated.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Spruce Beer.—Twelve gallons of water, four quarts of molasses, a quarter of a pound of bruised ginger, two ounces of allspice, three ounces of hops, four ounces of essence of spruce, and half a pint of good yeast. Boil the hops, ginger, and allspice together for half an hour; take the mixture from the fire and stir in the molasses and spruce; strain into a cask and stir in the yeast; when the fermentation has ceased, the cask must be bunged up; it will be fit for use in three or four days, putting it in stone bottles and tying it down. It may be made without the hops, ginger, or allspice, and by merely mixing the other ingredients first in a small quantity of lukewarm water, and then adding as much cold as will fill the cask.

A Mustard Foot Bath is an excellent remedy for a cold. Fill the foot-bath with water, sufficiently warm to be agreeable, but not more so, for it is a great mistake to take a hot foot-bath; the blood, instead of being drawn from the upper portions of the body and head, is rather driven toward the latter. Stir in four ounces of mustard, and keep the feet and legs in the bath for half an hour, adding warm water from time to time, so as to keep up the first temperature; then go to bed.

Rice Cake.—Half a pound each of pounded sugar, rice flour, and best flour; seven eggs and whites, to be well beaten apart: the rind of a lemon grated, and quarter of a pound of butter; beat all well for three-quarters of an hour; butter a pan, and bake for three-quarters of an hour.

To Pot Butter.—Two parts of common salt, one part of loaf sugar, and one part saltpetre; beat them well together. To sixteen ounces of butter, thoroughly cleansed from the milk, put one ounce of this composition, work it well, and pot when become firm and cold.

Cure for Corns.—Place the feet for half an hour two or three nights successively in a pretty strong solution of common soda. The alkali dissolves the hardened skin, and the corn falls out spontaneously.

Crickets may be entrapped like wasps, by placing sweetened beer in small bottles in their haunts. Scotch snuff is also said to drive them away when sprinkled where they frequent.

Rice Water is an excellent drink in fevers, coughs, &c. Boil two ounces of rice in one quart of water until it is reduced to one pint; strain, sweeten, and flavor with lemon-peel.

To Stew Cabbage.—Choose a large savoy, and boil it in milk and water until half done; then let it become dry. Cut it; season with pepper and salt, and stew it with butter and cream. Onions may be added, if liked.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—WALKING DRESS FOR THE SEA SIDE of a narrow plaided barege, with the skirt a *disposition*, having broad satin stripes running around it. Corsage low, with a *fichu* waistcoat of jaconet, plaited up the front, and trimmed with English embroidery. Mull under-sleeves, fastened at the wrist by a band. Bonnet of white chip, having the crown covered with a bias of taffeta silk.

FIG. II.—A DINNER DRESS OF STRIPED ORGANDY, with an *en tablier* trimming of lace and puffings of silk. Corsage nearly high, open in front, the trimming to correspond with that of the skirt. Sleeves bias, tight to the elbow, with two deep lace ruffles. Small cap of lace and flowers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The newest bareges are remarkable for the elegance and diversity of design and beauty of color. Flounces, half gauze and half barege, woven in the loom, are amongst the most striking novelties. We have seen a dress, just imported from Paris; the robe itself was of a bright rose color barege, and it had four flounces, each consisting of a stripe of rose color, a stripe of black lace, and a stripe of black gauze. We also see a good many dinner and evening dresses with three and five flounces, trimmed with *passementerie* insertions and tulle; a great many bows of ribbons, scattered here and there, in the shape either of butterflies or bees.

COSSAGES are made in every style. Some are low, and others are gathered and high; others plain and open; then with revers, in the *bertha* style; the variety is great, but they are all much ornamented. One of the most becoming bodies which we have seen is high, open in front all the way down; plain behind; plaited in front in three broad plaits laid flat, from the shoulder seam. A large bow of ribbon set on a cross band, ornaments the front; a second bow is placed a little lower down, and the sash forms a third bow with ends.

SLEEVES are for the most part slashed and puffed, and the under-sleeve is visible through the opening. Some are cut out in vandykes, leaving long slashes between them; the points meet in a band and form what is called the *tulip* sleeve; and very graceful it is. Others have small slashes a *la Marie Stuart*, or a deep Louis XIV. cuff. With these last there must be a good many bows of ribbon.

Black guipuro lace is much worn. It is used as flounces on the skirt, on the sleeve, on the lappets, as revers on the body, etc. It is a Spanish fashion and has become most popular in Paris.

BONNETS.—It is decided that they shall be highly ornamented with flowers. These flowers generally

are arranged in light trails, winding round the bonnet. Some cover the crown entirely, and terminate in grape-like clusters at the side; others wind all round the brim and end in bunches of flowers. Straw color and some shades of green are very much worn this season for bonnets, but the complexion should always be consulted, without regard to fashion. Of the black lace bonnets which have recently appeared, those composed of frills or rows of lace over colored silk, have obtained the greatest share of favor. The colored silk gives effect to the lace and imparts a light and showy character to the bonnet. We have seen one of this description, which consists of violet color moire, covered with frills of black silk. The edge of the brim is trimmed with a small wreath of violets, presenting somewhat the effect of a *ruche*. The inside trimming consists of bouquets of violets, and above the cape is placed a bow of ribbon.

RIBBONS.—Some of the new ribbons, for sashes, &c., are most fanciful and beautiful. Chequered patterns, in brilliant shades of color, and designs imitating gold and straw, are those most in favor. Ribbons *lame* with gold and silver are much employed for bows in trimming ball-dresses. For sash ribbons, those scattered over with corn flowers or daisies, intermingled with wheat-ears in gold on white or green grounds. The favorite hues for chequered patterns are lilac and violet, cerise and black, lilac and rose, blue and maroon. Broad sash ribbons are occasionally different on each side in design and color: we have remarked one bordered on one side with red shading into cerise, the border on the other side being bright pomona green shading into dark green. The middle of the ribbon was filled up by a beautiful wreath in vivid colors.

CAPS.—Most of the morning caps have silk crowns thrown lightly on the head and trimmed with lace, or are ornamented with plaid ribbons.

COIFFURES.—One of the styles at present most distinguished by fashionable favor is that called the "Coiffure Eugenie." We see it depicted in the portraits of the young Empress, and combing back the front hair entirely from the temples. This plan, be it observed, is not one of the most becoming when worn under a bonnet, but, on the other hand, it is charming when worn with bows of velvet or ribbon having long flowing ends placed very backward on the head. Or the ends of the back hair may be curled so as to form a mass of long ringlets, which are fastened by the comb to the back part of the head, and then, being divided, descend in thick clusters on each side of the neck. Some attempts have been made to revive the fashion of high head-dresses, that is to say, bows of hair rising one above another on the top of the head; but these attempts seem to have been attended by no other result than that of ensuring the continuance of low head-dresses. The bows and plaits of hair are frequently placed so low as to touch the nape of the neck, a style at once youthful and graceful.



THE RISING MOON.



FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.



THE SUMMER NOON.



THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

Illustrated expressly for the Infant School.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.

THE MODERN LAZARUS.

BY J. THORNTON RANDOLPH.

I.

It was a hot, breathless, August day in New York. The hour was high noon. Yet, beneath that vertical sun, a blind beggar sat asking alms by the way-side.

His worn dress, though scrupulously clean, betrayed the utmost poverty. His hand shook with palsy as he held forth his tattered straw hat for alms. On his bared head, bald on top, but with a few thin, grey hairs around the edges, the vertical sun poured down its fierce heat pitilessly. Poor old man!

Suddenly a splendid equipage drew up to the side-walk, and a portly, pompous man descended. Could the mendicant have seen that face, he would scarcely have ventured to solicit alms; and now, when he did, his extended hat was rudely rebuffed.

"Get out of the way, get out of the way, where's the police, I wonder," cried the millionaire, in a quick, testy voice, rudely pushing the old mendicant aside.

An officer, who happened to be within hearing, stepped immediately up, and was obsequiousness itself. He shook the beggar roughly.

"Come, be moving," he said. And observing that the old man hesitated, but whether from weakness, or to arouse pity he did not stop to inquire, he gave him a push, adding, "off with you at once!"

The aged mendicant resisted no longer. Feeling his way with his stick, he arose, and was soon lost to sight in the hurrying crowds, which even on that summer day, poured ceaselessly along the streets.

But, as he went, though his tongue was silent, his heart was not. He thought of his early life, when, in a distant land, he had been prosperous and happy: his hearth shared by a sympathizing wife, his board surrounded by lovely children.

Then he recalled the misfortunes which had driven him, in his old age, into exile; the fever ship where his remaining grand-children had died; and the first day of utter beggary, type of many a day since when he had landed on a foreign shore. As these things rose before him, he groaned, "how long, oh! Lord, how long."

II.

JOSTLED, and often almost overthrown, the mendicant had nevertheless succeeded, at last, in advancing several squares. He had now reached a point where it became necessary to cross Broadway. For some time he hesitated, the ceaseless roll of vehicles disheartening him; but finally there was a lull, during which he thought he might venture.

He had achieved about half the distance, when a pair of proud, high stepping horses approached at a rapid rate. The liveried coachman, perceiving the beggar, drew partially in. But his imperious master, always impatient of delay, at this angrily spoke up.

"Drive on, drive on," he cried, sharply. "What business has the old rascal to be in the way. He'll jump quick enough when he hears you on top of him."

He did jump quick enough too: but it was the wrong way. Catching the sound of the horses' hoofs, he had turned his sightless eyes toward them; and then, for the first time, the coachman saw he was blind. To pull up again was the work of a moment, even though the servant knew he was disobeying orders. But it was too late. The mendicant, losing his presence of mind, had sprung the wrong way; had fallen under the horses' feet; and was run bodily over before the impetus of the carriage could be stopped.

He was not killed instantly. He had a recollection of being picked up, of hearing a crowd

around him, and of recognizing the voice of the rich man whom he had vainly implored for alms an hour before. "Humph," that voice had said, "he seems done for. A doctor would do no good. Some of you carry him to the hospital, and say that Alderman Brown sent him there."

Then the sound of carriage wheels rolling off, and of those proud horses, mixed itself with the murmured voices of the crowd, until all became a vague dream. When the mendicant was lifted on a rude, temporary litter, he was seen to be totally insensible. When his bearers stopped at the hospital he was discovered to be dead.

III.

THE next day was Sunday. The rich man, the pompous official, had quite forgotten the incident of the preceding morning.

At ten o'clock his sumptuous equipage was at the door. For he respected the decencies of society, and went duly to church, his richly cushioned pew being in a fashionable, up-town, Gothic edifice. And while he lolled back in his corner, calculating the chances of a rise in stocks, or speculating on the complexion of poli-

tical parties, his liveried servant waited outside, with his coach and horses, that all might know how exemplary a Christian Alderman Brown was.

Punctually, at five minutes past ten, the rich man entered his carriage, which immediately moved off, the horses stepping stately, but with some restraint, as become the day.

Presently a plain hearse, containing a coffin of the commonest description, and without a solitary follower, crossed from a bye-street; and the coachman was compelled, for a moment, to draw in that it might pass. It was the poor-house hearse. Need we say who was in that coffin. And thus, for the third and last time, the millionaire and mendicant met.

Did we say for the last time? We recall the word. There is yet another meeting in store for them. But a great gulf will roll between the beggar in Abraham's bosom, and the extortioner, nay! murderer afar off.

For the Dives of the parable was not the last of his kind. Many a Lazarus still lies at rich men's gates, denied even the crumbs they seek, and with only dogs to lick their sores.

LAY OF THE ORPHAN MINSTREL.

BY S. HERBERT LANOEY.

I CANNOT play, or sing to-day,
My heart is lone and sad,
I wander round, and list the sound
Of minstrels free and glad.
'Tis plain to see none care for me,
Or speak in tender care;
While they are gay, from day to day,
I sit and weep alone.
Oh! how can they be always gay
When weeps the orphan Dane?
I ask them oft, in accents soft,
Yet ask them all in vain.
I will not chide, tho' they deride
The poor lone orphan boy,
For little they know of his heavy woe,
Or the lightness of his joy.

I cannot play, or sing to-day,
As I was wont to do,
Ere I left my home and hither came
From o'er the ocean blue:
Then I was free as the boundless sea,
With a heart untouched by grief,
For if it came, 't was all the same,
It found a sweet relief.

In those happy days, my gentle lays
To loving friends were sung—
In halls of pride, by beauty's side,
My tuneful harp I strung;
So kind they seemed, I never dreamed
That false they ere could be—
Since wealth has flown, they cold have grown,
And do not notice me.

I cannot play, or sing to-day—
My heart is filled with pain,
For memory brings, on noiseless wings,
The past to life again.
Ere my parents died, and fortune's tide
Swept all my wealth away,
I ever mingled, and ne'er was singled
From out the rich and gay:
But now they're gone, and I'm left alone
Without one hope of joy,
For no one cares how poorly fares
The Orphan Minstrel Boy.
An exile am I 'neath a foreign sky—
From my Danish home I'm driven,
And the only joy for the orphan boy,
Is the hope of a home in Heaven.

THE EMIGRANT.

BY MISS LOUISE OLIVIA HUNTER.

"Poor lady! She seems to grow weaker and thinner and paler every day," said old Bertha Esling, as she entered the sitting-room of Mrs. Clinton's cottage, after an afternoon's light and pleasant labor in the garden, the result of which had been the garnering of a basket full of ripe, red currants. The words, though spoken to herself, were uttered aloud, and quite forgetful of her mistress' presence, Bertha took a seat near a small table, and for some moments rested her head musingly against the snowy white-washed wall of the apartment.

It was a strange and new sight to see Bertha Esling idle even for a moment—to behold the hands whose tireless activity had long been a proverb, now lying listlessly in her lap, and the busy, bustling mind whose favorite axiom was, "take care of the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves," now totally unmindful of the flight of time, and the numberless household duties yet to be performed ere the shadows of night closed in.

At any other period, this sudden dreaminess on the part of her old nurse and servant might have called a smile to the face of Mrs. Clinton, who, seated by her work-stand, gazed silently upon the unusually gloomy countenance of Bertha. But not the slightest semblance of a smile now played about the lady's mouth, and her eyes slowly filled with tears, which she strove, though vainly, to force back. At length, with an effort, she broke the silence.

"Does Mrs. Rosenburg seem any worse to-day, Bertha?" was her query, in a voice that slightly trembled.

Bertha started, as if for the first time conscious of Mrs. Clinton's close proximity—then with a deep-drawn sigh, and an ominous shake of the head, she replied, "ah, yes, ma'am—the poor thing can't last long, depend upon it. She has been walking in the garden with her little girl for near an hour this afternoon—and I watching her all the while—and her step is so feeble! more than once she was obliged, as from weakness, to rest upon the grass beneath the shade of the old cherry tree, and then as she turned her face toward me, I saw that it was very white—paler even than I had ever seen it before. And then, too, there's a bright red spot

upon her cheek, which will tell its own tale ere long."

Mrs. Clinton's countenance increased in sadness of expression, but without observing it, after a brief pause Bertha continued—

"And there's that girl, Katrine, who came with Mrs. Rosenburg from Germany—I'm sure she doesn't half do her duty by the poor lady. Why, every spare minute she can get, away she tramps to the village to gossip among folks that haven't anything better to do than to listen to her nonsense! Just so it has been with her to-day. Instead of staying at home to mind her own business and wait upon her mistress, who its quite certain wont trouble her long, she's gone off on one of her customary frolics, and there's no knowing when she'll get back again."

"I should suppose," remarked Mrs. Clinton, "that such conduct on the part of Katrine would oblige Mrs. Rosenburg, however unwilling she might be, to discharge her."

"Ah, ma'am, but that she will never do, and Katrine knows it well," rejoined Bertha, "she knows that Mrs. Rosenburg has a perfect repugnance to strangers, and that rather than part with her she will put up with all sorts of tantrums. Shame on the creature! to take advantage of a drooping, delicate lady like that—whom she ought to love and do everything in her power to serve."

"Why, Bertha!" exclaimed Mrs. Clinton, and a partial smile for an instant wreathed her lip, "this is the first time I have ever known you to trouble your brain about any of our neighbors, I am really inclined to be jealous of the place Mrs. Rosenburg occupies in your thoughts."

"No—that you're not, Miss Amy, "for by this latter name—which Mrs. Clinton had received in infancy, when Bertha, then a comely young woman, had held her in her arms at the baptismal font—the old nurse now continued to address her mistress, "that you're not—for you know that your own kind heart feels as deeply for the lady as mine does. Ah! Miss Amy, dear, if you could only manage to become acquainted with Mrs. Rosenburg—I am quite sure it would do her a world of good, for she must be very lonely with no one for company but that little child, and with the thought always before her that her

death-bed may be surrounded by neither friends nor kindred."

"But you know, Bertha," replied Mrs. Clinton, in a tone of sadness, "it is quite impossible that I should again seek her friendship. Have I not already shown her every neighborly courtesy in my power, and have not all my endeavors to gain her acquaintance failed? Surely, being well aware of all this, you cannot imagine that I would intrude where my presence is not desired?"

"And you are right, Miss Amy, as you always are. But I cannot help thinking that if she knew you she would be glad to have such a friend. To be sure when I carried the grapes you sent her she *did* thank me with a cold and stately air; and when I gave your message that you would be happy to have her call upon you, she never even said that she would do so, or expressed a wish that you would break the ice. But I am convinced now that she had her own reasons for acting as she did, and that she very unjustly regards you, Miss Amy, as one of those who would become intimate with her merely for the sake of prying into her former history. But bless me! there's five o'clock striking, and I've got supper to get ready, and the kitchen to scrub, and the currants to stew for the jelly to-morrow—and ever so much more to do before bed time." And with her mind recalled at once to a sense of the awful responsibilities resting upon it, without further parley Bertha hastened away to the fulfilment of her tasks.

For half an hour afterward, Mrs. Clinton remained sitting where Bertha had left her, absorbed in deep and earnest meditation. All her womanly sympathies were strongly enlisted for the lonely invalid neighbor who was the subject of the foregoing conversation; for the sorrowing and desolate her heart ever throbbed with compassion, for her own spirit had been no stranger to heart anguish—and who so well fitted to sympathize with earth's afflicted, as the one who has known and felt the burden of similar griefs?

But a short time before Mrs. Clinton had moved as a brilliant luminary in the gay circles of fashion. She was the daughter of an opulent merchant, and her early years had passed in the full enjoyment of all the luxuries that wealth could procure, or refinement crave. Beautiful was Amy Welden in the first bloom of womanhood, and her's was loveliness of person united to that of a superior and highly cultivated mind. When in her twentieth year she became the wife of one whose fortune enabled her still to continue the star of those circles she had all her life been accustomed to frequent, and whose kindred mind

was well fitted to appreciate the treasure he had gained—the world loudly applauded her choice, and the young wife resigned herself to those bright, sweet visions of a cloudless future. Three years passed away with scarcely a shadow to darken their horizon, when, by a single cruel blow, the hitherto happy wife and affectionate daughter found herself a widow and an orphan. A few months previous Mr. Clinton had engaged largely in speculation, and imagining from previous experiments that the present ones must likewise prove successful, his father-in-law was induced to endorse notes for him to the amount of nearly all that he possessed. The unexpected and complete failure of these schemes, with their attendant visions of utter ruin to both himself and the husband of his only child, came with overwhelming force upon the proud spirit of Mr. Welden. From the moment that the intelligence reached him he sank into a stupor, from which all efforts to rouse him were ineffectual; and three days afterward he breathed his last, insensible to the wild grief of his daughter and her broken entreaties for one word of blessing from his lips. Immediately after the burial of Mr. Welden, the changes that had taken place became apparent to the eyes of the whole world. His dwelling and effects were sold that creditors might receive their due, and the splendid, tasteful mansion, where she had resided since her marriage, was no longer the abode of Mrs. Clinton—but to a secluded cottage in the outskirts of the city the once wealthy merchant and his gentle-hearted wife, removed. Had the flight of fortune been her only motive for repining, Mrs. Clinton could have borne the trial bravely; but the loss of her beloved father had wrung her soul with the bitterest anguish, and added to this she had soon another cause for grief. Beneath the combined weight of agony at the sudden prostration of his worldly hopes, and remorse at the death of his father-in-law, of whom he almost seemed to consider himself as the murderer, Mr. Clinton's spirits daily drooped—and scarcely had they become settled in their new abode when a fever seized his brain, and in a few days death put an end to his mental and bodily sufferings.

And the young and still beautiful Mrs. Clinton was now alone—the world looked coldly upon her when she no longer ministered to its brilliancies, and none cared for, or pitied her sorrows, save her old nurse, Bertha, who still clung to her midst all the darkness by which she was surrounded. Bowed to the earth as she already was with sorrow, the strange indifference of those whom she had always regarded as friends, stung the sensitive heart of Mrs. Clinton still more

deeply, and it became her earnest wish that she could retire to some small village, where she might ever be secure from meetings with those who in the time of adversity had deserted her; and she felt also that her wounded spirit needed the consolations of solitude. After an examination into her husband's affairs, it was found that from the wreck of his fortunes there was still preserved a small cottage near the distant village of Cedarville, and Providence having thus, as it were, placed in her grasp the means of gratifying her desires, Mrs. Clinton instantly prepared for a removal from the city of her birth. The cottage which was henceforth to be her home, was diminutive in size, but large enough for comfort and convenience. It was pleasantly located, with a garden abundant in fruit trees and adorned with shrubbery—being situated about a quarter of a mile from the village itself. Here, at the time when my story begins, Mrs. Clinton had resided for nearly three years, during which period she had found it requisite to employ her needle constantly, as the only means of providing her little domicile with necessaries. The good people of Cedarville were ever glad to avail themselves of the assistance of so proficient a seamstress, and she had continually on hand as much work as she could conveniently accomplish. Bertha was her only attendant, and a more useful, provident, and thoughtful one she could nowhere have selected—for she was devotedly attached to her mistress, and did everything in her power to serve her.

Though often urged to mingle with the society of the village, Mrs. Clinton restricted her intercourse with it as far as civility, and the pursuance of her daily occupation would admit. For but one of her neighbors had she ever evinced the least interest, and that neighbor was Mrs. Rosenberg, who for about six months had occupied the next cottage, the garden of which adjoined her own. The history of this lady had long been a matter of conjecture and curiosity among the inhabitants of Cedarville, for none knew whence she came, nor what were her means of support. She persisted in secluding herself entirely, never walked farther than the limits of her garden, and her sole associate was her child, a lovely little girl of three years old. During her frequent visits to the village, where she daily went to procure stores, Katrine, the servant of Mrs. Rosenberg, constantly underwent a system of quizzing as to the mystery which seemed to envelope her mistress. But either she knew nothing of Mrs. Rosenberg's former life, except that she was from Germany, and had lost her husband very recently, or was wise enough to

feign ignorance upon the subject, for from Katrine nothing farther could be elicited. The appearance of Mrs. Rosenberg had, as we have said before, deeply interested Mrs. Clinton. The lady had evidently once possessed striking beauty, but her face was now very pale, and it ever wore a shade of melancholy, and seldom beamed with a smile, save when the little girl came bounding to her parent's side, and then the mother would stoop to meet her caresses and return them with an impassioned warmth, that betrayed the existence of a tender and loving spirit. At first Mrs. Rosenberg's peculiar gracefulness and dignity of mien, attracted Mrs. Clinton's attention, for her neighbor certainly could boast that nobleness of carriage, which a queen might envy. The little one also, the beautiful and fairy-like little Mina, as she was called, soon won her notice, for Mrs. Clinton was extravagantly fond of children, and she resolved to become acquainted with both mother and child. The resolution was put in force, but as the reader may have gathered from Bertha's conversation, it was a total failure. Still despite the apparent hauteur of the stranger lady, and the repulse which her kind efforts met with, Mrs. Clinton's interest in Mrs. Rosenberg decreased not, for she felt, that it doubtless arose from motives such as the old nurse assigned. Day by day she still watched her neighbor, and as the weeks passed on, her increasing melancholy and apparent bodily weakness, the nature of which plainly betrayed itself in the painful hollow cough, that frequently racked her delicate frame, continued more than ever to call forth the sympathy and interest of Mrs. Clinton.

But Mrs. Rosenberg seemed perfectly indifferent to the circumstance, that she possessed so near a neighbor, and indeed quite averse to having the fact placed before her view. Her little girl appeared to be more sociably inclined, for one day she crept slyly through an aperture in the fence, that divided the two gardens, and softly approaching Mrs. Clinton, who was busy weeding a flower-bed, the little creature cast a shower of rose-buds in her lap, and then clapping her tiny little hands gleefully, while a sweet, ringing laugh burst from her lips, she bounded playfully and hastily away. This occurred but once, however. No effort at acquaintanceship was ever again manifested on the part of the child, which was as a matter of course attributed to the mother's counsel and influence.

Upon the day on which my story commences, Mrs. Clinton's reverie was at last interrupted in a very extraordinary and unexpected manner. She was startled from her musings by a succession of shrieks, as of some child in the most

poignant distress. Her first thought was for her little neighbor, Mina Rosenburg, and hastening to the door of her dwelling, she looked anxiously forth in the direction whence the sounds proceeded. Upon the grassy sod beneath the same cherry tree before alluded to by Bertha Esling, she now beheld Mrs. Rosenburg lying prostrate and apparently bereft of consciousness. The little Mina knelt by her side, weeping and wringing her hands, and from time to time giving utterance to those wild, piercing cries of anguish! Fearful lest the lady might be dying, and knowing that she was alone, Mrs. Clinton resolved to throw aside all prudential considerations and hasten to her aid. The next moment she stood beside Mrs. Rosenburg, endeavoring to soothe the child, and using every means in her power to restore the mother, who, she saw at a glance, had only fainted. Bertha, who had by this time discovered her mistress' absence from home, now came to her assistance, and the two managed to convey Mrs. Rosenburg into the cottage, where, after gently placing her upon a couch, Mrs. Clinton sent Bertha back again to her household duties, thinking it best to await by herself her neighbor's return to reason. Those earnest endeavors for her revival at length succeeded—and when little Mina saw the color slowly ebbing back to her mother's cheek, and heard the first faint sigh of returning consciousness, she cast her arms lovingly and thankfully around her new friend, overwhelming her with kisses and child-like exclamations of gratitude.

At first Mrs. Rosenburg seemed scarcely to comprehend her situation, but when she saw a stranger bending anxiously over her couch, the memory of her sudden illness flashed across her brain, and turning her face from the inquiring gaze, that rested upon it, in a feeble voice she called for Katrine.

"Katrine gone, Mamma," lisped Mina, in broken accents, raising herself on tiptoe to imprint a kiss upon the transparent hand of her parent, "but good lady—dear lady came to see my mamma."

It was an awkward moment for Mrs. Clinton, for she understood that simple, childish appeal to the invalid. Feeling that it was perhaps necessary to say something to justify her intrusion, in as few words as possible she related all that had passed, and at the conclusion she said, "your servant is still absent, madam, but as I know you to be averse to the society of strangers, if you think, that you can do without farther assistance, I will now leave you."

Mrs. Rosenburg had listened attentively while she uttered these words, with her dark and

strangely brilliant eyes riveted full upon the face of the speaker; and as Mrs. Clinton ceased, and turned to depart, she caught her hand, and pressing it to her lips, murmured, "do not go—stay with me!"

Surprised and affected, Mrs. Clinton again took a seat by the bedside. "Believe me, lady," she said soothingly, "I would gladly be your friend, while, at the same time, I know and appreciate your motives, in so long declining my proffered friendship—"

"Forgive me," interrupted her companion, feebly, "I now feel, that I have deeply injured you. When I first came to this village, I learned that there were many, who would fain have become acquainted with me, for the sole purpose of gleaning the history of my early days, and I wrongfully ranked you in that class. But never till to-day have I looked into your countenance, and I am now convinced that beneath that frank and noble exterior could not possibly lurk aught of those meannesses, whose atmosphere I have so dreaded. Often and eagerly have I longed for one true friend—and you—oh! tell me, will you indeed supply that longing?"

When Bertha Esling again entered Mrs. Rosenburg's cottage, to call her mistress to supper, she was somewhat surprised to find the invalid seated in an easy-chair, her hand resting affectionately in that of Mrs. Clinton, with whom she was conversing with ease and earnestness, while upon a low cushion at their feet sat little Mina.

During the brief period they had been together, each had completely won the confidence of the other, and when Mrs. Clinton related the tale of her trials, the tears of her companion flowed freely at the recital, while in return she gave her own sad history, of which it is here necessary to insert but a brief sketch.

Mrs. Rosenburg was the only daughter of the rich and influential Count Von Eigenheim, whose extensive possessions lay in the flourishing town of W——, in Germany. Her father died when she was little more than twelve years old, and his title and vast estates beyond reserve inherited by his son, his daughter was left dependent entirely upon the kindness of her brother. At the time of his parents' death, Karl Von Eigenheim had entered his twenty-fifth year, and he was in every respect the opposite of his generous and noble-hearted father. Sordid, avaricious, and narrow-minded in the extreme, he seemed never to have experienced the feelings and impulses of youth. From earliest childhood he had evinced a passion for hoarding; gold was his idol, and to attain it he would have made any sacrifice that the world could justify. And to

such a spirit was entrusted the guardianship of a young and beautiful sister!

Clemence Von Eigenheim grew up and became a lovely and loveable being. Her brother ever appeared to regard her with fondness, and he certainly was proud of her dazzling beauty—but alas! his love for her was only similar to that of a merchant for the goods contained in his warehouse; for while Count Von Eigenheim gazed with delight upon the glowing loveliness of Clemence, his thoughts ever reverted to the price which that beauty would bring, and he would exult over anticipations of the time, when he should be relieved of the burden of his sister's support, and when that sister should be led from her ancestral halls as the bride of him who could deck her brow with the rarest and most costly jewels. Clemence knew not of the projects that thronged her brother's mind—and society had not been adorned by her bright presence more than three months, ere her heart was given to one fully capable of valuing the gift. But alas! Gustorf Rosenberg had little wealth of his own to offer her, save the mild, true love with which he regarded her. A small estate was all that he possessed, and yet Clemence was perfectly willing to resign all worldly honors, and live in obscurity with the one her heart had chosen. When the first intelligence of her engagement reached him, Count Von Eigenheim became perfectly furious. He caused his sister to be locked within her own chamber, and declaring his intention of never giving his consent to her union with the one she loved, he bade her prepare, within a week to marry the Baron Steinwald, a man old enough to have been her father, but whose riches, in Karl Von Eigenheim's opinion, compensated for his defects. The result was, as might be expected. Clemence eloped with Gustorf Rosenberg; and to escape the wrath of her brother, which they both felt might, at the first opportunity, be visited upon them, Rosenberg sold his little property, and emigrated to the United States, where, in one of the principal cities, he engaged in mercantile pursuits. For several years they lived very happily, but misfortunes at last overtook them. Rosenberg was seized with a lingering fever, which terminated in consumption, and he died, leaving his wife and child to struggle through the world, alone and unprotected, and devoid of the means of maintenance. The death of her husband gave a shock to both the health and the spirits of Mrs. Rosenberg, from which she felt that she should never again fully recover. Her only wish was now for retirement, so she chose a residence in the secluded village of Cedarville,

while by the sale of some valuable jewels, which had been left her by her mother, she found herself in possession of a sum sufficient for her support for several months. She knew that she had not long to live—that the same disease, which carried her husband to the grave, was now gnawing also at her vitals: and though she feared not death, the thought that, at her decease, her little one would be left dependant upon the charity of a cold and heartless world, made her still cling eagerly to life.

From the day on which she received Mrs. Clinton as her friend, Mrs. Rosenberg grew rapidly worse, and when at last she consented to the entreaties of the former, that a physician should be called in, his instant decision that, ere another month, earth would no longer be her abode, threw her into a state of the deepest distress, for she could not bear the thought of leaving her darling child with none to watch over and care for her. But He who "tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb," and who is the never-failing friend of the widow and the father of the fatherless, had in the time of need raised up an earthly protector for the little Mina. In that hour of anguish, when the first prediction of her early doom reached the ear of Mrs. Rosenberg, a soft hand tenderly and sympathizingly clasped her's, and she heard a sweet voice say, "you must give your little one to me. I love her as my own already, and will gladly still love and watch over her, when her parent is no more."

A gleam of indescribable joy lit up the countenance of the mother, as she listened to those soothing sentences, and gratefully pressing the hand of Mrs. Clinton, she replied, "words may not tell, dear friend, how deeply I thank you for that blessed promise. With the assurance of a protection for my child, when I am gone, I am now ready and willing to die whenever my Maker shall see fit to summon me."

That summons came ere the month had quite drawn to a close. For a week preceding the death of Mrs. Rosenberg, there were constantly intervals when her mind wandered, and then her wild fancy revelled amid the scenery of her far-distant fatherland. Once more she would seem to roam her ancestral halls, a frolicsome, thoughtless child, the pet and pride of all; then reverting to the history of her early and condemned love, she would allude pathetically to the hour of her departure from her native land—to the time when she had looked her last upon the grey massive walls and moss-grown turrets of Eigenheim Castle, the home of her joyous childhood. And tears were in the eyes of all that listened, as they contrasted her early hours

with those she had latterly passed, while as they thought of the period, when, surrounded by worldly grandeur, she had willingly forsaken it to share the humble fortunes of Gustorf Rosenberg, their hearts were filled with admiration of that nobleness of soul which led the sufferer to set aside the temptations of wealth, and to look with coldness upon the glitter and pomp that might still have been her's.

THE CHILD ANGEL.

BY WILLIAM H. EGLE.

It was the holy vesper-hour, in the glowing Summer time,
 And the Sabbath bells were tolling with a soft melodious chime;
 All around there dwelt a quiet, and a calmness in the heart,
 And the joys of untold pleasure, which the smiles of home impart;
 While the cottagers were gathering from near and far away,
 To the Word of Life to listen, and to their God to pray.

Through the whispering trees of linden, stole the South winds soften'd breath,
 And crept gently in the chamber, where lurked the angel Death;
 Perfume sweet of wildwood flowers was borne upon the air—
 Incense for the young and gifted, and the beautiful and fair,
 Who were daily, hourly fading—passing from this weary strife
 To the blissful joys of Eden, and a blest, eternal life.

There aside the open window, a lovely being lay,
 Who was watching the departure of the golden orb of day,
 And as the last ray faded from her fond, enraptured sight,
 And the first eve-stars were glist'ning on the ebon walls of night,
 Here hope of life grew fainter, and her voice grew low and weak;
 Yet to her drooping mother, thus, at last, she strove to speak;

“It was a weary watch, mother, I kept alone last night,
 When star-gems gleam'd from off Night's brow with pure and radiant light;
 The 'milky way' was brighter than I'd ever seen before,
 Dimming the light of the fire-flies as they danced along the shore.

“And long, awake, I counted all the passing, restless hours,
 Then, watching, wrested the starry-gems into bright and pretty flow'rs—

A wreath of stars I twined for you, tho' you cannot have it now—
 When you shall meet me far above, 'twill crown your loving brow.

“And then I saw an angel come, down from the azure skies,
 Come near and sit beside me, gazing deep into mine eyes—
 He caught me by the hand, bade me not to fear, and smil'd—
 And stooping low he kissed me—sweetly kissed your darling child.

“And then he spoke so kindly of those golden climes away,
 Where darkness never cometh, but 'tis all one glorious day;
 And beseechingly he asked me, if I would not like to go
 With him unto his angel-home, and see its sunny glow.

“Oh, sister, come!” the angel said, “and go with me away,
 And you shall have a crown to wear, a golden harp to play;
 You, too, shall have the prettiest flow'rs that in those climes are found,
 For I shall search the fields of gold, and vallies fair around.

“Then come and go along with me—be always by my side,
 And I shall call you, sister dear, my lovely angel-bride!
 Oh! we shall live so pleasantly within our Heaven home,
 And sing God's praise forevermore—now, sister, won't you come?”

“Thus spake the angel, mother dear, and kissed again my brow,
 But I told him he again must come, that I could not leave you now,
 For you would sadly wonder where your wayward child had gone;
 And so he went away again, and I was left alone;

"He said that he once more would come, and that to-morrow's eve,
For he knew that if I left you then, your darling heart would grieve—

And so he's coming, mother dear, to-night, I know to-night,
To take me far away with him up to his home of light.

"You must not weep when I shall go unto the great afar,
Up with the holy angel in his brilliant, glowing car—
Then I shall be an angel, too, but oh, you must not grieve,
For I will come and visit you each holy Sabbath eve.

"Then who but father shall I see, dear sister Ellen, too,
And little Charlie, mother dear, all in yon Hear'n—
save you;
But you'll not tarry, mother dear, on weary earth too long,
And by and by you'll sing with me the great eternal song.

"Oh, mother dear, I'm going—life is ebbing quick and fast,

And I know that I must leave you, far I feel I'm near my last;

Oh! I see the angel coming—he is on the other side—
He's here to take me, mother dear, and claim me for his bride.

"Good-bye, my darling mother dear, good-bye—I'm going now,

For earth is growing dim and faint—the cold sweat's on my brow;

Good-bye, good-bye, dear mother, God will love you when I'm gone;

Down upon me light is gleaming, and I see the Holy One!"

Sadly gazed the stricken mother on her dying, cherish'd one—

Yet still on that Arm she trusted whom she'd "fixed her hopes upon"—

Calmly watched the lonely mother, tho' with tearful, heavy eyes,

As the spirit of her darling left the body for the skies—

Tho' the brow and lips were livid, she yet seemed as if she smiled,

And the mother knew her daughter was now an ANGEL-CHILD!

THE DOOMED MONARCH.

BY J. G. CHACE.

"WHAT ho! Bring forth the choicest wines,
The richest goblets rare,
The King himself will sup to-night
In richest regal fare.

"Bring forth those vessels that my sires
Took from the Temple's shrine;
In them my thousand lords must drink
The sparkling, flowing wine.

"We'll drink and praise the gods of gold,
Of silver, brass, and stone,
We'll drink to all these gods to-night,
No other gods we'll own."

But lo! the mighty "King of Kings,"
Has traced thy doom and fall,
Thy fate in fiery letters gleams
Upon your palace wall.

"What ho! come forth my wise men,
On ye I now must call—
Come! solve this strange enigma
Upon my banquet wall!"

The trembling monarch quakes in fear,
He views the mystic hand
No gods of silver, or of gold,
Those fingers can command.

"Come forth, ye wise astrologers,
Appease this wild appall,
I shudder as those fingers write
Upon my palace wall."

Vain man! no power on all the earth
On whom ye now would call,
Can ever solve those glittering words
Upon your palace wall!

But hold—a man (not of thy gods,
Nor worship by their power,)
Can solve this strange enigma,
And predict thy fated hour!

Ho, Daniel comes, he trusts in God,
The mighty God of all,
And solves the strange enigma
Upon the palace wall!

"Thy kingdom's finished," king of earth;
Thy power and strength are o'er;
To-night thou diest! and thy slaves
Shall crouch and quake no more.

That night Belshazzar "licked the dust,"
And groaned in utter pain;
A voice comes on the wailing winds,
"That King of earth is slain!"

THE WHITE HOUSE UNDER THE ELMS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50.

CHAPTER VI.

BUT Miss Humphreys—he was quite ashamed to find that she was still talking about the poets; that she had, in all probability been talking all the while that he had been observant only of what passed out there in the neighborhood of the light and cheerful figure. He would make up for it now, he resolved. He would listen to her; yes, indeed! she should see that he could listen, and with some life in him too! He no longer had lead in the place of arterial blood! He was a new man. What was Miss Humphreys' remark?

"Oh, I was saying that——"

That was all he heard; for a bird-like voice out in the hall was saying—"Davy has come! He came at noon. It was this that made me late."

"Has Squire Hurlbut, of the Plain, a son at Hanover?" inquired Frank of Singleton. He came too in the with the question, while Miss Humphreys was yet speaking to him.

"Yes; David, his oldest boy; a fine fellow."

Singleton could speak now; partly because he liked helping Miss Morse wind her silk floss; partly because, since Amy came, there was life and stir and comfortable talking in all the rooms. People left their chairs now, standing about, or sauntering from room to room; and had ease and grace in them. They went out into the hall to see what all that renewed chirruping among the girls meant.

"It means that Davy has come—Davy Hurlbut!" said pretty Mary Morgan.

"Ain't you gladder than a kitten, Lou? gladder than a hundred kittens?" asked Clarissa Jackson. She was standing by the rest. She pretended to sew; but, in truth, she only jumped and laughed a little in the midst of everything that was said; only put her cunning little foot out, pretending that she would trip Mrs. Humphreys, as she sailed along, and rejoiced and did mischief until she stabbed a finger with her fine needle. She made great ado about that; but it was only an extension of the fun.

"When he comes to our house, I shall hide his hat so that he can't go home," said she.

"He can't get over to your house, either, Cad; and then what?"

Cad didn't speak. She had not spoken since Davy's arrival was broached. She had had enough to do with her sewing, and with trying to swallow quietly the untold quantities of delight that kept rising in her throat. She didn't swallow them though. They sent a beautiful, rosy light to all her features, and, it even seemed, to her whole being.

Singleton still helped Miss Morse wind floss; a skein of blue they were winding now; the other was orange. They, at the same time, chatted and laughed about the old coat and the awry cravat Singleton wore. He always wore old coats, he liked them best; he wore them with positive glee when there was a little hole in the elbow. He always wore awry cravats, too, and smashed Kossuth hats; for, besides liking them best himself, Miss Morse liked them; liked to see him wearing them. She told him so with very sincere, very friendly eyes on his face; and he believed her. Merry Clarissa Jackson liked the old hat and coat. This was not of so much consequence to Singleton; still it was something; for Clarissa was a dear sort of girl. She loved Miss Morse, too; loved to cuddle close to her, once in a great while, and be quiet, and talk of serious things; she oftener chose to set the smashed hat in a jaunty way on her own bright hair; to catch hold of the bows of Singleton's cravat and pull it farther aside; or to run her little finger point into the hole at his elbow; and then throw her arms around the one she loved best, Amy, for a good laugh.

"Singleton!" called she, in the midst of the floss-winding "Singleton, come here. Come here, Miss Morse, good Miss Morse. I want to kiss you."

"Me? want to—want to kiss me?" asked Singleton, bustling, and throwing the floss from his hands with comical, admirably feigned haste. "I'm coming, Miss Clarissa."

"Ha! yes, and I want you to come. I've got a—I want to tell you something. Come here and stand by me and Amy."

They came, making their way amongst the

chairs and ladies that were so close. Miss Morse kissed her, Singleton twisted her fingers a little, when she would be shaking hands in a cool way.

"And now," said Clarissa, while spirited conversation and laughter went forward, "let me mend your coat. It's a shame! 'He has no wife to mend his clothes.'" She shaped her little patch of white, thin muslin, cut from the end of the cap-string he had been hemming; she moved him about until he was standing right before her; holding his arm right; and then she sewed the patch on, stabbing him outrageously, of course. She never came with a needle so near him or any genuine mirth-loving body, that she did not make start and show grimaces by stabbing him.

"Hazeltine, come out here where Miss Clarissa and I are; where it is cooler," said Singleton, rubbing a smart just given by Clarissa's needle.

Good! Don't you suppose Frank gave thanks? Indeed he did. Don't you suppose he had far-off-like determinations about how he would stand by Singleton and help him out of it, if he ever saw bears worrying him? Yes, indeed, he had, some where in his brain. For Miss Humphreys had just come to fill Miss Morse's corner of the *tete-a-tete*; she was just saying—"what a lovely day, isn't it?"

It was nothing to Amy that Frank was there; that only the balustrade, on which his hand lay, was between them; that he threw himself with living force and spirit into their jollity, and had the gayest, raciest humor of all; that, without a word to her, he took her worsted work up from her lap, held it in his hand and looked the buds and flowers over, talking busily, all the while, with the rest; or that, when she spoke, if he still had his face toward another, still looked the buds and flowers over, he seemed to listen for whatever she would say, seemed indeed to listen after she had done speaking; or, in point of fact, this *was* something, that he listened to her. It brought back a degree of the old annoyance that she had already felt many times since our gentleman began to cross her way. She liked to speak and act without premeditation; to feel as if she lay the words and the deeds upon the half indifferent, half friendly air, which after tossing them and dallying with them one little moment, would let them off into space; so that it would be, afterward, much as if the words had not been spoken, or the deeds performed. Frank ought to have seen this, skilled as he was in all manner of philosophical learning. He did not, however. And hence he was at a dead loss when he saw that she turned away from him a little, then a little more; and then, soon after, a little more;

that she pouted a little with a grieved expression intermingling; and that, pretty soon, she took up her work, said something about going to find her mother, and vanished without a word to those who tried to keep her.

To Frank this was a blow, an actual, hard blow—to his self-esteem, his love of approbation, and to certain other knightly qualities, right worthy of better usage. To the rest of the group it was loss of a goodly portion of vitality, as it were. Clarissa summarily packed her "duds," as she called her sewing implements, in her basket, and went after Amy to the back parlor. Singleton put his arm through Hazeltine's, and led him out into the yard amongst the flowers. But the sun was still venomous; the sandy walks, the dried borders, the yellow flowers seemed bristling in his beams; so that they were glad to make haste back to the hall; Singleton in the good-humor he appeared always to retain; Frank discomfited; discomfited the more that Miss Humphreys, erect and stiff in her heavy green and gold silk, stood there now with her arm through Miss Morse's arm, waiting to accuse them all together of desertion. The poor girl did her best to get something facetious and agreeable out of it; she did her best to make herself agreeable. Singleton bore it well enough; since he had Miss Morse close by; and perhaps he would have borne it well enough under any circumstances; because he was a winsome gentleman, who never had anything to say of honey or patience, but who yet was always gathering them, always laying up plentiful stores. Frank, on the other hand, knew by long pains-taking all the means and appliances of a rich and beautiful life. A part had come to him by reflection, a part by studying the philosophers and Jesus Christ; and he had sought the more earnestly to win them, because with his nerves that were so easily jarred and put out of tune, with his quick blood that went from heart to brain with such high impatience, he had sore need of them to help him to uniform manifestations of "patience, long-suffering and charity." They failed him sometimes, and in what we are accustomed to call "little matters," too, as we have seen. If the mood lasted until he felt that it had given hurt to his own spirit, or to another, with close self-upbraidings he called himself a dog! a baby! who could not bear annoyances so well as a baby could bear them. One good came abundantly to him from such experiences; the good that is the sole *legitimate* end of whatever suffering and disquiet we feel—renewed lowliness of heart, and faith, and love; in other words a diviner life.

CHAPTER VII.

"MR. HAZELTINE—Mr. Singleton," said Mrs. Humphreys, designating the places of those two gentlemen at table. They were near Miss Morse and Miss Humphreys' places, of course. Mrs. Humphreys' place was near, moreover; and Judge Humphreys! The Judge had come in now from the business that had kept him in court all the afternoon. The Judge! yes, indeed! and now would Mr. Hazeltine have tongue? salad? ham? Mr. Singleton—Mr. Singleton would have the goodness to make himself at home, and just help himself and Miss Morse; aye, and other ladies too who had empty plates. Mrs. Crane and Mrs. Jackson, would Mr. Singleton offer them ham, or whatever they would like? Mr. Hazeltine would certainly not refuse his wife's coffee; would certainly not refuse the salad. What did Mr. Hazeltine think of Swamscott? Which village did he think prettiest, East Swamscott, the Plain, or the Bridge? Would his daughter offer Mr. Hazeltine more cream for his coffee, or more sugar; he feared it was not agreeable.

Singleton—rare good fellow that he was—he heard all that was said with a still, good-humored relish; ate with a good relish and helped every body, even Frank. He helped him to bread, which the Judge had overlooked to the blank consternation of all the Humphreys.

"We must be a little more attentive to our guests," said the Judge, with a reproachful glance at his wife, and giving each word a place apart from its fellows.

Miss Humphreys said—"too bad!" and, as was seen by her quick looks of impatience, blamed both father and mother. Mrs. Humphreys colored, dropped her eyes and blamed herself.

Amy was at the lower end of the table, close by her mother's elbow. Afar off from Hazeltine; but he heard every sound of her voice. She knew that he did. She did not look at him; but she knew that his hands moved sluggishly, as if supper were a matter of secondary importance. It provoked her. She was glad that the Judge teased him; that all the Humphreys teased him with their devoirs. She hoped he would learn thereby to keep *his* devoirs away from others; or away from her who had no patience with them. She hoped he would, some way get entangled with the Humphreys, as if he were a green fly; that Judith Humphreys would one day, ere long, catch him and hold him, for life, as if she were a—oh, as if she were another fly; that was all. She laughed so merrily at the thought, she said such gay things to her mother, and to all who were near her, that Clarissa

Jackson said to her—"I must tell you, Amy Hurlbut, that I think you are a little crazy. Isn't she, Mrs. Hurlbut? Did you ever see her so wild before? Would she be so wild now, if she were not a little, the least in the world, crazy?" Mrs. Hurlbut knew, that, for some reason, her daughter had the nervous tumult; which, if she were alone, would find its truer expression in tears. She spoke to her in a quiet way, therefore, and said—"Amy, my child, Davy will soon come for us. He is to come early, you remember."

The mild voice, the glance of the mild eye stilled Amy. There was no longer outward laughter, or inward vexation.

Davy came. And when he came, he was surrounded, petted, and passed from hand to hand. Clarissa Jackson, who was his cousin, both on her father's and her mother's side, begged to just kiss the ends of his fingers; and she did. Miss Humphreys stepped forward, at this stage, to make a formal bow, to take his fingers and shake them a little, not with love, not with gladness; she had little genuine love, little genuine gladness in her at any time; she had this one intention, poor, vain child that she was!—to give all those young girls, and, above all, to give Hazeltine a chance to see her superior breeding, acquired during her year at Charleston Seminary, and her winter in Boston. She would show them that! She did; but Singleton said inwardly—"poor girl!" and half pitied her. Amy looked on in a still, thoughtful way, wondering why anybody in this world should take so much pains as Judith and all the Humphreys did, when there were vastly easier, vastly more becoming ways of getting along. She too half pitied Miss Humphreys; and wished that she could make herself more loveable, since she tried so hard. Amy was too young, she had looked too little upon life under its metaphysical aspects to know, in a positive way, this truth—that to try so hard was the sure method of defect. She had, however, the quick intuitions, the well-organized brain, in which the self-esteem inherited of her father, rightly counterpoised the love of approbation that came from her mother, and, above all, the sedative, the religious, the ennobling home influences, which Miss Humphreys had not, to serve her in the stead of experience and philosophy. She had had many little lessons like this from her mother; lessons which, coming in the hour of need, impressed her more than many a long sermon from the pulpit would do.

"Mother!" would Amy say, when she was a child, "I don't believe Cousin Clarissa likes me

one bit. She wouldn't sit with me to-day. She sat with Caddy Tracy, because she had on a new, pretty pink frock. I wish I had a new pink frock like Caddy's; and then Cousin Clarissa and all the girls would like me."

"My little daughter, that was a poor thought," replied Mrs. Hurlbut, drawing Amy up before her, and holding both her hands in her's. "Bright pink frocks must soon grow old. We must never depend at all upon bright pink frocks. We must never think of wearing them to make Cousin Clarissa, or any one like us. If Cousin Clarissa, or any one appears not to like us, we must not be distressed about that. We must keep quietly by ourselves, and look down into our hearts, our feelings, and see whether they are calm and right. We must see whether our hearts are so clear of everything that God dislikes, that He can dwell in them and love us dearly, and call us His children. This is all we need to do, my daughter. For if we love God and seek Him, 'all these things'—friendship, love, peace with our associates—'shall be added unto us.' But if we seek these first, forgetting God and letting Him go from us, we miss them and deserve to; for we are very weak, vain and wicked. Remember this, my daughter—love God; keep your heart so pure that it will be a fit dwelling-place for Him, all holy as He is; be gentle and loving toward everybody; and leave the rest to follow in its time."

Miss Humphreys never heard maternal advice like this; but of contrary influences she had a plenty. Mrs. Humphreys never indeed said—"do your best, Judith, dress your prettiest, speak your prettiest, to make people admire you;" but this was the covert inculcation of all her training; and we have seen how sad it was; how foolish and how little happy it had made her child.

CHAPTER VIII.

FRANK and Davy Hurlbut were downright glad to meet. They remembered each other at once, although they had had only a few hours together, and those nearly a year ago. But they were good hours—passed with other, congenial ones—hours filled up with sincerity and manly cheerfulness, so that they remembered them, and would remember them while they lived; would remember them with the more pleasure, the farther they went on in life, especially if they went on till they came to the down hill part, the decline.

Now Amy could bear that; could bear to stand apart and see what friendly, beaming looks went to and fro between the young men, and to hear them chatting and congratulating, as if they

would never know when to be done. She drew on her gloves quietly, as if that were her only concern, save speaking a few low words now and then to Cousin Clarissa, who held her bonnet and mantilla for her. But, in truth, it wasn't her only concern. On the contrary, her heart was leaping tumultuously, like a glad, young fawn; because she saw how well Frank liked her Brother Davy, and how well Davy liked Frank. This was all, best reader. Amy said to herself then and afterward—in her still chamber that night, when she found that the joy still clung to her—she said that it was solely on darling Davy's account; that she had certainly disliked Frank Hazeltine all along, and had had no patience with him.

"Yes, indeed! the reader knows that this was true. The reader believes, as Amy did, that the pleasure was all on Davy's account. Or perhaps the reader does not believe; and will not, without this intimation—that there was good and sufficient cause for Amy's impatience, for her so-called dislike; a cause which Amy knew, which the writer knows, but which the reader does not know; and must not, on any account, at this stage of our story; since, at this stage of the actual affairs, no one knew, Amy and one other alone excepted.

Frank and Davy, as they talked, came into that part of the room where Mrs. Hurlbut and Amy were standing. In what a glow was Davy! how proud and happy were his looks, as he turned them from Frank to his mother and sister, and from them to him! It was the ardent, the ambitious *young* man's gratitude and love toward the self-possessed elder, who was travelling the same road with him—the road that went up, up to the beautiful temple on the rugged hill, the temple called Knowledge—who had indeed traversed the whole way, back and forth; had taken rest in the temple more than once; and who now had the unassuming goodness to come back, and speak kindly to him and inspire him for the journey, as it were.

"You have been introduced to my mother and sister," said he to Frank; "but I wonder if you know how good they are. I wonder if you——" speaking to Mrs. Hurlbut and Amy, "know how good he is." They laughed heartily; and one could see it in every look and motion of Amy and Frank, that now the stiff barrier that had been between them was gone; gone, at least, for the time. Perhaps its secret cause, the mystery already alluded to, would again supervene; and then perhaps Amy would to go work busily, putting up a new barrier, ten times more impregnable than the old. But if that did come, it

would be tearful work for her; of that one might be sure.

"Have you been at our place?" pursued Davy.

"No."

"No? But you must come to-morrow. You see, Hazeltine, I know a path—you haven't found it, I know; no one finds it, it is so sly. But it is a wonderful path. We'll find more beauties and marvels than we would in going round the world by any other route; and, at last, we'll come to the thriestiest trout region that can be found any where."

Hazeltine's eye kindled.

"You will come?"

"Yes, thank you!"

"Come early. The morning is the best time. You will come early?"

"Very early; at eight."

"Thanks!"

Now Davy's eye went searching through the groups of ladies for something, or somebody. They had already started on the same search several times before, since he came. Amy knew that he was looking after Cad Tracy. She knew moreover that Cad, like a fluttering bird, had betaken herself, on Davy's arrival, to the wing of her mother, who, since supper, had kept her place near some good but unattractive women, the same that Mrs. Humphreys, as before mentioned, had bestowed in the farther corner of the back parlor, when they came. And there the dear girl should be, undisturbed, Amy thought. She should not meet Davy there in that large company, where were many already curious in her and Davy's affairs; already on the watch to see whether they would meet there; and if they

would, to see how they would meet. Amy would save her, she determined, as she herself would wish to be saved under like circumstances. She would hurry Davy away; he could far better go to Mr. Tracy's now, when the moon was shining.

"Come, Davy," said she, her hand on his arm.

He was accustomed to obey Amy's least word, her least touch. He looked back a little on his way through the hall; was a little thoughtful; until he too, as is probable, thought of the moonlight meeting. For he suddenly brightened. He gave lively good-bys on the right hand and on the left; pelted Cousin Clarissa a little with a white tulip broken at the gate, after she had pelted him *not* a little, first with a red tulip, then with capsules from which the leaves had fallen. He kept Hazeltine with him along to the carriage; and thus it happened, that, when Judge Humphreys, at his daughter's birth-day, hurried to help Amy into the carriage, Frank was beforehand with him, and placed Amy on her seat, in a way, as if she were a dowry feather and he a good breeze.

For the rest, Davy talked all the way home, of Hazeltine, of the evening spent with him at Hanover the last year—it was on the occasion of a reunion at the house of one of the professor's; after he reached home, when he was left a few minutes alone with Amy, he lay his hand on her shoulder, blushed deeply, and, at first, with a husky sort of whisper, talked of Cad Tracy; and afterward, in the early moonlight, he kissed his fingers at Amy, who had accompanied him a little way, and then hurried, that he might soon come to the little brown gate of the little brown house where the Tracys lived. (TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE OCEAN.

BY WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.

How loudly and fiercely the ocean waves play

That break on the beach and are gone,

Yet scarcely the foam of one wave dies away

Ere another as swiftly speeds on;

Forever, eternally, wave upon wave,

In rapid succession the silver sands lave.

Rare coral and shells are cast up by the brine,

And lie on the pure crystal sand;

With amber and pearls and bright sea-weed they shine,

All scatter'd along on the strand;

Yet jewels more precious lie buried below,

Whose beauty, whose value no mortal may know.

For diamonds, and rubies, and precious stones rare,

Are buried in Ocean's deep mine,

'Mid dark coral groves they still shed a faint glare,

Or the sea-monster's dwelling-place line;

With many a lovely and beautiful form,

That sunk 'neath the wave, and went down with the storm.

But when the last trumpet its summons shall sound,
Old Ocean will yield up the dead—

That ages beneath the cold waves have lain bound,

And whose bones have bleach'd white on its bed;

With many a fair one who there found a grave,

With sea-monsters under old Ocean's dark wave.

A FEW WORDS ON MARRIAGE.

BY E. J. TILT, M. D.

As marriage is a most important act of woman's life, it would be common place to enter into a lengthened discussion to prove how much her happiness depends on the cast of the matrimonial die; but so long as the satisfied affections of the heart have power to stimulate the whole frame to healthy action, or so long as the disordered action of the whole system is daily brought about by some canker preying on the inmost heart of woman, medicine suggests that there should be no abatement of the prudence generally used by parents before giving their sanction to so important a step.

Marriage should be emblematic of the union of mind to mind, and heart to heart. It is well to build matrimonial happiness on physical sympathy, better still on the sympathy of heart responding to heart; but the mental adaptation, and a similarity of views relative to the grand principles of action and the events of society, should also be taken into consideration; for the bodily perfections must fade, the ardor of affection may cool or be diverted into another channel, but the mind's fixity of purpose is more to be depended upon, its energies diminishing but slowly with increasing years. A marriage founded upon this mutual understanding has little chance of being wretched. Both parties ever finding the self-same mental beauty they once admired, and constantly deriving from each other the benefit of mutual interchange of thought, they live together as monitors; their two beings become indissolubly chained by habit; and they really form but one personality, though having, it is true, a masculine and a feminine side.

But although tied by the bands of love and mutual confidence, how different is the relative position of each sex in marriage. The one gives obedience to the dominion assumed by the other, as the only principle of government capable of ensuring the peace of the family; and though the word "obey" sounds harshly in the ears of those who often marry to be their own mistresses, the actions, and even the conversation of women, when that little word escapes their memory, show how readily they admit their state of subjection. When married, a woman cares not how much she obeys, provided she really *does* obey

her husband acting for himself, and not when he is made the tool of others. A man, therefore, should not marry unless he can keep a wife in comfort, be able to give her the first place in his affections, and direct her by his own judgment and knowledge of the world; for if, while affectionately wedded to a woman, his mind remains too strongly influenced by some relation or friend, conjugal happiness is compromised, even though the wife may have nothing to object to in the principles or position of her husband's leader.

The duties of the married state spring from a complete identification of heart and soul, from a love which, prompting self-sacrifice, suggests the necessity of mutual confidence. The wife, it is true, has nothing to do with the affairs of her husband before marriage, but when once she has accepted him it is his duty to confide so much of them to her as may enable both to trace out their future plans. Secrecy would otherwise place both in a false position; and if persisted in after marriage, the wife would soon perceive that there is something hidden, which she would brood over until doubt, suspicion, and fear would take away her peace of mind. Her open disposition would soon become tinged with her husband's secrecy, and fuel would be added to the flame if she perceived that instead of consulting her upon family matters, he relied fully on the advice of a friend, and implicitly followed it out, without asking her opinion, though she may be sufficiently clear-sighted to see that the friend, though well-intentioned, is ill measuring another by his own metre. Until conjugal confidence be established, there must be an end to happiness.

The bearing of each other's infirmities of mind and body scarcely needs, in a Christian country, to be enforced: still it is well to remind men that women are constitutionally more irritable, and therefore require to be spared, as much as possible, what might give rise to manifestations of temper. The general aim of wives is practically to convince their husbands how much happier they are married than when living in bachelor solitude, or when vainly roaming after happiness; for except domestic happiness, what does man gain by marriage? A great increase of expenses, of duties, and of cares, it is true; but his experience is not augmented, nor his importance

in society. Woman, on the contrary, acquires a social importance she could not otherwise attain—it gives to youth precedence of age, a premature experience—and an *aplomb* which often creates in our minds a surprise equal to the respect it commands. But while assuming the privilege of power, women should never forget the important duties they are called upon to fulfil. In civilized nations matrons give the tone to society; for the rules of morality are placed under their safeguard. They can try delinquents at their tribunal, expel the condemned from their circle, and thus maintain the virtue and the country of which it is the foundation; or they can, as in France in the eighteenth century, laugh down morality, throw incense to those who are most deserving of infamy, and, by the total subversion of all public virtue, lead to sixty years of revolution. Matrons have likewise a peculiar duty; they alone can effectually protect young unmarried women, can guide them through the intricate mazes of society—can teach them when to fear and when to be confident—and, above all, can impress upon them that even the weakest are not left unprotected, for they can use

"That noble grace which dashes
Brute violence with sudden adoration
And blank awe."

Such are the duties and the advantages of the married state; but for the happiness of many it should in some cases be delayed, in others forbidden altogether. Youth and sickness are the principal hygienic reasons for delaying marriage.

Our objections to early marriages would, it is true, often involve longer courtships; but if the health does not suffer, what harm is there in this? What harm to prolong the happiest time of life? With the heart settled on one pure object

of affection, women would have less temptation to flirt, and men would feel bound in honor to be chaste. "He who weddeth before he is wise shall die ere he thrives." The truth of this Spanish proverb will be obvious from what has been previously stated; for a girl, though marriageable long before twenty-one years of age, should, as Plato recommended, wait until that period before entering that state; for if married at sixteen or seventeen, she brings forth children before her own constitution has acquired its full strength, and thereby imperils her own and her offspring's health.

This precept seems to admit of little limitation from climate, for although it is now customary in India to let girls marry long before they have reached their full growth, still Sushruta, an ancient writer of great authority, says:—"If a man under twenty-five marries a woman under sixteen, and have a child born alive, it will either soon die, or be imbecile and weakly so long as he lives;" and turning from India to North America we find that the extinction of the Indian tribes is principally to be ascribed to the frequency of early marriages.

But besides this degeneration of the race, the cares and duties of a family leave a young mother neither time for the proper cultivation of the intellectual faculties on which so much of her happiness depends, nor allow of her learning the domestic knowledge to be taught by a mother after the school education is finished.

Let those who object to long courtships refuse to plight their daughter's faith before twenty-one, so that she may see a little of the world, and judge for herself whether her first admirer be really worthy of a wife's devotion. This plan will try the constancy of both parties; but how much better than for a girl to wed herself to unhappiness!

STANZAS.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

WEEP not for loved ones gone to rest,
Their sorrows all are ended,
And in the mansions of the blest,
Their songs are sweetly blended;
They roam that land of love and light,
That land of joy pervading,
Whence gently flows life's river bright,
Among sweet flowers unfading.

You could not wish them back again,
To tread life's pathway weary,
For sadness, sin and sorrow reign
On earth-land lone and dreary;
Then ever walk in wisdom's ways,
That you, with joy supernal,
May join with them in songs of praise,
To God—the Great Eternal.

JEANNE DE CLAIRMONT.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

I.

In an apartment, in the spacious hotel of Marshal d'Estiguy, toward the close of 1851, was a lady of doubtful age. She sat before a mirror, occupied attentively in giving the last touches to her toilet, and abusing her careless maid. Madame de Brissac belonged to that class of women, who have so long practised the arts of dissimulation, that they have succeeded finally almost in deceiving themselves. To say that her heart was cold, that her whole life was an intrigue, gives but a faint idea of her selfishness and perfidy. Yet her manners, like most Parisians of her rank, were polished, and even winning; while art had effected so much, not only to conceal the approach of age, but to heighten her charms, that she looked almost young and pretty.

Madame de Brissac had been, for two years, a guest in the hotel of Marshal d'Estiguy, of whom she was a distant connexion. The marshal was rich, gouty, and renowned, three things which gave him the right to be testy; but Madame de Brissac had resolved that he should marry her, notwithstanding his ill-humor. Her design had been so skilfully concealed, and her plans so adroitly carried out, that the marshal was actually on the point of proposing, when the arrival of his niece, the Countess de Clairmont, and her daughter, had diverted his thoughts and postponed his design. Perceiving this, Madame de Brissac, with consummate art, had determined to absent herself, for a while, from his parlor, in order that he might feel the loss of her daily gossip, as well as of the accustomed hand to place the cushion for his gouty feet. It was now the second day of this voluntary seclusion.

Suddenly, and just as Madame de Brissac had given the last touch of red to her cheek, a knock was heard at the door. Rising in alarm, and haetily shaking out her dress, she advanced to meet the intruder, a thin, lynx-eyed man, with hair slightly grizzled, the Baron des Tourbieres.

"Ah! baron," she exclaimed, putting on her best smiles, "it is an age since I saw you. How have you been? And how are our dear friends, the marshal, and his guests, especially the pretty Jeanne?"

The baron glanced around the room, and smiled

grimly before he replied; but whether at the open boxes on the toilet, or at this question, we cannot say. Madame saw both glance and smile, and bit her lip; for she felt that the baron was one of the few she could not deceive.

"The marshal," replied the baron, with his usual courtly bow, "has had one of his worst fits of gout."

"Poor man!" exclaimed madame, but her face brightened, for she saw, in this, the success of her scheme.

"The countess and her daughter," continued the baron, almost imperceptibly elevating his eyebrows, as he saw this, "are with him constantly, however; and the latter especially, the pretty Jeanne, as you well call her, seems to gain rapidly in his favor."

Consummate a dissimulator as Madame de Brissac was, she could not conceal her disappointment and rage at hearing this. She broke out angrily,

"Jeanne de Clairmont is a hypocrite," she said. Then, recollecting herself, she again bit her lip, and was silent. The baron, fixing his eyes on her, as if enjoying her torture, proceeded,

"I fear your ingenious absence is less felt than you thought it would be. The first day the marshal appeared delighted with his niece, yesterday he was enchanted with her, this morning he even talks of her marriage."

"She will not be easy to marry," replied madame, her face suddenly brightening, as if that one word had been a specific to recover her.

"Why so?"

"There is a certain story current concerning her—"

"Little Jeanne! What, already calumniated!"

"Poor girl, brought up with such negligence and levity."

"Negligence! Her mother has never quitted her for a single day."

"For a single day, perhaps not! But the story does not say that it was in the daytime."

"Jeanne embarked in a nocturnal adventure! What nonsense! At her age people sleep at nights; a serenade, a charivari would not awaken them. But have a care; if that charming young girl is continually at the marshal's side nursing

and amusing him, he will think no more of marrying you."

"That alarms me but little."

"Oh! what a mistake. In two days your place may be filled. An intelligent woman should never, my dear madame, run away from a man, unless he is able to run after her. The marshal will grow peevish at your absence, and become, in revenge, all the more enchanted with Jeanne. But I am not your dupe. You do not tell me all. You have another reason for remaining here."

Madame de Brissac, at these words, showed signs of embarrassment. "Well," she said, pettishly, "you have guessed aright. Yes! I have met a person whose presence makes me uneasy. The day before yesterday, I was going early, according to my custom, to visit my poor old—"

"That sort of thing is quite thrown away upon me—mere waste of time."

"What, sir! you do not believe that I went, the day before yesterday morning—"

"Oh! I believe that you went out early—very early. But I totally disbelieve in your visits to poor old men."

"You always turn my charity and piety into ridicule. But your Madame de Clairmont, whom you so greatly admire!—she is as devout and charitable as I am."

"Yes, but after another fashion. She is devout for herself; you are devout for others."

"She goes to mass every morning, as I do."

"She goes, but she never says, 'I have been.' Whilst you always say, 'I have been,' and I am not very sure that you go."

"Sir, this is becoming intolerable," said madame, rising indignantly, and, for a moment, almost choked with rage.

The baron saw he had gone a little too far. It was not his purpose to quarrel with Madame de Brissac, as he happened to be her debtor for twenty thousand francs, and was without the means, at present, of payment. Whether, indeed, he would ever have the means, was a question. Both madame and himself tacitly acted as if he never would, and was not even to be asked; she, by using him as a genteel spy and assistant in her plans, he by aiding her whenever he could. But though the baron hated her, in secret, all the more for his slavery to her, and could not resist taking revenge by tormenting her occasionally, as he had just now done, it was no part of his plan to push things to extremity. So he said, dropping his sneering tone,

"Nay! my dear madame, I mean no offence. Come, we know the world too well to quarrel about little things. You have obliged me with

a loan of twenty thousand francs, and promised to have me made a prefect, or receiver general, as soon as you are Madame la Marechale. Accordingly, you have but to command, and I will serve you; and as for your secret, which a chance betrayed to me—I will keep it."

"My secret!" exclaimed his listener, with an incredulous toss of the head.

The baron smiled one of his grim smiles again, as he replied, looking straight at his companion, whose eyes fell before his gaze. "Once for all, let us not try to deceive each other, for it would be useless. Your secret is that you gave Arthur a rendezvous in the Pavilion at Redcastle; at sound of the hunters' voices, Arthur, fearful of compromising you, leapt from the window—"

"Be silent!—be silent!"

"His gun went off—he fell bathed in his blood."

"Could I help him?"

"You need not have fled from the spot and left him there to die."

"Arthur!"

"You abandoned him to death, because to call for succor would have been to denounce yourself—because you are a prude, in short, and because—to a prude, the life of a man is as nothing compared to her own good fame."

"But I mourn him! I weep for his fate!" angrily retorted his companion. "Do you not see it?"

"And therefore I pity you. But, as you know, I am not the sole possessor of this secret. The bunch of heath, forgotten by you in the pavilion, served as an indication—"

"Yes—that fatal bouquet—doubtless some one had seen me gather it—and every year, on the anniversary of Arthur's death—"

"You receive a similar one. Next week, if I recollect correctly, completes the fifth year!"

"Who sends it to me?"

"Do you suspect any one? His mother, perhaps?"

"Lady Redcastle? No, she has never left Scotland."

"A friend of Arthur's? Had he not an intimate friend, a young Frenchman?"

"Yes; I told you, just now, that I had met somebody. It was he!"

"He! who?"

But, at this instant, there was a knock at the door, and, the maid entering, announced a new visitor, in whom the baron recognized Hector de Renneville, the young man whom he had heard, in confidence, the day before, that Jeanne de Clairmont was to marry.

Handsome, graceful, intelligent, rich and well

born, Hector was, indeed, one whom any girl might be proud to win; and the baron had not been surprised to notice, that, at mention of the young man's name, Jeanne had colored with evident delight; but he was astonished, on the present occasion, to see the embarrassed flutter with which Madame de Brissac welcomed him, notwithstanding her efforts to appear composed. "Ha!" said the baron to himself, "can it be possible she loves him also?" But he dismissed the idea almost immediately. Yet, for once, the baron was deceived by his fair accomplice. Madame de Brissac loved de Renneville passionately, and all the more passionately, because she had been forced to conceal her feelings. As yet she knew nothing of his engagement to Jeanne. But a playful remark by the baron, during the interview, intended by him to sound her feelings, as the suspicion of her love recurred again, revealed it to her; and she became almost livid with suppressed rage and jealousy, so that she could, with difficulty, control herself, till de Renneville, having exhausted the limits of his formal call, departed.

"Well," said the baron, as soon as the door had closed on the young man, "you don't seem to like it. Yet they will make a pretty pair! If the marshal should forget you, in the meantime, Jeanne will be heir to his vast wealth; and this handsome dandy will have made quite a speculation in his bride. Faith! I advise you to go and see the marshal at once. You are losing more than one point in the game."

With these cutting words, conveying a double meaning, the baron rose to leave. Madame de Brissac, unable to trust herself with words, haughtily inclined her head in adieu; but her eyes fairly flashed fire, on her visitor, as he left, bowing low even to mockery.

The countenance of the lady, during the next five minutes, would have been a study for either tragedian or painter. Jealousy, rage, hate and revenge were depicted, in succession, on her face. At last a look of gratified malice supplanted all others. She had evidently formed her plan.

"I have it," she said, with a smile of triumph, "General St. Iriex will be here to-day; for it is his morning to call. He is a pompous, meddling old fool, an old comrade of the Marquis de Renneville, Hector's father. I will drop, in the course of conversation, as if accidentally, an allusion to Jeanne's nocturnal adventure. He will catch at it, I know, for he has open ears always for gossip. I will affect to hate myself for being so imprudent, will tell him it is nothing, will say I could bite off my tongue. This will

only inflame his curiosity. He will insist on hearing all, and I will, with great reluctance apparently, rehearse the whole story, begging him to keep it secret as the grave, especially from the de Rennevilles, since the heir is to marry Mademoiselle de Clairmont. Before to-night, the marquis will have the whole tale: and that will break off the match, which will give me a double revenge."

II.

THERE was to be a grand dinner at Marshal d'Estiguy's, and the principal guests had already assembled in the saloon. Among them were the baron, Hector, and Madame de Brissac, the latter of whom, the day before, had taken the baron's advice, and renewed her visits to the parlor of the marshal. She was in high spirits, on this occasion, for, having descended to the saloon earlier than either the countess or Jeanne, and before any of the guests had arrived, she had found her host alone, and had so adroitly played on his vanity, that he had been brought to the very verge of a proposal. The explosion, which she was satisfied was about to occur respecting Jeanne, would, she believed, bring him to the point at their next interview. She sighed as she thought of Hector, but, notwithstanding her passion for the young man, she was too much a woman of the world to sacrifice rank and wealth to him. Besides she began to suspect he really loved Jeanne, and, at this reflection, she almost hated him, for the time. The fair Jeanne herself was not present. She had left the saloon, a few minutes before, blushing, yet happy, to bring a pearl necklace, her uncle's gift to the future Countess de Renneville.

"We wait only for the marquis, your father," said the marshal, turning to Hector. "Can any thing have happened? He is not usually late."

"I can't tell what keeps him," replied the son, walking to the window. "Ha! here comes his body servant, crossing to the entrance. Something must be the matter." And, with hurried steps, the young man left the room, to inquire in person.

He returned, almost immediately, with a letter, which he tendered, in some embarrassment to the marshal, saying, "my father excuses himself. He is well. It is unaccountable."

The marshal, always irascible, puckered his shaggy brow at these words, hastily tore off the envelope, and began to read.

"What!" he exclaimed, with an oath, almost at the first word. "Begs to decline—for himself and son—all connexion even with the family. Mademoiselle de Clairmont can explain all. A

midnight rendezvous—*sacre dieu*," he burst forth, rising, and flinging down the letter, while he looked around for Jeanne, forgetting, in his rage, the errand he had sent her on, "what does all this mean? Where is this gipsy? Madame la Comtesse," and he turned stiffly to his niece, "your daughter has made pretty work of it. Read that!"

He kicked, with his foot, the open letter, which the countess, pale and trembling, stooped and picked up. It contained, as Madame de Brissac well knew, though she looked on with admirably affected surprise, the story she had herself rehearsed to General St. Iriex, and which had gone straight to the marquis.

"It is absurd," said the countess, contemptuously, when she had finished perusing the letter. "My child is innocent, I will stake my life on it."

"What is it?" cried Hector, advancing eagerly to her. "Do you speak of Jeanne? Innocent? Who dares charge her?"

His agitation, not less than his defiant assertion of Jeanne's innocence, convinced Madame de Brissac that he loved her rival. She looked away from him, meeting the glance of the baron, which said, "this is your work." Unwilling to encounter that gaze, she walked up to the marshal, who was fuming aside, and blandly and dexterously began to soothe him, though taking care not to moderate his passion at Jeanne.

Meantime Hector had taken his father's letter from the countess, and read it through. "It is false!" he said, when he concluded. The mother, who had been eagerly watching his face, clasped her hands at these words, her eyes looking the gratitude and joy she was too agitated to speak.

"False," exclaimed the marshal, with another oath, and something like a sneer, "do you think your father and me, two old fools——"

"Hush!" said Madame de Brissac, in her gentlest tones, "our dear Jeanne will soon be here. Marshal, pray avoid a scene; you know such things make your gout worse."

"Confound the gout!" growled the old soldier. "No! confound the hypocritical gipsies, that cheat one with their downcast eyes——"

"Nay! nay!" said Madame de Brissac, laying her hand playfully on his mouth. "Not a word more. Let us go to dinner in peace, and afterward, if as Jeanne's guardian, you wish to inquire into this matter, you can do so, you know. To say nothing else, it is really, my dear marshal, as you must see, not quite the thing to agitate such an affair in my presence," and she looked down modestly, letting her lashes droop over her eyes, so that the marshal grew heartily ashamed of himself.

The countess, though she instinctively disliked Madame de Brissac, felt grateful to her for this proposal, as the idea of having Jeanne arraigned, in so public a manner, was inexpressibly shocking to her. She hurriedly protested, therefore, against a word being said to her daughter at present: and in this Hector sided with her. "Well, well," replied the marshal, thus over-ruled, "have your own way; but to-morrow I'll settle the business, and in few words, I can tell you all. Jeanne goes to a convent, and——"

But his words were cut short, by the opening of the door, and the entrance of Mademoiselle de Clairmont herself, so he finished by a glance at Madame de Brissac, which was as tender as he was capable of, and which assured her of a complete and speedy triumph.

How shall we describe the sweet girl who now entered the room! Jeanne de Clairmont was like a delicate white rose, blooming in its first purity and loveliness. One could not look at her, and believe that even the thought of guilt had ever crossed her mind. Her dove-like eyes, and the ingenuous blush upon her cheek, made even the worldly baron feel a pang of remorse that she was to be the victim of Madame de Brissac. Her dress was faultless, and admirably fitted to her perfect shape; yet it was simple in the extreme. As she tripped lightly across the room, feeling that every eye was on her, and sought refuge with her mother, she looked the very personification of modest innocence. Her lover, for one, needed nothing more to prove that she was traduced. The pearls, for which she had been sent, shone on her fair throat, and Jeanne, observing Hector's eyes fixed on her, fancied he was looking at them, and recollecting the event for which they were destined, she crimsoned with conscious love, and avoided his eye with maidenly reserve.

The dinner, in spite of the efforts of Madame de Brissac, seconded by the baron, passed off stiffly. Jeanne, who felt the uncomfatableness of all around, wondered what was the matter, and often looked inquiringly at her mother. The guests departed, almost immediately after the meal; and, simultaneously with the exit of the last, the marshal announced his intention of retiring. The young girl, left alone with her mother, longed, but dared not, ask what was the matter; and, before she could muster courage, her mother kissed her, bade her good night, and left her to her own thoughts, and to foreboding tears, in which the parent, in her distant chamber, shared.

For, prior to retiring finally, and after leaving Jeanne, the countess had sought an interview

with her uncle, hoping to persuade him that the accusation was a slander. But the marshal was inexorable. She told him she had sent for the gardener, who was said to have witnessed the midnight interview; but he only sneered at this, and repeated his resolution to send Jeanne to a convent, in order to hide the disgrace to his house. The mother, roused at this, sternly opposed the design. A stormy scene ensued. Finally the marshal angrily ordered his niece to leave the house on the following day, and, as a last taunt, informed her of his intended marriage to Madame de Brissac. "She is the only one who really cares for me," he said, "I have none left but her."

While these things were passing in one apartment of the hotel, Madame de Brissac, in another, was congratulating herself on having finally reached the goal of her ambition. The tender pressure of the hand, with which the marshal had parted from her, and the whisper in which he had solicited the honor of a private interview with her in the morning, accompanied by its meaning look, left no doubt on her mind that her victory was assured. She sat before her glass, for more than an hour, slowly preparing her toilet for the night, and smiling, in conscious triumph, at having so skilfully, at one stroke, secured the marshal, revenged herself on her rival, and punished Hector for preferring to herself, "a raw girl," as she contemptuously called Jeanne.

In another apartment, of another hotel, still another scene was going on. The baron, though worldly, was not entirely heartless; we have seen how he pitied our heroine; and, on the dinner party breaking up, he had taken a sudden resolution. "This Madame de Brissac's conduct is frightful, after all," he said to himself. "I am not quite a villain, and cannot see that poor child sacrificed. But then the twenty thousand francs? Ah! there's the difficulty." He walked on, pondering for a while; and then suddenly exclaimed, "ah! I have it. Young de Renneville would give that sum, I am sure, to see Mademoiselle de Clairmont cleared. I am sure she is innocent, for I know women, and no guilty one could look like she looks. I will propose to her lover, to produce, for that amount, evidence of her innocence. I will myself go down to Blois. The deuce is in it," the baron was a decorous rascal, and rarely swore, only indeed in the very highest excitement, "the deuce in it, if I can't win my money, ease my conscience, and exculpate that dear, injured girl all in one."

Accordingly, retracing his steps, the baron followed Hector, rapidly, in the direction of the

de Renneville Hotel, and overtook him just as he was entering the portal. The two were soon closeted together. The lover eagerly closed with the proposition of the baron, with many expressions of gratitude, in his joy and eagerness not stopping to think what a precious scamp he was dealing with, who sold even his good actions for a price, and played the traitor at that.

III.

THE day following these events, the marshal made his formal proposal for the hand of Madame de Brissac. The marriage was arranged to come off within the week; the pair were to take up their abode, for a while, at a country-seat belonging to the marshal; and, in the winter, they were to return to Paris, where the bride promised herself full compensation for all she had endured in bringing her plot to a favorable issue.

On the same day, the countess left her uncle's hotel, to the increased wonder of her daughter, who knew now that something serious was the matter. Jeanne even mustered courage to inquire what it was, but the mother evaded an answer, and as Hector still continued to visit them, and it could be nothing respecting him, as the poor girl had feared at first, she gradually began to recover her spirits, and to persuade herself that some slight quarrel between her parent and uncle, soon perhaps to be adjusted, was the cause of the stiffness at the dinner, and the subsequent removal.

Hector, we have said, still continued to visit the Clairmonts, because he firmly believed in Jeanne's innocence, and was resolved not to give her up till her guilt was clearly proved. He anxiously awaited the arrival of Leonard, the gardener. Accordingly, on receiving a hasty note, one day, from the countess, announcing that he had come, the lover hurried at once to the apartments of the Clairmonts. He found the countess alone, the very picture of anxiety.

"I have sent my daughter out of the way," she said, with a nervousness she could not conceal, "and I have refrained from speaking a word to Leonard till your arrival, for it is your right, if he substantiates this horrid story," and the speaker clutched her hands unconsciously, "to know all, and not to have a peffured tale, prepared beforehand, rehearsed to you."

The gardener was then introduced. He entered with an unwillingness that could not be concealed. He avoided looking at the countess; seemed to suffer positive mental pain; and frequently glanced imploringly at Hector, as if mutely soliciting to be dismissed unquestioned. These signs struck a chill to the heart of the

lover, who knowing that Leonard had been in the Clairmont family for twenty years, and was attached to it warmly, saw, in them, unexpected confirmations of the dreadful tale.

The countess also observed this conduct. Her face became livid with terrible fears; but nevertheless she braced herself for the task before her; and, after a few preliminary questions, in which Leonard showed his evident wish to avoid confessing what he knew, forced him to speak out.

"Since you say I must tell the truth, or lose my place," he replied, at last, "why, I cannot but do as you bid me. A poor man, like me, with a family to support," he continued, glancing apologetically at Hector, "has no choice. Well then, it was in the month of August, a year ago, in the night of the twenty-seventh to the twenty-eighth; I had gone to bed early, for I was to rise before daybreak. Madame la Comtesse was then very ill, and I had a prescription to take to the apothecary at Menars, madame not having confidence in the one at Blois, who, nevertheless, is a very honest man. At about three o'clock I was startled out of my sleep; there was a noise, the great dog was barking. 'All the better,' said I to myself, 'I shall be the sooner ready to set off?' I got up, took my gun, and went to see what was the matter. I slipped behind the shrubbery—I listened—I heard nothing more; then I looked out and saw a white dress crossing a streak of moonlight on the broad walk; I soon recognized mademoiselle's pretty figure; there are none like her for that. I was quite frightened to see her in the garden at that hour; I thought some misfortune had happened, that she had lost her senses; I was going to run after her, when I observed that she was not alone, and that, instead of showing uneasiness or agitation, she was walking cautiously, mysteriously, like a person who had all her reason, and did not wish to be seen. I stood still and tried to make out who was with her. It was difficult, on account of the clumps of dahlias, and of the tall asters, which prevented my getting a good view of him. I made out that it was a young man. At first I had thought, I had hoped, it was the doctor, 'what a fool I am!' said I to myself. 'It is M. Lhomond, who has passed the night beside madame's sick bed, and Madame Jeanne is letting him out by the little garden-gate, so as not to awaken the whole house by opening the large window of the ante-chamber, which is so hard to shut.' So I hurried after them, to ask the doctor himself how his patient was getting on, and if I was still to take the prescription to Menars. But, dear me, when I got near it was

not the doctor at all. M. Lhomond is a short, thick-set man, and this was a tall young man—impossible to mistake one for the other. Still, I had such difficulty in believing what I saw, that I hit upon another invention; I said to myself—'it is a pupil of the doctor's, whom he has left to watch madame, for fear of accidents, and mademoiselle is letting him out. But—but—it is not in that manner that one walks with a stranger—a young girl does not treat in that manner a young man whom she sees for the first time—does not.' Madame la Comtesse, do not ask me anything more."

"Leonard, speak," cried the mother, in agony, "I must know everything."

"But, madame—*mon Dieu!* it blisters my tongue to denounce the poor child whom I have seen playing in the garden since she was such a little thing, and whom I loved, craving your pardon, Madame la Comtesse, as if she had been my own daughter. Oh! I love her still—I cannot help loving her; but since that day she does not seem to me like the same—"

"Leonard, my dear Leonard!" exclaimed the countess, whose distress was shown by the great drops of perspiration on her face, "you see what anguish is mine—speak—"

"Ah! madame will suffer still more when I tell her all—and to give her pain, to cause her so much sorrow, when she has always been so good to me, when I owe her everything—it cuts me to the heart."

The countess, at these words, rose irritated from her seat. "Think not of me," she said, "Leonard—I must avert new dangers. Speak, I have courage."

"Ah, Madame la Comtesse, a mother has never courage enough for these things."

"But—perhaps you were in the right, perhaps a pupil of Dr. Lhomond's watched beside me that night, and Jeanne, in the effusion of her gratitude, pressed his hands as she might do those of a friend—"

"Oh! that—I should have understood that! But she was not only affectionate, she was—familiar, tender—caressing; she leaned upon his shoulder, she fondled him—how shall I say—just as my wife does when I go home, or when she bids me good-bye. Ah! I make no mistake, one must love people very much indeed to fondle them in that way."

Suffocating with emotion, she cried, "but—he—"

"From the place where I was I could not see him well. Wishing to get a nearer sight of him, when I heard Mademoiselle Jeanne open the garden-window, I jumped over the wall to catch

my man as he passed through the meadow. There, accordingly, I found him, and on recognizing M. Charles Valleray, our prefect's son, I understood everything. I knew that Madame la Marquise had never received him at her house, on account of his political opinions; and I perfectly understood that if the young people loved each other they could meet only in secret, since their parents would not allow them to love each other otherwise. What made me most uneasy was the thought that perhaps I was not the only person who had seen them, and I hastened back into the garden. At the same moment I heard the noise of a window shut. It was in the direction of the Hotel de France, to the left, near the great poplar. That window shut, at such an hour, has always made me uneasy. And so, thinking that this adventure would sooner or later be known and talked of, I asked madame to allow me to leave her service, so as to be out of the way when the thing should be brought up. I don't know how to lie, and that secret weighed heavy on my mind. Nothing less than the orders and entreaties of Madame la Comtesse should have induced me to speak against mademoiselle. I have obeyed with great regret; but—in short, you know all the truth. I hope Madame la Comtesse will forgive me."

He wiped his eyes as he concluded. The mother, sunk in her seat, her face buried in her hands, could not dismiss him. This was left for Hector, who, with a waive of his hand, bade the gardener go. The noise of the closing door in part roused the countess, who burst into a passion of grief. After a while she looked up.

"Oh!" she cried, sobbing between almost every word, "pity me. Leonard has spoken truth. Jeanne is lost, lost forever, how can I call her daughter any more. She is the victim of an unprincipled villain—he has been humbled by my proud mother—and he has thus sought to avenge himself. Go, de Renneville, forget—forget—"

The almost heart-broken mother could say no more. Again sobs choked her. Again she buried her face, shuddering, in her hands, as if even she dared not look on the injured Hector.

But the young man, tenderly approaching her, gently removed the hands from her face. Though startled by the straight-forward, and evidently honest story of the gardener, his confidence in Jeanne was not shaken, for a moment. He felt assured that there was some inexplicable mistake in the affair, which she only could clear up; and he now said this, refusing to surrender his engagement, and entreating that Mademoiselle de Clairmont might be sent for.

The mother's face brightened at his words. Confidence returned, in part, to her also. She looked up through her tears, stifled her sobs, and asked earnestly,

"Do you believe what you say? Do you really think her innocent?"

"I do, I do!" earnestly replied Hector. "Only send for her, and she will clear all up."

The countess, as if a new life had been given to her, rose up at these words, crossed the room, and rang the bell for her daughter.

IV.

"But how can I question her?" suddenly said the countess, turning deadly pale. "I would not—I know not—what questions to put to her," she continued, falteringly, "I fear to enlighten her."

In spite of his confidence, a vague doubt had, nevertheless, lurked at the bottom of Hector's heart. Reason had whispered to him that if the mother believed in the daughter's guilt, he was infatuated to discredit it. But these words showed that, in reality, the countess secretly had faith in her daughter's purity, and had only said otherwise, in consequence of a high sense of honor, and to give Hector entire freedom to withdraw, if he wished.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, joyfully, every shadow of a suspicion now removed, "you don't think her guilty yourself. Thank God!"

He had scarcely spoken, when the door opened, and the innocent girl herself glided in. Jeanne, at the first glance, saw that both her lover and mother had been agitated; the joyous smile, which had lit up her face, died away: she looked anxiously from one to the other, and finally took her place silently, with downcast eyes, at her parent's side.

The countess knew not how to begin the conversation. But she felt that every moment only increased the mutual embarrassment of all parties, and, therefore, in a few words, she led the way directly to the subject. At the name of Charles Valleray Jeanne started in evident embarrassment. Hector, for the first time, now began seriously to credit the tale. His look of agony was indescribable, and the countess, fearfully glancing toward him, and perceiving it, had her own returning fears strengthened; and could scarcely restrain a burst of sorrow. As the cross-questioning went on, for it now became that, the mother suffered too much agony to employ her former tact, and the admissions, reserve, and confession of Jeanne, destroyed, answer by answer, the lingering hopes of her listeners. Mademoiselle de Clairmont did not deny that

she had been in the garden with M. Valleray. She had not told her mother of it, she said, because that would have been wrong: she had promised to keep the secret. She confessed, in reply to a direct question, that he had lavished caresses on her hand, and kissed it, but nothing more: and this she acknowledged hesitatingly, with many blushes, in a whisper almost inaudible. Hector heard all this with feelings indescribable. He walked to the window; then hastily returned; and, perceiving that the countess could scarcely control herself, he approached her, and whispered, mastering his own emotion, as he pointed to Jeanne, who stood apart, trembling, and leaning against a table, pale as death.

"Restrain yourself, look at her. See how sure of herself she is." Then, observing the quick, eager glance, which the poor girl, like a frightened fawn, shot at him, he attempted to smile, and continued, addressing Jeanne, "come, mademoiselle, tell us how it was you treated that handsome young man so well."

These words seemed to flash suddenly a new light on the hitherto puzzled, alarmed, and trembling girl. She looked up, with a bright sparkle in her eye, and said earnestly,

"Ah! the jealous man. Mamma, I will explain it all to you; it is very simple. I wanted to prevent—but, no, I will tell you the story from the beginning. I have already told you it was on the twenty-eighth of August; for three weeks my mother had been dangerously ill—oh! very ill indeed—and for two days she had been delirious, and knew none of us. She had great glittering eyes, which fixed on nothing; and, when I went near her, 'begone, begone!' she cried, with a frantic air, 'your presence is hateful to me!' She said that to me—to me! Only think how ill she must have been! All about her despaired of her life. I saw them lifting their hands to heaven and speaking in whispers, when I was there; and then they looked at me, and 'poor child!' I heard them say. Oh! it was dreadful. At last, toward the evening of that day, she grew a little calmer, and the doctor—who saved her—told us, that if that calm lasted—if the patient could but sleep for three or four hours, he answered for her life. After so many days of despair, this word of hope restored to us all our courage. M. Lhomond went away, and soon after his departure mamma sank into a sweet sleep. Then, without speaking, almost without daring to breathe we three—old Theresa, Fanny, and I—prepared to pass the night. Theresa established herself in a comfortable easy-chair; Fanny, who had already sat up with mamma for a whole fortnight, and who has never recovered

from the fatigue, as soon as mamma got better, she fell ill, and was obliged to leave us. She came to see us the other day; she is going to—"

"Never mind Fanny!" cried her mother. "Go on, and quickly."

"Fanny lay down upon her bed, and I knelt down to pray. Oh! how I prayed that night! I was not inattentive, as sometimes at mass; there was no fear of that! The silence was so profound that one heard nothing but the ticking of the clock; then it occurred to me that the hour would soon strike, and that the sudden sound, in that great stillness, might awaken the patient. I got up, and, walking on tiptoe, I went to the chimney-piece and stopped the clock. I had hardly done this, when I heard Cæsar, the great watch-dog, barking like a mad creature at the bottom of the garden. The noise was still distant, but I heard it coming nearer—coming nearer. Oh, good heavens! I thought, he will come and bark under mamma's windows—she will awake, and all this good sleep will be lost. Without reflecting on what I did, I took a little lamp that was on the table—I looked at Theresa—she had heard nothing; besides, Cæsar does not like her, and would not have listened to her—and I ran down stairs. It did occur to me that thieves might perhaps be there; but I did not feel afraid. Oh! I am not at all a coward! I opened the door, and what did I see upon the terrace? That wicked Cæsar, with a tall young man fast in his grip! As long as he kept his hold there was no danger, he did not bark; but the young man had a thick cane, and beat him hard, and I saw that Cæsar was likely to let go. It is then he would have howled and awakened the whole house. There was not a minute to lose. So I went up to M. Valleray—it was he—and I said to him, 'take my hand, sir; quick, and be very friendly with me.' M. Valleray at once understood that I came to help him; he seized my hand, and then I spoke to him very kindly—caressing him like this—(with a quick movement she took Hector's hand, and leaned upon his shoulder, then became confused, and went away from him.) With you, I do not dare; how strange! You, mamma—(she placed her hand on her mother's shoulder, and caressed her.) Like this, saying: 'This good M. Charles Valleray, I know him; he is a friend of ours—we like him very much—you must not hurt him, or bark at him. Cæsar, don't be angry—you see very well it is a friend.' In short, all manner of nonsense, which must have made a great impression upon Cæsar's mind, for at last he quietly released the poor young man. I fetched the key of the little

garden-gate, to which I accompanied M. Valleray, holding his hand all the way very affectionately, because that naughty Cesar still looked excessively out of humor, and I distrusted him. Then I hastened back to the house. Oh! how uneasy I was as I went up stairs! I trembled lest I should hear your voice, and find you awakened. I went very gently into your room! I approached your bed—oh, mamma! what a happy moment was that! God had had compassion upon me—you were still asleep."

The joy of the listeners, at these words, could be no longer restrained. Hector seized both the hands of the countess, who burst into tears, and fell on his neck; while the amazed, and artless girl, pausing in her narration, gazed at them, and said to herself, "well, what is the matter with them."

"Nothing, nothing," said Hector, overhearing her, and embarrassed, seeking a pretext, "only Charles Valleray is an old school-fellow of mine—you saved him."

"He told me I had. He—the prefect's son—had been at the meeting of a secret society. If he had been caught, he was lost."

"But how had he come into our garden?" cried the mother.

"He had jumped out of the window of the Hotel de France."

"Yes, yes; everything explains itself! That window that they shut," cried Hector, "there is no longer a doubt."

"Dear child," cried the countess, snatching Jeanne to her arms, and, without another word, clasping the sweet girl as if she would never let go, and weeping in a perfect ecstasy of joy, gratitude, and maternal love.

V.

MADAME DE BRISSAC was already in the marshal's saloon, attired as a bride, and waiting only for the civil marriage to be completed, by the arrival of the notary, when a carriage drove up, and Hector, accompanied by the countess, his father, and General St. Iriex, entered. The sudden appearance of these guests, whom he had not invited to the ceremony, surprised the marshal, who looked from them to his bride elect, and from her to them, silently seeking an explanation.

Hector, though not entirely ignorant of Madame de Brissac's character, had never suspected her connexion with the slander upon Jeanne, until after the latter's artless confession. All at once, however, the truth flashed upon him. He left the countess immediately and hurried to his father. For the first time, he now demanded the authority of the latter, for the story respecting

Mademoiselle de Clairmont. Since the dinner at the marshal's, the son had avoided conversation with his parent, on the subject of Jeanne, Hector wishing to wait until her guilt or innocence was established. But now he recounted all which he had heard, and succeeded in convincing the marquis, as he had himself been convinced. The two then went to General St. Iriex, who, after some hesitation, admitted that Hector's suspicion was correct, and that Madame de Brissac had put the tale into circulation, evidently, as it now appeared, to disinherit Jeanne, and secure the marshal's fortune, as well as hand, for herself. The three gentlemen had subsequently returned for the countess, before driving to the Hotel d'Estiguy, in order that all the witnesses might be present at the exposure of Madame de Brissac. Their astonishment at finding the marriage ceremony all but completed, was not less than that of the marshal at their unsolicited, and inopportune presence.

Hector was the first to speak. Producing a bouquet of heath, which, to the perplexity of his companions, he had purchased on the way, he walked directly up to Madame de Brissac, and tendered it to her, with a low bow. To the amazement of all, this self-collected woman started, uttered a half scream, and letting the bouquet drop, as if it was poison, stared on the giver, with ashy cheeks and eyes of horror.

"It is the fifth time I have had the honor to present you a bunch of heath," said Hector, pitilessly. "Four times I sent it: now I bring it in person. Madame, your best cards are all played," he added, ironically. "Will you give up the game, and retire, or brave it out?"

But though Madame de Brissac had recognized, by the bouquet, that Hector was cognizant of the death of Arthur; that he possessed the secret, which she had believed no one, in France, but the baron knew; and that she was in his power; and though, in consequence, she had lost her self-possession;—yet it was not long before her consummate hardihood, and the remembrance of the stake for which she was playing, brought her back to herself. She answered the speaker, therefore, with haughty scorn.

"If monsieur means, as I presume, to insult me, he doubtless remembers that, as I am a lady, he can do it without fear of being called to account." But she looked to the marshal as she spoke.

"Gentlemen," said the latter, thus appealed to, his astonishment rising to wrath, "I don't know what gives me the honor of your company. But this lady is about to become my wife, and any slight to her is an insult to me—"

"Your pardon, marshal," interrupted Hector, who still continued spokesman. "We have no desire to insult madame, but only wish her to retract a false tale, which she has put in circulation, respecting Mademoiselle de Clairmont." And, without waiting to ask for permission, Hector proceeded to rehearse the vindication of Jeanne, and to state Madame de Brissac's connexion with the slander.

"I would have spared you this," he said, in conclusion, turning to the bride elect, "but you would not accept mercy, madame. I will spare you what is worse, if you will even now confess."

For a moment Madame de Brissac looked at the marshal, but perceiving that he was still, notwithstanding Hector's story, and the corroboration of General St. Iriex, irresolute, she resolved to continue to confront her foes, hoping yet to triumph, and believing the last words of Hector but a threat.

Her only answer, therefore, was a contemptuous smile, and a movement toward the marshal, as if to claim his protection from further insult.

"Well then," said Hector, looking at his father, who stepped to the door, "let me introduce a gentleman, who arrived from Blois only an hour ago, and who knows more of this matter, the Baron des Tourbieres."

As he spoke the baron entered. Madame de Brissac looked thunder-struck, but evidently was still ignorant of what was coming. Hector continued,

"The baron brings proof what window it was, in the hotel, which the gardener heard shut on the night of the twenty-seventh of August. That window, it seems, is in convenient proximity to the branches of a lofty tree in the Countess de Clairmont's garden. The register of the hotel, of which we have here an attested copy," and taking the document from the baron, he unfolded it at length, "shows that, on the night in question, that room was occupied by Madame de Brissac. She then, it seems, is the really guilty party:—and hence too her knowledge of the midnight interview."

As he finished, he turned to the bride elect. But the latter, from the first mention of the window, had known what was coming, and, with the pride and hardihood of a fallen angel, had braced herself to brave it out. One glance at the marshal showed that her case was hopeless. Yet she resolved, since she must abandon the stage, to leave on his mind, if possible, a lurking doubt of her innocence. She said, haughtily, therefore, drawing her scarf around her,

"I will not reply; appearances are against me. I forgive you your suspicions. Madame

de Clairmont," and she turned to the countess, "knows that a woman may be compromised without being guilty; yesterday her daughter was accused—to-day she is justified. Patience! the moment will come when I shall be justified in my turn. M. Charles Valleray announces his approaching arrival; until then I accept, Monsieur le Marechal, the accusation which purifies your niece. Tell those who have heard that sad adventure spoken of, that everything has been revealed, that my intrigues have been discovered—say, in short, whatever is necessary to justify this young girl. Hasten to destroy my reputation; it is your interest, it is perhaps mine! Every signal injustice is followed, sooner or later, by signal reparation; and this reparation, which shall be a glorious one, I await it calmly and trustfully. Farewell, Monsieur le Marechal; I would have given you my existence, but I do more, I give you my honor!"

The countess, at this assurance, was stung into speaking at last.

"*Your honor,*" she sneered.

Madame de Brissac was already on her way to the door; but she turned, and said, with a hiss like a serpent.

"Less pride, madame! The world will say of me: She has a lover. It says the same of you—who have none." Thus, true to her character to the last, slandering by an ironical doubt, where she dare not slander more openly, she left the room. She did not depart wholly unconsoled; either, for as she closed the door, she heard the marshal, still not entirely cured of his infatuation, though convinced that she had deceived him, say, with the weakness of old age, "poor woman! they all accuse her!"

It was his last regret after her, however, for the repetition of Hector's evidence, and the perusal of the transcript, gradually woke the rage of the marshal, who now first realized how nearly he had come to being duped. He would not rest satisfied till the countess and her daughter had returned to his hotel. There, a few days after, the fair Jeanne became the bride of Hector de Renneville.

A lady, said to resemble Madame de Brissac, has been seen, lately, at the German Baths. She is not in Paris, at any rate, having vanished from that capital, simultaneously with her departure from the Hotel d'Estigny.

NOTE.—The characters, and most of the incidents of this tale, are taken from a new French comedy, by Madame Girardin, which has created a vast sensation in Paris. The story is known there as "*Lady Tartuffe.*" Rachel appears in it as Madame de Brissac.

THE WANDERING JEW.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THE Rev. Mr. Croly's romance of "Salathiel," and Sue's "Juif Errant," have reawakened interest in the old legend of the Wandering Jew. There is something so impressive in a man being doomed to live forever, a hopeless and homeless wanderer over the face of the earth, without family, friends, or even nation, that, in all ages since it arose, the legend has taken a deep hold of the mind of the unlettered, the credulous, and the superstitious. To fanaticism and imposture also, the fiction has held out equal temptations. At various periods since the commencement of the Christian era, individuals have assumed the character of the Wandering Jew, and have succeeded in attracting notice, and gaining credence, to a greater or less extent, from their wondering contemporaries.

It is extremely probable that this legend had its origin in the words used by Christ to the Apostle Peter, on the latter asking what would become of John, the disciple whom Jesus loved. The answer was: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" In consequence of this expression, we are told, "the saying went abroad among the brethren, that that disciple should *not die*." Although it is expressly pointed out, in the remainder of the same passage, that the language of Christ could not properly bear any such meaning; yet the conclusion of "the brethren," strangely modified and misapplied, seems to have been adopted by the primitive Christians, to have become intermingled with their traditions, and finally to have taken the form of the legend of the Wandering Jew. This, in its early or original shape, is detailed by Matthew Paris, monk of St. Albans, who flourished in the thirteenth century. The story was current before his day, in England and elsewhere, but he was probably the first who regularly chronicled all the particulars. In 1228, the monk informs us, an Armenian archbishop came to England, to visit the shrines and relics preserved in the churches. Being entertained at the monastery of St. Albans, this ecclesiastical dignitary was anxiously interrogated as to the religious condition of his country, and, among other questions, a monk who sat near him inquired, "if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, who was so much

talked of, and who had been present at our Lord's crucifixion, and conversed with him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith." The archbishop answered, that "the circumstances were all true;" and, afterward, one of his train, interpreting the archbishop's words, told them in French that his lord knew the person they spoke of very well; that the latter had dined with his lord but a little while before they left the East; that the man had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Cartaphilus, who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the Judgment Hall, struck him with his fist on the back, saying, "go faster, Jesus; go faster: why dost thou linger?" Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown, and said, "I indeed am going, but THOU SHALT TARRY TILL I COME!" Soon after this event, Cartaphilus, by his own account, was converted, and baptised by the name of Joseph. He lives forever; but at the end of every hundred years he falls into a severe illness, and ultimately into a fit or trance, on recovering from which he finds himself in the same state of youth which he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about thirty years of age. He remembered all the circumstances attending the crucifixion and resurrection, the composing of the apostles' creed, their preaching and dispersion, and is himself a very grave and holy person.

Such is the story of the Wandering Jew, as told by Matthew Paris, who was alive at the time of the Armenian's visit to St. Albans, and who, there can be no doubt, relates the circumstances as they came from the mouths of the strangers. The deception lay, it is probable, not with the Armenians, but with the party who had passed himself off upon them as the porter of Pontius Pilate, thereby insuring much good entertainment, doubtless, as well as unbounded reverence, from the followers of the church in the East. As Pythagoras, a very wise and clear-headed man, entertained the notion of his having personally gone through several existences on earth, so it is possible that the Wandering Jew of the Armenian archbishop may himself have labored under a delusion. But the probability is on the other side; and the same conclusion may be drawn, without much uncharitableness,

respecting the numerous persons who at later periods have personated the erratic Hebrew. There were considerable variations in the stories which these persons told of themselves. For example, one who appeared at Hamburg, about the year 1547, declared himself to have been a *shoemaker* in Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion. Another visited Paris about 1643, who is thus described: "Here is a man come to this city, if he may be called a man, who pretends to have lived about these sixteen hundred years. He says of himself, that he was usher of the divan (the Jews call it the Court of Judgment) in Jerusalem at the time when Jesus, the Christian Messiah, was condemned by Pontius Pilate, the Roman president; that his name was *Michob-Ader*; and that, for thrusting Jesus out of the hall, with these words, 'go, why tarriest thou?' the Messiah answered him again, 'I go, but tarry thou till I come;' thereby condemning him to live till the day of judgment." Such was the account given by this personage of himself. He affected to heal diseases by a touch, and was deeply venerated both by the common people and by others. "One day," says the same writer, "I had the curiosity to discourse with him in several languages, and I found him master of all those that I could speak. He told me that there was scarce a true history to be found. He was in Rome, he said, when Nero set fire to the city, and saw him stand triumphing on the top of a hill to behold its flames. He saw Saladin's return from his conquest in the East, when he caused his shirt to be carried on the top of a spear with this proclamation, 'Saladin, lord of many rich countries, shall have no memorial left of all his glories when he dies, but only this poor shirt!' He knew Tamerlane the Scythian, and told me that he was so called because he was lame. He seemed to pity the insupportable calamity of Bajazet, whom he had seen carried about in a cage by Tamerlane's order. He knew Mohammed's father very well, and had been often in his company at Ormus. He had heard the Emperor Vespasian say, when he understood the temple of Solomon was burnt to ashes, 'he had rather all Rome had been set on fire.' Here the old man fell a-weeping himself, lamenting the ruin of that noble structure, which he described to me as familiarly as if he had seen it but yesterday." This was, the reader will admit, a goodly range of experience for any one to lay claim to. The appearance of this personator of the Wandering Jew corresponded with his assumptions. "By his looks, one would take him for a relic of the old world, or one of the long-lived fathers before the flood. To speak

modestly, he may pass for the younger brother of Time."

Another Wandering Jew, and one of equal learning, seems to have excited the wonder of the people of Venice, in the year 1687. This new one was more remarkable than the others, in as far as he is said to have made no boast of his antiquity, but to have felt hurt, on the contrary, when it was accidentally discovered. "This personage," says the author of *Hermippus Redivivus*, "went by the name of Signor Gualdi. He remained at Venice some months, and three things were remarked in his conduct. The first was, that he had a small collection of fine pictures, which he readily showed to anybody that desired it; the next, that he was perfectly versed in all arts and sciences, and spoke on every subject with such readiness and sagacity, as astonished all who heard him; and it was, in the third place, observed that he never wrote or received any letter; never desired any credit, or made use of bills of exchange, but paid for everything in ready money, and lived decently, though not in splendor." The story then goes on to tell, that a Venetian nobleman, an admirable judge of paintings, was admitted to see Gualdi's collection, and admired them excessively. At the close of the visit, the nobleman "cast his eye by chance over the chamber door, where hung a picture of this stranger (Gualdi.) The Venetian looked upon it, and then upon him. 'This picture was drawn for you, sir,' says he to Signor Gualdi, to which the other made no answer but by a low bow. 'You look,' continued the Venetian, 'like a man of fifty, and yet I know this picture to be of the hand of Titian, who has been dead one hundred and thirty years. How is this possible?' 'It is not easy,' said Signor Gualdi, gravely, 'to know all things that are possible; but there is certainly no crime in my being like a picture drawn by Titian.' The Venetian easily perceived, by his manner of speaking, that he had given the stranger offence, and, therefore, took his leave." The issue of the affair was, that the Venetian told the matter to all his friends. Curiosity was aroused, and various parties went to call upon Gualdi. They were disappointed, however; the stranger had left the city, and was never seen again.

Of course, the world of Venice came to the conclusion, that this personage could be none else but the Wandering Jew, or a philosopher who had been fortunate enough to discover the elixir of life. The matter is certainly capable of a much easier solution, however, and Gualdi's own words afford a ready clue to it. It was on this story, Godwin tells us, that he founded his

novel of *St. Leon*, a work of great power and beauty.

The last person, who pretended to be the Wandering Jew, was Cagliostro, the famous charlatan, who appeared in Paris in the reign of Louis the Sixteenth. He never explicitly asserted his claim to be that personage, but would often talk vaguely on the subject, and sometimes, venturing on the

credulity of his hearers, quoted conversations he pretended to have had with illustrious persons, whom he had met hundreds of years before.

The diffusion of intelligence has destroyed altogether the belief in this absurd tradition, which is now handed over, by general consent, to the novelist and romance writer.

THE GRAVE ON THE LIDO.

A VENETIAN LEGEND.

BY EDWARD J. HANDLIVE.

WHERE the sadly moaning waters,
Surge upon the echoing shore,
Buried they at hour of midnight
One they dreaded, tho' no more
On this earth his Hebrew science
Might give life to magic lore.

In a dungeon of that palace
Titian-hallowed and sublime,
Frowning o'er the wave whose blue depths
Screened a woman's love and crime,
Tortured they the Jew Almanzar,
'Till his rent soul entered Time!

But ere Death's chill mantle wrapped him,
Breathed his lips a fearful curse—
"In the grave ye still shall fear me!
For, while earth holds on its course,
Like your shadows, will my memory,
Haunt ye with revengeful force!

"And the malison I've uttered,
And the prayer which I have prayed,
Ye shall live to feel as deeply,

As my heart your trenchant blade—
Oh—your fearful spirit groanings
Will be music to my shade!

"Ruin throned on Devastation,
Such, Palmyra of the sea,
Is the bridegroom and the empire,
In the future waiting thee!
Ah! the doom I die invoking
Shall enfold thee silently."

Falls the star-sheen on the Lido,
Falls the moonlight on his grave,
And upon the distant city
There hath fallen the curse he gave:—
For the gloom of desolation
Shrouds the Cybele of the wave.

And Venetians fear to wander
On that island dark and drear,
Over which the moaning wind-harps
Breathes a monody of fear:—
To thy memory, Almanzar,
Doth the legend still adhere!

A SUMMER NOON.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

PLEASANT it is on a Summery day,
Under the willow tree,
To hear the twitter of birds at play,
And breezes rustling free.
And see, as plumes from a bird in the sky,
The leaves come floating down.
And idly watch the clouds creep by—
And think of the dust of the town.

Pleasant it is on a sultry noon,
To sit by a shaded stream,
While the bees go by with a drowsy croon,
And we seem to think in a dream.

To see the eddying waters slow,
Silent and dark move down,
Like a dead-march mournfully and low—
And think of the noise of the town.

Pleasant it was in the olden time,
From the castle glare to flee,
And with ladye-fair, as they tell in rhyme,
Sit under the greenwood tree.
The belted knight and the damsel gay,
In groups lie up and down—
Oh! I see them all as I dream away,
Nor think of the heat of the town.

"THE LILIES OF THE FIELD."

BY CARRY STANLEY.

Poor Ellen Leel Her heart sunk within her while her fingers were busied placing a tuft of Parma violets, which she almost fancied gave forth a faint perfume, on a delicate straw colored *crepe* bonnet, or as she wreathed a spray of sweet-brier and apple-blossoms around the face of a pink silk, or with artistic grace hung the snowy water lily, from which she almost seemed to hear the crystal drops fall on the dark green lisse. These marvels of art, which rivaled those of nature in all save the fragrance, brought visions of green fields and running waters to that dull, illy ventilated room; and while her companions were busy discussing the characters of the ladies who would throng in to the morrow's "opening," Ellen was wondering whether the trailing arbutus was still green at the foot of the old oak tree, covered by the last year's leaves, and if the grass was *very* green along the course of the spring, or if the blood-root, and the purple, shell-tinted liverwort, and modest violets, and nodding anemones still carpeted the warm slopes below the orchard.

And again poor Ellen Leel For the gush of fresh air which came in at the window, opened by one of the pale workers, carried her not only back to flowers, and sunshine, and waters, but to the darkened chamber of the old stone parsonage house, and her father's thin hands raised in their last prayer, and his look of peace and faith, which not even the knowledge that his wife and daughter would now be penniless, could disturb, as he murmured, "if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, oh, ye of little faith?"

Unconsciously to herself great tears were falling on her work, when one of the girls said kindly,

"Are you sick to day, Miss Lee?"

"No, I am quite well, thank you."

"Is your mother worse then?" again asked the other.

But the tears were coming too fast now to allow of a reply, except a shake of the head in the negative, when another said,

"Well, no matter then, we shall soon be over our hurry, and then you won't have to sit so close; you ain't used to it."

This sympathy was more than Ellen could bear. She tossed down the lilac spray which she held, buried her face in her hands, and gave way to a wild burst of weeping. She felt that some explanation was due to her companions for their kindness, so she said in a low voice,

"I was only thinking," and the tears came raining down again, but in a more gentle shower. The two glanced at her black dress and sorrowful face, their lips quivered, and a mist gathered over their eyes, and one placed a footstool, which she had brought for her own accommodation, under Ellen's feet, and the other gave her a little bunch of blue violets, which she had purchased for a few pennies that morning in market, on her way to her work. "Truly there is a poverty that maketh rich."

Ellen arose, the next morning, but little refreshed. An occasional cough from her mother would make her start from her sleep with a palpitating heart, to lie awake watching the dear invalid with anxious eyes; and as the grey dawn came creeping into the room, she moved noiselessly about arranging everything for her mother's comfort during the day.

It was one of those sultry mornings of early spring, which has such debilitating effects on the system after the bracing cold of the winter, that Ellen Lee walked languidly to the work-rooms. How she longed for one breath from the fragrant brown earth, which she knew was being upturned in long, straight furrows along the hill-sides around her old home, or one of the yellow daffodils, from out of its clump of lance-like leaves, which grew under the cherry tree by the big gate. Angry, rebellious feelings were rising in her heart. Why had God taken away her noble father, or so afflicted her gentle, pious mother? why had the old stone parsonage house with its ivy-bound casements, passed into other hands? and with compressed lips and tearful eyes Ellen entered Mrs. Fuller's show-rooms. Here the bonnets were to be arranged; straw colored and lilac, rose colored and green, blue and white in tempting proximity; and as Mrs. Fuller's fore-woman was sick, as she declared fore-women always would be on opening days, Ellen was obliged to take her place.

Group after group of stylish-looking women

and elegant girls, at length came trooping in, filling the large room with gay voices and musical laughter: women, whose only sorrow seemed to be the unbecomingness of a bonnet; girls, whose greatest trial was in the selection of a dress.

Ellen urged the pretty trifles, much too shyly, her employer thought, who missed the voluble flattery which her French fore-woman was accustomed to bestow on her customers; but more than one *parvenue*, with her embroidered purse clinking with gold as she laid it on the marble-topped table, envied Ellen Lee her graceful self-possession.

"I think this will suit your style," said Ellen, to a young lady who had ranged through pink, white and green without being satisfied, and she took up a blue bonnet with a wreath of eglantine.

"Permit me to judge for myself, if you please," was the haughty reply, as the beauty passed her jeweled fingers across the bands of her rich brown hair.

Ellen drew back with tears starting to her eyes, and replaced the bonnet on its stand, just in time to catch the pitying glance of a gentleman who had evidently overheard the conversation. In order to cover her mortification she snatched up a cap by her side, and said to an elderly lady standing near,

"Here is a beautiful breakfast cap, madam, would you not like it?"

"Try it on, mother, and let me see how charming you can look once more," said the gentleman, who drew toward them.

Ellen's nimble fingers soon had the cap on the lady's head, with what the son denominated a "decidedly French touch."

"Irresistible, I declare, mother. Coffee and rolls will be delicious with those ribbons fluttering on the breakfast table."

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Maylin? A beautiful assortment of bonnets this spring, is there not? Why, Mr. Maylin, is it possible you can find any thing at a fashionable milliner's to interest you? I always tell my brother that he comes only to look at the ladies; but we could not accuse you of that, you know," and the young lady who had so haughtily rejected Ellen's services, smiled flatteringly as she spoke.

"I certainly thought I had taste enough, Miss Rogers, to admire a pretty woman, even in a milliner's show-rooms; and it is no bad place to study your characters," and Mr. Maylin bowed gravely, and somewhat ironically as he spoke.

Miss Rogers discussed with feminine volubility Sunday schools and Dorcas societies, with the grave-looking, but agreeable young minister, for she had a fashionably religious turn of mind just

then, which evinced itself in a taste for painted church windows, wax candles, and white robed choristers to chaunt the anthems; but Mr. Maylin listened with less interest than usual, for in Miss Rogers' conduct, to Ellen he saw that the "charity that suffereth long, and is kind, the charity that vaunteth not itself," was not in her creed.

Throughout the day Ellen Lee was constantly reminded of the difference between the flesh and blood, clothed in simple cotton, and the flesh and blood which the silk-worm and lace weavers had decorated; the stamp of nobility which God had placed upon the soul was not recognized among those republican ladies, for though as in the case of Mrs. Maylin and her son, some had treated her as one of themselves, most looked upon her as a mere machine placed there to minister to their tastes and wants.

Ellen returned home that night faint and dispirited with the fatigue and rebuffs of the day. With all the delicacy of love, she had heretofore concealed from her mother her weariness and disgust with her employment, but now the pent up feelings of months found vent. Mrs. Lee in vain reasoned with her. With a resignation and calm, the fruit of trials and sorrows, which astonished and sometimes almost irritated her more active-minded daughter, she could scarcely comprehend why Ellen was so annoyed by what seemed to her such trifles.

"Yes, mother," said Ellen, bitterly, "there were women there whom I felt in my inmost soul to be inferior to myself, who treated their pampered lap dogs and spaniels with more consideration than they did me. And graceful young girls, who, to look at, one would almost idolize, who measure the worth of a poor sister like myself, by the price of my dress. These are the lilies of the field which toil not, neither do they spin," continued she, bitterly, "but God knows that we poor weeds grow hardly enough."

Tears came to Mrs. Lee's eyes as she said, "Ellen, my child, I fear you are fast losing your faith. God help you if that goes, it is all that the poor often have——"

"No, mother," was the quick reply, "not that, for I think the Bible and religion were made for the poor. The rich have no need of them, it seems to me. Even the Lord's Prayer appears almost unnecessary for them. 'Give us this day our daily bread,' need be no cry of theirs in their plenty."

"Ellen, that prayer for 'daily bread' has a deeper meaning than you in your wilfulness give to it. Do you not know that 'man shall not live by bread alone?' that our 'daily bread' is also of

'faith, hope, and charity,' that every temptation overcome, every effort for better things is a part of our 'daily bread?' Does not, 'Lead us not into temptation' apply equally to the rich and poor; and to whom is it so hard to say, 'Thy will be done,' as to the rich man when called upon to give up all that made life valuable, after years of pampered selfishness?"

Ellen Lee bowed her head on her clasped hands as she murmured through her tears, "God forgive me, but I feel sick, body and soul;" but from that day forward, she went about her daily task more contentedly.

"I am very much in want of a seamstress, Mrs. Fuller, can you tell me where to find one?" asked Mrs. Maylin, one morning whilst in the milliner's rooms.

Ellen was standing by arranging some misplaced bonnets, and after some hesitation, she said timidly,

"I should like some plain sewing to do, madam, if you think I would suit, as Mrs. Fuller wants me no longer, now her hurry is over."

Mrs. Maylin, who from the first had been prepossessed in Ellen's favor, immediately engaged her, congratulating herself that it would probably be in her power to render her life somewhat more pleasant, than she suspected it had lately been in Mrs. Fuller's rooms.

Night after night, on her return to her mother, Ellen had some new act of kindness, or pleasing trait of character to narrate of Mrs. Maylin or her son, till one evening she bounded in breathlessly with the exclamation,

"Oh, mother, mother! can't you go to W——, young Mr. Maylin has received a call there. Only think of his preaching in papa's old pulpit; and Mrs. Maylin is going also for a time, and as her sewing is not nearly completed she wishes to take me too. You don't know how surprised she was when I told her about papa, and our living at W——, and I promised to go if you would only go too and visit Aunt Maria."

But Ellen's anticipations were somewhat damped, when about two weeks after their arrival in W—— Mrs. Maylin was taken dangerously ill, and she was obliged to become her constant nurse. Many years of attendance upon her invalid mother greatly prepared her for this new duty; and as Mr. Maylin watched her light form flitting through the darkened room, or saw how soothing her unobtrusive but ever ready attentions were to his mother, the idea more and more strongly fixed itself upon his mind that Ellen would make as good a minister's wife as she had been a daughter.

And then, too, things in the parish did not

seem to go on as smoothly as when he had had Ellen to consult. She from long acquaintance with them, knew more about the Sunday school, the benevolent societies, the wants and dispositions of his congregation than a year could make him familiar with; then her voice too was missed in the choir most sadly, for since his mother's illness Ellen's time had been devoted entirely to the sick room.

Mrs. Maylin was at length convalescent, and Ellen was in a great degree released from her confinement. Edward Maylin thought that church duties went on more smoothly, now that Ellen had time to advise; and as her voice rose rich and clear on the next Sabbath in the anthem, the young minister tried almost in vain, to shut out the visions of love and earthly happiness, which would pass before him in that holy edifice.

During Mrs. Maylin's illness, Ellen too became conscious that she looked forward to Edward's visit to the sick room with strange pleasure; and now that she once more associated constantly with him, a feverish unrest took possession of her, though she in vain struggled for the old calm which had made their intercourse so pleasant.

Ellen's sewing was now resumed, and one June afternoon, when going out for her accustomed walk upon which Mrs. Maylin insisted, she took her way to the orchard which sloped down from the parsonage garden to a swampy piece of woodland at its foot. Here she had gathered violets and yellow cups in the early spring, the pink and white wild honeysuckle a few weeks later, and now a magnificent magnolia tree was the object of her search. A few of the creamy blossoms had been gathered, and Ellen seated herself upon the trunk of a fallen tree to arrange them, but unconsciously sunk into a painful reverie, in which past sorrows and future trials were darkly blended, when she heard herself addressed.

She looked up, and Edward Maylin stood beside her. She endeavored to hide the tears which had started to her eyes, by obstinately gazing at the long, glossy, green leaves which she was ruthlessly stripping from around the flowers; but as the minister took a seat by her, and whispered a few words in her ear, she half averted her face, crimsoned with blushes, and crushed the rich blossoms in her hand till their spicy fragrance filled the air.

Through tears and smiles Ellen at length spoke of the day of their first meeting.

"Well," was the reply, "I cannot sufficiently congratulate myself for having had my eyes opened to the true merits of some of those 'lilies

of the field,' as you called them; for though not at all in love, I had been very much pleased with Miss Rogers."

The next autumn saw Ellen Lee, who in the meantime had resided with her aunt, enter the pretty little church of W— as a bride, and as she knelt beside her mother and Mrs. Maylin in her accustomed corner of their old pew, she prayed forgiveness for the times when her faith

had deserted her. And when she heard the text of the first sermon, preached by her husband, "Consider the lilies," as if in continuation of her prayer, she wept tears of thankfulness, and resolved, that although she now placed a different construction upon the words, that through the grace of God, she would never become one of those she had once denominated as "THE LILIES OF THE FIELD."

AIMEE.

BY REV. G. W. ROGERS.

THERE came a sweet voice to Aimee,
From a far-off, changeless clime,
And as faded a star from our vision
On its glorious path sublime—
So the cheek of Aimee grew paler,
And her blue eye lost its ray,
For her soul had caught the music
Of a bright band, far away.

I wept when I parted with Aimee,
Low down by death's sullen sea,
But near the dark waters she promis'd
In dream-land to meet with me:
Ever since she has been the rainbow,
That spans my spirit-storm,
As she nightly glides to my chamber,
And I clasp her angel form.
She comes in her radiant beauty,
To visit this aching breast,
And lure me with visions of gladness
Away to that land of rest—

Where the old and the young together
Have put on immortal youth,
And, cloth'd in their garments of brightness,
Range over the fields of truth.

We follow the footsteps of angels,
And walk in the shining way,
With those who have gone before us,
To dwell in eternal day;
But when the grey morning dawneth,
My vision of Heav'n is fled,
And I wake to a life of sadness,
For Aimee is with the dead.

Yet I welcome the night, that foldeth
Her pall over land and wave,
For then I am nearer to Aimee,
And my home beyond the grave—
While I wait for the voice to call me
Across the dark, billowy stream,
To find these sweet visions of Heaven,
No longer a cherished dream.

LINGER NOT LONG.

BY WILFRED O'NEALE.

LINGER not long! Home is not home without thee;
Its dearest tokens only make me mourn.
Oh! let its memory, like a chain about thee,
Gently compel, and hasten thy return.
Linger not long.

LINGER not long! Though crowds should woo thy
staying,
Bethink thee, can the mirth of friends, though dear,
Compensate for the grief thy long delaying
Costs the poor heart that sighs to have thee here?
Linger not long.

LINGER not long! How shall I watch thy coming,
As evening shadows stretch o'er moon and fell!
When the wild bee hath ceased her weary humming,
And silence hangs on all things like a spell!
Linger not long.

How shall I watch for thee when fears grow stronger,
As night grows dark and darker on the hill!
How shall I weep when I can watch no longer!
Oh! art thou absent?—art thou absent still?
Linger not long.

Yet I should grieve not though the eye that seeth
me
Gazeth through tears that make its splendor dull;
For oh! I sometimes fear, when thou art with me,
My cup of happiness is all too full.
Linger not long.

Haste, haste thee home unto thy mountain dwelling!
Haste as a bird unto its peaceful nest!
Haste, as a skiff, when tempests wild are swelling,
Flies to its haven of securest rest.
Linger not long.

THE LOAF OF BREAD.

BY M. J. WHITE.

AN unfortunate Lyonese, the father of a family, was deprived of work by the depressed state of his trade during a whole winter. It was with great difficulty that he could get a morsel of food now and then for his famished wife and children. Things grew worse and worse with him, and at length, on attempting to rise one morning, for the purpose of going out, as usual, in quest of employment, he fell back in a fainting condition, beside his wife, who had already been confined to her bed by illness for two months. The poor man felt himself ill, and his strength utterly gone. He had two boys, yet in mere childhood, and one girl, about twelve or thirteen years old. For a long time, the whole charge of the household had fallen on this girl. She had tended the sick-bed of her mother, and had watched over her little brothers with more than parental care. Now, when the father too was taken ill, there seemed to be not a vestige of hope for the family, excepting in the exertions which might be made by her, young as she was.

The first thought of the poor little girl was to seek for work proportioned to her strength. But that the family might not starve in the meantime, she resolved to go to one of the Houses of Charity, where food was given out, she had heard, to the poor and needy. The person to whom she addressed herself accordingly inscribed her name in the list of applicants, and told her to come back again in a day or two, when the case would have been *deliberated* upon. Alas, during this deliberation, her parents and brothers would starve! The girl stated this, but was informed that the formalities mentioned were indispensable. She came again to the streets, and, almost agonized by the knowledge how anxiously she was expected with bread, at home, she resolved to ask charity from the passengers in the public ways.

No one heeded the modest, unobtrusive appeal of her outstretched hand. Her heart was too full to permit her to speak. Could anyone have seen the torturing anxiety that filled her breast, she must have been pitied and relieved. As the case stood, it is not perhaps surprising that some rude being menaced her with the police. She was frightened. Shivering with cold, and crying bitterly, she fled homeward. When she mounted

the stairs and opened the door, the first words that she heard were the cries of her brothers for something to eat—"bread! bread!" She saw her father soothing and supporting her fainting mother, and heard him say, "bread!—she dies for want of food."

"I have no bread!" cried the poor girl, with anguish in her tones.

The cry of disappointment and despair which came at these words from her father and brothers, caused her to recall what she had said, and conceal the truth. "I have not got it yet," she exclaimed, "but I will have it immediately. I have given the baker the money; he was serving some rich people, and he told me to wait or come back. I came to tell you that it would soon be here."

After these words, without waiting for a reply, she left the house again. A thought had entered her head, and maddened by the distress of those she loved so dearly, she had instantaneously resolved to put it in execution. She ran from one street to another, till she saw a baker's shop in which there appeared to be no person, and then, summoning all her determination, she entered, lifted a loaf, and fled? The shopkeeper saw her from behind his counter. He cried loudly, ran after her, and pointed her out to the people passing by. The girl ran on. She was pursued, and finally a man seized the loaf which she carried. The object of her desires taken away, she had no motive to proceed, and was seized at once. They conveyed her toward the office of the police; a crowd, as usual, having gathered in attendance. The poor girl threw around her despairing glances, which seemed to seek some favorable object from whom to ask mercy. At last, when she had been brought to the court of the police-office, and was in waiting for the order to enter, she saw before her a little girl of her own age, who appeared to look on her with a glance full of kindness and compassion. Under the impulse of the moment, still thinking of the condition of her family, she whispered to the stranger the cause of her act of theft.

"Father and mother, and my two brothers, are dying for want of bread!" said she.

"Where?" asked the strange girl, anxiously.

"Rue —, No. 10 —," She had only time

to add the name of her parents to this communication, when she was carried in before the commissary of police."

Meanwhile, the poor family at home suffered all the miseries of suspense. Fears for their child's safety were added to the other afflictions of the parents. At length, they heard footsteps ascending the stair. An eager cry of hope was uttered by all the four unfortunates, but, alas! a stranger appeared in place of their own little one. Yet the stranger seemed to them like an angel. Her cheeks had a beautiful bloom, and long flaxen hair fell in curls upon her shoulders. She brought to them bread, and a small basket of other provisions. "Your girl," she said, "will not come back perhaps to-day; but keep up your spirits! See what she has sent you!" After these encouraging words, the young messenger of good put into the hands of the father five francs, and then, turning round to cast a look of pity and satisfaction on the poor family, who were dumb with emotion, she disappeared.

The history of these five francs is the most remarkable part of this affair. This little benevolent fairy was, it is almost unnecessary to say, the same pitying spectator who had been addressed by the abstractor of the loaf at the police office. As soon as she had heard what was said there, she had gone away, resolved to take some meat to the poor family. But she remembered that her mamma was from home that day, and was at a loss how to procure money or food, until she bethought herself of a resource of a strange kind. She recollected that a hair-

dresser, who lived near her mother's house, and who knew her family, had often commended her beautiful hair, and had told her to come to him whenever she wished to have it cut, and he would give her a louis for it. This used to make her proud and pleased, but she now thought of it in a different way. In order to procure money for the assistance of the starving family, she went straight to the hair-dresser's, put him in mind of his promise, and offered to let him cut off all her pretty locks for what he thought them worth.

Naturally surprised by such an application, the hair-dresser, who was a kind and intelligent man, made inquiry into the cause of his young friend's visit. Her secret was easily drawn from her, and it caused the hair-dresser almost to shed tears of pleasure. He feigned to comply with the conditions proposed, and gave the bargainer fifteen francs, promising to come and claim his purchase at some future day. The little girl then got a basket, bought provisions, and set out on her errand of mercy. Before she returned, the hair-dresser had gone to her mother's, found that lady at home, and related to her the whole circumstances; so that, when the possessor of the golden tresses came back, she was gratified by being received into the open arms of her pleased and praising parent.

When the story was told at the police-office by the hair-dresser, the abstraction of the loaf was visited by no severe punishment. The singular circumstances connected with the case, raised many friends to the artisan and his family, and he was soon restored to health and comfort.

LOOKING BACK.

BY J. H. A. BONE.

TALL shadows creep along the grassy plain,
The silent eve succeeds the noisy day,
The pallid moon, like a wan ghost, again
Creeps stealthily along her upward way,
Veiling her face at times with vapors grey.

A sadness falls upon my heart like dew—
A pleasing sadness all unmixed with woe—
The scene before me changes to my view,
Thoughts of the past in a swift current flow,
And I hear voices silenced long ago.

Faces that I had loved in boyhood's time
Gather around and smile on me again;
Faint, as with distance, comes the olden chime

Sounding in ears that listened long in vain,
And well known music greets me with its strain.

I gaze and listen till my eyes grow dark,
And tears come dropping like a Summer shower,
For death and change have set their conquering mark
Alike on forest tree and garden flower,
On lowly cottage and cloud-scaling tower.

The grass grows rank above the heads of those
Who placed my wandering feet in life's young way,
Friends of my boyhood and my youthful foes
Have ceased from earthly troubles many a day,
Or dwell in other lands—far, far away.

Z A N A .

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GIPSEY GIRL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64.

CHAPTER VII.

THE cold dash of water on my face aroused me, and I awoke gasping for breath as if my very soul had felt the icy deluge. Only one person remained in the room, and he was so white that it seemed like awaking among the dead. A heavy weight still rested on my brain, and after a struggle or two I felt myself sinking as one falls from some precipice in a dream. All at once it appeared to me that I had been pulled back with violence: my lips burned as if a handful of thorns had been drawn across them, and again my heavy eyelids were lifted. Lady Catharine had entered the room. It was the antipathy of our natures that dragged me violently back from unconsciousness. Instantly the pang of remembrance returned, and its agony gave me strength to hear but not to move.

"Is the imp conscious yet?" said Lady Catharine, touching me with the point of her satin slipper.

"She has moved a little," answered a voice, so deep and sorrowful that my heart stood still to listen.

"Let something be done, I am sick of her! Burn feathers, bring aromatic vinegar—why, is no servant at hand?"

"You would not expose the poor child thus to our servants, mother?" was the reply.

"The poor child, indeed. George, George, this is too much! Yes, I would expose her to the lowest scullion about the place—poor child. The thief!—the——"

"Mother." My heart leaped to the stern rebuke conveyed in this single word. I broke through the leaden feeling that held me motionless and rose to my feet, reeling and half blind, but stung into life by the epithet that unwomanly lady had applied to me.

"Madam," I said, striving to sweep the mist from my eyes with one hand—"madam, you are false, body and soul. At this moment you know, as I do, that I could not steal the picture of my own mother. God gives to every child a mother,

who shall say that the shadow of mine can belong to any one else: or that if it did, I might not look at it?" She interrupted me with a bitter laugh, in sickening contrast with her usual hollow-hearted softness.

"The picture of *your* mother, and in Lord Clare's *escritoir!*" she exclaimed; "upon my word, George, her impudence is sublime."

"It *was* my mother!" I answered, firmly, but with a swelling heart. "George Irving you believe me."

I reached forth my hand to the young man, and he took it—held it—pressed his cold lips upon it, and thus expressed the noble trust that was in him, while she looked on.

"Mother!" and the words burst like fire through his white lips—"mother, I do believe the child innocent as God's angels!"

These words bereft me of all strength. My limbs gave way as if they had been moulded from snow, I fell at his feet, and winding my arms about his knees, gave myself up to a passion of tears.

"George Irving, undo the coil of that serpent, spurn her away, or henceforth you are no child of mine!" burst on my ears. I saw that wicked glare of her eyes, the white rage that shook her from head to foot. There was something horrid in this fiendish rage in a mother, and addressed to her only child. I took away my arms and arose.

"Madam, calm yourself," I said, gently, for his faith had filled my soul with solemn peace, "I shall touch him no more, see him probably never again. You can separate us, but I know that he believes me, it is enough!"

I left the room without another word or look, and went home.

Two days after Clare Hall was deserted. Lady Catharine and her son, with some of their guests, had departed for the Continent. He went without a word, but had I not given him up, proudly, there in the presence of his mother.

Days, weeks, months rolled on, and after this

terrible excitement my outer life became a dead calm: my intellect, for once, seemed to have lost its spring, and gave itself up to dreams. For a long time my faith in Irving remained firm: and though we never received a syllable from him, it seemed every day as if I had obtained some confirmation of his love; and I solemnly believe that no doubt would ever have arisen in my mind, but that the poison was sown there by another.

Those who know how sensibly a proud heart shrinks from the idea that even a suspicion of crime can attach to it, will not think it strange that I never mentioned the scene in Clare Hall to Turner or Maria: nor the fact that I had seen and recognized a picture of my mother.

It seemed that Lady Catharine and her son had been equally silent, for no rumor of it ever went abroad. Still one person, how I never knew, became acquainted with the humiliating secret. That person was Irving's tutor, William Morton.

There certainly do exist persons endowed with feelings so keen that they seem gifts of prophecy—intuitions that guard the soul, which but for them would be bruised and trampled under foot by the rude multitude. Are these feelings the thoughts of our guardian angels, the golden spears with which they hedge us in from harm? I know not, but it is certain no evil-minded being ever come near me that I did not feel a thrill of repulsion, certainly as light springs from flame.

True to this intuition, I never really liked this mild, self-possessed tutor. In spite of his silky manners my heart always rose against him. It certainly seemed like a prejudice, and I often tried to reason it away. No human being could be kinder than this man, there was nothing noisy or unpleasant about him; in truth, there existed persons who found his humility and deferential silence more attractive than the warm-hearted sincerity of young Irving; but I was not among them. It was for a time thought singular that this man should remain at the Hall when his friend and benefactor was away; but he sunk so quietly into the monotony of our village life, and made himself so popular, particularly with Turner and the curate, that all conjecture on the subject soon died off.

Nothing but the sensitive dislike that I felt for this man, would have enabled me to understand the stealthy and subtle advances which he made to obtain my regard. But though I could not read his motive for wishing to interest a creature isolated like myself, there was no mistaking his pertinacious endeavors. Still he never spoke out: never, to use a worldly term,

committed himself in words: thus keeping my frank nature at a disadvantage. There was no discouraging a man who expressed himself only in tones, sighs, and glances. But to a heart wholly given up to another, there is nothing so repulsive as the covert attentions that hint at love, which you never have the opportunity of receiving or crushing with a word.

At another time I might not have noticed Morton so closely, but in the listless state which follows the reaction of strong excitement, I was fit only for observation and thoughtfulness; besides, the fact that this man had been so long intimate with Irving, gave him a sort of painful fascination for me. Heart and brain I was a precocious girl, and the vigilance of my observation might have befitted an older and wiser person. Still I could not read him. Why did he wish to interest me? why was he constantly talking of me to Turner, and putting Maria under cross-questions like a lawyer? Why, above all, was he so cold toward Cora, she so strangely beautiful, so full of rustic coquetry, that a storm must have yielded to her graceful beauty?

I had the discernment to see all that suggested these questions, but lacked the power to answer them.

It seemed to me, at times, that Cora felt the evident dislike with which Morton regarded her, and was pained by it; but after the events that followed Turner's wedding, the entire confidence that had existed between us was, to a degree, broken off. I never made her my confidant in those feelings that filled my whole nature, and really regarded her as too much of a child, notwithstanding our years were nearly the same, for any curiosity regarding her girlish fancies.

At times I did remark that her eyes grew heavy as with crushed tears, and that shadows lay under them sometimes for days together; but she always burst into such passions of mocking gaiety when I grew anxious about the cause, that I was overwhelmed by it.

As the second year of Irving's absence crept on, my heart grew heavy with anxiety: I became suspicious of his faith, restless, unhappy beyond my powers of explaining. I can now trace back these feelings to looks, hints, and disjointed questions, dropped, from time to time, by Morton, with a point that stung like drops of venom, and yet with a seeming carelessness that had all the force of truth. But then I suffered greatly without knowing from what source the distrust and anguish came.

One thing is very certain. The constant presence of this man, his incessant attentions, accompanied with so much reserve, served to

keep my sweet Cora at a distance from me that was painful, but I could not force my pride to ask an explanation. No sister ever more truly loved another than I loved her. There was but one thing on earth I would not have sacrificed to her, and that was so much dearer than my own soul, I could have parted with one easily as the other.

Thus, as I have said, two years went by. Then news came that Lady Catharine and her son would soon be at the Hall. Morton gave me this intelligence one night when I was returning from the parsonage, where I had left Cora in a state of sadness that pained me, but of which she would give no explanation. "He was going that way in order to meet me," he said, and turned back in his usual quiet fashion as if to escort me home. His eyes were fixed searchingly on my face as he proclaimed his errand, and I felt that he was keenly reading my countenance.

But I had a strong will, and though the blood leaped in my heart at the thought of seeing Irving again, it did not reach my cheek or disturb a tone of my voice.

"They will be welcome," I said; "the place is but little changed."

"You are forgiving as an angel," he answered. "That last scene with Lady Catharine would have left any other heart full of bitterness."

"And who told you of that scene?" I questioned, sharply.

"Who—George Irving, of course. It sent him abroad a whole year before the time allotted to him."

"And he told you this?"

"Certainly, why not? Did you suppose me merely Irving's tutor?" he answered, with a strange smile.

"Why, what else are you?" I demanded.

"His friend—his confidant—and in some sort a connexion. The marriage of Lord Clare with the widow of my uncle, gave the property which should have been my inheritance to the Clare family. Lady Jane, in her eagerness to lavish all on her first love, forgot to be just."

"But how could you enter the family?" I inquired, amazed by what he was saying—"enter as—as——"

"As a subordinate you would say," he continued, gently. "Believe me, my reasons were good ones; Lord Clare is said to be a just man, if he proves so, Greenhurst may yet be mine."

"But I thought you were to take orders—that the Greenhurst living would be yours. Indeed I am quite certain Mr. Clark and Cora expect it."

"Do they?" he said, with a smile that struck me as sinister. "We shall see."

Something in his manner put me upon my guard that evening, and I was disinclined to continue the conversation: but he was not a man to be evaded in anything. He followed up the subject with pertinacity, and every time Irving's name was mentioned I felt his eyes penetrating to my very thoughts. As we entered the park, I was about to turn down an avenue that led to my home, but he laid one hand on my arm and gently detained me.

"Zana," he said, "listen to me—for one moment throw off this haughty reserve. It chills me—it is cruel, for you know that I love you—love you, Zana, as man never loved woman. Now before our little Eden is broken up by these haughty Clares—now while I have you all to myself, let me say it!"

I looked at him in amazement. The words he had spoken seemed like sacrilege; for, to a heart that really loves, there is a sort of profanity in expressions of passion from other than the true lips.

"Zana—Zana, you are ice—you are marble—my words freeze you—this is no answer to love like mine."

"You have said truly," I answered. "Ice, marble, anything hard and cold is all the reply that I can give—and it is feeling, for you love no more than I love you."

The man turned white and stammered forth, "You—you wrong me. Without love why should any man seek to make you his wife?"

"True," I answered, stung by his words—"true, there is something here quite incomprehensible, but it is not love."

He broke forth into a passionate torrent of protestations, wrung my hand in his, and even attempted to throw his arms around me; but I retreated from him in dismay.

"You will not believe me," he said, standing in my path pale and breathless. "You will not even believe that I love you?"

"No, I do not believe it!"

"Who—who has poisoned your ear against me? Not that country priest; not—not——"

"No one has ever uttered a word against you in my presence," I replied.

"Perhaps not, but you are so positive—you may have been impressed with some belief of another attachment."

"No, I have never thought of the matter."

"Then you are truly indifferent?"

"I am indeed!"

"You have no regard for my feelings—no gratitude for the love that I have lavished upon

you so long. There is a cause for this, and that cause is your love for George Irving."

He looked at me with malicious scrutiny, but I had expected this, and my cheek remained cool as if he had passed an ordinary compliment.

"Inscrutable child," he muttered, "will nothing reach you?"

"You are right," I answered, without heeding his muttered comment. "It is my love for George Irving that makes me look upon all that you express as a wrong done to him; a mockery of the true feeling that lives in my heart, as rich wine fills a cup to the brim, leaving no space for a drop less pure than itself."

Oh, how my soul shrank from the smile which he turned upon me.

"Can you, vain girl—can you for a moment think that he loves you?"

The blood burned in my cheeks and temples now hotly enough, but I answered proudly,

"My thoughts like my affections are my own, I refuse to share them."

He smiled again derisively.

"It is this wild dream that makes you so haughty. Dream on, I can wait!—when you awake, my homage may not seem so paltry."

He left me abruptly, and for many minutes I stood watching his dusky form as it wound slowly in and out among the chestnuts. There was something serpent-like about his progress that made me thoughtful.

Why had this man sought me, not from love, of that I was assured. Was there anything in my last scene with Lady Catharine, with which he had become acquainted, to arouse feelings of ambition or interest in a nature like his? If not, where was I to seek an explanation of his strange love-making? Now, for the first time, for hitherto my pride had kept on the outskirts of the question, I asked myself plainly why the picture of that haunting face—the face, which, without proof, I knew to be that of my mother—why it should have been found in Lord Clare's desk?

With this question came others that made my heart quail and my cheek burn; memories thronged upon me—Lady Catharine's words as she urged Turner's marriage—the half uttered sentences of George Irving—the bitter dislike which his mother evidently felt for me; all these things crowded upon my brain so close that conviction came like lightning flashes. I was Lord Clare's illegitimate child—my mother—great heavens, how the thought of that face in all its heavenly beauty burned into my brain! Amid sobs and tears, and a bitter, bitter sense of degradation my soul drew a black veil over it, and

turned away from a remembrance of its loveliness.

I could not follow up the subject. Indeed Morton was overwhelmed in the feelings that rushed upon me. I forgot to question his motives—forgot him—everything in the desolation of my shame.

I went home, but asked no questions either of Turner or his wife, they could have explained nothing that I did not fully comprehend, and my soul shrank from the idea of speaking out its shame in words.

Now all rest forsook me. I had a craving wish to know everything—to penetrate into the centre of my parents' secret—but felt all the time that it was useless, as painful to inquire. The whole history was locked up in my own soul, I felt its weight there, but the struggle to drag it forth strained my whole being to no avail.

Then my conjectures began, as at first, to wander over that which was probable. Could George Irving continue to love a creature so disgraced—a wretched offshoot from his own proud ancestral tree? And if he did, where was the end, marriage? No, no, my own pride rose up in defence of his!—where then? Oh, how dead my heart lay as I asked the question.

In a week Lady Catharine and her son arrived, but I had no desire to see them; Turner found no difficulty now in persuading me to keep indoors. But George never sought me; I knew that the Hall rang with gaiety; that Estelle Canfield, with many other fair patricians, was filling its stately rooms with mirth and beauty, but I was forgotten. It seemed to me, at times, that my heart would break. The roundness melted from my limbs; the bloom was slowly quenching itself on my cheeks; my orphanage had never been complete till then.

But Cora was left to me—the pet and darling of my life—I was still the same to her, and she was more gentle and more lovely than ever. To my surprise the return of company to Clare Hall made little impression upon her, the girlish curiosity and excitement which had formerly annoyed me seemed extinguished in her nature. Indeed she became rather more sad than usual: and I often found her sitting alone, and so still, under the cypress tree, where her father had leaned on that funeral day.

It did not seem strange to me, this quiet sadness, thus harmonizing with the sorrow that dashed all joy from my own life. At another time I should have remarked it, but now it appeared natural as night tears do to the violet.

To Mr. Clark I sometimes opened a leaf of my

heart, but only to reveal the shadows that lay there, in abstract musings and mournful questions. At such times he soothed me with his sweet, Christian counsel, that left tears upon every blossom of my heart. Thus I became, day by day, more closely knitted to this good man and his child; and the girlish love that had been so strong merged itself into the still deeper affections of my opening womanhood. I loved them—how I loved them the reader will hereafter know!

One day, I was returning home about sunset, and alone. There was a footpath that shortened the distance across the meadows which lay between the village and Clare Park, and I threaded it wearily as one walks who has no object. The path led through the hazle thicket where my arm had been wounded. After clambering the wall I sit down among the bushes, weary, and so depressed that I longed to hide myself in their shelter even from the daylight.

I put back the lace that flowed from the short sleeves of my dress, and looked, through rushing tears, at the tiny white spot which the wound had left upon my arm. It was scarcely larger than a pearl, and to me infinitely more precious, for it came from him. It marked the reality of those love words that lay even then glowing in the bottom of my heart.

It was all over. He had gone his way in the world. I—yes, I must go mine, for to remain there in my dear old home with him so near, and yet so far away, was killing me.

I sobbed aloud, it was not often that weeping did me so much good, but everything was so still—and I grew so miserably childish that the tears fell from my eyes like dew, so profuse, but so softly that a thrush lighted on a branch close by, and, with his pretty head turned on one side, seemed regarding me with compassion. I thought of the lark's nest, where, a child, I had slept so close to death, and wished, oh, how truly, that God had taken me then.

While I sat thus lost in sorrow, a gush of wind fresh with perfume, swept through the thicket, and I heard some one wading through the tall, red clover tops, shaking off their sweetness upon the air I breathed.

I shrunk back ashamed of my tears, ashamed to be seen. But the steps approached steadily toward the wall, and I sat by the path, breathless, still hoping that the hazle branches would conceal me.

But the steps diverged a little, and the thicket was parted just before me. My breath came back in a sob, I concealed my eyes with both hands, and cowered back among the bushes.

He paused, I heard a faint exclamation, and then, then I began to sob and tremble. He was at my side half stooping, half kneeling, his arm was around me. With one hand he drew down mine and looked into my face.

"Zana—Zana!"

I looked up and smiled.

"Poor child—my poor Zana," he said, "you have suffered—you look ill—how is this? They told me that you were happy."

"Yes, so happy," I replied, yielding myself for one moment to the clasp of his arm—"so happy that it is killing me."

"Killing you," he said, laying one hand softly upon my head, and putting it back that he might see the face so changed since we met last. "In solemn truth, I believe it is: how strangely you look, Zana, how much older—how full of soul—how warm with feeling!"

I remembered why this change had been—who and where I was. What right had he, George Irving, of Clare Hall, with his arm around the illegitimate child of his uncle? No wonder his proud mother despised me—her insults were natural—but this tenderness, these looks of love—this caressing arm—what insult could she offer so burning as that?

The fire of this thought flashed through my veins. I sprang up and cast his arm away.

"You have no right—I do not belong to you—never can—never, never!" I exclaimed, "you know it, and yet do this!"

"I did not believe it before, not wholly, not entirely, the suspicion was too dreadful," he answered, turning white. "I will not think it the truth even yet, till your lips utter it in words."

"Why should I? You know that it is so, that a barrier of iron rests between your love and mine."

"It is enough!" he answered, turning still more deathly pale. "Zana, it is enough, you have stung me to the soul."

"I have not imparted to you any portion of my shame," I answered, with bitter tears.

He started as if a viper had stung him.

"Your shame, Zana—your shame. Speak out, girl—if another had said that word——"

We both started. He broke off sharply. Morton had crept, unseen, close to his elbow.

"Ha, Irving—so you have found the lady bird in her nest! Hasn't she grown to be a bird of Paradise, but sly as ever; ain't you, Zana?"

I stood, in astonishment, gazing at him, without uttering a word. This audacity took away my breath.

"I have just come from the parsonage," he continued, with a quiet smile, addressing George.

"My bird of birds had flown, but I left the beautiful Cora waiting with great impatience."

Irving gave me a look that made me almost cry out—turned, leaped the wall with a single bound, and left me alone with that reptile.

He looked after George with a smile that died coldly on his lips beneath my searching glance.

"What is this?" I questioned, "your manner has changed, sir. "It insults—it offends me!"

"What, you are angry because I have driven away that boyish profligate," he answered; "the lover of Cora, the betrothed of Estelle."

"It is false," I cried, full of indignation.

"Ask Lady Catharine!" he replied, sneering.

"I will ask himself," I answered.

"Then you have promised another meeting, it will be a good excuse. But let me warn you, a second private appointment of this kind may reach Lady Catharine, I have but to drop a hint even now, and you are driven ignominiously from the estate; while he—perhaps you have forgotten that but for the bounty of his uncle—and Lady Catharine Irving—he is a beggar."

Oh, how the wretch tortured me, I felt every word he spoke like the wrench of cold iron. "Let me pass, I would go home," I said, faint with anger and disgust.

He stepped aside smiling coldly. "But first," I said, pausing, "you spoke of Cora, my friend, my sister, and of him—this must be explained."

"I have said my say," was his cold answer.

"Then I will ask him!"

"Of course he will confess all. It is so natural to urge a suit with one lady, while you make her the confidant of your love for another; really your village beauties know how to deal with men who have learned morality in Paris, and love-making at Vienna."

"But I will tell Cora of this slander."

He smiled. "Is it slander to say that a pretty angel like Cora Clark has captivated a roving young fellow of Irving's taste?"

"But it is untrue, I will question her."

"I have a great idea of unsophisticated innocence, village simplicity, and all that, Miss Zana, but really permit me to doubt if Miss Cora Clark makes you the confidant of her little love affairs."

"She has none, she never had," I exclaimed, with jealous anger.

He laughed again. The sound stung me like an arrow, I turned away, sprang over the wall, and walked along the footpath back to the parsonage. My progress grew slower and slower as I fell into thought, for a remembrance of the change in Cora's manner oppressed me. I came in sight of the parlor window. The glow of Cora's golden hair shone through the dusky green of the ivy leaves as she leaned out, shading her eyes with one hand as if to be certain that she saw aright. She drew back, and directly after I caught a glimpse of some male figure gliding around a corner of the church rapidly as if to avoid observation. The figure was too slight for Mr. Clark, and at first I strove to convince myself that it might be Morton, himself, who had outwalked me, concealed by a hedge that ran near and parallel with the footpath; but I cast the suspicion from me on reflecting upon the coldness, even dislike which had uniformly marked his acquaintance with my beautiful girl.

I entered the little parlor, panting, but resolute. Cora rose to receive me, a good deal flushed, and with a look about the eyes as if she had been agitated and weeping. She did not ask the reason of my sudden return, but fixed her blue eyes with a look of affright on my face as if prepared for, and dreading what I was about to say.

At the time, this did not strike me, but in after days I remembered it well.

"Cora," I said, disarmed by the look of trouble on her sweet face—"Cora, my sister, tell me, who was it that just left you?"

"Why do you ask? No one—no one has left the cottage. You—you found me alone!"

"And have you been alone all the time since I went away?" I inquired.

"I—I—not quite, my father was here. But why do you ask such questions?"

Her eyes filled, and her sweet lips began to tremble, as they always did when grieved, since she was a little child. "Tell me one thing, Cora, was it George Irving whom I just saw going round the church?"

"You saw him then," she said, turning pale, and sinking to her chair. "Oh, Zana."

I too sunk upon a chair, and we sat gazing into each others pale face till both burst into tears.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE RISING MOON.

THE moon is rising, silver bright,
Behind the ancient mill.
Her calm, wan face, her gentle light,
Make Heav'n itself more still.

'Tis nights like these that raise our souls
With holy thoughts on high.
Oh! where yon shining planet rolls
For angel wings to fly.

P. H. S.

ONLY A RUSTIC BEAUTY.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"WHAT a lovely creature."

The speaker was one of two young men, who were sauntering along the road, not far from the little village of Woodleigh, and who, from their dress and air, were evidently city-bred, and probably rich.

"Where?" said his companion.

"Yonder, in that cottage porch, half hidden by honeysuckles. What a shape, what a face, and what an almost divine expression in those eyes."

"Pooh," replied his companion, after a contemptuous stare in the direction indicated, "she's only a rustic beauty. I thought, from the enthusiasm with which you spoke, that you had discovered some city belle, up here among the hills: and gad! I was overjoyed at the very thought. I'm tired of seeing girls that can't do anything but milk cows and weed potatoes."

"You're a puppy," bluntly said the other, "and deserve to be jilted, if ever you love, for speaking so scornfully of any portion of the sex. For my part I honor womanhood wherever I find it. And a refined female I revere, with my whole soul, whether she is town or country bred. Conventional polish is one thing; but real ladyhood another: and the latter is as often found in a cottage as in a West End mansion. I'll wager my life," continued the speaker, enthusiastically, "that the soul, which beams from yonder face, is one of heaven's finest mould. Only a rustic beauty! No, sir, she's a woman to love, to worship, to take counsel with, to share your joy and sorrow, sickness and health, poverty and fortune forever, or I know nothing of the expression of a face. I haven't seen so fresh and pure a countenance for years, if ever, though I have often dreamed of such. I'll seek her acquaintance, that I'm resolved on."

"I vow," said his companion, "you're the most romantic fellow I know. But you were always so, Hastings. Take care, however, what you do. Rant about this rustic beauty, if you will, as much as you please; but don't disgrace your name by marrying an under-bred country girl: we're cousins, remember, and I've an interest in keeping our aristocratic lineage pure."

Hastings gave the speaker a look of contempt, but was silent. Shortly after, the walk terminated

at the hotel, where the two young men were spending a fortnight; and for the rest of the day the two cousins saw no more of each other.

Our readers have an idea, from this slight sketch, of the characters of the two young men. Both were lawyers in one of our great Atlantic cities: but both, as is often the case, too wealthy to render labor necessary. They were practically, therefore, men of leisure. Their relationship, and their common social position, threw them together a good deal; but no two could have been really more dissimilar. Hastings was fond of literature, a judge of art, and accomplished generally in the highest sense. His cousin was a fop, and little better than a fool.

Several days elapsed. Hastings, who had made acquaintance, through his affable manners, with several of the best people in the village, and whose native-born stamp of gentility and honor gave all confidence in him, had no difficulty in procuring an introduction to Amy Norton, the fair girl whom he had so much admired. She was the only child of a widow, the early death of whose husband, a clergyman, had left her in comparatively straitened circumstances. The education which Amy had received had been principally imparted at home. Mrs. Norton, however, was a good musician and something of a linguist, so that her daughter was not wholly wanting in accomplishments. But it was in the solid parts of an education that Amy excelled. The thousand things, which every woman ought to know, but which no mere boarding-school education can impart, she had thoroughly mastered. She was qualified, in a word, to be a helpmate, not a costly embarrassment, to whomsoever should be fortunate enough to win her love. Thoroughly competent in household arts, an experienced nurse in sickness, an intelligent companion, a sensible adviser, few girls of her age were as competent to perform so well the practical duties of life. Her grace, her quick wit, and her great personal beauty were qualities, less directly useful, but in their way as valuable. What wonder that Hastings loved this charming girl, or that, in spite of the continued raillery of his cousin, he finally offered himself! "I tell you, you're a born fool," angrily said that cousin, on hearing the announcement of the

engagement. "You often lecture me, as if I was a school boy; but, gad! you're twice the dunce I am. You'll disgrace the family forever with this vulgar rustic beauty."

Hastings, coloring with indignation, which, however, he suppressed, answered,

"Stay, remember you speak of her who is to be my wife, and don't anger me too far. As for Miss Norton disgracing my family, I for one, consider myself honored by her consent: I have feared, this week past, that I was not worthy of her, that this happiness was too great for me."

His cousin stroked his moustache, and replied,

"Well, I don't wish to quarrel, my good fellow. Since the thing's done, I suppose I must speak respectfully of your intended wife: but really you can't deny that she hasn't a penny, doesn't know how to polk, and was never at a fashionable ball in her life. How *will* she behave."

Hastings gave a look of withering contempt at his cousin, and, for a moment, seemed to disdain answering. At last, however, he concluded to speak.

"Once for all," were his words, "let me say that you and I have different ideas of what is desirable in a wife. You wish wealth, fashion, and empty accomplishments. I wish a loving

heart and cultivated intellect, and with these two, even though conventional accomplishments may be absent at first, I shall have, in a few years, a more elegant lady for my wife, even according to your own standard, than can ever be obtained in your way. Miss Norton has already all the solid qualifications for a life-long companion, with a good constitution in addition, no light thing in a wife. She has beauty and intellect, and will soon acquire every necessary accomplishment. You'll probably marry Miss Adams. She's an heiress, and was educated at a fashionable school. But, I challenge you, in five years, to see which of our wives will have the lead in society."

The conversation here ceased, nor was it ever renewed. The two young men married the women of their respective choice, and the five years, spoken of by Hastings, have just closed. The fashionably bred lady is an insipid valetudinarian, so peevish that her husband has no happiness, or even comfort. But the star of the first society, in the great city of —, the most intellectual, accomplished, graceful and beautiful woman there, is the wife of Hastings, she who was once called contemptuously **ONLY A RUSTIC BEAUTY.**

HOP PICKING.

BY JANE WEAVER.

AWAY to the hop-field!
The harvest has come.
We'll bring the bright fruitage
Rejoicingly home.
With laughter and singing
We'll strip the gay vines,
Nor envy those delving
For gold in the mines.

See! yonder they're crowning
Our dear little Grace.
From bright fragrant blossoms,
Peeps out her sweet face.
Her roguish eyes twinkle
To see us so near.
Oh! come to the hop-field,
The harvest is here.

EVA AND THE LUTE.

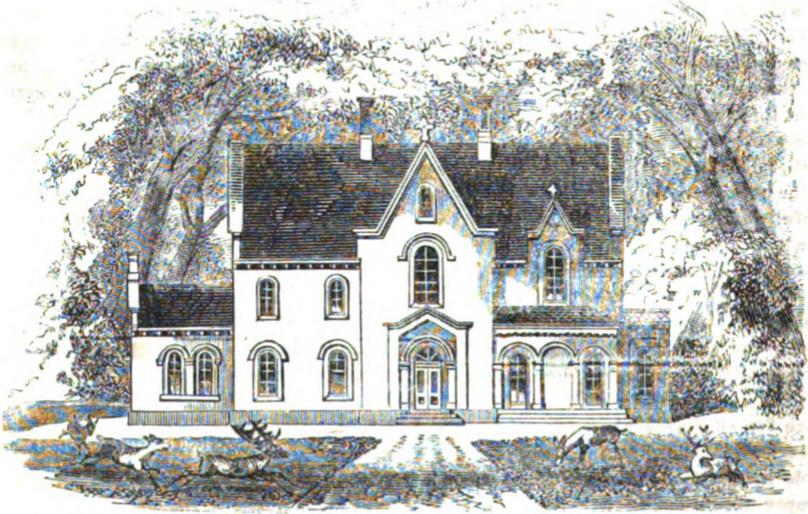
BY WILLIAM B. LAWRENCE.

SHE gently, softly touched the lute,
It breathed a sweet and fairy sound—
And Eva sat astonished, mute,
As dreamily she gazed around;
Then once again all wondering
At the enchanting strain she heard,

She struck a sweeter, softer string,
Which faintly warbled like a bird:
As angel music o'er her soul,
Its fairy cadence softly stole—
Entranced, and wondering, and mute,
Sat Eva—gazing at the lute.

COTTAGE AND VILLA ARCHITECTURE.

DESIGN FOR A VILLA IN THE BYZANTINE STYLE.



THE Byzantine style, is a mode of architecture very little practised yet in this country, and even the term may be unknown to some of our readers. In making the composition here presented, therefore, we have endeavored to show as much of the character of the style as was possible, without entering into any extravagance of construction or detail. In the arrangement of the ground plan, the designer thinks he has been very successful, the accommodation being both handsome and convenient. A fine effect will be produced on entering the hall, by the vista through to the bow-window, at the end of the drawing-room, especially if the latter be filled with stained glass of mellow and harmonious colors. The hall is designed to be used as a room in connexion with the drawing-room; and it will have a fine effect when the sliding doors are opened. The library is agreeably placed; the verandas on each side, and the bay-window on the other, will make it in the summer-time very pleasant and lively. The drawing-room is of a good size for a villa of this class, and it cannot fail, if well treated, in regard to furniture and decoration, to please a refined taste. The dining-room is placed very convenient, and has an excellent communication with the kitchen. The stairs are entirely private, and I think their arrangement in the plan better than if they were in the hall.

The part of the building where the kitchen is located, is only carried up one story: the garret above it will make a nice apartment for a domestic, or may be used as a store-room, and entered through the bath-room; or, better, by a small passage. There is a spacious and well-lighted pantry attached to the kitchen. The veranda attached to it will be of great convenience, and will decidedly add to the exterior appearance of this part of the building.

The second floor is divided into four large bed-rooms, and each furnished with a closet: the size of each of them may be seen on the annexed measurement. There will be some good garrets, well-lighted and ventilated.

There may be a cellar under the whole house, or under part of it, and reached from the first story by a flight of steps, under the principal story.

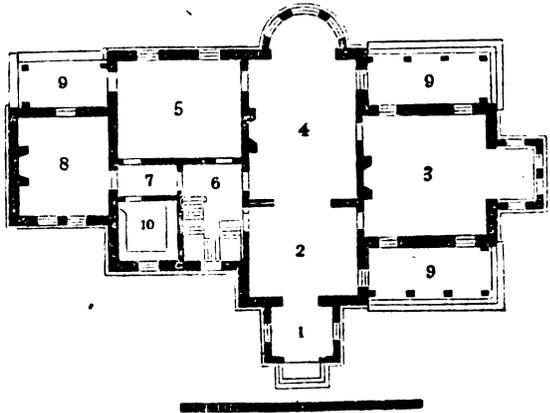
This building ought to be of stone. It does not, however, demand smooth ashlar, but will look better if laid in common quarry stone, and even if laid in random courses, it will add to the quaintness of effect.

The roof of this villa may be covered with diamond slate, as shown in the design, or the same effect may be produced by cutting large shingles in diagonal patterns.

The first story should be thirteen feet high in the clear, to give a proper proportion to the

rooms; the second story should be ten feet high.

All the rooms in the interior of this house should be finished with oak wainscot, or wood grained to resemble it; and the effect aimed at should be something between modern luxury and the quaintness of the antique Byzantine architecture. Only simple, bold, and characteristic ornaments and mouldings should be introduced in the interior of this villa, as its exterior indicates simplicity rather than variety of detail.



DIMENSIONS.

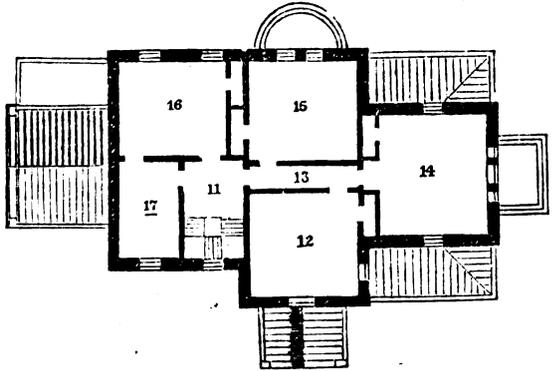
PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

	FEET.
1. Porch, - - - -	8 × 10
2. Hall, - - - -	15 × 18
3. Library, - - - -	20 × 20
4. Drawing-room, -	18 × 24
5. Dining-room, -	18 × 21
6. Staircase, - -	10 × 17
7. Passage, - - -	4 × 10
8. Kitchen, - - -	16 × 18
9. Veranda, - - -	8 × 20
10. Pantry, - - -	10 × 12

SECOND FLOOR.

11. Staircase, - -	10 × 17
12. Bed-room, - -	15 × 18
13. Passage, - - -	4 × 18
14. Bed-room, - -	17 × 20
15. Bed-room, - -	15 × 18
16. Bed-room, - -	18 × 18
17. Bath-room, - -	10 × 17

GROUND PLAN.



PLAN OF SECOND STORY.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. G. M. CRISWELL.

I CANNOT see thee, my beloved,
I cannot see thee now;
I cannot feel thy beaming glance,
Nor gaze upon thy brow.
Alas! what wretchedness is mine,
To be deprived of thee—
Thy presence, love, to me is bliss,
Thine absence misery.

Oh, could I for one moment look
Upon thy gentle face!
That single glance would from my heart
All gloom, all sadness chase.
But no! I may not, must not hope
Such happiness to own—
I cannot see thee, my beloved,
Then, let me weep—alone!

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

WASH YOUR OWN LACES.—The difficulty of getting lace washed right, especially out of a great city, is very great. Every lady should, therefore, know how to wash her own thread laces. If any fair reader is ignorant of this art, we can teach her, in very few words. Let her first rip off the lace, carefully pick out the loose bits of thread, and roll the lace very smoothly and securely round a clean black bottle, previously covered with old white linen, sewed tightly on. Tack each end of the lace with a needle and thread, to keep it smooth; and be careful in wrapping not to crumple or fold in any of the scallops or pearlings. After it is on the bottle, take some of the *best* sweet oil, and with a clean sponge wet the lace thoroughly to the inmost folds. Have ready in a wash-kettle, a strong *cold* lather of clear water and white Castile soap. Fill the bottle with cold water, to prevent its bursting, cork it well, and stand it upright in the suds, with a string round the neck secured to the ears or handle of the kettle, to prevent its knocking about and breaking whills over the fire. Let it boil in the suds for an hour or more, till the lace is clean and white all through. Drain off the suds, and dry it on the bottle in the sun. When dry, remove the lace from the bottle and roll it round a wide ribbon-block; or lay it in long folds, place it within a sheet of smooth white paper, and press it in a large book for a few days.

NEW STYLES OF RIDING HABITS.—Riding on horseback has become, of late years, even more fashionable in France than here. Consequently in Paris, great care and attention are bestowed by the tailors, on the make of the habits, which partake, in their decorations, of the present extravagant style of costume. "Many of the riding-habits," says a correspondent of a daily journal, "are copied from the portraits in the gallery of Versailles, of the reigns of Louis XIII and Louis XV. I have lately seen one of the last mentioned era destined for one of the ladies of the court. It is composed of green cloth trimmed with gold lace, the body fastened from the throat to the waist by gold buttons, and *brandenbours* of gold lace ornamenting the corsage. The lappets are very long, and the gold lace is sewed flat round the pockets. The tight sleeves, with escautcheon cuffs, are sufficiently short to admit of the white under-sleeves forming a puff round the waist. A ruff plated a *la Henri Quatre* stands about two inches above the collar; the costume is completed by a black beaver hat, looped at both sides with a gold band and a black feather, fastened in front, passing round the crown and drooping behind."

BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS.—Messrs. Pettridge & Co., Nos. 5 State, and 72 Washington, streets, Boston, advertise a wash for removing tan, pimples, and freckles from the face, under the poetical name of "The Balm of a Thousand Flowers." They offer a reward of five hundred dollars to any person, who can produce an article, equal to "The Balm," for beautifying the skin. The price is one dollar a bottle, or fifty cents a half bottle. Remittances may be made from the country, when the bottle, or bottles, will be sent by return of express. Messrs. Pettridge & Co. announce, in a card before us, that if, in such cases, the article does not prove satisfactory, the money will be returned.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Works of Shakspeare. Reprinted from the Newly-Discovered folio of 1632 in possession of J. Payne Collier. Nos. I, II, III, IV and V. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—In a former number of this Magazine, we spoke at large on the merit of these emendations. We are glad to see that Mr. Redfield has thus early begun an edition of Shakspeare, with the corrections inserted in the text: if we may venture a prediction, ten copies of this edition will hereafter be sold, to one copy of any other. In fact, every lover of Shakspeare, no matter how many other editions he may have, must possess himself of this, or want the most perfect of all the editions. The whole work is to be completed in sixteen weekly parts, each part to contain about sixty-four pages, and to be sold at twenty cents only. A portrait of Shakspeare on steel, a vignette title-page, and a *fac simile* of the old folio will be given, in future numbers, as illustrations. The type is large and clear, and set in double columns like this Magazine, so that compactness and elegance are realized. Subscriptions, either for a single number, or for the entire set, are received in Philadelphia by W. B. Zeiber, to whom they may be sent by mail, or otherwise, with a certainty of their receiving punctual attention.

Life and Letters of Stephen Olin, D. D., LL. D. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The late Dr. Olin was a man whose reputation, disdaining the fetters of a single sect, extended through all the churches in America. The present work presents a lucid account of his life. Liberal use has been made of his correspondence, and with an excellent result. We see the Christian, the minister, the husband, and the friend, as developed by his own letters, written in the free confidence of private intercourse. It is a capital memoir. A good likeness accompanies the work.

English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century. By *W. M. Thackeray.* 1 vol. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—We have here the series of lectures, which Thackeray, during last winter, delivered in the principal cities of the United States. The lecture on "Charity and Humor," which was written for a special occasion in New York, and which contains the celebrated eulogium on Dickens, is also included in the volume. The thousands, who were deprived of the pleasure of hearing these lectures, will hail the appearance of this book with delight. Even those who listened to them, remembering the rare intellectual banquet they afforded, will seek to renew their gratification, by adding the work to their library. Swift, Addison, Congreve, Pope, Steele, Sterne and Goldsmith, live again in these pages. No one can call himself, or herself, familiar with the eighteenth century, who has not read these lectures, and even studied them. The volume is published in neat style.

The Old Forest Ranger; or, Wild Sports in India. By *Walter Campbell.* 1 vol. *New York: Stringer & Townsend.*—The authorship of this volume is full of inspiration. One absolutely partakes of the wild excitement of the hunt, sees the glowing scenery, and looks upon the burning skies of the East, while reading it. Herbert, a sportsman heart and soul, is the editor, and the book is rich in engravings. But its crowning beauty is the typography. We really have seen nothing this year more beautiful. It is an honor, and will be a profit, to these enterprising publishers, that they are getting out books from the very best authors almost exclusively now, and getting them out in the best fashion too. Success to them! Their taste and enterprise deserve it.

The Boyhood of Great Men. 1 vol. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The idea of this book is a capital one, and capitally has it been carried out. Nothing stimulates a lad like stories of the boyhood of men who have become great. The early lives of Scott, Gibbon, Mansfield, Canning, Johnson, Nelson, and others, are told, in these pages, in a deeply interesting style. The book has, however, one serious fault. Its subjects are too exclusively English. Not a single American is contained in its list. Yet surely the early lives of Franklin, Rittenhouse, Sherman, Jackson, and others, are both absorbing and instructive. The volume is neatly printed.

Civil Wars and Monarchy in France. By *Leopold Ranke.* 1 vol. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The historian of the Popes has found, in this new theme, a subject worthy of his powers. The theme has also obtained, in its chronicler, a writer adequate to its treatment. The particular period of French annals chosen by Professor Ranke is the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, so that the work might, more justly, have been called the history of the religious wars of France. It is a noble work, and will become a standard one. The translation is by *M. A. Garrey.*

Six Years Later; or, The Taking of the Bastille. By *Alexander Dumas.* Vol. II. *Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—The concluding portion of this thrilling romance has just been translated, and is now issued by *T. B. Peterson* in a style to match the former volumes of the series. It will be recollected that "Six Years Later" is the conclusion of the "Memoirs of a Physician," of which the principal personage is Cagliostro, other prominent figures being *Marie Antoinette*, the *Cardinal de Rohan*, and the *Duc de Richelieu*. The events of this volume, as of the preceding ones, are historical. But *Dumas* manages to render his historical novels more interesting than those entirely fictitious; and this without departing from the accredited narratives of the age of which he writes.

Home Pictures. By *Mrs. Mary Andrews Denison.* 1 vol. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—In this delightful volume, we have a series of pictures of home, as if written by a lady from the country, married to a city merchant. *Mrs. Denison* is one of the editors of the Boston "Olive Branch," and has earned an enviable fame as a popular writer. Most of the present book has appeared in that paper already; but the sketches have been thoroughly revised, and moreover will amply repay even a second perusal.

Carlotta and the Jesuite. 1 vol. *New York: J. S. Taylor.*—We learn that this book is meeting with a rapid sale, and has gone to a second edition. With some minor faults, it has touches of real genius, and pictures that nothing but an artist, either with pen or pencil, could have drawn. The Italian scenery is natural as nature itself. For a man who does not write in his mother tongue, the style of this book is remarkably correct.

The Old House by the River. By the author of the "Owl Creek Letters." 1 vol. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The style of this volume reminds us of *Washington Irving*. The book is full of charming pictures of rural life; while a fine sense of the moral, and even of the religious, sentiment, pervades its pages. The scene is laid on *Long Island*. We recommend the volume to all readers of taste.

Wild Oats, Sown Abroad; or, On and Off Soundings. By a Gentleman of Leisure. 1 vol. *Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—This work comes to us highly recommended. We have not, however, had time yet to peruse it ourselves; but shall endeavor to do so before our next number appears. It is handsomely printed, and bound in embossed cloth.

Vivian Grey. By *B. D'Israeli.* 1 vol. *Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—We are glad to see this brilliant novel republished, especially in so cheap, yet neat a style. At its original appearance it produced a sensation almost as great as *Ivanhoe*, and indeed laid the foundation of the fame to which its author has subsequently risen.

Mary Moraton. By *T. S. Arthur.* 1 vol. *Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—A story of American life, turning on a broken promise. It is published in cheap style.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Imitation of Preserved Ginger.—Procure some very young carrots of a yellow color; well scrape, and cut them in halves, and then cut in the shape of the cloves of West India preserved ginger; parboil carefully, not to allow them to break or lose their shapes; drain well from water and set them on the back of a sieve all night. Next day weigh them and put them into a stewpan with their own weight of syrup of ginger, and let it simmer gently, over a slow fire, for four hours. Fill the preserve pots, taking care to distribute the vegetables and the liquor in fair proportions. Tie down with bladder, and let the jars stand on the hob for a couple of days. This preserve improves by keeping.

To Dry Flowers.—A great many flowers may be completely dried, with all their colors preserved, by burying them for some time in hot sand; place the flowers erect in a vessel capable of bearing heat, and pour hot sand around them so as not to disturb their shapes. Put in an oven gently heated, and keep them there till they are thoroughly dried.

To Take Fresh Paint out of a Coat.—Take immediately a piece of cloth, and rub the wrong side of it on the paint spot. If no other cloth is at hand, part of the inside of the coat-skirt will do. This simple application will generally remove the paint when quite fresh. Otherwise, rub some ether on the spot with your finger.

To Iron Silk.—Silk cannot be ironed smoothly, so as to press out all the creases, without first sprinkling it with water, and rolling it up tightly in a towel, letting it rest for an hour or two. If the iron is in the least too hot, it will injure the color, and it should first be tried on an old piece of the same silk.

American Honey Wine.—Honey, twenty pounds; cider, twelve gallons—ferment; then add of rum and brandy, each, half a gallon, red or white tartar dissolved, six ounces; bitter almonds and cloves, of each, quarter of an ounce.

Chinese Cement.—Dissolve shellac in enough rectified spirits to make it the consistence of molasses. Used to mend glass, china, or fancy wooden ornaments.

The warmth of the hands in working silk embroidery may be obviated by washing them in hot water with a good deal of bran in it. Use an ivory tumbler.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—GENTLEMAN'S SHOOTING JACKET of green and black striped cassimere. Pantaloon of dark green plaid, and white felt hat.

FIG. II.—A WALKING DRESS FOR THE COUNTRY OR SEA-SIDE, of foulard silk, with a white ground and blue flowers scattered over it. Skirt full and plain. Mantilla of the same material as the silk, with a deep riband quilling around it. A bonnet of brown barege, slightly drawn, and having a deep cape behind to protect the neck. A bow of brown riband with long ends is placed just above the cape.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is but little change in the way of making dresses for August. Nearly all bodies are completely open down the front. When a lady does not adopt this style, she has no alternative but to have a high body with three plaits in the side. We see very few just now that do not belong to one or other of these categories.

DRESSES for out-of-doors should have the waist round, with very little tendency to form a point; they have lappets which are often trimmed with a deep lace, the scalloped edges of which reach down to the top of the first flounce on the skirt.

Bows are quite the rage at the present time; they are stuck on habit-shirts, between the opening of the body, on the sleeves, on the skirts, in fact every where. It is a fine thing for the riband weavers, for never have their beautiful productions been more lavishly employed.

THE remark respecting ribbon may be applied with equal justice to all kinds of trimmings, for dress-makers now use them lavishly; ribbons, lace, galloons, fringes, embroideries, are blended to form most charming dresses. Wide ribbons for sashes are also very much worn.

PELISSES made in muslin are well adapted for the country or the sea-side. There are several of plain muslin, trimmed at the bottom with a wide flounce in deep pointed scallops descending to the knee. Above this flounce is another, half the depth. A bouillonne of muslin, with a covered ribbon run through it, is placed on the top of each flounce, and trims the front edges of the pelisse, the shoulder seams and round the throat. The sleeves, which are rather large and only reach to the elbow, are trimmed with two flounces; the bottom one falling as low as the hand, fastened upon the inside of the arm with a bow. Below the bouillonne which encircles the shoulder is a deep flounce, forming a pelerine, and reaching the trimming on the sleeves. The front trimming lessens as it approaches the throat, and is slightly gathered. There are others of embroidered batiste, trimmed with three rows of Valenciennes lace.

MANY of these pelisses have hoods, which cover the neck-piece and form a pelerine trimmed with a very deep lace, which serve as a vest when the hood is raised over the head; they are lined with pink or blue taffeta, and are exceedingly handsome; but the height of elegance is to have them lined with pink or blue gauze.

LACE is used on everything on which it is possible to place it. Were all the lace now worn at Paris sewed into one piece, it would be large enough to make a veil for the world. Ladies are covered with it: lace mantillas, lace flounces, lace sleeves, lace shawls. Some flounces are almost deep enough to pass for skirts, which is perhaps owing to the recent introduction of Cambrai lace, the prodigy of the nineteenth century. The Cambrai lace and guipure are both exceedingly cheap, though stronger than the others; they are made of the very finest materials, and by machinery.



Charles Rollé

Emile Wautier

"MUSIC AND LOVE."

Buy your copy for Peter's Mother



Wm. A. S. Co.

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No. 3.

"MUSIC AND LOVE."

BY JAMES H. DANA.

It was a picture of more than Arcadian beauty. A lovely greenwood bank, covered with rich, thick grass, and in the back-ground a lake and silver cascade, the rustling of leaves and the murmur of water filling the air with music.

Three persons occupied this picture, reclining on the grass, as the lords and ladies did in Baccaccio's garden. They were dressed in the picturesque style of their time, which was that of the seventeenth century. The ladies were attired not very dissimilar indeed from the present fashion. But the gentleman, for there was only one, wore a deep lace collar, rosettes in his shoes, and other ornaments of the luxurious and still half poetic age, that succeeded to the steel clad era of chivalry.

The lovelier of the two females reclined in the centre of the group, while a female companion assisted her to hold a music book. But her eyes, and what magnificent eyes they were! as often strayed to the cavalier on her left, who, on his part, seemed to study her fair countenance far more earnestly than the page. At times they joined in a duet, the gentleman accompanying the lady on his guitar: and at times they chatted pleasantly together; but they were as frequently silent, looking now at the landscape, and then furtively at each other, blushing when their eyes encountered, and looking suddenly off, only to detect each other looking furtively again.

It needed no sage's eye to divine, from these signs, that they were lovers. The Lady Beatrice was, indeed, one whom it would be impossible to know without loving. Born and brought up in a distant province of the South of France, she knew nothing of the hollowness of courts, or the follies of fashion, but was all innocence, gaiety, grace, health, modesty, and beauty. Her life, until the last few weeks, had been spent in doing good among the poor on her father's estates, in

going to the chapel, in reading the ponderous old romances in the castle library, and in living among the woods and fields. But, all at once, a new world had opened upon her. One day, while about to step into the little boat, with which she and her foster-sister navigated the lake, her foot had slipped, and she had fallen in. The water was deep, and she disappeared instantly. Her companion, frightened out of all self-possession, could only scream, so that the Lady Beatrice would, perhaps, have been drowned, if the scream had not arrested the attention of a cavalier who happened to be passing, and who, rushing to the spot, rescued the beautiful girl, and bore her to a neighboring cottage.

When the Lady Beatrice, restored to consciousness by the peasant's wife, and by the exertions of her foster-sister, would have thanked her preserver, he was gone. But, a few days after, when she had entirely recovered from her accident, she revisited the scene of it; and here encountered the stranger. He bowed respectfully to her, and ventured to ask after her health. She could not but answer kindly, and even add, in a few embarrassed words, how grateful she was to him. The interview, thus begun, was protracted, and led to many others. There was such a sympathy between the mind of the Lady Beatrice and that of the cavalier; he was so respectful, yet so eloquent, so handsome, yet so courtly; the time they were together seemed so short, and the hours they were separated appeared so long, that, at last, and unconsciously almost, the interviews grew longer and more frequent, until finally the Lady Beatrice went every day to the green bank below the waterfall, and there met, every day, the cavalier, though without any formal appointment. She did this, without interference from any one. Her mother was long

dead, and her sire, occupied in affairs of his own, never visited this secluded part of his estate, and never missed his daughter if she was present at the usual twilight meal.

"You are sad, to-day," said the cavalier, after a long interval of silence.

"And you? You are sad too," she said, tenderly.

"Is it not enough to make me sad to see you so?" was the evasive reply. "Oh! Beatrice, dear Beatrice," he whispered, looking up into her face, "can you not confide in me?"

Her foster-sister, during these words, had moved away to a little distance, ostensibly to pluck flowers, but really to allow the lovers to converse, for she knew what it was that preyed on the mind of her mistress, and she thought that, perhaps, the cavalier, if he discovered it, might suggest some mode of relief.

"Oh! don't ask me," said the Lady Beatrice, at this appeal. "It will break your heart, as it is breaking mine. That is, that is," she stammered, blushing, "if what you say of loving me is true." And she burst into tears.

The cavalier made no reply, for a while, except to put his arm reverentially around his companion, and draw her head gently toward him, till it rested on his bosom. Then he soothed her with kisses and murmured words of endearment, till the tears ceased gradually, and she was in a calmer mood. After this, it required but a little persuasive tact, which he seemed to possess by nature, to win her secret from her.

It was a heart-breaking one, as she had said, and as she now often repeated, with renewed sobs, during the recital. Like many other noble maidens, the Lady Beatrice had been betrothed, in childhood, to the heir of her sire's favorite companion in arms; and now the time had come, as her father had announced to her the preceding evening, to fulfil this contract. This was the secret.

"I had utterly forgotten that I was under such an agreement," she said, weeping, in conclusion, "till my parent reminded me of it, to-night. And to-morrow the Count Regnauld is to arrive. Oh! that we had never met."

Her lover, by this time, was not less agitated than herself. But he strove to comfort her, suggesting, among other things, an appeal to her father for delay.

"It would be useless," answered his companion, despondingly. "I know my father. He would see me die at the altar before he would break his promise once given."

"Not if I was to go to him, and beseech delay, telling him that, when I had won renown, and

could bring wealth to endow you with, I would return and claim you. My lineage is good; at least as good as Count Regnauld's, and better than that of nine-tenths of our modern nobility. Come, dearest, let me try. I have said nothing heretofore of my birth, nor even of my family name, for I know you loved me for myself alone. But, as a man, who has seen the world, I should have known that this dream of happiness must come to an end; that there were others to satisfy beside yourself; and that——"

"No, no, no," interrupted his companion, "you must not, shall not go. You know not what my father is when enraged. It will only end in his challenging you——"

"I will not draw my sword on your parent. How could you think I would."

"Then this Count Regnauld will seek you out, and will insult you, so that him you will have to meet. They will kill you, I know. Oh! if you ever loved me, swear you will abandon this scheme."

"I cannot," answered her lover, after a moment's hesitation, his countenance greatly agitated. "Ask anything else, and I will grant it. But this I cannot."

The Lady Beatrice dried her tears. She was as haughty as she was loving. It was the first boon she had ever asked, and its refusal called the blood to her cheek.

"Then I bid you farewell," she said, disengaging herself, and rising.

"But my honor?" The speaker rose, agitated, and looked beseechingly at her.

"If a man cannot surrender his honor, in a case like this, when a lady asks it, he is unworthy of her." She spoke coldly, almost disdainfully, and moved away.

"But hear me, only a word," urged her lover, following her. "If I do not appear, you are lost to me forever."

But the Lady Beatrice did not even look back. She was, in truth, afraid to trust herself. Her anger was ready to give way at his appealing words. But she reflected that, perhaps, it was better to part thus: he would the sooner forget her, if he thought her unjust; and so she resolutely walked on, nor deigned even a glance, oh! how bitterly to repent it, when, at night, she found herself alone in her chamber, and thought how cruel she must have seemed to him.

"Holy mother," she said, at last, toward morning, with many a wild sob, "be with him and bless him through life. Make him happy with some one he can love."

She did not pray for herself, she could not. It seemed to her as if that would be profanation,

for she, at least, could never be happy. And with this desolate feeling at her heart she sank, about daybreak, into a stupified sleep.

Meantime the castle was all in an uproar. A courier had arrived announcing the approach of the expected guest, who was already close at hand, and would arrive in less than an hour. The marquis rose, at once, to welcome the count. He ordered a sumptuous breakfast to be prepared, and his daughter to be roused, while he himself set forward, with several attendants, to meet her suitor.

The Lady Beatrice accordingly had scarcely fallen asleep, when she was woken by her handmaidens to hear her father's commands. Never did criminal, on the morning of his execution, feel so utterly hopeless as she did now. The very sky, that to others was brilliant almost beyond example, appeared to her as if covered with a pall. Could she have closed her eyes, never to open them again, it would have been a blessing above price. But no! there was no escape for her, even the grave would not be her friend. So she yielded passively to her tirewomen, and was decked in her choicest apparel, unconscious all the while of what they were arraying her in, conscious indeed of only one thing, that her heart was breaking.

Suddenly she remembered her lover's threat to force his way into her father's presence. It was a gleam of hope, at least, or so it seemed to her now, mad as the project had appeared the day before. Oh! if he would only come, that she might see him once more, even if nothing else should result from his visit. But this he would not do. She had angered him beyond hope of pardon. He was now miles away, resolved to forget her, and upbraiding her reproachfully for her cruelty. These thoughts passed through her mind, in a sort of wild, chaotic confusion, driving her almost to the brink of insanity.

Meantime her foster-sister went about the room, with difficulty restraining her tears, for she saw how her mistress was suffering. All at once, the trumpets sounded, and the maids ran to the window, each anxious to catch a first glimpse of the bridegroom. The foster-sister, with the curiosity of the rest, had started too, but happening to catch a look of her mistress' face, her heart smote her, and returning to the chair of the Lady Beatrice, she knelt down, and began fondling and kissing the listless hand that hung there.

Soon the maids returned, outdoing each other with praises of the bridegroom's personal appearance, and of the splendor of his retinue. But their mistress heard nothing of all this. She

sat, gazing on vacancy, like one whom some great calamity had transformed to stone, so that even the most unobservant began to whisper, to wonder if she had a lover in secret, and to change their gaiety for sad and compassionate looks.

“Dear mistress,” said her foster-sister, at last, “rouse yourself. Your father will soon be here to conduct you down. Bring some stimulant,” she said, sharply turning to the wondering maids, “don't you see your mistress is ill. This event has been too much for her. She has slept little, and is now prostrated, that is all. Bring wine quick, strong wine, and then leave the room. But hold your gossiping tongues.”

Left alone with the Lady Beatrice, the faithful foster-sister finally succeeded in arousing the poor girl, by representing to her that the interview was inevitable, and that any effort to avoid it, by leading to inquiry, and discovering the transactions of the last few weeks, would ruin them both, but especially the speaker.

“It is on me your father's anger will chiefly fall,” she said, for she knew this would rouse her mistress if anything would. “You he can, at worst, only send to a convent. But he has power of life and death over me as lord of his own seigniority.”

So, at last, supported by her foster-sister, but looking like a livid corpse decked in bridal apparel, the Lady Beatrice suffered herself to be lead down stairs, and into the great hall, where the Count Regnaud awaited her. At the threshold she stopped, and would have fallen, had not her attendant sustained her by main strength, till her father received her on his still stalwart arm. Little accustomed to young ladies, the marquis attributed her agitation to maidenly timidity, and, therefore, gave himself no concern at her paleness, though wishing secretly she had allowed her maidens to rouge her cheek a little.

“My lord count,” he said, as his guest advanced, with courtly haste, to meet them, “I must apologize for my daughter, who seems coy to-day. But as you are just from Paris, perhaps you have some recipe, brought from the court, to cure such young ladies.”

The Lady Beatrice felt that she ought to look up, in order to greet their guest, but she could not. The count evidently was waiting for this act of civility, as he suffered some time to elapse before he answered his host. At last, he said,

“Will not the Lady Beatrice deign even a look to the humblest of her suitors?”

That voice, could it be? Did not her ears deceive her. She glanced up breathlessly at the speaker. No, she was not deceived, for there, in the person of the count, was her anonymous lover.

It was too much for her, after the excitement she had gone through before, and, giving a shriek as if she had been struck by a death-shot, she fell senseless on the floor.

But joy rarely kills, and long before night, the Lady Beatrice had revived sufficiently to see and to forgive her lover, whose explanation was soon made.

"Dearest," he said, "I throw myself on your mercy for this deception. But I could not endure the thought of marrying without love, and so I formed the plan of coming down here and secretly making your acquaintance——"

She pressed his hands at these words, and gave him such a look, that he had to bend down and kiss her before he could proceed.

"You know how we first met. Fortune favored me, I admit, though I had been, for two whole days, watching to make your acquaintance." And then he proceeded to tell how profound was the impression she had made on him, and how his

love had grown, day by day. Finally he concluded as follows:—

"When I found, yesterday, how you took the denouement I had prepared for our little drama, I believe I should have confessed all, had you not prevented it. Never before had I reflected how much pain my deceit might cause you, for a while, at the end. But I have your forgiveness now, have I not? You know I couldn't swear not to be here to-day. It is the only thing, rely on it, I shall ever refuse you."

The Lady Beatrice could not answer, for the glad tears choked her utterance. But she pressed his hand, and looked up into his eyes, oh! how happy.

A few days after they were married, the whole county pronouncing them the handsomest couple, that had gone to the altar, within human memory.

They never forgot their old rendezvous by the waterfall, but often, with book and guitar, renewed there the drama of "MUSIC AND LOVE."

A SUMMER VISION.

BY MRS. C. H. CRISWELL.

THE shades of eve were hast'ning on,
The clouds of night grew pale,
As Luna with her face so wan,
From which the mists had slowly gone,
Shone softly through her silver veil
Upon a scene so beautiful and rare,
As if her beams could ever linger there.

'T was a lawn, like those we deem
Elysian to be,
Tall trees waved 'neath the softened gleam
Of countless stars, that fainter seem
'Nearth Luna's placid brilliancy:
Along the shaded walks the night breeze sigh'd,
And with its echo, in the distance died.

Bright was the spot to mortal view—
A silent charm was here;
Fair were the flowers of pleasing hue,
And sweet the scented shrubs that grew
In all their wild luxuriance near;
Dark, stately pines here reared their tops on high,
As if they wished to touch the vaulted sky.

The birds of day to rest had gone,
And those of night were still,
Except the owl, that omened one,
With whose shrill voice was heard the tone
Of lonely, plaintive whip-poor-will.
And save these sounds, no voice fell on the ear,
Excepting one, 'twere luxury to hear.

Sweet were the notes that charmed the air!

From sweeter lips they fell—
For, 'neath a willow drooping there
Across the pathway, stood—how fair!

A graceful nymph—I cannot tell
The beauty of her brow, her soft, dark eyes,
And their long fringes, wherein Cupid lies.

And she was singing to the moon
That brightly on her shone,
A simple verse—and thought how soon
Had passed away gay, happy June,
And all its fleeting pleasures flown.
Thus musing on the past, she breathed a sigh,
And started—as she heard it echoed nigh.

She turned—and saw before her there,
A stranger, proudly tall—
The night breeze waved his rich brown hair
Around a brow of calmness rare,
That beamed with truth—nor was this all—
For, in his dark-fringed eyes of blue there shone
A magic light that dwelt in them alone.

He bent those eyes upon her brow,
And spoke—"I know it well—
No one hath beauty such as thou,
To thee all hearts devoted bow—
Sweet maid, thou art the village belle."
The spell was broken—I wakened but to see,
Sweet Henriette, new lovers bow to thee.

LAVENDER AND PINKS.

BY FANNY SMITH.

Do you know, dear reader, what a bouquet of lavender and pinks is like? Can you conceive that the far-famed airs from "Araby the blest" are dull in their spicy fragrance compared with them?

One pleasant June morning, as I was tearfully watching the long willow branches sway back and forth in the light breeze, thinking how in their graceful motions they were like the loving arms which once had entwined my neck, and were now palsied and cold in death, and saying to my heart "there is no sorrow like to my sorrow"—my hostess entered with a bunch of lavender and pinks. Their perfume filled my room, and as I turned from the window by which I was leaning, to receive them, Mrs. A—— said quietly,

"Will you have these flowers? they are my favorites, and I never like to put any others with them," and I knew by a slight quivering of the mouth, and the hasty manner in which she turned away, instead of the usual few minutes chat, that there were sad memories connected with my bouquet.

The summer months passed pleasantly by in the little, low, old-fashioned cottage, with its two huge willow trees in front, and giant walnuts at the back, whose branches swayed amicably together over the roof; and always on my toilet table stood a bouquet of fragrant roses and stately lilies, or of larkspurs, lady's-slippers and coreopsis; but always in a separate bunch, as long as they were in season, were a few spears of lavender and pinks.

There was a quiet melancholy in my hostess' face which had from the first interested me. I knew by the silvery hairs which so thickly threaded her raven bands, and by the quiet kindness in her dark eyes, and by the low, unexcited tones of her voice, that the trials of life had swayed fearfully around her, and that now she was exhausted and asked only for rest.

In the course of time I learned her history.

As a girl, self-willed and high-spirited, she had married against the wishes of her friends, and after a few months of wild happiness, she awoke from her fever dream to find that he, for whom she had left friends and the luxuries of a wealthy home, was unworthy of the sacrifices. Year after year passed, and she found her idol shattered and

but clay at her feet, but with a woman's undying faith she hoped on, through poverty, and desertion, and contumely, and she curbed her high spirit to gentle words, and went meekly about to make her home attractive, but, alas! in vain—and after years of sorrow and hope, she rested his dying head upon her bosom, and listened with an appalled heart to the blasphemous ravings of his delirium. And she laid him in his grave, and stilled the moaning of her heart, that she might care for the little ones yet left to comfort her.

But a few months passed, and a new anxiety awaited her. The little babe that was just beginning to lisp "ma—ma" so lovingly, that was so winsome in its ways, so cooing and happy through all her troubles—the "man child" to whose future she was already looking, when he should be her comfort and support, sickened and died.

She laid him in his little coffin, composed his golden curls and waxen fingers, and knelt down and tried to *thank* God that he had been saved from the trials and temptations to come. Wild sobs at times escaped her, as she thought of putting him from her warm bosom, and tender encircling arms into the cold, unpitying grave; but the appeal of the dear Jesus, "*Suffer* little children to come unto me and forbid them not," should it be in vain? and with a fervent "Thy will be done," she laid her baby away from her.

Time wore away to Mrs. A—— in the quiet discharge of her duties to her two remaining children. Hopes for the coming plans were again beginning to dawn faintly through the dark sorrows of the past, when a terrible accident befel her youngest child. Still the mother's heart and hand were not palsied. Day by day she lifted the little sufferer to the window, to feel the cool breeze, or to gaze on the trees, the flowers, the sunset; night by night with trembling fingers she wiped the cold dews, caused by the racking pain, from its forehead; and stilled the wild cry that was going up from her own heart, to sing it to rest with sweet lullabys.

At times indeed her strength would almost fail her. She would rush from the room, to escape the wail from the white parched lips, and the longing, imploring glance of her child's eye, to moan out, "oh, God, oh, God," the only prayer

she could utter for strength, and go back with smiles and cheerful tones to the bed-side.

At length the hour for the mortal struggle came, and in her own arms the mother held the child, repulsing with a sharp, jealous tone, all who offered to touch what had now become so fearfully precious to her, and as she struggled with the convulsed form, she turned away her head, that those looks of agony might not haunt her forever. Amid wind and rain she laid her second child away from her; and when for nights after the storm moaned sickeningly among the willow branches and around the house top, she longed to go out and throw herself upon the little grave, to protect the untroubled sleeper from its fury.

At last the poverty which had so long stared her in the face disappeared. By the death of relatives, a sum which would make her comfortable for life, was secured to her, and her whole attention now was turned to the education of her remaining child. This daughter was growing up into a gentle, delicate girl, who seemed to have imbibed her mother's sorrows in infancy, so that she appeared never to have known the careless pleasures of childhood, and the undimmed hopes of girlhood.

Day by day the mother watched this last treasure, as fair and fragile as a pale lily blossom, fearing that every rude wind would crush it to the earth—sickening at the agonizing thought that perhaps this, her last comfort on earth, would be snatched from her too. The young girl had unconsciously become her friend, counsellor, teacher.

To the watchful eye of love, which cannot be deceived, for its instincts are so sure, the change from week to week became more perceptible. The step was more feeble; the voice lower than of old; whilst the large eyes seemed filled with a mournful radiance; and the blue veins in the thin, white hands grew larger every day.

Then the time came when the walks in the garden, which she had cultivated with so much care, had to be discontinued, and she only knew of its wealth and beauty by the fresh bouquets which were plucked daily: though the only perfume for which she cared was that of her lavender and pinks. A few sprigs of those were always on her bosom, their spiciness revived her so; and she would sit listlessly arranging the grey blue of the lavender with the white and crimson of the carnations, in the pleasant June sunshine, while visions of the far away land to which she was hastening, became more distinct the nearer she approached it.

One July morning found her too feeble to rise from her bed as usual; and when the morrow's sun arose she was shrouded for the grave with a bouquet of her favorite flowers on her bosom; seventeen years from the day on which she had been laid, a little wailing stranger, on the warm, palpitating bosom of her mother, she was laid again on the cold bosom of her mother earth, who stretched out *her* cold arms to receive her.

Then many talked of the wonderful resignation of the mother. They knew not that it was the apathy of despair, leading almost to unbelief, that her faith had nearly died out by reason of her many trials; and that as Job of old was advised, she was almost tempted to "curse God and die." But better feelings at last triumphed. From out among the glowing stars she saw the loving eyes of those she lost look down upon her, and she heard their voices in the night wind that murmured around the cottage, and all pleasant things which God had created drew her with loving arms to them and Him; and now wherever there are tossings on sick pillows, or weeping eyes, or breaking hearts, or immortal souls panting at the gates of the Eternal City, Mrs. A— is there to counsel and console.

I now say no more to my heart, "there is no sorrow like to my sorrow."

SONG AT TWILIGHT.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

I LOVE the calm and gentle hour,
When twilight, soft and pale,
Flings her light curtain o'er the world,
And shrouds each silent vale;
When star-beams sleep so lovingly
Upon the throbbing stream,
For Mem'ry then wakes sweeter songs,
And many a fairy dream.

The wind's low whispers 'mong the flowers,
Comes stealing on the air,
And music fills the hallow'd hour,
That stirs the heart with pray'r.
Oh, there's a charm thrown round the soul,
On such a Summer's even,
That breathes of more than earthly bliss—
'Tis something linked with Heaven!

A MID-SUMMER DAY-DREAM.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

THE shades of evening were falling around, and the last train of cars for Elm-Brook were perpetrating the dreadful explosion known as "letting off steam." The horses that had been standing quietly in the shade, undisturbed by any enemies except the flies, began to prick up their ears and pant for action; children looked resolutely into the twilight, and identified various trees and posts as "grandma," and "Aunt Sarah;" and the older portion of the community made frantic rushes at the liberated crowd, somewhat in the style of the play where all make for chairs—no matter whose they get if they are not left without one.

Rather bewildered by the noise and darkness, was a young lady, who carried a small hand-basket, and seemed undecided whether she had arrived at her destination or not. Her figure was slight and graceful; and she wore a traveling dress of brown linen, with a deep cape of the same, and a straw bonnet trimmed with white ribbon. Her gloves and gaiters were unexceptionable; and a deep collar and cuffs of the most spotless linen completes her attire. Her face, what could be seen of it, shaded, as it was, by her veil, was certainly attractive, for strangers were constantly approaching her with offers of assistance; but she declined them all, and stood like a shipwrecked mariner upon the boarded strip in front of the ladies' saloon.

It is not very exhilarating to find oneself in a strange place with no one ready to receive you; and Lilla Mornton, having undertaken a three hours' journey alone for the first time in her life, watched the receding locomotive with something in her eye, which, had there been any sunshine around, would have sparkled very much like a tear. But, before she had quite made up her mind to be miserable, a mild-looking gentleman, in a white cravat, seized both hands with a rapturous welcome, and coolly possessed himself of the hand-basket on her arm.

"I was so afraid," said he, "that you were going to disappoint us again—but here you are at last. Now for the baggage-ticket."

The trunk was soon procured; and the traveler's spirits revived when she found herself seated beside Mrs. Willgrove in the minister's substantial carriage, en route for the parsonage.

A flock of small boys, who seemed disposed within the vehicle almost as impassably as the cherubs in pictures, stared at the stranger until their faces were prolonged notes of curiosity and admiration; while a three-year-old urchin, who, by some mental hallucination, was considered a baby and treated accordingly, reposed in his mother's arms, and was remarkably infantile for his years in everything but size.

The evening was beautiful; the sweet odor of fresh hay and clover blossoms came borne upon the air; and as the carriage rolled quietly along upon the turf-striped road, Lilla came to the conclusion that the life of a country clergyman approached nearer the *dolce far niente* of perfect happiness, than any state of existence at which she had yet obtained a glimpse. The situation of Elm-Brook was picturesque in the extreme; a pretty, Connecticut village just on the sound, while the beautiful trees from which it derived its name surrounded it like a guard of gigantic sentinels. Mr. Willgrove smiled at the raptures of his visitor, as they drove along, and Mrs. Willgrove looked exactly as she had looked before. Her's was not a face remarkable for expression.

The parsonage was now in sight—an old-fashioned country dwelling, that seemed buried in rose-vines; and the traveller alighted with a firm conviction that her somewhat adventurous visit would be productive of an endless amount of pleasure.

A romantic, thoughtless, half visionary sort of a character was Lilla Mornton. Without being remarkably pretty, she invariably attracted; and her tasteful style of dress was in itself a charm. Added to this, a complete ignorance of the ways of the world, which her admirers termed "beautiful freshness," and her aunt "lamentable greenness," always interested people as to what she would do or say next. She had been taken by a wealthy aunt and uncle from a large family of children at an early age; and Lilla's satisfactory establishment in the world was the theme now uppermost in the minds of her relatives. Her uncle, to be sure, would have missed her sadly; but it had been so often impressed upon him by his lady that the getting rid of Lilla was actually a matter of duty, that he supposed it must be. The prettiest of dresses were always

at her disposal, for the arraying of a young girl was a source of absolute pleasure to the childless Mrs. Mornton, and Lilla was quite as indispensable, on that account, as a doll to children of a smaller growth; so the petted niece enjoyed her well-filled wardrobe exceedingly, without troubling herself in the least to wonder whether such things would *always* be forthcoming.

The whole party had gone to Saratoga; and there they found some old friends of Lilla's, the Willgroves, who had actually come for the express purpose of benefitting Mrs. Willgrove's health, without a thought of being fashionable! Lilla was perfectly unmanageable; she would talk to Mrs. Willgrove by the hour, without taking the least trouble to entertain Mr. Moody, who sat on the other side of her with his hands in his pockets, wrapt up in the possession of a hundred thousand dollars, but whose bump of conversation was not very strongly developed.

The Willgroves insisted upon a visit—Lilla put forth all her powers of pleading—it was rather early in the season for people who were anybody to be at the watering-places—so, Mrs. Mornton gave a conditional promise of acceptance; that is, they were to return home, first, and if no more eligible excursion offered, Lilla was to be sent to Elm-Brook. So matters stood, until the day in question; haunted by a dim perspective of Mr. Moody, who, until the last moment, was confidently expected to "turn up," and thus put a stop to her proposed fitting, our heroine impatiently counted the slow hours until she found herself seated in the cars, and watched her uncle's receding figure as he disappeared in the distance.

She was now at the parsonage; and she contemplated the small windows, with their narrow panes, the wooden mantles, and the mirrorless apartment with feelings of pleasure. The old-fashioned silver, the gay-colored china, and diminutive spoons, were themes of never-ceasing admiration; and Lilla found herself, where she had so often wished to be, in an old-fashioned country house.

All was so sweetly peaceful; except, indeed, when the large infant before-mentioned manifested an insane desire to scald himself and brothers with hot tea, and, in consequence of their resistance, laid violent hands upon them. The boys received his slaps as though they were used to them, and they probably were.

"Trotty!" said Mr. Willgrove, a corruption of Trotford, after a rich uncle, "Trotty!" and he looked stern as a warning angel, "stop, now! or take the consequences!"

But Trotty *didn't* stop, and he didn't take the

consequences, either—for there were none to take. Lilla tried not to laugh, but she felt very much like it, when Mr. Willgrove, after frowning immensely, resumed his seat.

Trotty displayed his independence by kicking the straw mat placed before him to receive the breakfasts, dinners, and teas, which he made a regular practice of upsetting; and his mother contented herself with saying occasionally—"don't, Trotty"—a monotonous sound which he probably attributed to the crickets, for he never deigned to notice it.

No one could conquer the redoubtable Trotty; until, at length, tired of tormenting every one, he fell asleep, and was borne from the bosom of his family without a struggle. A feeling like that experienced by Sinbad, when he found himself freed from the old man who had clung to him so tenaciously, appeared to diffuse itself through the family on the disappearance of Trotty; and Mr. Willgrove preached such a beautiful sermon on the moonlight, as they sat in the open window, that Lilla wondered more and more at his wife's perpetual calmness.

Sunday came; and the visitor found herself, for the first time, within the limits of a real country church. Through the half closed blinds came glimpses of waving foliage and blue water, and the sweet breath of summer, that played mischievous franks with the hymn-book leaves, and even dared to stir the slightly silvered looks that rested on the clergyman's brow.

Lilla had attired herself in accordance with the simplicity of the scene, and her muslin dress and black scarf looked fresh and pretty; while the only ornament inside of her straw bonnet were soft braids of brown hair that rested on a cheek of delicate fairness. Lilla's eyes, though not in themselves uncommon, had a marvelous power of being raised up and cast down effectively; and as they now travelled around the various pews, the occupants found their attention irresistibly attracted toward the stranger. They were a plain-looking set, the people of Elm-Brook; and Lilla selected more than one old woman, who, she was sure, ornamented the edge of her pies with a thimble.

Mr. Willgrove began his sermon simply and beautifully, and every eye in the community was turned reverently toward him. The visitor listened, spell-bound, to the deep voice that seemed to penetrate every quarter; but when the plate was handed around, her eyes resumed their roving propensities, and finally rested in a distant corner with every appearance of interest.

Dressed in his Sunday best, and brushed to the last degree of nicety, sat a young gentleman,

who, in height, at least, seemed a human prototype of the elm trees around. His rather handsome features wore an expression of the utmost gravity; and his eyes were furtively directed toward the minister's pew. It may have been because the greater portion of the men were evidently private property—or because she so constantly detected his eyes in the act of watching her own; but, however this was, Lilla became quite interested in observing this country youth, and fancied in him a strong resemblance to somebody who would, doubtless, have been an admirer, were it not that her annt was so determined he should be. The elegant Lindsey Brereton would, probably, have felt but little complimented by this fancy; but as Lilla glanced at the extensive figure in that corner pew, she thought of "nature's nobleman," and of every thing else that was particularly unsuited to the character before her.

In passing out of church, she had a nearer view of her silent admirer; he looked rather coarse upon a close survey, and his clothes were none of the finest; but an earnest gaze from those dark hazel eyes brought a glowing color to Lilla's usually pale cheek, and she joined Mr.

Willgrove in some confusion.

They were driving home; and respectful bows from the scattered congregation saluted the minister as they passed.

"Of what are you thinking, Lilla?" asked Mr. Willgrove, as he noticed his young guest's abstraction.

"Of your sermon," she replied, with some embarrassment, "it was beautiful."

"I feared," said Mr. Willgrove, mischievously, "that your thoughts were otherwise employed—perhaps gone to look for the eyes that wandered about so in church time."

Lilla tried to laugh off the blush occasioned by this remark, and then inquired: "Who is the young gentleman that sat in the corner pew? The very tall one, with brown hair and eyes?"

"You are almost as particular in your description as though you were making out his passport," replied Mr. Willgrove, with a smile, "the term '*young gentleman*' would have been sufficient—for such articles are, I can assure you, scarce enough at Elm-Brook. But to answer your question, Miss Lilla, he rejoices in the name of Oatson Hayfield, owns houses and lands, horses and cows, and, on week days, employs himself in tilling the ground—in other words, he is a regular farmer, and comes of a family who have pursued the same occupation from generation to generation."

"He is very rich," observed Mrs. Willgrove,

"besides his father's farm, an uncle left him a large place completely stocked with everything. People say that the stores of linen and bedding there are inexhaustible; and there are ruffled pillow-cases by the dozens."

Lilla, who was almost as much astonished at this lengthy speech from Mrs. Willgrove as was the Persian King in the Arabian Nights, when his dumb bride spoke, was now compelled to listen to a complete inventory of Mr. Hayfield's property, both personal and real estate. Mrs. Willgrove concluded by remarking that "all the girls were setting their caps for him;" and Lilla was rather disappointed to find that one whom *her* notice was to have rescued from obscurity, enjoyed all the country eclat of wealth and bachelorhood.

This rural life was really beautiful. Even the monotonous hum of the crickets and katydid was perfect music at night; and in the morning, when Lilla stood in her window, with the fresh, country breeze playing with her hair, and the song of the birds in the tall elm trees around, she was quite convinced that this was the only phase of existence to be desired upon earth.

Sometimes a sort of floating wish presented itself that Mr. Willgrove had a brother who looked exactly like himself, and preached just as he did—and that this brother should ask her to preside over just such a parsonage as that; but then Lilla's rambles in cloud-life were brought back to earth by a sight of Mrs. Willgrove seated by an enormous basket of un-mended stockings, or a perfect wilderness of unmade shirts. Her ethereal nature shuddered at the idea of contact with so coarse a reality; and she felt, at such times, willing to brave the danger of "not being understood," or "appreciated" by some Mr. Moody, or Lindsey Brereton, rather than be, even to a second Mr. Willgrove what Mrs. Willgrove was.

Ministers were proverbially poor; but a farmer? *that* was the thing? She could spend her time careering around on horseback—or turning over the fresh hay for amusement—or doing any thing else that was perfectly picturesque, and not calculated to soil her hands. And, then, what pretty straw bonnets she would wear! And what snowy dresses! Her coral and turquoise ornaments were as so much dross and rubbish compared to wild flowers; and beautiful simplicity more desirable than all Madame Hanton's French style.

"Have you fallen asleep, Lilla?" called Mr. Willgrove, for the carriage was waiting for a drive, and the young lady had been all this unconscionable time tying her bonnet.

In two or three bounds, she had sprung down the flight of stairs; and the whole party, Trotty included, proceeded as rapidly as two very slow horses could carry them. The scenery was beautiful—Lilla in raptures—Mr. Willgrove amused—and Mrs. Willgrove closely cornered by Trotty, whom not even a bribe of candy could coax off of his mother's lap.

But the wants of our earthly natures are constantly obtruding themselves when their presence is least desired; and at Mrs. Willgrove's suggestion, the horses' heads were turned away from "leafy glades" and "purling streams" to rest ignominiously in front of a baker's shop. Mr. Willgrove alighted, and left the reins in charge of one of the boys; but the young gentleman, absorbed in contemplating some distant object of interest, loosened his hold until they became entangled around the horses' feet, and a sudden plunge forward aroused the inmates of the carriage to a sense of their danger.

Lilla grew pale with fright, and sank helplessly back upon the cushions; but the next moment a strong hand had seized the bridle—a herculean figure stood up before them—and the young farmer bashfully received Mr. Willgrove's expressions of gratitude. A single glance toward the farthest corner of the carriage spoke volumes; and Lilla returned from that drive decidedly in love with Oatson Hayfield.

Poor, unsuspecting Mrs. Mornton! How fortunate that she was spared the knowledge of this fearful backsliding on the part of her carefully trained niece. Mr. Willgrove watched his young guest with considerable interest; but he knew her better than she knew herself, and decided that her aunt had nothing to fear.

"What say you to a boating excursion, Lilla?" was a question which raised that excitable young lady to a pitch of enthusiasm absolutely startling.

"Not very far from here," continued Mr. Willgrove, "there is, in the sound, an island of about twelve acres, containing a solitary residence—this island is the farm left to Mr. Hatfield by his uncle. So, that you see he is quite a Robinson Crusoe, if he only lived there—but he leaves the place every evening. We shall find him there in the day time, for he is obliged to attend to the farm; and I have no doubt that he will be proud to show his visitors every hospitality."

There was not a dissenting voice in the community; Mr. Willgrove departed to secure a boat; and Lilla, half bewildered by this fresh piece of romance, arrayed herself in a rose colored muslin and gipsy flat, that called forth a perfect shower of compliments when she descended.

In the best possible humor with herself and

every one else, our heroine entered the boat, and was soon lulled by the soft, gliding motion into a dream of romantic improbability. The scene was charming beyond description; and the various little islands that dot the sound looked like fairy bowers. The rich, warm sunlight sparkled on the waves in golden streams; the sky was as clear and blue as though all storms had passed away from the earth forever; and the only drawback to perfect happiness was the heat, which is never felt in such intensity as at three o'clock on a July afternoon, in a row-boat upon the water.

But when they reached their destination, such a scene of beauty burst upon their view that all suffering was well repaid. The blue waves dashed up against the little island, that looked like an emerald set upon the bosom of the water, and foamed in miniature breakers, that washed the feet of tall trees and clustering shrubs. The house, which was a large, square edifice, with a piazza running entirely around it at the first and second stories, was placed almost exactly in the middle of the island, and approached by various paths shaded by elm trees. Never in Lilla's wildest dreams had she imagined anything to equal this.

Mr. Hayfield was not visible, and the party proceeded up stairs to the second piazza. The place was in rather a neglected state, the house bare of furniture, and wild grape-vines were entangled together over the pillars; while through this natural lattice-work came glimpses of blue water and rich sunlight.

Lilla gazed dreamily over the sound, and thought Oatson Hayfield a very happy man. But where was he? It looked rather like an invasion to be wandering about a private dwelling without a master of ceremonies; and Mr. Willgrove departed to seek him in an adjacent cornfield. Sometime elapsed without the appearance of either of the gentlemen; and the party up stairs concluded to descend.

Guided by the sound of voices, they approached a peach orchard not far from the house; and there stood Mr. Willgrove apparently engaged in conversation with one of the field hands. But the words: "Come just as you are—the ladies will excuse it," and something about "working clothes," and "not fit," caused Lilla to turn and stare most intently into the embarrassed face of Oatson Hayfield.

The more Lilla gazed, the more astonished did she become, and the more impossible she found it to identify the individual before her as the smart young farmer who had attracted her attention. A pair of feet, quite innocent of shoes or stockings, whose hue spoke eloquently of potatoe

diggings, and whose size were doubtless a tax upon leather, forced themselves upon her sight with all the pertinacity of unwelcome objects—a shirt of crimson flannel was taking bird's eye views of the world through apertures obligingly left for it in an outer one of coarse muslin—a straw hat that looked as though Mr. Hayfield might have been lunching upon it when interrupted by the clergyman—and a generous display of hands that appeared fully competent to knock down a moderate sized horse, completed the picture.

Lilla trembled, and closed her eyes, as though to shut out some disagreeable view; while Mr. Willgrove introduced his companion with a sort of struggle between mirth and propriety quite at variance with his usual demeanor.

Mr. Hayfield pattered up stairs on hospitable thoughts intent, and Lilla took a critical survey of his entire figure; but by the time that she arrived at the sole of his foot, she felt that her dream was over. Whether she expected to discover the young farmer in a full suit of black, with patent leather boots, shining hair, and not even the stiffening taken out of his collar by a moderate use of the hoe, she never distinctly stated; but an appealing glance toward Mr. Willgrove, as though she were desirous of removing from a disagreeable neighborhood, quite upset the small stock of gravity which that gentleman found himself in possession of.

"It was really too bad," he whispered, "to come upon him so unexpectedly—but don't laugh, Lilla."

Here Mr. Willgrove leaned as far over the railing as possible, that no sound of mirth might torture the feelings of their entertainer; but Lilla was in no laughing mood. The fairy isle was fast losing its beauty. That dreadful figure kept haunting her, even when Mr. Hayfield had removed to a distant part of the grounds; and she felt as though under the disagreeable influence of some hideous dream.

"And so, Lilla, you would not like to be a farmer's wife?" whispered a voice at her elbow, "it is well that you have become so easily disgusted, for your aunt and uncle would never have listened to such a thing."

Our mortified heroine encountered the mirth-beaming eyes of Mr. Willgrove, and turned resolutely from all the romantic attractions of an island home. A mist had come over the blue water—a cloud upon the smiling sky—a change o'er the spirit of her dream. Lilla felt that henceforth she was to be a sacrifice to refined tastes and expensive habits; and resolved to meet her fate with praiseworthy philosophy.

The next morning a light, Rockaway wagon drove up to the quiet parsonage—a pair of splendid horses were reined suddenly in—and in another moment a stylish-looking young gentleman stood in the small parlor, with a letter from Mrs. Mornton. Lilla introduced him as "Mr. Brereton," and announced the necessity of her instant departure—her aunt would be put off no longer.

Her things were soon ready, and the returning Rockaway bore an additional burden. Mr. Brereton spoke of Europe and the scenes through which he had lately passed, and Lilla's expressive face kindled up with a glow of enthusiasm; he spoke of moonlight and Italian ruins, and his companion looked pensive; he spoke of moonlight and *love*, and wondered that any one should call Lilla pale.

The truant was folded to her aunt's bosom with an embrace that redoubled in vigor after a few whispered words; and Lilla laughed to think that she had ever fancied a resemblance between the country youth and Lindsey Brereton.

Some acquaintances who saw Lilla at Madame Hanton's, in the autumn, laughing and blushing over a rich lace veil, which her aunt insisted upon her trying on, glanced at each other in a significant manner, and were fully prepared for what followed—the wedding cards of Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey Brereton.

But Lilla didn't forget her old friends; the Willgroves received repeated invitations to return her visit; and one day, some years from that Elm-Brook chapter, Mr. Willgrove found himself in the elegantly furnished dwelling over which Lilla presided. A smile wreathed his lips involuntarily as he glanced at the luxury around him, and thought how very nearly two people had been made miserable for life. Lilla was as unfit for Oatson Hayfield as he for her.

Her light footstep made no sound upon the velvet carpet, and Mr. Willgrove started as the object of his thoughts stood before him. In the youthful face of Mrs. Brereton there were no traces of the few years that had flown since their last meeting; and she was prettier and more elegant-looking than ever. The crimson curtains, near which she stood, cast a soft glow on her cheek; and to imagine *her* the mistress of that farm house, seemed as preposterous as it would have been to place the marble statuette beside her in one of the unfurnished rooms.

"I am glad to see you!" said Lilla, after the first greeting, "I have never ceased to think of you, and those beautiful sermons that I used to hear at Elm-Brook—and, now, I am going to tell you some good news."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Willgrove, seating himself rather reluctantly upon the embroidered flowers that covered the sofa, "I am fond of hearing good news."

Lilla hesitated with the embarrassment natural to generous people, when about to divulge their own performances; but, finally, she mustered courage to say:

"The thought of your wasting such eloquence and talents upon these country clodpoles has often troubled me, and I could not rest until I had accomplished my plan. Our clergyman has left—and the minds of the congregation were for sometime distracted between rival candidates. I told them of *you*—I did not praise, I only did you justice; several of the members heard you preach, and a deputation will soon wait upon you to ask you to exchange the monotony of an Elm-Brook life for a luxurious house—a princely salary—and a wealthy and devoted congregation."

Lilla had spoken rapidly, with downcast eyes, and for some moments there was a pause. When she looked up, Mr. Willgrove stood directly before her, and had taken both of her hands in his. A bright color was burning in his cheek, and those earnest eyes seemed looking into her very soul.

"Lilla," said he, more sadly than reproachfully, "have these paintings and statues, and all these beautiful things taught you *this*? Have they indeed so wound themselves about your heart that you offer them as irresistible bribes to one who has been called as a guide to others?"

An expression of pain and sorrow passed over

Lilla's face; and seating himself beside her, Mr. Willgrove continued,

"I thank you sincerely for the kindness of your intentions, but I should indeed be unworthy of my trust did I listen to the voice of this temptation. I have not the refinements of wealth, it is true—but I have the earth, and the sky, and the beautiful things of nature; and did I possess the eloquence and talents of which you speak, I never could justify myself in making them objects of *barter*. The people of Elm-Brook may be 'clodpoles,' but I would not forfeit their good opinion for all the inducements you can offer. You had not *always* so contemptible an opinion of a country life, Lilla."

She understood this allusion, and smiled through her tears at the recollection of Oatson Hayfield.

"Forgive me," said she, "I feel that I have done very wrong." She was completely subdued into a reverent admiration of the man before her, country clergyman though he was.

"Now, Lilla," said Mr. Willgrove, smilingly, "I did not come here to make you cry, and if my presence has that effect I shall be afraid to ask you to Elm-Brook. We have each the situation for which we are best fitted; and I should be quite as much out of *my element here* as a certain young lady, who shall be nameless, would have found herself at that little island in the south."

Lilla *did* go to Elm-Brook—but she never had a relapse of the MID-SUMMER DAY-DREAM.

A VIGNETTE.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

DROPPED upon the carpet,
Darling Carribel,
As a sea-nymph student,
O'er some curious shell—
Gazes in the petals
Of a lily white,
Slowly, surely, drooping,
In the Summer light.

Press the tiny fingers,
Taper leaves apart,
Folding then their snow-robe
O'er the golden heart;
While an artless prattle,
Plaintive or in mirth,
Finishes a picture
Unto one of worth.

"Pretty, scented blossom,
Weary is your head,
Shall I let you slumber
On my little bed?
Bud again, sweet lily,
With no single stain,
Do not die, my beauty,
Bud for me again."

Never, baby Carrie!
Vainly thou dost plead;
Comes no second budding,
At the floweret's need.
And—for thou must learn it,
With us even so;
One, one only life-time,
Heart embloomings know.

THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

FRANK SELDON was as fine a young fellow as ever breathed. He was gay, open, generous, full of talent, and had the kindest and best heart in the world. Yet with a character careless and uncalculating almost to a fault, he laughingly, but quite seriously, declared his determination of becoming a fortune-hunter, and he explained his views on the subject, to his friends, somewhat thus—

“Here am I,” he would say, “a poor devil of an M. D., who, despite great talents and much learning, has not, and, as the world goes, cannot reasonably expect ever to get any practice, without a helping hand from some one. My father has just failed in business, so I can have no help from that quarter—I have no one else to look to but myself. I am a handsome enough young fellow—my affections are entirely disengaged; I must look upon them as my stock in trade, and dispose of them so as to bring in the largest return. It’s as easy to fall in love with an heiress as any other woman, and depend upon it I shall prudently contrive to make love and interest meet, some of these days.”

Not long after these prudential resolutions were formed, two young ladies from Boston, came on a visit to the house of Mrs. Clemant, a lady of our fortune-hunter’s acquaintance. And as though fortune favored his views, one of these ladies, Miss Mary Bancroft, was a great heiress; the other, Miss Mary Dana, was the portionless daughter of an artist.

Doubtless with a view of reducing theory to practice, our hero presented himself at Mrs. Clemant’s soon after the arrival of her young guests. When he entered the drawing-room the young ladies were at the piano singing a duet together, and several gentlemen of the neighborhood, drawn, as young Seldon suspected, by the same magnet which had attracted himself, stood near the piano listening. Entering the room quietly so as not to disturb the musicians, our hero seated himself by Mrs. Clemant on the sofa, and employed himself till the song ended, in studying the countenances of the two young ladies. One was a tall blond, with regular features, and stately bearing; the other a brunette of middle size, her figure full, but very graceful, her face so varying with changing expressions

that the beholder was never at leisure to ascertain the style of the features.

Young Seldon’s eyes, after scrutinizing both ladies, rested with most pleasure on the mobile face of the beautiful brunette—he hoped *she* might be the heiress. But no; when the song was ended, and he was introduced to the young ladies, the taller responded to the name of Miss Bancroft, the other to that of Miss Dana.

Young Seldon sighed, but resolved to be discreet, and accordingly addressed his conversation to the legitimate object. Still, with all his prudence, he could not prevent his eyes wandering occasionally to the bright face of Miss Dana, who remained sitting at the piano, carelessly touching the keys, and looking up with varying expressions on her brilliant face, while conversing with a young gentleman who was standing beside her.

The other gentlemen, like young Seldon, attached themselves to the heiress.

More music was requested, and our hero being no indifferent musician, soon found himself taking part in a trio. He felt that he never sang better, he saw that his companions were pleased with him, and his spirits rose high. He thought both ladies were charming; both had charming voices. He sang several duets with each. Miss Bancroft’s voice was a high and pure soprano; Miss Dana’s a rich contralto. Connoisseurs might prefer Miss Bancroft’s, that he thought very likely; but he felt that Miss Dana’s voice accorded best with his own, which was a bass.

Both ladies were very gracious to our hero, and when he left them it was with the sense of having passed a most delightful evening, and with the impression that fortune-hunting was the most agreeable employment in the world.

The following evening Frank Seldon was again a visitor at Mrs. Clemant’s. He came, by agreement, to practice with the young ladies. Many times during the evening he found it necessary to remind himself that it was Miss *Bancroft*, with whom he was to fall in love; yet in spite of all his endeavors to the contrary, he found his eyes ever searching for Miss Dana’s piquant face, and resting delighted on her graceful form. In vain he commanded himself to admire the classic formation of Miss Bancroft’s features, and the dignity of her carriage; one bright, roguish glance

from his Miss Dana's dark eye—one pout of her budding lips, one sweet blush flying over her dark, yet brilliant face, made his heart bound with a rapture he could not repress, and which all Miss Bancroft's perfections could not call forth.

Again he sang with both young ladies; again he felt the vast difference between singing with one, whose voice, though faultlessly true, did not perfectly accord with his own, and the delight of blending his voice with another whose every tone seemed to melt into, and perfectly unite with his, forming a perfect harmony.

Many such evenings as those I have described flew delightfully by. At the close of one of them, Mrs. Clemant seated herself at the piano to play a waltz for her young guests. Quite a number of young people were assembled in her pleasant drawing-room, besides our hero, and at the first sound of her spirited touch on the piano, gay couples were whirling, as though by magic, round the room. Frank Seldon had been too late in bethinking himself of his resolutions to secure the hand of the heiress, but he repaired this misfortune, as much as possible, by soliciting the hand of Miss Dana. Never did sylph move with lighter, more aerial grace, than did the little fairy Frank held in his arms; she seemed to float on the music—to rise and fall with its cadences; not as by voluntary action, but as though her movements were swayed by the music, and were its effect. Frank felt that he had never known what waltzing was before. He stood beside his partner when she chose to sit down, fanning her, and gazing delighted into her bright, glowing face, brilliant with the color dancing had called into her cheeks, and gay with the laughing jests she addressed to him. I know not what our fortune-hunter was thinking about, but he started as though he had been doing something wrong, when a little movement behind him apprized him that Miss Bancroft wished to seat herself by her friend.

As though suddenly remembering something he had forgotten, he begged the favor of her hand for the next waltz. Soon they were moving together round the room; but how different a thing was this waltz from the last. True, Miss Bancroft's steps were perfectly correct, and her carriage not ungraceful—but spirit, and feeling were wanting. Instantly our hero's brain began to spin a theory as to the mode of determining a woman's character by her manner of waltzing.

As soon as Frank's attention was no longer required by his partner, his eyes went eagerly in search of Miss Dana. She was waltzing with Mr. —, the gentleman with whom he had

observed her talking, the first evening he had ever seen her. A pang of jealousy shot through his heart. He could not endure to think the delight which so lately had thrilled to his inmost being, should be common to others as well as himself. Even when the waltz was ended, his tortures were not over, for Mr. — still lingered near his partner, and our poor fortune-hunter envied him every smile he gained from the portionless friend of the heiress.

Still, notwithstanding the strange fascination which Miss Dana exercised over him, our hero was far from succumbing without a struggle to his impulses. He had made up his mind to be a fortune-hunter, and a fortune-hunter, he was still determined to be. After his old fashion of soliloquizing he often talked to himself thus:

“The idea of my marrying for love, is simply preposterous. I couldn't afford it; and besides, I'm not in love. Miss Mary Dana is very enchanting, I own,” here he always paused, and sighed before proceeding, “but Miss Mary Bancroft is more classically beautiful, and any man might be proud to call such a woman his wife. Yes, to-night I will go to Mrs. Clemant's with my wits about me, and not let every trifling temptation divert me from my object.”

Thus bravely our hero talked; but, alas! for human weakness—the first tone of Miss Dana's rich voice, the first sound of her merry laugh, the first glance of her roguish eye, made his heart bound, and fettered his every thought upon herself. The little witch seemed aware of the power she wielded, and disposed to use it tyrannically. She piqued young Seldon, she flirted with him—she repulsed him, she enticed him; she was cold, warm, teasing, alluring, quarrelsome, and tender, twenty times a day. Worst of all was it for our hero, when she made him jealous by flirting with M. —. It did not require the keen eye of a lover, to see that the latter was much interested in her. He was a man of refinement, and superior character—by no means a rival to be despised. Frank felt this, and ere long every thought of fortune-hunting was forgotten in the absorbing struggle to eclipse his rival in Miss Dana's regard. She, little coquette as she was, showed no preference for either.

One bright morning in May, a gay party of equestrians left Mrs. Clemant's door. They were to ride to a lovely spot in the country, where they were to spend the day. Servants were to follow them in wagons, bringing refreshments, and all other necessaries; a collation was to be spread on the grass, and after a day of pleasure, they were to return home by moonlight.

The day was propitious, and in high spirits the party arrived at the place of destination. True, our poor fortune-hunter's spirits were a little dashed by having been too late to secure the honor of escorting Miss Dana, and his temper tried by observing the tender gallantry of Mr. —, who rode beside her; these circumstances, however, did not appear to affect the general happiness of the party, and all was smiles and sunshine.

Almost immediately after the collation, which proved a most successful affair, young Seldon observed that Miss Dana had disappeared, and as time slipped on, and she did not return, he began to feel some uneasiness on her account. No one else appeared to notice her absence, and Mr. —'s presence proved that he was not with her; a circumstance which Frank observed with satisfaction. His anxiety still increasing as it grew later, he resolved, at last, to steal away and go in search of her. Happening to pass the large tree where the horses were tied, he perceived with something like a start of horror, that Miss Dana's horse was not there.

"Where is Miss Dana's horse?" he inquired of the groom. The man, in more words than I cared to repeat, explained that Miss Dana had mounted her horse, two hours before, saying she was only going a few miles, to explore a pretty spot which had struck her fancy as she passed it in the morning, and should be back in an hour.

Scarcely knowing what he did, Seldon rushed on in the direction indicated, his brain in a perfect tumult of terror, and the most burning love. Yes, in the first moment of apprehension for Miss Dana's safety, the love which had slumbered half unconsciously in his bosom, burst forth with an intensity which left him no longer in doubt as to his feelings. He had gone but about a mile, when he descried a riderless horse galloping toward him—it was Miss Dana's. Our hero made an unsuccessful effort to catch the reins as the horse passed, and then sped, without delaying for another attempt, still more swiftly onward. About two miles further on, he saw a motionless object lying on the road. His heart sank. As he approached he perceived that his fears were realized. Miss Dana lay there totally insensible. Seldon raised her in his arms, but his agitation was so great that he could not determine if she were alive or dead; and so completely had excess of emotion destroyed his presence of mind, that not one of the many medical remedies, with which he should have been familiar, occurred to him. He could only fold her fondly in his arms, kissing her pale cheeks, and calling on her name in tones of the deepest distress. Suddenly he thought he

perceived a faint shade of pink returning to the white cheek—it deepened at the rapturous kiss of thanksgiving he pressed on her lips—it became a deep blush as he pressed her joyfully to his heart, and when he looked again in her face, the closed eyes half opened, and from under the long lashes, a sidelong glance of mischievous roguery flashed out, and a smile of peculiar meaning lurked about the mouth. That smile seemed to say, plainly as words, "you're nicely cornered, sir!" Seldon caught its meaning, and instantly jumped at the conclusion that the whole scene had been but a preconcerted trick. Hurt and indignant, he sprang from Miss Dana's side, and was about to utter some angry words, when he perceived by his companion's sinking form, and pallid face, that she was again nearly fainting.

"I believe I am somewhat hurt," she said, pointing to her arm, which hung lifeless by her side. Our hero knelt beside her with words of concern and sympathy. He saw at once that the arm was broken, and summoning his own resolution, he asked Miss Dana if she had strength and courage to have it set on the spot, telling her that by this promptness she would be saved much future pain, and promising to exert his utmost skill. Miss Dana assented, and bore the necessary pain Seldon was obliged to inflict, with such unflinching fortitude as increased still more the exalted admiration which he already entertained for her.

Carried away by the excitement of the moment, and the tender compassion called forth by the occasion, words of love escaped our hero's lips, of which he was unconscious till it was too late to recall them—nor did he wish to do so. In spite of the whispers of prudence, his heart exulted in their utterance, and he listened breathlessly for Miss Dana's reply. It was so low that he had to bend his head to catch her whisper.

"They told me you wanted to marry an heiress."

Seldon bit his lip.

"Why don't you marry Miss Bancroft?" continued his tormentor—"she's a fortune, and—they say you're a fortune-hunter."

An angry flash rose to Seldon's cheek, but mastering himself in a moment, he replied,

"Your taunt comes home to me with some truth; but surely, Mary, I had no reason to expect it from you."

How Mary replied, and how the question was settled, I know not; I only know that half an hour afterward, when found by some of their friends, who had come in search of them, having become alarmed by the return of Miss Dana's horse without a rider, they appeared to be on

the best of terms with each other, and notwithstanding Miss Dana's painful accident, *her* face, as well as that of our hero, was radiant with happiness.

Miss Dana was duly scolded for her imprudence, and pitied for her misfortune; and, as to ride home on horseback was impossible, the gentlemen contributed their overcoats, and the ladies their shawls, to form a couch for her on the bottom of one of the wagons. Thither Seldon carefully lifted her, and insisted on driving the vehicle himself.

One morning, about a week from this time, an elderly gentleman, Mr. Bancroft, arrived at Mrs. Clemant's. He had come on to escort his daughter and her friend home. Seldon was at the house at the time of his arrival, having called, as in duty bound, to visit his patient. He heard Mr. Bancroft's name announced; what was his surprise then, to see Miss Dana spring into his arms, exclaiming, "my dear father!" Mrs. Clemant's surprise was as great as his own. Her expressions of astonishment called forth an explanation, by which a romantic manoeuvre of the young ladies was brought to light.

It appeared that Miss Bancroft, (late Miss Dana) haunted by the idea that she was only sought for her fortune, prevailed on her friend, on their arrival in an entirely new place, to change names with her. Mrs. Clemant was easily imposed upon, since, though an old friend of Miss Bancroft's family, she had never seen our heroine since she was an infant, and the *real* Miss Dana was also personally a stranger to her. Thus favored by circumstances, the heiress indulged her whim of seeing how far she owed the homage she had been in the habit of receiving to her own attractions, and Miss Dana, on her part, was pleased with the eclat of passing herself off for an heiress.

Just as our heroine had finished her hurried apologies and explanations to Mrs. Clemant and her father, the former was summoned from the room by the arrival of some visitors—a circumstance at which Miss Bancroft inwardly rejoiced, as she bashfully presented her bewildered lover to her father, whispering, as she put her arms coaxingly around his neck—

"The gentleman, father, whom I wrote to you about."

"I see, I see," cried the old gentleman, deliberately putting on his spectacles, and scrutinizing our hero narrowly, "this is your fortune-hunter, eh?"

Miss Bancroft blushed for her lover's embarrassment at this ill-timed question, and replied warmly,

"No, sir—no fortune-hunter, as he has shown by his conduct, which has proved him better than his words." She paused a moment, and then with a charming blush and smile she extended her hand to Seldon, and added, still addressing her father—

"He convinced me, sir, entirely to my satisfaction, that he was sincerely in love with the portionless Miss Dana—I shall not easily be persuaded that he does not feel an equally strong attachment to Miss Bancroft."

Her eyes full of tenderness met those of her lover, who, quite overwhelmed, could only kiss the little hand he held, and remain silent.

Mr. Bancroft was a fond father—his daughter an only child—and, as the reader may imagine, under such circumstances all difficulties were smoothed away. Yet no sooner had the old gentleman given his consent to their engagement, than our hero, with that remarkable facility people have of tormenting themselves with little difficulties, when they have overcome great ones, felt himself so disturbed by the error he constantly committed of calling his betrothed Miss Dana, that he allowed her no peace till by changing her name to Mrs. Seldon, he was relieved from so annoying an embarrassment.

In justice to our hero we must say, that his first feeling on discovering the young ladies' secret, was actual and positive disappointment that all his disinterestedness had been thrown away, and that he had wooed and won an heiress after all. Still, time reconciled him to this calamity, and he could not but acknowledge that his wife's fortune stood him in good stead till he had succeeded in establishing himself in his profession.

Frank Seldon was ere long regarded as the first physician of the place, and his skill and ability are unquestioned by all except his tormenting, bewitching little wife, who sometimes gravely shakes her head, and warns her friends not to trust him in cases of dangerous fainting fits, as his practice on such occasions is peculiar, and such as she does not approve of.

I am sorry to be obliged to add that the number of the *bona fide* Miss Dana's admirers suddenly diminished when she resumed her true character of a portionless maiden. One of them, however, who had been almost too modest to advance his claims when he thought her an heiress, now stepped boldly forward and offered her his hand. Touched by his generous conduct, Miss Dana promised to consider his suit favorably, and ere long she became the wife of one of the noblest of men.

THE CHANGING AND THE UNCHANGING.

BY ELISE GRAY.

THE sunlight of a summer morning shone over a city. There was vivid life in the ceaseless motion and sound. The glittering carriages of the wealthy rolled over the paved streets, and passed by the rough carts of the lowly men of toil.

The gay lady of high life attired in chameleon silks of beautiful, changing hues, met unheeding the widow in plain weeds of woe, or the begging child of misery and rags.

A grave philosopher walked with meditative step. He saw not the crowd, but an author's table in a little upper room. He had come to the last chapter of a work that must, Hope said, with eager voice, bring gold and a great name.

An artist was going to his studio, and with earnest gaze he studied all that could be seen of azure sky and white clouds floating above the high, dull walls. He was thinking of a sky of his own coloring, on which he would one day look with joy, and the world with praise.

In a cellar among sheaves of straw fell a spark of fire. No eye saw the tiny instrument that there began to do a great work of destruction. One slender blade gave at first a feeble light. Another and another caught the blaze, until the fierce hot flames rose high and kindled the beams above. A rush of many feet was heard, and screams of dismay. Fire—fire, was the cry—and water—bring water, was the call. Bells rang out their loud alarms, and men in crowds pressed toward the smoke and flames.

When the sun set that night the fires were subdued—so too were hope and energy in many a heart.

The author mourned the waste of years of intellectual toil. The strength of his great mind was changed to the weakness of a little child.

In the young artist's soul joy was turned to agony, as torturing fancy pictured to his eye the scorching flames blackening the glorious colors of his canvass.

The widow's woe had deeper grown. The humble rook—the scanty store of gold—last legacies of the lost, were *gone*.

The proud man of fortune and the gay lady gazed on the fallen pillars of their palace, and knew their wealth was changed to want deeper than the beggar's poverty.

Are not such life's *real* changes?

It was moonlight on the ocean. From a vessel's deck many happy eyes looked upward toward the full-orbed light, and down upon the waters sparkling in its silvery rays.

Friend clasped to friend paced closely the deck, inhaling the summer air and the sweeter breathings of affection. A grey-haired man sported with a mirthful child, and told him strange stories of sights all over the world and storms at sea, till the boys wondering eyes grew dim with sleep, and the grandfather bore him to their cabin couch, where soon age and infancy were lulled to deep repose, "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

It was past midnight, and the sleepers on the sea saw not the cloud that arose on the azure sky. They heard not the first wail of the wind, but soon the storm raged fearfully, and awoke them to wild terror.

Who hath ever told the horrors of a shipwreck on the ocean, when the "cry is help, but no help can come?"

The bark was lost.

The old man's silvery locks mingled a moment with the white foam of a wave. Then he sank down with the clinging boy.

Friend clasped to friend in life, descended together to that vast ocean sepulchre where lie the countless dead of the deep.

Changing as the sea from calm to storm, is life to death.

Hope suddenly flew to Love on fleet, bright wing, and whispered something only Love could hear—then quickly gave her pinions *beauteous* as her own, and they soared together and flew away. Hope drooped her wings upon a mountain height, and said to Love rest here—I will show thee thy future.

Then she touched Love's eyes with a strange wand, and Love looked and saw in the distance a land so wondrously beautiful, she turned away amazed, bewildered, and could not believe. Hope said, "fear not—it is surely thine. All that thy yearning nature desires is there—the streams of affection, and the flowers and fruits that drink their life on the borders—devotion and joy, and self-sacrifice and duty. Countless and nameless are the beauties and pleasures of thy future."

Love gazed with passionate, tender eyes, and said with earnest tone, "is this truly my earthly lot?"—then drooped her wings lower, for the burden of bliss was heavy, and wept for o'erflowing of soul. So she turned to the bosom of God to pour out its fulness there, and entreat His smile and His blessing.

Strange and beautiful deceiver art thou, oh, Hope! While Love's eyes were yet darkened with tears, the Siren flew suddenly away and was seen no more. Love turned her eyes and Hope was gone, and the glorious land of the enchantress had also vanished. Astonished, terrified she gazed—she waited, but Hope returned not again, nor the beautiful vision of her enchanted land, the future.

A wild, stern strife was in Love's soul, and she turned away from God, and could not say, "Thy will be done," for her heart cried out in

agony, "He hath no compassion." Her bright wings fell off, and her spirit was broken. Slowly came she down from the mountain of her glorious vision and temptation, and went away, wounded, to the cavern of Despair. There lay she long, till at last a white form softly entered and embraced her, and tenderly carried her out into the sunlight. A low voice said, "I am Faith, and am come to thy help." Then she drew around the child of sorrow a mantle unstained by the beautiful, changing hues of earth, but of snowy, spotless whiteness, and Faith said, "it is the robe of Resignation. Wear it ever—it shall shield thee in burning heat and wintry storm."

Then Faith lifted Love from the earth and bore her to the bosom of God, and Love raised her grief-dimmed eyes and said, "'even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.' Here will I rest, for God only is unchanging."

THE SPIRIT SISTER.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

Soon shall my voice and step awake
An echo in my home once more.
Each household god will wear again
The dear familiar look it wore;
My books will smile a welcome back,
Each picture hanging on the wall,
My desk, with its half written page,
Life's daily scenes again recall.
And yet my brow grows dark with care,
Thy glance will never greet me there.

Kind friends will welcome me again
With greetings tender and sincere;
A sister's love, a sister's care
From absence will appear more dear.
The humble friend whose services
Long years of quiet worth have told,
Will gladly dream of my return,
And clasp my hand in kindly fold;
Still, still my brow grows dark with care,
Thy smile will never meet me there.

Dear ones will gather round our board,
My vacant chair once more be filled,
But the glad mirth that sparkled there
By silent tears shall oft be stilled.
Thy deep and earnest tones shall wake
No more affection's soft reply—
Nor thy sweet thoughts, refined and pure
As angels, float serenely by;
My brow is sad with heavy care,
Thy voice will never greet me there.

Young, happy girls with joyous glance,
Companions of my careless hours,
In gay attire, whose artless grace
Recalls bright dreams of Spring and flowers,
Will meet me in the crowded street
With all the joy of other days:
Then start to see my mourning robes,
And pause, and sigh, with altered gaze,
And feel that thou wilt never share
With me again the balmy air.

Entranced above the poet's page
With wrapt emotion I may bend,
But read no more the chosen line
To thee dear sympathising friend.
Art's noblest works my sight may bless,
The painter's dream, the sculptor's mould,
But thou whose rapture met my own
The silent dust must now enfold;
Beauty in vain its charm may wear,
For thee earth's beauty is not fair.

For thou art where the forms of earth
Grow dim in splendor all undreamed,
Diviner forms more exquisite
Their loveliness on thee have beamed;
God's beauty has thy spirit filled,
A Saviour's love our own supplies,
A father's, mother's, sister's smile
In Heaven meets thy longing eyes;
My brow is free from darkening care,
Thou hast all joys united there.

THE WHITE HOUSE UNDER THE ELMS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 86.

CHAPTER IX.

WELL, days and weeks went by, as they went, jostling our hero, Frank, and tossing him sometimes, as if he were a foot-ball. He found himself often at Amy's side, or standing before her. Then he said to himself—"now thanks be given! Now I will have some rest; and never a dog needed it more. How good it is to be here! How beautiful and sweet she is! I would know she were near me, if I could neither see nor hear. I would feel refreshed and rested. I would know that she were near, by this."

Perhaps she let the refreshment, the rest go on a while. Perhaps she sat or stood near him, listening, in a very still way to what he was saying, or reading, answering in a still way, a sensible, charming way, so that Frank forgot that he would read on, or that he would talk on; and said inwardly—in the depths of his soul—"she is a jewel! There is not on this earth another so fair, so good! I could bear anything with her at my side, in my home, as my bride, my wife, as the mother of my children. Ah, God knows what a Paradise this would be." Amy fell in with his silent mood at first. She too—but Frank could not know what she thought or felt. He only knew that the expression of her bent face gave him encouragement, pleasure. If he advanced upon this, if he tried to take her hand in his, if he said, "Amy—Amy dear"—if he was on the point of adding the thought that was so often trembling on his lips—"I love you, Amy," she recoiled from him, with a look impassioned as she could make it, still with suffering in it, as Frank saw. She moved gently away; saying in gentle, often in choked tones—"I will see where mother is. I will see why she don't come." Or she said—"I will tell father you are here. He has something in the garden he wants to show you;" or when summer vacation came, "I will go and bring Davy."

Perhaps she did not return while he stayed. Perhaps she came when the rest were there, Webster, Wash, Johnny, Hesnut and all; and when the dim twilight was into the rooms. Or perhaps she came and stood close by her mother, where they all were in the yard or garden.

Frank was not all of the time at Swamscott. He often went to his uncle's works at Tuberville; of these works he had the direct supervision; was often at Springfield, or Andover, two, three, or more days at a time; and often at his uncle's summer place in Cambridge. He had, however, his wardrobe, his rambling equipments, and the best part of his library at Swamscott. He called it "coming home," when he came to Swamscott. This gave his friends there pride and pleasure. They liked to hear him coupling those two words in that way. All but Amy. She seemed to breathe more freely when he went, and to feel oppressed when he came. Davy said to her one day, that Frank would probably leave Swamscott in September; and that evening, and many evenings, she groaned half aloud in her chamber—"oh, when will September come."

If any one could know what was in Amy's way; what took her appetite and strength; what made her kinder and kinder toward all in the house, and toward Frank, when he was there, at the same time that the sad, thoughtful look about her mouth and eyes deepened more and more; if one could only know. But there seemed no way of finding it out, as may be gathered from the following little scenes.

SCENE I.—THE GARDEN.

Davy.—"Amy, my sister, you brush the beautiful calla."

Amy, with a languid smile. "Do I? I mustn't, must I?"

Davy.—"No. But there is one thing I *must* do. I must go off to old Dartmouth to-morrow. I rather hate it, on the whole; hate putting on the harness, tremendously, when I've been free a while. If you would do something but smile in that new, strange way, Amy," looking at her closely, "if you would cry a little and say as you used to—'I shall half die without you,' I could go feeling better. What *is* it, Amy? You are sadder than all the graves in Swamscott; what is it?"

Amy, propping up the calla she had bruised. "Nothing. You, all of you make mistakes about me. I am sure I laugh and talk as I always

have. I wish you would try and get it out of mother's head that I am sad, before you go. I will help you. I will laugh all the time."

Davy.—"That wont amount to anything unless you feel it; if, the next hour, one may come suddenly upon you, and see you—as I, as we all have seen you, so many times, lately! Tell me, Amy, what is the matter?"

Amy, looking in his face and speaking earnestly. "Not anything, Davy. At any rate, not anything worth naming. Not anything that I can or shall name. I will see to myself. I will soon look to heaven and be satisfied. And don't be troubled on my account, good, kind Davy. Don't let mother."

SCENE II.—THE PARLOR, AT NIGHT.

Frank, after having sat a long time silent.
"Amy."

Amy, her head bent low on her hand, "What say, Mr. Hazeltine?"

Frank.—"You will speak to me in this ice-cold way; will not once say 'Frank' to me as you used to, when I was a stranger. I see that you hate me; that you hate me more and more. You don't deny it," having waited for a disclaimer. "Still, how I can love you so much and you hate me, is more than I can understand. I must go from Swamscott." Still no answer. "I must go to-morrow, and not come back. You will try to like me a little better when I no longer trouble you, Amy?"

Amy, with a calm but sad look and tone; with a look, in fact, as if she were turning to marble. "I shall always think as I do now, that you have been very kind to me, much kinder than I have deserved. Good-bye," giving him her hand.

Frank, fondling her hand between both his own and kissing it. "Good-bye. God bless you for all that you have been to me; for all that you will be to me while I live."

SCENE III.—THE BREAKFAST ROOM.

Mrs. Hurlbut.—"What is my daughter thinking about, all this long time?"

Amy, starting and blushing, "I was thinking, a part of the time, about Davy's coming next Saturday."

Mrs. Hurlbut, sighing. "Still the thought seems to give you little pleasure. Davy will be happy to be at home with Frank here at the same time. They will go over all the old haunts. They will look almost like new ones, now that autumn has changed them so much."

Amy.—"Yes, they will, mother."

Mrs. Hurlbut.—"Winter is close by, once more. The rain beating on the windows, and the rose-

bushes and vines scraping the clapboards, tell a pretty loud story of its coming. Do you dread winter, Amy?" watching what answer her face gave.

Amy.—"I don't know. I believe I do; but I dare say I shall bear it very well when it comes. I have been thinking, mother, that I would like to go and see Cousin Mary. Her husband is coming to take Clarissa over early Saturday morning. They want me to go, and I want to."

Mrs. Hurlbut.—"And Davy will be here; and Frank, by a late train. You mustn't go."

Amy.—"Oh, I must, mother!" with pleading, suffering looks and tones. "Davy will oppose me, and father. But, mother, you will help me, wont you? Let them see that you think it best for me to go—for it is best, as God knows. You will help me to go, wont you, dearest, best mother? Poor mother!" going to her, and running her arm around her neck—"poor mother! the best mother that ever a girl had! I trouble you now; I know that I do; I have known it many a week. But it will be over. Let me go to Boxford; and I will cease all my—all my follies, and stupidities, and moping propensities there. You shall see, when I come back, that two fairies came to me at Boxford; one a wicked fairy, whom I shall send off with the whole load of discomforts she has been giving me, on her own shoulders; the other, a good fairy, will come with a smile, and put all manner of new pleasures and contentments into my heart. And then I will come home."

Mrs. Hurlbut, smiling and holding her daughter's hand, "Yes, this is fine. How long will it be? how long must you stay for all these things to be done?"

Amy.—"Four weeks, I think. I may go?"

Mrs. Hurlbut.—"Yes; you shall go. Your father and Davy shan't say one word to hinder you."

Amy.—"The best mother! I will tell the fairies when they come, that my mother is better than theirs can possibly be."

CHAPTER X.

WE will next show our readers parts of certain letters that, while Amy was at Boxford, passed between her and one Gustavus Spencer, a gentleman unknown, as yet, to the reader, but very well known to Amy. He was the adopted child of her parents; and was in their family, as if he were a legitimate child of the house from the age of three to nineteen. From his fourth year to his ninth, inclusive, he was Amy's little husband and she was his little wife; from his ninth to

his nineteenth he was her little brother, she his sister. Then, on the evening before the day on which he would go to meet an older brother, the only one left of his family, now in New Mexico, to try his hand at the game of fortune there, he asked her if she would be his wife when he came back—that was, if he came back rich as a Jew, and built a sort of tiny palace for her to live in.

She didn't care for his coming back as rich as a Jew, Amy said. Nor for the tiny palace he would build. She had always thought that she would like it best, living in a little brown house without any paint on it; a house like Mr. Tracy's. But she would marry him when he came back, if he still liked her and wanted her for his wife. But the whole affair was to be kept, oh, so close between them! They were to speak and look the next morning, and to the time of his starting, precisely as if they were *not* engaged. Not a line was to be sent by him or her, while he was gone, lest people should find out something. He was to write often to Davy; Davy was to write often to him; and in that way they could hear about each other, and perhaps send some little messages now and then—just remembrances and so on.

Amy was sixteen then. Now she was nineteen. Three years, and especially the last half year, had wrought great changes in the girl. She had been, for some time, in the midst of fiery trials; but now she had arisen to walk out of them. She was no longer irresolute, no longer weak; for she thought that now she saw clearly what it was her duty to do—her duty as regarded not only herself, but Gustavus, and—and one other. And she bowed her head in infinite tenderness at every thought of that "one other." She had come to Boxford to do it. No, Cousin Clarissa; no, Cousin Mary; she could neither ride, nor walk, nor see company, that day. She must stay alone in her chamber and write a letter.

She wrote in a very candid, a very womanly way. After reviewing the years they had spent together as brother and sister, the circumstances and conditions of their early, impromptu betrothal, she said—"And now tell me, Gustavus, do you not find that it is very easy to live so long and so far from me? do you not find it easier and easier every year, every month? Could you not now find another who would be more suitable for you, with your love of splendor, and bustle, and travel, whom you could love with a much heartier love than you ever did or ever can me, your 'chicken-hearted little sister?' You remember that this is what you were always calling me; and I am sure you felt a little contempt sometimes for my want of pride and spirit.

"I think you can answer 'yes' to all these questions. If you can I shall be glad. I shall be glad to be your sister till my dying day, to welcome you when you come from your long journey, to be the bride's-maid of your bride, (especially if she should happen to be one Clarissa Jackson) and then to go often to see you and her in your beautiful palace. Clarissa is very sprightly, very beautiful, very noble too. She always liked you—after she was over that long dislike, that is; and Davy and I have both seen that she changes color at your name.

"Don't delay an hour answering me. Tell me all your feelings and thoughts, as I have told you all mine.

"God grant that you may be very happy, and have an abundance, of friends off there. Don't forget Him in trying to be rich; for dark hours must come to you. They come to all. And when they come nothing is sufficient for us but His right arm,
Your loving sister,

AMY."

CHAPTER XI.

GUSTAVUS SPENCER TO AMY HURLBUT.

"DEAR CHILD, you struck me 'all in a heap,' as old Mrs. Peters says. But I do believe I—*id est*, (I don't forget all my Latin, you see, as you said I would) I believe you see into things pretty well. The fact is, I am bound to be rich. I will have that palace yet; and if I get a palace, I can easily enough find a mistress for it. You wouldn't marry me for a palace, but there are enough who will. Fudge! I will none of them, though! When I get rich, I will tell you what I will do. So! Here, Amy, I have been to my feet to jump and clap my hands for the new thought I have. You shall hear! I will get as rich as a Jew; then I will go poking homeward with—ah, but I shan't tell. You'll tell Clarissa; or if you don't tell her, she'll find the letter and read for herself. I remember all of her rummaging old ways. This is my message to her. Tell her I remember all her rummaging old ways; and how I could never keep spruce-gum nor maple-sugar in table-drawer nor trunk-till, for her selfish fingers. Tell her this. Tell Davy I'm thinking of California. Tell him to answer my last letter soon, or I may perhaps be off before it comes. Tell yourself to be 'easy as an old shoe' about me. Get married if you find anybody that is good enough for you—anybody that is *really* good enough, I mean. I never was. I never should be. I think, on my troth, that I would rather have a wife that I shan't be quite so much afraid of. For instance, I never dared

to go near you without thinking back whether I had been swearing or lying any for the day. I must always look in my pocket mirror too, to see if my face was clean and my hair parted even. This was when I was a boy, you see.

"Good-bye. Love to all. Remember me, all of you. Don't forget this. There is nobody else to remember me and be glad when I come back, you know. And if there is nobody to do it, I shall dig a hole for my gold, put on a cowl, and go round with my head down wishing myself dead,

Your loving brother,
GUSTAVUS."

"*Post Scriptum.*—If the time comes, Amy, when you sit and hem pillow-cases and towels, send word to me. I want to send you something.

"If any one comes near Clarissa to talk about marriage, shoot him for me. Seriously, if any one does, write and tell me about it,

Thine,
Gust."

CHAPTER XII.

Mrs. HURLBUT believed in fairies from the day that Amy came back from Boxford. All felt the change; even Hesnut gambolled with higher glee, now that Amy often said—"Hi! Hesnut;" and snapped her fingers in the old way. To the good parents it was as if some dark clouds were swept away, and the sun and the mild moon and stars, by turns, were shining in their place.

Miss Humphreys, who, for a long time had watched Amy as if she were a barometer, saw, at the instant of meeting, the light in her face, the buoyancy in her frame. She went away tossing her head, curling her lip in an unamiable way, and saying to her mother—"they've got him at last! Anybody can see that just looking at Miss Amy. Well, they're welcome to him; they've tried hard enough, at any rate, Davy and all. I wouldn't take so much pains for a king."

It was evening, in the depths of the winter. Old snows were spread out and heaped up in smooth drifts and in graceful wreaths; and now a new snow was falling in broad, lazy flakes, darkening the sky and obstructing the way. It was windy; it was stinging cold. So that, on the whole, it was dubious without; but within—that is, good reader, within the white house under the elms—was a cheerful scene, made up of contented faces, of warmth, and of ruddy light falling upon crimson curtains, upon carpet, and upon scarlet and white flowers, and dark green leaves in their brown vases.

Suddenly there was a noise of fast jingling bells, of a horse's tramp and of sleigh-runners crushing the snow. Of the gate opening, of

vigorous feet coming to the door, and then, whew! of the door-bell.

"It's the preceptor!" said Wash. "It's the way he always drives up and rings. I'm glad." He was on the way to let him.

"Hallo!" said he, at the door. "I told 'em it was you, Mr. Singleton. I knew it was."

Mr. Singleton, meantime, just lay his hand on the boy's head a moment, and now he was jumping and stamping in just Mr. Singleton's own way, to get the snow off.

"Come in here; right in here, where they all are, and where it's warm as toast," entreated Wash, now hold of his hand to lead him.

Good! It was no more Ned Singleton than it was you, my bachelor friend. On the contrary, it was Ben Frank Hazeltine, as Wash and all the rest saw as soon as he came into the parlor door. He was covered with snow, he was stiffened with the cold, like a white polar bear. But they surrounded him. They clung to him one minute, Mr. and Mrs. Hurlbut to his cold hands, Wash and Johnny to his overcoat.

Amy—bless her! what high satisfaction one saw beneath the quiet manner! Even Wash saw it.

"Amy likes you as well as Johnny and I do, now; I know she does," said he, cuddling close to Frank. In passing, Mrs. Hurlbut had gone to the kitchen to see to having something hot and refreshing for Frank; Mr. Hurlbut to the stable to make his tired horse comfortable.

"Do you think she does?" said Frank, seating himself and drawing Wash and Johnny close to him.

"Yes; I know she does. I can always tell when she likes anybody."

"And when she don't?" smiling.

"Yes; and when she don't. She didn't use to like you very well last summer, when you were here."

Wash, as was evident, doubted a little whether it was right to say that; but was reassured upon finding that Frank and Amy both laughed.

"She was too bad, wasn't she, Wash?"

"Yes; I used to be almost mad with her sometimes."

"Yes, so did I too."

In short, it was clear from the free, changed way in which Frank carried himself, from the eyes seeking Amy's, lingering on her's so often without a shadow of fear or uncertainty in them, as well as from his coming there tramping, so late at night, unannounced, unexpected, that the good fairy of whom Amy spoke, had been whispering in his ear. Those who say—"po! no, that can't be!" to this hypothesis, may believe,

if they choose, that Davy had been telling him of the long-standing engagement to Gustavus Spencer, and of her release from that engagement. There is some reason for this belief, I confess; for that day week, Davy received a letter from Spencer telling him the whole story, and sending love to Amy and Clarissa; and that day—that is, the day in which Frank appeared at the white house, he had a letter from Davy, a very long letter. Frank read half of it and then flew one way and another, that he might be ready for the last train of cars off Swamscott way. He couldn't be ready, and so he started at sunset, with his own horse and sleigh.

"One moment, Amy," said Frank, when, at a late hour, she would have left the parlor for the

night with her father and mother. "Please stay one moment."

He went over to her, took her hand, and looked into her eyes. Or, he tried to look into her eyes. But she dropped them; she dropped her head; she trembled like a leaf. And so Frank just took her into his arms and held her close; feeling, that she was now his own. He too trembled; for he had suffered much. Now he enjoyed much. He said—"dear Amy." She answered, with her arm sliding about his neck—"dear Frank—good Frank."

And this is all we have to say. Only they were married when New-Year came.

Good-bye, good readers; especially, thou good bachelor reader, who envieth Frank.

THE TWO KINGS.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

ONCE I read a pleasant story
As I sat at home alone,
Of King Solomon's great glory,
And his Heaven-defended throne;
How there came, from far Arabia,
Where the world's famed spices grow,
One, with camel-loads of treasure,
Humbly, at his feet, to bow.
Not as seemed a lowly suppliant,
Bent the stranger lady there,
For her clothes were very costly,
Wrought with broidery most rare.
On her hand a signet glittered,
O'er her temples shone a crown,
With a heart that asked but wisdom
Came that dame of old renown.
And the Abyssinian rangers
Tell oft of the Southern Queen,
(And, in many a fabled legend,
All her graces may be seen.)
How her generous heart dilated
As they told the spices o'er,
Gold and gems—till Israel's palace
Never saw the like before.
And she deemed it poor, in changing
For the wondrous Hebrew lore.
Many ages came, thereafter,
One who spake in greater-wise
In the self-same royal city
Where yon buried monarch lies.
And he proved a lofty chieftain—
"Prince of Peace" they called his name,
Given, 'mid splendor, on his birth-night,

When the liveried servants came
From his court, to tell the people,
With loud trumpets, of his fame.

Then, again, from far Arabia,
Nobles came and knelt there down,
Bringing gold, and spice, and incense,
To the king without a crown,
For a star, in Heaven, had told them
Of his very great renown.

Yet his people cared-not for him,
He was lowly in their eyes,
As dry roots, in Autumn pastures,
To them, was his earthly guise.

From their gates the rulers spurned him,
So he sought the valley's shade;
'Mid its pleasantness and quiet,
Or on hills, whole nights, he prayed.

Strangely, while the great despised him,
Sweet young children's heads were laid
On his bosom; while the cunning
Planned till they his grave had made.

And the earth, grown old and weary
In the sins of many years,
Even this was sanctified
By the virtue of his tears.

Still more wonderful his story,
As our time the riddle bares,
For, even now, a greater glory
Than King Solomon's, he wears.

And, though great and rich ones seek him
Sitting on his shining throne,
Gentle hears, and little children,
Best he loves and calls his own.

CLOTHING OF YOUNG CHILDREN.

BY E. J. TILT, M. D.

MAN not only maintains his heat by food, but also by clothing. By superposing garments one upon the other, he surrounds himself with a corresponding number of warm atmospheres, so as to prevent the escape of heat.

There seems to be a decided determination on the part of man to mar as far as possible the Creator's intentions respecting his chief work. In the Ethnological room of the British Museum may be seen a cradle, so contrived as to flatten down the forehead of the infant, and to give it all the appearance of an idiot. In the Celestial Empire the feet are so cunningly bandaged as effectually to make a Chinese lady hobble all her life; and, until very lately, a neighboring nation, who, like the Chinese, boast of being in the van of civilization, without, however, laying claim as yet to the immutability of their institutions, used to bind up the limbs and bodies of their little ones as carefully as the Egyptians did their dead. We have fortunately no such plans to deprecate at home, but when seeing an infant dressed for the first time, we have often been struck with the idea that many of the pretty little things with which he is harnessed might be dispensed with. We are afraid we have already said enough to raise against us a whole army of mothers, grandmothers, and nurses; but having given utterance to half our opinions, it would be unmanly not to conclude, and say that, in our estimation, so long as an infant is a perfectly passive little thing, without even the power of crawling, it would be quite enough to bandage him with a roller, and dress him in a loose gown. With a flannel and a blanket the child may be made as warm as necessary. At all events, there should be nothing tight about him, and, above all, no pins by which he might be wounded.

The child should be accustomed to go bare-headed both day and night. This is generally admitted by medical men to be the best plan of warding off a tendency to determination of blood to the head, and those affections of the brain which are so fatal at that age. A thin cap, as gay as a mother wishes, can be always ready to be put on, so often as the child is brought down into the drawing-room, to be the cynosure of all eyes, and the admired of all observers.

We think it good to short-clothe a child early,

and thus to give him as soon as possible the greatest freedom of his limbs; but in this, parents must be guided by the season of the year, as it would not be well to make this change in winter. On undressing a child from two to three years of age, we frequently find the frock tied tightly round the waist, so as to give a graceful appearance to the figure; for the same reason are the under-garments similarly tightened, and sometimes so much so that red lines are marked upon the body. Now it must be apparent to all that this constant pressure must tend to prevent the full development of the chest requisite for respiration, which is repeated so many times during every minute, and that it must likewise interfere with the growth of the child. Again, the little clothes are supported by bands and tapes which are called shoulder-straps, although they are not so in reality, for they are thrown off the shoulders to make the children look pretty, and press upon the side of the arm about an inch below the head of a bone which can be easily felt, and is the *humerus* or bone of the arm. This pressure cannot be made without depriving the child of the free use of his arms, to extend which he has to overcome the weight and pressure of the clothes. Muscular action being thus impaired, the child is prompted to assume a stooping position, and thus is laid the first foundation of round shoulders, of contraction of the chest, and of flattening of the ribs.

But in this favored land there are many mothers judicious enough to consider the health of their little ones of more importance than their appearance, and will seek it by all the means which can be brought home to their understanding. Having been told that the child should be left free of his dress, they will take care that there be sufficient space for the hand to pass freely under his clothes, and then fancy that the child's health is safe, so far as dress is concerned; but the body runs almost as great a chance of deformity on account of the plan of throwing the shoulder-straps off the shoulders, so that the whole weight of the clothes presses on the side of the arm and under its joint.

Such are the defects of the present system of dressing children. By showing how they ought to be dressed, we shall at the same time show

how these defects can be avoided. The child's shirt should be roomy, but not too full, so as to make creases. The bodice should be made long-waisted, and to fit the frame, but a large piece of elastic tissue in front should permit the free expansion of the chest. The shoulder-straps should be sewn in front of the bodice, and pass over the shoulders so as to cross each other, and button under the blade-bone of the opposite side; for the weight of the soldier's knapsack should rest as much as possible on the shoulders, it stands to reason that the shoulders should bear the weight of the child's clothes. The petticoats must be buttoned to the lower part of the bodice, so that no tight strings may impede respiration. The frock ought not to be made tighter than the bodice: it must rest, like it, upon the shoulder, so that it may no more impede the raising of the arms than a man's coat. In a few words, the weight of the clothes should rest upon the shoulders by a band, which can be made of elastic tissue; and until the eighth or ninth year, when the hip in girls is sufficiently formed to sustain the petticoats, they should be buttoned to the bodice. Mothers and dressmakers may object to covering the shoulders, but by so doing, the chest will be preserved against the evil effects of a variable temperature, so often causing fatal complaints; and if the shoulders are covered in childhood, they will be better worth exhibiting at a later period in life. Fashion at this moment, however, coincides with common sense, and children are beginning to be dressed more "en cœur," as it is termed, or to show less of the shoulder; and perhaps even some of our most prejudiced fair readers will smile our forgiveness

when we tell them that the shoulder-straps can be so arranged as to be passed under the arm, completely out of sight, whenever the mother is anxious to show off her little one to the best advantage.

Flannel next the skin is unnecessary, and should be kept in reserve in case it should be required at some later period of life; but if children are delicate, or prone to chilblains, lamb's-wool socks should be worn throughout the winter.

There is nothing exaggerated in the following picture of a fashionably-dressed child, as drawn by Dr. Maunsell, in his valuable work:—"Who has not seen one of those miserable victims of parental vanity, whose appearance in our streets will sometimes, upon a March or November day, strike cold into our hearts? The cap and feathers set upon, not covering, the child's head, and probably of a color and richness contrasting mournfully with blue ears, sharpened nose, and shrunken cheeks, in which cold has assumed the features of starvation—the short kilt and Highland hose, exposing between them cracked and shivering knees—altogether require for their description more graphic power than we presume to lay claim to."

Need we say that a mother should not gratify her vanity by letting her little ones thus go bare-legged, or sometimes even bare-kneed in winter, since there are woollen leggings to be had? For if she so much wishes to see the contrast of the flesh-color on the white displayed above and below, we suggest the possibility of matching the flesh tint so well in some warm material, that children may be kept warm, while they seem to be "*sans culotte*."

THE ALMOND BOUGH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

BY REV. G. W. ROGERS.

Born of the beautiful Almond tree,
Type of the earthly, I gaze on thee.
Bright are thy blossoms, but they shall fade
Like the fair child in the tomb soon laid.
Thus if I leave thee, or pluck thee now,
To weave a wreath for my young love's brow,
All is the same—thy green leaf shall fall,
As pleasures pass from the grasp of all.

Day after day, see the bright sun rise,
Only to set in the evening skies;
See by the way-side the flowers in bloom—
Zephyrs are wafting their grateful perfume,

While they are saying to each passer by,
"Haste to enjoy us ere we shall die,"
Haste, for the zephyr will soon be past,
And the ripe bloom will not always last.

Garlands at morn for the fair I weave,
Yet they shall fade ere the festal eve;
So will the Spring-time pass with the hours,
Beauty and pleasure leave their bowers,
All that is earthly forgotten be
With the frail bough of the Almond tree.
Oh, that all bright things, when they shall fade,
May, like this wreath, at love's shrine be laid.

Z A N A .

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GIPSEY GIRL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113.

CHAPTER VIII.

No human being can comprehend the desolation, the heart sickness that seized upon me after this interview with Cora. Nothing had been explained between us. I had looked in her face, and saw it bathed with tears and guilty blushes, from which my very soul shrunk back. My love for that girl had been so true, so deep—my love for him—it was like uprooting the life within me, the agony of bitter conviction that he was trifling with me, with her perhaps. But the very intensity of my sorrow made me calm, nay, even kind to her. I think at that moment she would have confided in me entirely, had I urged it upon her, for she was deeply moved—but I could not do it! For worlds I would not have heard the details of his miserable perfidy: they would have driven me mad.

My faith in human goodness, which had hitherto been to me like a religion, was from this time broken up. I was adrift on the world, full of doubt, terror and contempt. Cora, George, Morton, where among them all could I look for truth? The wickedness of Lady Catharine seemed noble compared to them.

I had no other friends, save the two kind hearts in my own home, and there I fled for shelter as a wounded bird to his nest.

It is said that there is no real love unless respect for its object composes the greater share; but is it a truth? Is it the worthy and good on whom our affections are most lavishly bestowed? The history of every day life tells us no—the history of my own heart answers no. Amid all the bitter feelings that tortured me, love for the two beings that had wronged me most was still at the bottom, a pang and curse, but there.

With all my apparent and real frankness, there was a power of suppression in my nature that no one would have believed. With regard to my own feelings I was always reserved and silent, they were too sacred for every day handling, and nothing but the inspiration of some generous impulse, or the idea that I could have sensa-

tions to be ashamed of, ever won me to confess anything of that inner life which was both my heaven and my torment. Oh, what torment it proved then!

But even then I was of a nature "to suffer and be strong." Self-centred in my desperate anguish I went on in life, giving out no visible sign by which those two beings who loved me, Turner and Maria, could guess that I had been so deceived.

It was well that I had this strength, that the springs of life within me were both elastic and powerful, for the great battle of existence had but just commenced. I had been aroused to a knowledge of the feebleness and falsehood of others; soon I was to learn how much of evil lay sleeping in my own nature.

One night Turner came home earlier than usual, and in a tumult of excitement that we had seldom witnessed in him before.

He came to my little room, where I now spent all the day.

"Zana, Zana," he said, drawing me toward him, "come hither, I have something to tell you—I have news."

"What news?" I inquired, with a pang, for it seemed to me that Cora and Irving must have something to do with a subject that could so interest the old man. "I—I am not fond of news, Turner. Nothing good ever comes to me now."

"God only knows, child, whether it is for good or for evil, but Lord Clare is in England! On his way even now to the Hall."

My heart swelled. I felt the blood leaving my lips; and even my hands grew cold as ice.

"Turner," I said, wringing his withered hand in mine—"Turner, is Lord Clare my father?"

His small eyes opened large and wide. The wrinkles deepened on his face like lines upon a map. My question took him by surprise.

"I would give ten years of my life, Zana, to say yes or no with certainty."

"Then you cannot tell me," I cried, cruelly disappointed.

"Oh, if I could—if I only could, all might yet end well with you poor child. But there is no proof—I am not certain myself. How then will it be in my power to convince him? If you could but remember. You were six or seven years old when we found you, Zana, and at that age a child has many memories—but you had none."

"Yes, one—I remember *her* face."

"But nothing more?"

"No, nothing. To attempt anything more is painful. It wrenches all my faculties, and brings forth shadows only."

"This is always the answer. What can I do?" muttered the old man, "resemblances are no proof, and I am not sure of that. Zana, have you the least idea how Lord Clare looks?"

"Yes," I answered, "for I have seen his portrait."

"There again," muttered the old man—"there again, at every turn I am blocked out. But that other face, what is it like?"

"Dark, sad; great flashing eyes full of fire, but black as midnight; hair like the folds of a storm-cloud; a mouth—but how can I describe it, so full of tender sorrow, so tremulous. Tell me, is this like my mother? Was she thus or not?"

"It is too vague, I cannot tell."

"But I have seen it, not flashing thus, but real, every feature still; it was only one glimpse, but I knew it was her."

"Where did you see this? Long since and living?"

"No, it was a picture, at Clare Hall, I took it from an old cabinet of black wood covered all over and rough with jewels."

"Where is it now—that picture?"

"Lady Catharine has it, she snatched it from me."

"But you knew the face?"

"Yes, I knew the face."

"This is something, but not enough," said Turner, thoughtfully.

"Still if his heart speaks for us——"

I laid one hand on my bosom, for it swelled with painful force. "My heart is speaking now," I said. "If he is my father, there will come an answer."

As I spoke, the sound of distant bells came sweeping through the trees, and we heard the faint murmurs of a shout, as if people at a great distance were rejoicing together.

"He has come. It is from the village," said Turner, and tears rolled down his cheeks. "My boy—my boy, God bless him. Will you not say God bless him, Zana?"

I could not answer, every clash of the bells

seemed to strike against my heart. I knew it was my father that was coming; but when Turner asked me to bless him, that face came before me, and *I could not do it.*

Turner left me, for the state of excitement in which those bells had thrown him allowed of nothing but action. He followed no path, but I saw him running at full speed across the park, as if the weight of twenty, not sixty-five years, went with him. Directly, and while the sunset was yet red in the west, I heard the sound of carriage wheels and the swell of dying shouts, as if the villagers had followed their lord up to the lodge-gate. Then all grew still, save the faint sound of wheels, the rustle of a thousand trees, that seemed to carry off the shout amid the sighing of their leaves.

I could not rest, for thought was pain. I wandered about the house, and at length went down stairs in search of Maria. She sat in the little breakfast-room, surrounded by the twilight; and as I entered softly, the sound of her weeping filled the room.

I crept to her side, and sitting down at her feet, laid my head on her lap, excited beyond endurance, but with no power to weep.

She passed her hand softly down my hair, and sobbed more passionately than before.

"What are you crying for? Everybody else seems happy. Only you and Turner receive the Lord of Clare Hall with tears," I said.

"We parted from him with tears," she answered, sobbing afresh.

"You knew him well then, *ma bonne*?" I said, plunging into the subject recklessly now that it was commenced.

"Knew him well," she answered. Then breaking into Spanish, she murmured among her tears, "too well—too well for him or for us."

She took my face between her hands, and gazed down upon it with mournful tenderness.

"My bird," she murmured, "ask me no questions about the earl, my heart is full to-night. It is not you that sits at my feet, but another—another. Oh, what became of her?—what became of her? More than ten years, and we have no answer to give him."

"That person—she who sits in my place overshadows me in your heart—is it my mother?" I questioned, in a whisper.

"The God of heaven only knows!" she answered, passionately. "Do not question me, child, for the sound of those bells has unlocked my memory—I have no control over myself—I shall say forbidden things. Hush, hush, let me listen."

I kept my head upon her lap, brooding in

silence over the words she had spoken. I could wait, but a stern determination to know all, to solve the mysteriousness that surrounded me, filled my being. I thirsted for entire knowledge regarding myself, and resolved to wrench it from its keepers, whatever pain it might bring or give.

But after Maria had wept a while, she grew calm and circumspect. I could feed my craving with no more of her passionate outbreaks. We sat together till deep in the night conversing in abrupt snatches, but I gathered nothing from what she said to confirm my suspicion that at least a portion of my history was in her keeping.

Turner did not return that night, nor till deep in the next morning. When he did appear it was with a step of lead, and with trouble in his heavy eyes. Maria met him at the door, and a few hasty words passed between them before he entered.

As they came in I heard her say, as if repeating the word after him, "dying! not that—oh, not that!"

"It has killed him at last—I knew it—I foresaw it from the first," answered Turner, bitterly. "The fiends—would to heaven they had all been smothered in their holes before he——"

"Hush, hush," said Maria, "not a word against her. If he is dying—what may her fate have been?"

"God forgive me, I was wrong—but there is a sight up yonder, Maria, that would draw feeling from marble. But, Zana—where is she?"

"Has he spoken of it? Has he inquired?" asked Maria, quickly.

"He asked only one question—if she was found, nothing more."

"And you spoke of Zana?"

"No, of what use would it be? I have no right to torture him with bare suspicions; but the girl—let him see her—if his heart does not speak then, we never must."

"She will not refuse—you always judge rightly," was Maria's mild rejoinder. "Must I go with her?"

"No, let her come alone. Go tell her."

I came forward and put my arm through that of the old man: he drew back, held me at a distance with both hands, and pondered over every feature of my face as if his life had depended on perusing them correctly. At last he drew me gently toward him, and smoothed my hair with his palms.

"Zana," he said, "you are a woman now, be firm and still; whatever you see do not give way."

"I will not; guide and I shall follow steadily."

"Lady Catharine is at the Hall," he said.

"I know it."

"She forbids you to come; she threatens me if I attempt to bring you to Lord Clare. Have you courage to follow me against her orders?"

"Yes!"

"And her son's, should he urge them on me?"

My words came like lead, but I answered, "yes," to that also.

"But will you do more than that for my sake, Zana? Will you steal in privately and avoid them all?"

I could not answer at first. The mere thought of entering that stately dwelling was hateful: but to enter it stealthily like the thief that woman had called me was too much. Unconsciously I recoiled.

"Zana, Lord Clare cannot live many days. If he dies without seeing you all is lost—will you come? Will you be guided once—only this once by old Turner?"

I remembered all that he had done for me, all his beautiful integrity of character, and blushed for the hesitation which seemed like distrust.

"I am ready to follow you now, and always," I said. "Tell me what to do, and I will obey."

"Thank you, child," said the old man. "Come at once, in the dress you have on. Lady Catharine has gone out to drive, if she returns before we leave, have no fear, I shall be with you."

I threw a mantle over me and went out, keeping up with Turner, who walked rapidly and absorbed in thought. We entered the back door, over the very steps, upon which the old man had found me ten years ago. He seemed to remember it, for as I crossed the threshold he turned and reached forth his hand as if to help me along. His heart was busy with the past, one could see that very plainly, for he gave a little start as I took his hand, gave me a sort of apologizing smile, and then I saw tears steal one by one into his eyes as he pressed my hand and drew me forward. We threaded the hall, and mounted the massive oak staircase without encountering even a servant. Then Turner clasped my hand tighter, as if to give me courage, and led me rapidly through several vast chambers, till we came to a closed door at which he paused.

"Step into that window and hide yourself behind the curtains," he whispered.

I went at once, and when he saw the heavy crimson silk sweep over me, Turner knocked lightly at the door.

It was opened by a young man who stepped out and spoke in a whisper.

"He has been inquiring for you?"

"That is well," answered Turner, "you can

leave him entirely now and get some rest, I will take your place."

"Thank you. I have just brought some fruit, you will find it on the tray yonder," said the man, evidently glad to be relieved.

"Yes, yes, I will attend to it." As he spoke, Turner followed the young man into the next room, watching him as he walked down the long perspective of a neighboring gallery.

When certain that he was quite alone, the old man came to the window and stepped behind the drapery. He was very pale, and I saw by the nervous motion of his hands that he was subduing his agitation with a strong will.

"Zana," he whispered, huskily, "I am going in; after a little follow me with the fruit you will find yonder. Bring it in, quietly, as if you were one of the Hall people. Then obey my directions as they would? Do you comprehend?"

"Perfectly," I whispered, trembling from head to foot, but resolute to act.

"Now God be with us!" he ejaculated, wringing my hand.

"Amen!" trembled on my lip, but I could not speak.

He left me and entered the chamber. I waited a moment, holding one hand over my heart, which frightened me with its strange beating. Then I stepped forth and looked around the room. It was a sort of ante-chamber, large and richly furnished, but somewhat in disorder, as if lately used. Upon a marble table in one corner stood some crystal flasks ruby with wine, and with them a small silver basket full of fruit, with a vase of flowers crowded close to it.

Even then the rude way in which these exquisite objects were huddled together wounded my sense of the beautiful, and with my trembling hands I hastily arranged the fruit, mingled snowy and golden flowers with the rich glow of the cherries, and shaded the strawberries with cool green leaves. As I gathered the creamy white raspberries in the centre of the basket with trembling haste, Turner opened the door and looked out. His face, so pale and anxious, startled me, and I almost felt the basket fall.

He closed the door, and nerving myself I lifted the fruit again and carried it forward. One moment's pause at the door and I went in.

It was a large chamber, full of rich, massive furniture. The windows were all muffled with waves of crimson silk, and I found myself in the hazy twilight they created, dizzy and blinded with a rush of emotions that it seemed impossible for me to control. After a little, the haze cleared from my vision, and I saw before me a tall man, attenuated almost to a shadow, sitting

in a great easy-chair with his eyes closed as if asleep.

I looked at him with a strained and eager gaze. His head rested on a cushion of purple silk, and a quantity of soft, fair locks, so lightly threaded with silver, that, in the rich twilight of the room, all traces of it was lost, lay scattered over it in all the silky gloss it had known in youth, with the purple glowing through. The face was like marble, pure, and as white, but with dusky shadows all around the eyes, and a burning red in the cheeks that made me shudder. A Turkish dressing-gown of Damasous silk, spotted with gold and lined with emerald green, lay wrapped around his wasted figure; his hands were folded in the long Oriental sleeves, and I could see the crimson waves over his chest rise and fall rapidly with his sharp and frequent respiration.

I stood beside him unnoticed, for my footsteps had fallen upon the richly piled carpet lightly as an autumn leaf. The basket shook and rustled in my hands, for my limbs knocked together, and the perspiration started upon my arms and forehead. But I made no sound, forced back the tears that struggled in my heart, and stood waiting for what might befall.

Lord Clare turned feebly on his cushion, and let one pale hand fall down from his bosom.

"Turner," he said, in a faint, low voice, "did I not ask for something?"

"Yes, my lord—some fruit. It is here."

I approached. Lord Clare opened his eyes—those wild, blue eyes, and turned them full upon me.

I could no longer bear my weight, my limbs gave way, and I fell upon one knee, holding up the basket between my shaking hands.

Turner drew close to my side, holding his breath and trembling.

Lord Clare did not touch the fruit, but fell slowly back on the cushion with his great burning eyes upon my face.

"Turner," he said at last, sitting upright, and speaking in quick gasps—"Turner, what is this? Who is she?"

"I do not know," answered the old man, "we found her on the door-step years ago. Be tranquil, Master Clarence. If she is the one we have sought for, there is no proof but those eyes—that face."

Lord Clare reached out his arms, and tears smothered the painful gaze of his eyes.

"Aurora," he said, in a voice of such tenderness that my tears followed it, "forgive me before I die."

Turner clasped his hands and held them up

toward heaven, trembling like aspen leaves, while tears rolled silently down his cheeks.

"You know, Master Clarence, it cannot be herself."

Lord Clare turned his eyes from me to Turner, then lifting one pale hand up to his forehead, he settled it over his eyes, and directly great drops came starting through the fringes. A feeble shudder passed over his frame, and he murmured plaintively, "no, it is her child, our child. But where is she?"

"I never learned," answered Turner, sadly.

"Ask her, I cannot."

"It is useless, my lord, she knows nothing!"

"She must—she must—my child was six years old. At that age children know everything," he answered, eagerly, "and Zana was very forward, my bright Zana."

He looked at me doubtingly, till I shrunk from the feverish glow of his eyes. At last he spoke, and my very heart trembled beneath the sweet paths of his voice.

"Zana, where is your mother? Tell me, child, I cannot die till she has spoken to me again."

I bowed down my head and answered only with bitter sobs.

"Is she dead? Is Aurora dead that you weep, but cannot speak?" he questioned, faintly.

"Alas! I do not know!" was my agonized reply.

"My child—Zana—and not know of her mother's fate! what unnatural thing is this?" he cried, burying his face in the long sleeves of his gown. "This child is not my daughter, Turner; Aurora's child could not have forgotten her mother thus."

I struggled with myself—from my innermost soul I called on God to help me—to give me back the six years of life that had been wrested from my brain. My temples throbbed; my limbs shook with the effort, it seemed as if I were going mad.

Lord Clare lifted his face; his eyes swam in tears; his pale lips trembled. Laying both hands on my head, he spoke to me again, spoke so tenderly I thought my heart must break before he had done.

"Zana—my daughter—my poor, lost child, what has come over you? Do not be frightened—do not tremble so. Look up in my face—let me see your eyes fully. Turner, they are *her* eyes, my heart answers to them, oh, how mournfully. Zana, I am your father, you should know that, altered as I am, for men do not change like children. There, love, there, stop crying, calm yourself. I have but one wish on earth now, and that depends on you."

"On me?" I gasped.

"On you, my darling. Listen, I call you darling, does not the old word bring back some memory?"

He looked beseechingly in my face, waiting for a reply that I could not give. My head drooped forward, bowed down with the anguish of my imbecility.

"It is sweet—it thrills my heart to the centre," I said, mournfully.

"And awakes some memory? You remember it as something heard and loved, far, far back in the past. Is it not so?"

I shook my head.

He bent forward, wound his arms lovingly around me, and, drawing me upward to his bosom, kissed my forehead.

"And this," he said, folding me to his heart, so close that I could feel every sharp pulsation. "Is there nothing familiar now?—nothing that reminds you of an old stone balcony, full of flowers, and a bright little thing leaping to her father's bosom; and she, that noble woman, so darkly beautiful, looking on? Child, my Aurora's child, is there no memory like this in your soul now?"

"This tenderness has filled my heart with tears, I can find nothing else there," I answered, sadly.

He unfolded his arms, and they dropped down, loose and helpless, like broken willow branches, and the quick panting of his bosom made me shudder with a thought that he was dying. I arose, and then he started upright in his chair, and fixed his flashing eyes upon me.

"Is this creature mine or not?" he said—"Aurora's daughter or a mockery? Am I accursed among the children of the earth for one wrong act? Will this mystery walk with me to the grave? Am I a father or childless? Girl, answer me—wring the truth from that brain! Before God I must know it, or death will not be rest. Your mother, Zana—where is your mother?"

His voice rang sharp and clear through the chamber, filling it like the scream of a wounded bird. His eyes were wild; his cheeks hueless. I cowered back, chilled to the soul by his last words. The room disappeared—everything grew white, and shuddering with cold I felt, as it were, snow-drifts rushing over me, and through their paralyzing whiteness came the cry.

"Your mother, Zana, where is your mother?"

How long this lasted I do not know, but my next remembrance was sitting upon the carpet, faint, and with a stunned feeling as if some one had given me a heavy blow. A silver basket lay upturned by my side, and a mass of crimson fruit

matted with flowers lay half among the frosted silver, half upon the carpet.

The room was still as death, save the short, painful sound of some one breathing near me. I struggled to my feet, and sat down in a great easy-chair which stood close by me. Then as my sight cleared, I saw that a window had been opened, that the drapery was flung back from a massive ebony bedstead, and upon the white counterpane I saw Lord Clare lying among the folds of his gorgeous dressing-gown, pale and motionless as marble.

Turner stood over him, bathing his forehead, white almost as the sick man.

I arose and would have approached the bed, but Turner waved me back, and I left the room, sick to the very heart's core.

I met some persons in the galleries, but passed on without noticing them. As I reached the lower hall, Lady Catharine Irving came in at the front entrance, apparently just from her carriage.

"How is this?" she said, turning pale with rage. "Who permitted this? How came the girl here?"

Her words had no effect upon me, the miserable pre-occupation of my soul rendered them harmless. I went by her without answering and left the Hall.

"See that the creature is never admitted again; I will discharge the servant who lets her in," she continued, following me to the door.

I took no heed, but remembered her words afterward.

I wandered off in the woods, for the very thought of the close air of a house maddened me. Reflect I did not, a chaos of wild thoughts, and wilder feelings possessed me.

At last I found myself on the eminence which I have described more than once, from which a view of the Greenhurst could be obtained. The strange man whom I had met there, years ago, came to my mind; and, singular as it may seem, I thought of him with a sort of hope which grew into a desire for his presence.

I thought of my father, for not a doubt arose within me that Lord Clare was my father—of the agonizing darkness which hung over his deathbed—of the inability which prevented me sweeping that darkness aside. What was the mysterious thread which lay upon my faculties? What human power could ever unloose it?

I looked around in anguish of heart. Was there no help? I would pray to God, humble myself like a little child at his feet, and he might mercifully enlighten me. There was hope here, and I knelt down upon the turf, bowing my face in

silence before God. The effort composed me: it hastened the natural reaction which must follow any intense excitement, and in my motionless position I became calmer. All at once, I felt a hand laid on my shoulder, and, starting up, saw the strange man by my side.

He was little changed. The same picturesque combination of rich colors soiled and rudely flung together, composed his garments; the same sharp glitter made me shrink from a full glance of his eyes. When he smiled, I saw that his teeth were even and white as ever.

"Zana, get up; you need me, and I am here."

"I do need some one; but who can help me?" I said, despondingly.

"I can!"

"No, God alone can give me what I want!"

"And what is that, Zana?" he said, smiling.

"Light, memory. I would know who and what I am!"

"Well, child, that is easy!"

"To God, truly—but to him alone."

"But why do you want this knowledge now more than formerly?" he asked.

"My father is dying in anguish from this want!"

"Your father—and who is he?" was the abrupt question with which he answered this.

"I know, but have not the right to tell!"

"But how came you by the knowledge?"

My heart lay, for a little time, against his, and they understood each other. "I knew that the same blood beat in both, certainly as if an angel had told me," was my prompt answer.

"And you crave this knowledge in proof, that it may render his death easy?"

"Yes!"

"And for no other reason?"

"That I may know myself and those that gave me life, that is all!"

"But Lord Clare is rich!" said the man, fixing his keen eyes upon me. "Did you think of that?"

"I did not mention Lord Clare," was my answer, given in astonishment at the careless way in which he handled my secret.

"But you were thinking of him, and that he would have money to give a child proven to be his!"

"No, I never thought of it—never shall think of it!"

"There is no Romany in that," he muttered, "the blood does not speak there." Then speaking louder, he addressed me, pointing toward the Greenhurst. "Look," he said, fastening his wild eyes on my face, "that is a fine estate, and not tied up like the Hall here; Lord Clare's daughter might get that if she had proof of her birth

before the earl dies. Had this nothing to do with your prayers just now?"

"Nothing," I replied, with a touch of scorn.

"I do not want that estate, or any other."

"Fool," sneered the man, "if I believed you, the secret were not worth telling!"

"What secret?" I inquired, breathlessly; "can you tell me anything of my mother?"

"And if I did, what then?"

"I would worship you!"

"Yes, as she did," he answered, with a sort of mournful fierceness in his eyes and voice.

"As who did?" I demanded.

"Your mother, Aurora."

"That was what he called her."

"Who?"

"It was the name my father used!"

"Ha, the murderer! how dare he!"

"But you know something of my mother!" I said, eagerly, "tell it me!"

"That you may give Lord Clare the knowledge he thirsts for?"

"Yes!"

"You shall have this knowledge—he shall have it—and may it crush him down, down——"

"Stay," I cried out, seizing his uplifted arm, "I will not listen, it is my father you curse."

"Your father—I know it, but what was he to her?—to Aurora?—what was he to her? What was she to him?"

A flood of burning shame rushed over my face, and my eyes fell beneath the lurid scorn of his.

"Can you know this and not hate the traitorous gentile?" he said.

I covered my burning face, but could not answer.

"Look up! the fire of your Caloe blood is burning to waste; it should hurl vengeance on those who have heaped shame on it."

"What, on my father?" I cried, struck with horror—"he is dying!"

"And without proof that you are his child?"

"Alas! yes."

"He shall have it."

"Give it me now, now," I cried, in eager joy.

"No, let him writhe a little longer, revenge should be eaten slowly—you must learn this—the blow that kills at once makes a gourmand of the avenger—he swallows all at a mouthful."

There was something fiendish in the man's look as he said this, that made me shudder as I faltered out,

"You terrify me—I do not understand. Will you tell me of my mother?"

"That you may inform him—Lord Clare?"

"Yes."

"I will give you the knowledge soon."

"Oh, now, that it may bless his last moments,"

I pleaded, "he may not live another hour."

"That it may curse him," shouted the man.

"But that I am sure of it, he might die like a dog in his ignorance, not for all those lands which the secret shall bring you, child, would I speak, only I know how sweet my words will be to him," he cried, pointing toward the Greenhurst. "Choke back those tears—little one—it is time you are among us, full time."

"But, my mother—speak of her—you terrify me."

"Yes, I forget," he said, with a sudden change of manner, "there is gentile blood in your cheeks, and that is cowardly; but what I have to say will fire it up by-and-bye, Zana," he continued, with a touch of feeling, "you are like your mother!"

"I know it."

"How? I thought. Nay, nay, you cannot remember her!"

"Yes, I do."

"How and where?"

"The face, only the face, I remember that, nothing more!"

"It was a beautiful face, Zana."

"I know it—very beautiful!"

His face grew heavy and dark. A look of wild horror came into his eyes that were dwelling upon me in apparent wrath.

Just then a gun was fired near us, and through the trees I saw George Irving and Morton coming toward us.

"Hush, no outcry," whispered the man, drawing me back into a thicket. "Come with me, or do you wish them to see you?"

"No, no—heaven forbid," I cried, shrinking under cover.

The man smiled grimly. "It is well," he said, "there is no contamination here, the blood is true to itself yet—I will leave you now!"

"No, no, not till you tell me of my mother," I cried, wild with the fear of losing this clue to my history.

"Not here, it is impossible," was his answer.

"You have that black pony yet?"

"Yes."

"And are no coward? not afraid of the dark?"

"No."

"After nightfall come to yonder old house."

"What, the Greenhurst?"

"Yes, I will be there!"

"And will you tell me all?"

"Yes, all!"

He darted from me while speaking, and the next instant all trace of him was lost.

CHAPTER IX.

I MUST have remained a long time buried in the woods, but I have no remembrance even of my own sensations. So much was crowded on my brain that it seemed stolid to all subjects but one, a wish to learn more. Up to the time I had met that strange being, who seemed so familiar and yet so frightful, I had been overwhelmed with tender grief. My father, suffering, perhaps dying—my father so lately found, filled every thought. No doubt entered my mind that he was my father, for months the conviction had gradually settled upon me; but when I remembered the doubt which tortured him, a painful wish to conquer it—to sweep it away possessed me, not for my own sake—never for a moment did I think of any advantage it might prove to myself—but that he might be satisfied; that the cruel check that made his tenderness for me a torture might be removed.

But now came other feelings, such as I had never known or dreamed of before. I have repeated his conversation word for word, but its effect no power of mine can reveal. Instead of that tender, holy thirst for knowledge that might give my father rest, a fierce curiosity took possession of my soul. I felt not like a child, but an avenger. I would know myself that night; mysteries should henceforth cease to surround me. The blackness would be swept from my brain, and by that man—that man. Was he man or demon? Could anything human, with so little effort, have filled my bosom with bitterness? I was to meet him that night, meet him in secrecy and darkness, in a strange place, I, a young girl, not more than sixteen. It did not frighten me: I panted for the hour to come, though the very thought thrilled me through and through with the idea of a sacrilege performed with a demon. My heart would now and then recoil from the thought, not in fear, but as from something unholy that I had resolved to do.

This thought could not deter me; on the contrary, it imparted ferocious strength to my resolution. I was determined to pluck and eat the fruit of knowledge though it poisoned me. Toward evening, when I saw the first beams of sunset shooting like golden lances through the chestnut boughs and shivered against their stately balls, I awoke from this chaos of thought and went home.

As I mounted the stairs to my room, Maria called after me, begging that I would come down and eat something: but I hurried on, closed the door of my chamber, and bolted it without answering a word; the very idea of seeing any one that night was hateful. She came softly up the

stairs and knocked a long time, telling me that Turner had not been at home all day, and that she was so anxious about us both. I took no heed, but sat down by a window, looking with fierce impatience on the west.

A great embankment of clouds, black as chaos, rolled up from where the sun had been, sweeping all its glowing gold and crimson up through their ebon outskirts, where it burned and quivered in folds and fringes of fiery brightness. It was a beautiful sight, but lurid and wild, covering the earth with uncouth shadows, and filling the woods with a pale glory that to me seemed demonic.

It answered well to the fierce impatience gnawing at my heart! Tinted by that black cloud, I should go forth on my errand with firmness: the more dreary my road became the better I should like it.

When the cloud had spread and blackened over the whole horizon, I started up and put on a dress of black cloth and a broad leaved beaver hat, which I tied firmly on my head with a scarlet silk handkerchief passed over the crown. I searched for no gloves, but went out, darting like a shadow through the hall that Maria might not detect me.

I stopped by a laburnum tree and broke off a shoot, stripping the leaves away with my hand, for I had no time to search for my little gold and agate-headed whip then. Jupiter was in his stall. I girded on his saddle, and buckled the throat-lash of his bridle so tightly that he rose back, shaking off my hold. At another time I might have regretted this impetuous haste, but now I gave Jupiter a blow over the head with my whip, that made him whimper like a child.

I took no notice but led him out, and from the door-sill, which was somewhat lifted from the ground, sprang to the saddle. He hung back when I attempted to move, but I struck him smartly over the ears and he walked on, but sideling and plunging with great discontent. I suppose the dense clouds and the close atmosphere terrified him; but to me their sluggish grandeur was full of excitement.

After we had cleared the woods my old pony became more tractable. Very soon his speed answered to my sharp impatience, and we dashed on through the lurid twilight, with spectre-like velocity. As we neared the Greenhurst, the darkness settled thick and heavy over everything. We could hardly distinguish the turrets and pointed towers from the black sky that they seemed to loom against. The road became ascending and broken: more than once Jupiter stumbled over the loose boulders that had rolled down the banks into the road.

As we drew nearer to the building the trees closed in upon us, their gnarled branches hung low, and vines now and then trailed down, almost sweeping me from the saddle. The atmosphere was heavy and still as death; not a leaf stirred; no sound but the tramp of Jupiter reached us from any quarter. My heart grew heavy: I would have given the world for a gush of air or a gleam of starlight, everything around was so terribly black.

Still I urged Jupiter on, following the deviations of a carriage road half choked up. We passed by a pile of something that seemed denser and closer than the great trees, which slowly assumed the outline of a building overrun with foliage, and this I took for a ruined loge.

After passing it, we found ourselves tangled up in the luxurious growth of some pleasure ground run to waste; for long trailing branches swept across my face, and from the perfume, which rose heavy and sickening on the close air, I knew that Jupiter was treading flowers to death every moment with his hoofs.

At last we came close to the building. All around the base was matted and overrun with ivy, and the straggling branches of ornamental trees. I checked Jupiter, and looked up hoping to detect some light or signal to guide me on.

The outline of a vast building alone met my search. It might have been a heap of rocks or the spur of a mountain, for any idea that I could obtain of its architecture; but its blackness and size disheartened me. How was I to search, in a pile like that, for the man I had come to meet? As I sat upon Jupiter looking wistfully upward, the clouds broke above and began to quiver, and from the depths rushed out a flash, followed by a broad, lurid sheet of lightning.

There, for the first time, and a single moment, I saw the Greenhurst, its gables, its stone balconies, heavy with sculpture, its broad entrance flanked with towers that loomed grimly over the broad steps and massive granite balustrades that wound up from where we stood to the front door.

In my whole life I never witnessed a scene more imposing. A glimpse and all was black again. The flash had given me one view of the mansion, nothing more. I was impressed hopelessly by its vastness. How could I force an entrance?—how make way through the vast interior when that was obtained?

It seemed a hopeless thing, but my determination was strong as ever, so springing to the ground, I felt my way to the stone balustrade and tied Jupiter. Then guiding myself by the carved stone, I mounted one flight of the steps that curved like the two horns of a crescent from

the great oaken doors that divided them upon the arch.

I started, and a shriek burst from me. Upon my hand, which lay upon the balustrade, another rested. When I shrieked it grasped my fingers like iron, and a voice that I knew said in that language—the language I had never spoken, but could understand—"hush. Who taught you to fear?"

"You came upon me so abruptly, so still!" I whispered, shuddering as his breath floated across my lips.

"Speak in your own language—speak Roman," he said, still in the same tongue.

"I cannot," was my half timid answer.

"Try!"

The command was imperative. I did make an effort to answer in his own mysterious tongue. To my surprise the words syllabled themselves rudely on my trembling lips; he comprehended me.

"Where are you taking me?" I had said.

He grasped my hand till the pain made me cry out. "It is there the true fire—old Papita kindled it in the soul of her great, great-grand-child—the mystery is not broken—the sorcery still works—queen of our people speak again," he cried, with an outburst of fiery enthusiasm, more impressive from the hushed tones in which he spoke.

I felt like one possessed. By what power did my tongue speak that language?—what was it? All at once, while he waited for me to speak, I began to shiver and burst into tears. He tossed my hand away with a gesture of contempt.

"Bah! you are only a half blood after all, the Caloe is poisoned on your tongue."

I checked the tears that had so offended him, and moved breathlessly forward, relieved by the gesture that had freed me from his hand.

When we reached the broad, stone platform that clasped the two staircases in one, he took hold of my hand again. That moment another flash of lightning leaped from the clouds, sheeting us, the building, and all its neglected grounds in a glare of blueish light.

It blinded me for an instant, then I saw the man's face clearly, bending over me as I cowered to the stones. The lightning had no effect upon me like the unearthly glow of those eyes. Since then I have seen birds fascinated by the undulating movements of a serpent, and they always brought back a shuddering remembrance of that hour.

"Up," he said, grasping my arm, and lifting me to his side, "half the true blood is stagnant still. We will set it on fire."

He placed one heavy foot against a leaf of the oaken door, and it fell open with a clang that resounded frightfully from the deep, empty hall. Again the lightning blazed upon the floor, tessellated with blocks of black and white marble, and suits of antique armor, with shields and fire-arms, that hung upon the wall.

"It is a fearful night," I said, looking wildly at my companion.

"*Gitanilla!*" he said, turning upon me with folded arms, and a fierce gathering of the brow. "I have seen a morning when the sunlight lay rosy among the snow-peaks, when the earth seemed covered with sifted pearls, when every breath poured health and vigor into the frame, I have seen such a morning more fearful a thousand times than this! Come with me!"

"What for?—where?" I demanded, thrilled and astonished by the glowing words, which I must ever fail to give in English.

"That you may hate the sunshine and love the storm as I do—that whiteness may make you shudder—and nothing but black darkness seem beautiful. Come with me!"

"Are you possessed? Would you possess me with some evil thing?" I said, terribly excited, but not afraid. "Would you fill my veins with gall, my soul with hate?"

"Yes," he answered, through his shut teeth, leading me along the marble floor.

I shuddered, remembering what I had been only that morning, and the fearful sensations that possessed me then. Was it a fiend that I was following?

"Oh, I feel the bitterness, the soul light even now. Unclass my hand," I shrieked.

"Are you afraid?" he retorted, with a sneer.

"Yes, I am afraid."

He dropped my hand. "Go, you are not worthy to learn anything of your mother—go, such knowledge is not for cowards."

"My mother," I cried, "oh, I had forgotten. Yes, tell me of her—I will follow anywhere, only tell me."

"Nay, I will tell you nothing—but come!"

He drew me rapidly forward, threading the darkness like a night bird; we mounted steps winding upward till I was sick and dizzy. At last he passed into what seemed to me a small circular room, high up in one of the towers.

"Sit down," he said, pressing a hand upon my shoulder till I sunk into a seat that yielded to my weight. "Sit down and keep still, we are alone, high above the earth; the stars, which those of your blood should read like a parchment, are all hidden. It has a bad look for the future, but this is the appointed hour."

He paused a moment, and seemed to be leaning from a narrow window interrogating the darkness. He turned abruptly and said,

"You saw Lord Clare, this morning?"

"Yes."

"And he is dying?"

"Alas! I fear so."

"How many days first?"

"What!" I exclaimed, shocked by the coldness with which he questioned me.

"How many days at the most can he live?"

"I cannot tell; God forbid that I should ever guess."

"Would you save his life?"

"Would I?—would I keep the breath in my own bosom?"

"Then you wish him to live?"

"Wish it, yes—heaven only knows how much!"

"Renegade!"

"What!"

"Nay," he said, with a sudden change from ferocity to the most child-like tenderness, "let her know all—how can she judge?"

He came close to me and laid one hand softly on my head. "Be tranquil, be tranquil," he murmured, smoothing my hair from time to time.

A soft languor stole upon me. I sunk slowly down upon what seemed to be a couch, and like two rose-leaves heavy with fragrance, the eyelids closed so softly that I felt a thrill as the lashes fell upon my cheek.

He kept one hand upon my head a while, then moved it gently across my forehead and over my eyes; I felt a delicious and almost imperceptible current of air flowing coolly over my bosom and down my arms. Then the air was agitated, as if a group of angels were fanning me with their wings; the lids fell heavier still over my slumberous eyes; my limbs grew rigid, but with a sensation of exquisite repose. It began to lighten, I knew that fiery gleams were breaking and sparkling all around me. Then followed peal after peal of thunder making the tower rock, and upheaving, as it seemed, the very foundations of the building itself.

I was conscious of all this, but it did not disturb the languid repose into which I had fallen. The dawning consciousness of two lives—two entire beings came sweetly upon my soul. I saw my old self fading away; I was alone in the universe with that man, only the whole past or present, for the time, held nothing but him and me. Then followed a blank like that which fills the first year of infancy, dreamy and quiet. Then pang after pang went through me, each sweeping the shadows from my brain; and I saw a young girl, mature in her dark bright beauty,

but almost a child, still holding an infant in her lap. The little one, was like its mother, the same eyes, the same rich complexion. I knew the mother well, and the child; my own soul, full of innocent love, lay in the bosom of that child.

I looked around. The two were in an old farmhouse among hills covered with purple heath; sheep grazed along the upland slopes; and cattle ranged in the vallies. Men in short, plaid garments and flat bonnets watched the sheep; and the young mother carried her child to the window, that it might see the lambs play as the shepherds drove them to the fold.

While the mother stood there with her child, a stout farmer came to the window, and taking the little one from its mother, began to dance it up and down in the bright air, till the silken curls blew all over its face. The mother laughed, and so did the child, gleefully, like a little bird. Then came a woman round an angle of the house, her sleeves were rolled up, leaving her round, well-shaped arms bare to the elbow. She took the child from her good man, and smoothing its curls with her plump fingers, covered it with kisses.

A shot from the hill-side made the whole group start joyfully forward. The old man shaded his eyes and looked eagerly toward the mountain. The young mother seized her child and ran forward, her eyes sparkling, and her cheeks in a glow.

Along the shore of a little lake that lay in the lap of those hills, came a young man in hunter's garb. A gun, which he had just discharged, was thrown back upon his shoulders, and as he saw the young mother coming toward him, he flung out a white handkerchief smiling a happy welcome.

I knew the young man's face well, and my soul, which was in the child's bosom, sang for joy as he came up.

A moment of obscurity of mistiness and shadows. Then appeared before me the cottage in Clare Park, its gardens, its dim old wilderness of trees; and now my soul leaped from event to event, scaling over all that might have been repose, and seizing upon the rugged points of that human history like a vampire.

Again and again I saw that young mother, so beautiful, so sad, that every fibre of my being ached with sympathy. It was not her face or form alone that I saw, but all the doubt, the anguish, the humiliation of her wild, proud nature tortured my own being. I not only saw her, but felt all the changes of her soul writing themselves on my own intelligence.

Why was it that in that wonderful sleep or

trance, I know not to this day what it was—but how did it happen that I could read every thought and feeling in my mother's heart, but only the actions of my father? Did that wierd being so will it, that all my burning nature should pour itself forth in sympathy for the wronged woman, and harden into iron toward the man? I saw him too, pale, struggling with indecisions, that ended in more than mental torture, but this awoke no sympathy in my bosom, none, none. Then came another upon my vision, a proud, noble woman, always clad in black, that hovered around the old dwelling where my father rested, like a raven. She was my mother's rival, I felt it the moment her black shadow fell upon my memory. I saw her in a dim old room, and he was with her, both were pale and in trouble; she sat watching him through her tears, and those tears shook his manhood till he trembled from head to foot. A child, dark-eyed, and with a look of intelligence beyond her years, sat crouching in a corner, with her great black eyes following every movement—I knew that child well. It was the infant who had shouted its joyous greeting to the young huntsman. Its blood was beating then in my own veins.

Again I saw the woman, beneath a clump of gnarled old oaks. She lay prone upon the earth, white as death, stiffened like a corpse; a horse dripping with sweat stood cowering on the other side of a chasm that yawned between him and the lady. There was that child again, peering out from a thicket, with her wild eyes gleaming with ferocious joy, as if she gloried in the stillness that lay like death upon the woman.

Then a huntsman rode up, and I saw the white face of the woman on his bosom. He kissed the face, he wept over it, he laid her on the grass, and looked piteously around for help.

Then the child sprang up like a young tiger from the thicket, with a bound she stood beside the two, her little form dilating, her whole attitude full of wrath; words were spoken between the man and the child, bitter, harsh words. Then the woman moved faintly; the child saw it, her tiny hands were clenched; her teeth locked together, and lifting her foot, she struck it fiercely down upon the lady's bosom.

A blow from the man dashed her to the ground; confusion followed, flashes as of fire filled my vision. Then I saw the child wandering through the tall trees alone, her little features locked, her arms tightly folded.

It grew dark, so dark that under the trees the young mother, who stood by her child, could not see the fierce paleness of her face. Then I saw them both wandering like thieves along the vast

mansion house. They were separated, the mother went into numberless chambers searching for some one, and holding her breath. At one moment she stood over a bed, on which the strange woman slept, then I was sure that the child was her's by the deadly blackness of her eyes as they fell on the noble sleeper. She passed out with one hand firmly clenched, though it held nothing, and wandered into the darkness again. Once more she stood in the light, dim and faint, for the lamp that gave it was hidden under an alabaster shade, and sent forth only a few pale rays like moonbeams. I saw little that surrounded her, for my soul was searching the great agony of heart with which she stood beside that man. He was not in bed, but wrapped in a dressing-gown of some rich Oriental silk, lay upon a couch with his eyes closed and smiling.

She held her breath, and the last tender love that ever beat in her heart swelled up from its depths as she bent down and gathered the smile with her lips.

He started. She fell upon her knees, she locked his hand in her's, her black tresses fell over him, oh, with what agony she pleaded for a return of the love that had been the pulse of her life, the breath on her lips.

He arose and shook her off—with a mighty effort he steeled his heart and shook her off, the mother of his child, the wife of his bosom. She stood upright, pale and transfigured. For one whole minute she remained gazing on him speechless, and so still that the beating of his heart sounded clear and distinct in the room. She turned and glided into the darkness again, and disappeared with her child, who had waited for her there.

Then followed a panorama of scenery, rivers, mountains, and seas, over which the mother wandered, holding her child by the hand. At last she stood in sight of an ancient city, rich with Moorish relics, but as I turned to gaze on them a crowd of fierce human beings surrounded her, filling the air with hoarse noises, glaring at her and the child with their fierce eyes. An old woman, tiny as a child, and thin as a mummy, stood by shouting back their reviling with defiance. Thus with whoop, and taunt, and sacrilegious gibes, they drove the poor creature onward to the mountains. Up and up she clambered with the little one still clinging to her neck, till the snow became heavy around her, and she waded knee deep through it, tottering and faint. At last the crowd surged together around a mountain peak, and pointed with hoarse shouts to a valley half choked up with stone cairns and shimmering with untrod snow.

Down into the virgin whiteness of this valley the black masses poured, treading down the snow with all their squalid ferocity doubled by the contrast of its purity. They took the child from her mother and carried her shrieking to the outskirts of the crowd. I knew the man that held her, and read all the fierce agony of his grief as he strove to blind the child to the horrible deed that crowd was perpetrating.

I saw it all—the first unsteady whirl of stones, the fiendish eagerness that followed; I heard the shrieks—I felt her death agony.

Oh, how I struggled, how I pleaded with the strong will that enslaved my faculties, how I prayed that he would redeem me from the horrors of that mountain pass. But no, the curse of memory must be complete, I was compelled to live over the agony of my mother's death.

I knew well all the time that the child and myself were one being, but as in ordinary life a person often looks upon his own sufferings with self-pity as if he were a stranger, so I followed wearily after the little creature as they bore her an orphan from the Valley of Stones. I saw her growing thin, pining, pining always for the mother who was dead, till she grew into a miserable shadow with all the life of her being burning in those large eyes. The old woman and the man had her to themselves, but she seemed pining to death while they wandered from mountain to mountain, and at last across the seas.

Again Clare Hall arose on my vision, the old building among distant trees, the village just in sight. A gipsy's hut stood in a hollow back from the wayside, and in that tent lay the shadowy child.

The gipsy man and that wierd little woman was in the tent, and from without I heard the ringing of bells and the tramp of horses, smothered and soft as if each hoof fall were broken with flowers.

Then I forgot the sick child and stood within the village church. *He* was there standing before the altar, and his hand clasped that of the proud lady who had so often wandered through the drama which I was forced to witness. The bridegroom was pale as death, and she looked strangely pallid in the silvery glance of her brocaded robe. Still both were firm, and I saw that all things had been confided to her—that the history of my poor mother lay like lead in the bosom of that proud woman. Still she was resolute, and so was the bridegroom, resolute to trample down every right of another in search of their own happiness. Fools, fools, happiness will not be thus wickedly wrenched from the

hands of the Creator. Even then before God's altar they had begun to reap the whirlwind, coming events cast their shadows all around them, no wonder they grew white, no wonder the marriage vows died like snow upon their lips, no wonder that all the bridal blossoms with which the greensward glowed when they went in, had withered beneath the hot sun! Their dying fragrance fell over the noble pair as they came forth wedded man and wife. Man and wife! had he forgotten the subterranean vaults beneath the Alhambra, where my mother stood by his side with firmer faith and more devoted constancy than that woman ever knew? Was that oath forgotten? No, as he came forth into the sunshine treading down the pale blossoms as he had trampled my mother out of life, a bronzed hand, long and lean as a vulture's claw, was thrust over his path: and night-shade fell thick among the dead blossoms. He did not see it, for the wierd gipsy woman moved like a shadow among the village children, but he shrunk as if with some hidden pain, and grew paler than before.

The will that controlled mine forced me onward with the newly married pair, I saw them struggle against the leaden memories that would not be swept away. Their mournful smiles as they looked on each other were full of saddened love, I could have pitied them but for my mother. I saw what they did not, her grave, that cairn of reddened stones looming before them at every step. They shuddered beneath the invisible shadow, but I knew from whence it fell.

Their route to Clare Hall was trampled over a carpet of flowers; silver and gold fell like rain among the village children; the carriage streaming with favors swept by that gipsy tent where the sick child was lying, his child, all unconscious of its double orphanage.

In the thralldom of my intellect I was forced to look on, though my strength was giving way. With shrinking terror I watched the movements of that wierd murderess as she crept into Clare Hall, and with the accuracy of a blood hound stole through the very apartments my mother had penetrated, crawling like a reptile close to the walls, till she stood upright in the bridal chamber. She concealed herself behind the snowy masses of drapery that fell around the bed.

While her form was shrouded in the heavy waves of silk, her dark face peered, ever and anon, through the transparent lace of the inner curtains like that of a watching fiend. As one whose senses were locked in a single channel, I too waited and watched. People came in and

out of the room, little dreaming of the reptile hidden in the snow of the curtains.

Even in its slavery my spirit sickened as I watched and saw the withered veins of that unearthly wretch swelling with murderous venom, while her victims were moving unconsciously in the next room.

The curtains rustled, that claw-like hand was thrust out, and I saw half a dozen drops flash down like diamonds into a goblet of water that had just been placed on the toilet.

Then a door opened, and the bride entered from her dressing-room, alone. In the simple white of her robe she looked touching and lovely, like one subdued and humbled by the depth of her own feelings. The delicate lace of her night coif left a shadow on her temples less deep than that which lay beneath her eyes. Her bosom rose slowly and with suppressed respiration beneath the rich embroidery that embossed her night robe, and her uncovered feet fell almost timidly on the carpet as if she feared to enter, not with girlish bashfulness, but with a sort of religious awe as one visits a place of prayer with a sense of wrong on the soul.

She knelt down by the bed, and clasping her hands remained still, as if some prayer lay at the bottom of her heart, which she had not the courage to breathe aloud. The broad, white eyelids were closed, and twice I saw that fiendish face glaring at her through the curtains.

She arose at length without having uttered a word, and, heaving a deep sigh, stepped into bed. As she sunk to the pillow her eye fell upon the goblet of water, and resting on one elbow, she reached forth her hand and drank it off.

As she fell softly back to the pillows, a hoarse chuckle came through the curtains. She started, turned her eyes that way, and out came that black head peering her with its terrible eyes; a broken sigh, a shudder, that made the white drapery rustle as if in a current of wind, and the bride lay with her eyes wide open and staring upon the Sybil, but otherwise as if asleep on her couch.

The dead face grew more and more pallid, the dark one above glowed and gloated over it like a ghoul. Then the soft light was darkened, and the bridegroom leaned over his bride listening for her breath. As he stooped, the curtains opposite were flung back, the lace torn away, and like an exulting demon the old woman laughed over the living and the dead. The scene changed, the old woman, the gipsy man and the child were in the tent at midnight. The poor little one aroused from her torpid rest, looked wildly up as the Sybil told of her murderous act—told

of it and perished in the midst of her triumph—her old age exhausted by the excitement of her crime, ended in death.

As the life left her body, I felt a shock run through my whole being, the past was linked with the present. Back to that gipsy tent my memory ran strong and connectedly.

I struggled in the mesmeric hands which guided my energies like steel. "Peace," said the man who had enthralled me, "peace, and remember."

There was a stir in the air as if some unseen bird were fanning it with his wings, a cool and delicious feeling of rest crept over me, and as a child wakes I opened my eyes. The Spanish gipsy stood over me revealed by the quick

flashes of lightning that blazed through the room. I knew that he had been my mother's friend, that the blood in his veins was of her nation and mine. I reached forth my hand. He took it in his and I sat up.

"You remember all now?" he said—"all that I have revealed to you—all that old Papita bade you forget?"

"Yes, I remember—I know much, but not all; that which happened before I lived, tell me of that."

"Not yet, you are tired!"

"Yes, but——"

A faintness came over me, my strength had received too great a shock for a time, I had no power to think or feel. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MAID THAT TWINED THE 'KERCHIEF.

BY J. G. CHACE.

I've asked thee, love, if thou would'st twine
The wreath of Fortune's life with mine,
And all the answer I can get,
You'll sit and play your 'kerchief yet.

How many Summer's past and gone,
We've roved the flowery fields along,
And gathered flowerets rich and rare,
To braid them in thy lustrous hair;
And all the answer now I get,
You'll sit and twine your 'kerchief yet.

Come, loved Eudora, say, oh! say
That you will not despise my lay;
Come, love, let our affections meet,
I'll lay my fortune at your feet.

Nay, love, at Fortune's word you start,

My fortune's in my inmost heart;
There is the shrine, wilt worship now?
And cherish all the love I vow?
Still all the answer I can get,
You sit and twine that 'kerchief yet.

Sweet flowerets bloom on either side,
Fit emblems for a model bride;
I've waited long the happy hour,
To call thee as the loveliest flower.

Heart beat to heart! the electric fire
Thrilled through their sympathetic souls;
He gained his long and loved desire—
The 'kerchief fell in many folds;
And all the answer we can get,
The kerchief lies untroubled yet!

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

BY E. GRIFFIN STAPLES.

FLUSH'd were her cheeks—her fevered brow
Was swelled with veins; the eye
Glares wildly, and in vacancy,
On earth, and sea, and sky.

Clasp'd in her arms, the infant boy,
With lashes softly closed
On his pale cheek—with quivering lip,
And quick-drawn breath reposed

Unconscious—while the mother's heart
Was whisp'ring a wild prayer;

Which, through closed lips by man unheard,
Was quickly answered there.

The little arms but slightly moved;
The lids flew back—the eye
Rolled quick, and, with a smother'd sigh,
The soul passed up on high.

A wild, unearthly scream arose—
A tottering step, and then,
The mother sank upon the earth,
No more to rise again.

"WHAT CAN AIL HER?"

BY JANE WEAVER.

"How is your wife, to-day?" said an acquaintance to Mr. Morris, a thriving store-keeper in the town of —.

"She's but middling," was the reply. "Has constant headache, with no appetite, and is getting as thin as a skeleton."

"She used to be so healthy-looking," answered the acquaintance. "I remember her, before she was married, as blooming a beauty as you'd see in a thousand."

"Yes! But you'd scarcely know her now, if you hadn't seen her since. I can't imagine what can ail her."

Mrs. Morris had been a wife just eight years. Prior to her marriage, she had been, as her husband's acquaintance said, one of the most blooming girls of the neighborhood. She was celebrated, in fact, for her rosy cheeks, bright eyes, elastic step, and never-failing flow of spirits. But now she was sallow, had lost all her vivacity, and was frightfully emaciated: indeed many of her friends began to think she was in a decline.

What had worked this change? Her husband said he could not tell. But perhaps we can inform you, reader.

Mrs. Morris had been tenderly brought up, and, until her marriage, knew not what care was. But, in uniting herself to Mr. Morris, she had ignorantly made herself the slave of a penurious husband, who, in order to save a little more, continually tasked her strength to the utmost. At first, he would not allow her to employ any servant, though his three clerks boarded in the family, and though now she was permitted to have one, it was because there were four children in addition, and one of these still an infant. Used to household duties, and to a certain portion of daily labor, at her old home, Mrs. Morris was, nevertheless, unable to bear the enormous burden thus laid upon her.

She tried, indeed, to do what was expected of her. No complaint ever passed her lips. Many an evening, after a day of exhausting drudgery, she sat up till midnight sewing, while her husband read his newspaper, smoked his cigar, or dozed on the sofa. Sometimes the thought rose to her lips, that it was hard she only should have no leisure, but she never allowed it to find

expression in words. Patiently she worked on, stifling even a sigh as criminal.

But this was not the worst, alas! Often her husband would come in vexed, the result of some untoward business affair; and, at such times, the wife was always the target for his ill-temper. Nothing pleased Mr. Morris on these occasions. The supper did not suit him, the children were not managed right, he did not see why Mrs. Morris must be forever looking as if she hadn't a friend in the world. Frequently it was as much as the poor wife could do to keep back her tears.

What wonder that, with this life of drudgery, with these heart miseries, Mrs. Morris should lose the plumpness of her figure, the brilliancy of her complexion, and her elasticity of spirits. Or what wonder that the birth of four children, in less than eight years, combined with these, should make her, at last, a confirmed invalid. Yet her selfish husband never allowed himself to see how it all came about. He still continued to over-task his invalid wife, and would not, or could not see that he was killing her. She had never had any violent disease, but had only gradually become feeble, so he could not comprehend it. "I can't imagine," he would say, "what can ail her?"

Meantime, though an industrious man himself, Mr. Morris often took a day for recreation. In summer he usually went to the sea-shore for a week or two. In addition he always rested on Sunday. But he never took his wife with him, when he went away, whether for a day or a fortnight; and Sunday was to her no day of rest, since he insisted on having a particularly nice dinner then, which Mrs. Morris had to cook. And as she grew more and more sallow, under this treatment, and lost finally what little appetite had been left to her, her husband wondered more and more "what could ail her."

In reality he began at last to think himself quite badly treated. It was a very hard thing, he reflected, if he was to have a sick wife all his days. "He did not see," he said, "for his part, what was the matter with the women: they were good for nothing in these days; but Mrs. Morris, he really believed, was the sickliest of all. Nothing agreed with her any more. She

took pills every two hours, but her appetite didn't come back. A married man had need to be made of money. What could ail her?"

There are a good many such husbands in the world, for Mr. Morris is, alas! no rare specimen. Thousands of meek, uncomplaining women, the wives of selfish, brutal husbands, are scattered all over this fair land of ours, dying by inches,

while their thoughtless or heartless task-masters wonder "what can ail them."

Mrs. Morris will die prematurely, partly from drudgery, partly from a broken heart. But as she will not have any violent disease, her husband will go about to the day of her death, saying,

"WHAT CAN AIL HER?"

THE LAST NIGHT OF SUMMER.

BY EDWARD A. WARRINER.

'Tis sunset hour, and floods of golden light,
Ere Summer lingers out a fond adieu,
Bathe in resplendent fires each mountain height,
And tinge yon sable clouds in purple hue.

Now fades the bright vermilion of the sky,
And darkness slowly gathers o'er the trees;
The weeping-willow wakes its wonted sigh,
As swaying gently in the evening breeze.

Still, faintly mirrored in the placid stream,
Linger the twilight shadows of the hills;
The moon, the silvery moon pours down her beams,
And mingles diamonds in the wild-wood rills.

The cricket, now, its voice assiduous wakes
From the old hearth, as wont at close of day,
And the deep stillness of the evening breaks,
Seeming to whisper that we pass away.

Now, far I wander up the lonely vale
Of the wild stream that murmurs past my home;
Where in the wild-wood sings the nightingale,
And from a distance sounds of music come.

The moonbeams silver o'er the distant hills,
And sweetly sit upon the lovely lea;
Wild voices mingle with the gushing rills,
The night-bird walleth from the birchen tree.

Now all is hushed save the low willow's sigh,
Weeping and wailing o'er the moonlit stream,
Waking sweet mem'ries of things long gone by,
As plaintive music or some pleasing dream.

Oh, how this scene recalls my childhood's hours!—
Unchanged is Nature's face, for now as then
Within the valley bloom the same wild flowers,
And the same stream still murmurs through the glen.

How sweet was life, when, on the festal day,
Merry companions met beneath this shade;
But some, alas! have wandered far away,
And some are in the village church-yard laid.

But mem'ry lives beyond the reach of time,
And all that's beautiful will linger o'er,
Where angel voices join in songs sublime;
And we shall meet the loved of earth once more.

STANZAS,

TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED WIFE WHO DIED ON HER PASSAGE TO EUROPE.

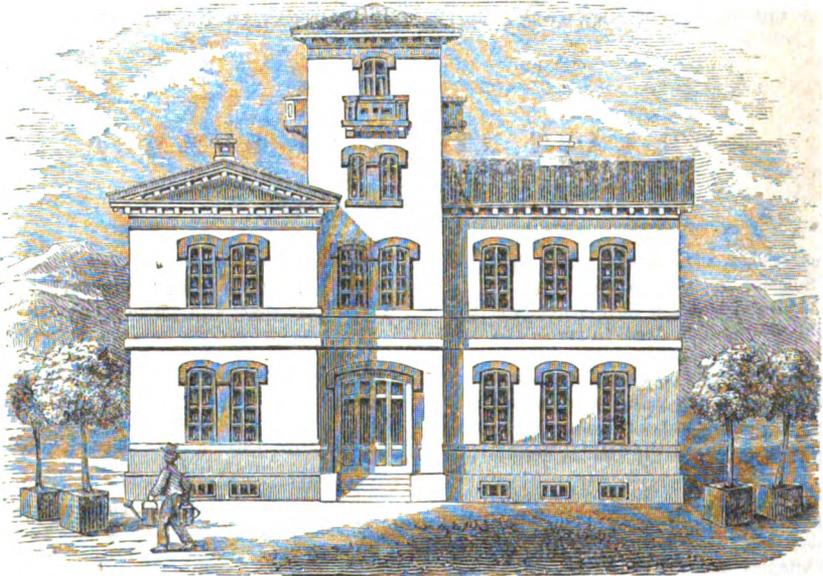
BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

THERE was an eye I lov'd to see,
There was a voice I lov'd to hear,
There was a heart now parted hence
That ever to my own was dear:
There was a lip I loved to press,
There was a gentle hand that oft
Has soothed my brow when deep distressed,
With touch as signet's bosom soft!
But ah! that eye is closed in death—
That lip has lost its rosy bloom—

That small white hand is far away,
Cold in the ocean's watery tomb!
Light of my soul! Oh! whither strays
Thy gentle spirit from its dust?
Faith points to Heaven, and bids my heart
In the Redeemer's promise trust;
If after life the spirit loves
Its sister spirit—mine shall trace
On wing far fleetest than the dove's
Thine—thro' the boundless realms of space!

COTTAGE AND VILLA ARCHITECTURE.

A VILLA IN THE ITALIAN STYLE.



In designing this small villa, our object was to keep it within a very moderate space, and for a very moderate cost, to show as much of the character as was practicable. It would have been far easier to have increased the effect by adding more apartments, which, when desired, can easily be done; for it is one of the merits of this style, that it permits additions and wings with the greatest facility, and always with an increasing effect. Some persons may find a defect in this design by the absence of a veranda; but it can easily be attached on the outside of the parlor and library.

The plan of this house is very simple, and almost explains itself by a reference to the ground plans. The hall here is ten feet wide by forty-two feet deep. It ought to be laid with encaustic tiles, which will make it very handsome and effective. The staircase will appear to advantage when advancing into the hall through the main entrance; and the effect will be increased by building it of oak, with massive hand-rail and balusters. The beauty of the staircase will be heightened by the position of a large window over the landing, filled in with stained glass of tasteful and harmonious colors. The parlor is sixteen by twenty-five feet—a good-sized room for a small family: so, also, is the

library attached, sixteen feet square, and communicates with sliding doors.

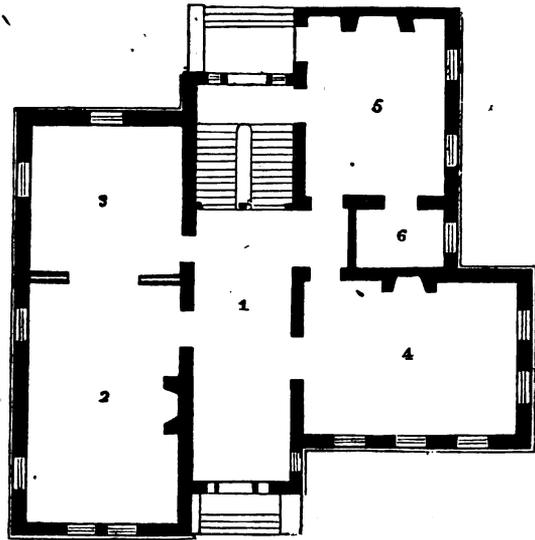
On the other side of the hall is the dining-room, sixteen by twenty-two feet. It is very advantageously placed with respect to the kitchen, which is only separated from it by a small passage. If desirable, a door may be made to communicate with the pantry. This pantry is six by nine feet, well lighted and aired. The kitchen is fifteen by eighteen feet. It may be extended, and a scullery attached, to suit the wants of the family, and, if necessary, also, a kitchen-yard, clothes-drying ground, &c., concealed by trees.

On the second floor, we have four large bedrooms—three of them with good-sized closets attached. The chamber in the tower may be used as a store-room or bath-room: the staircase leading up into the tower will take up a very small space, and can be so arranged as not to interfere with the apartment. There is a room above, intended to contain a water-tank, into which the water may be forced up by a hydraulic ram, and thereby give a constant supply of water to the whole house. The upper story may be used as an observatory.

The first story of this house should be twelve feet, and the second story ten feet, in the clear.

This villa should be built of rough brick, covered with cement or stucco on the outside, and colored of a mellow, warm drab, or light freestone, hue. But the cheapest mode, and one very satisfactory, would be to build the walls of good, hard brick, and color them externally of an agreeable shade. The walls of the first story should be thirteen inches, and the second story nine inches, thick. The window-heads, sills, and string-courses should be of cut stone. The balconies and brackets of the tower may be of wood, painted and sanded to correspond with the wall. Inside shutters will be required to all the windows, both in the first and second stories.

All the inside wood-work should be grained to represent oak or walnut.



GROUND PLAN.

DIMENSIONS.

FIRST FLOOR.

	FEET.
1. Hall, - - - -	10 X 42
2. Parlor, - - - -	16 X 25
3. Library, - - - -	16 X 16
4. Dining-room, - - - -	16 X 22
5. Kitchen, - - - -	15 X 18
6. Pantry, - - - -	6 X 9

SECOND FLOOR.

7. Hall, - - - -	10 X 30
8. Chamber, - - - -	16 X 22
9. Chamber, - - - -	15 X 18
10. Closet, - - - -	6 X 9
11. Chamber, - - - -	16 X 18
12. Chamber, - - - -	16 X 20
13. Bath-room, - - - -	10 X 10



PLAN OF SECOND STORY.

NEVER DESPAIR.

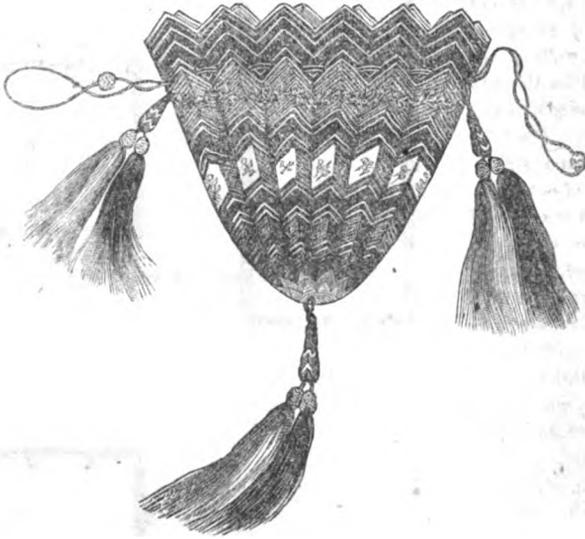
Though fortune should leave you,
And sorrows bring care,
Though death should bereave you,
Oh! never despair.

For life is but fleeting,
And Heaven is fair,
Oh! the joys of that meeting—
Then never despair.

OUR WORK TABLE.

LADIES' WORK-BAG.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.



MATERIALS.—French silks of the following colors. White, scarlet, emerald, green, yellow, (not orange) black, rose, scarlet cord, and tassels of all the colors combined. Boulton & Son's crochet-hook, No. 24.

We must observe that bags of the most ornamental description are now greatly used by Parisian belles, for holding the handkerchief, purse, &c. They are very small, and are made in crochet, netting, or embroidery. We would not whisper the atrocity to even the winds, nevertheless it is a fact, that these same exquisite pieces of workmanship are the rage among gentlemen, for *tobacco-pouches*. The only difference is, that the lady's reticule is lined with silk or satin, and the gentleman's *blague* with lamb-skin.

With the black silk, make a chain of 336 stitches, and close it into a round.

1st round.—Black, \times 13 Sc, 3 Sc in 1, 12 more Sc, miss 2, \times 12 times.

2nd round—Yellow. The same.

3rd, 4th, and 5th rounds.—Black. The same.

6th round.—Yellow. The same.

7th round.—Scarlet, \times 7 Sc, 3 chain, miss 3, 3 Sc, 3 Sc in 1, 3 Sc, 3 chain, miss 3, 6 Sc, miss 2, \times 12 times.

8th round.—Yellow. Like first.

9th and 10th rounds.—Scarlet. The same.

11th round.—Scarlet and white, \times 10 scarlet, 1 white, 2 scarlet, 3 scarlet in 1, 2 scarlet, 1 white, 9 scarlet, miss 2, \times 12 times.

12th round.— \times 8 scarlet, 3 white, 2 scarlet, 3 scarlet in 1, 2 scarlet, 3 white, 7 scarlet, miss 2, \times 12 times.

13th round.— \times 8 scarlet, 1 white, 4 scarlet, 3 scarlet in 1, 4 scarlet, 1 white, 7 scarlet, miss 2, \times 12 times.

14th round.—Scarlet and green, \times 6 scarlet, 3 green, 4 scarlet, 3 scarlet in 1, 4 scarlet, 3 green, 5 scarlet, miss 2, \times 12 times.

15th round.—Scarlet, green, and black, \times 3 scarlet, 3 green, 1 black, 3 green, 3 scarlet, 3 scarlet in 1, 3 scarlet, 3 green, 1 black, 3 green, 2 scarlet, miss 2, \times 12 times.

16th round.—Scarlet and green, \times 5 scarlet, 1 green, 7 scarlet, 3 scarlet in 1, 7 scarlet, 1 green, 4 scarlet, miss 2, \times 12 times.

17th round.—Same colors, \times 4 scarlet, 3 green, 6 scarlet, 3 scarlet in 1, 6 scarlet, 3 green, 3 scarlet, miss 2, \times 12 times.

19th and 20th rounds.—All scarlet, like first.

The following rounds are worked in the same way, in the following colors:

21st round.—Yellow.

22nd round.—Red.

23rd round.—Yellow.

24th, 25th, 26th rounds.—Black.

27th round.—Yellow.

28th round.—Red.

29th round.—Green.

Repeat the stripe of scarlet, from 9th to 20th rounds, inclusive, substituting the following colors. White for scarlet, scarlet for white, red for black. Use green as in scarlet stripe.

Reverse the colors from 21st to 29th, inclusive, that is, begin with the green, and end with the yellow round.

Now follows another pattern stripe, with green ground, for scarlet, scarlet for green, white for white, and black for black. In working the two plain green rounds which finish the stripe, miss 2 as usual, but work only *one* stitch in every one of the others.

Do a round of yellow, one of green and one of

yellow, in the same way, then 4 black, decreasing so that you have 98 stitches in the round.

Black and scarlet, \times 3 black, 1 scarlet, \times 7 times.

2nd round.— \times 5 black, miss 2, 5 black, 3 scarlet, \times 7 times.

3rd round.— \times 4 black, miss 2, 3 black, 5 scarlet, \times 7 times.

4th round.— \times 2 black, miss 2, 1 black, 7 scarlet, \times 7 times.

5th round.— \times 1 black, 7 scarlet on 7, \times 7 times.

6th round.— \times 1 yellow on centre of 7 scarlet, 6 scarlet, \times 7 times.

7th round.— \times 3 yellow, (on 1, and a scarlet on each side) 3 scarlet, \times 7 times.

8th round.— \times 1 scarlet on the centre of 3, and 4 yellow between \times 7 times. Gradually close with yellow.

Now on the original chain do 1 round yellow, 1 green, 1 scarlet, 1 yellow, with 3 in one at each point, and missing 2 at the lower part. Line and trim as in the engraving.

GRACE CHURCH CEMETERY,

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

BY MARGARET LEE RUTENBUR.

On! ever and anon there goes
Some solemn train, to bear
With sable hearse, and dark-hued steed,
A pale, cold sleeper there!
Perhaps a parent, child that's dear,
A husband, or a wife,
Kind sister, brother, or some friend
Who cheered the paths of life;
The chequered paths, with tort'rous lines
Marked deep by care and sin,
Save where the dove of pity
Broods o'er the heart within—
Or soaring, spreads its pure white wings,
And on them bears to Heaven
The tearful prayer of penitence,
From erring mortal given.
The white-haired man goes slowly in
That sombre colored gate,
To muse beside the grave of her,
His long-departed mate.
The widow there in sable weeds,
Bewails the vanished youth
Who pledged before the man of God,
To her his vows of truth.
The mother's tears like rain-drops fall
Upon the grass-green ground
Where baby lies in quiet rest,
With wild flowers on its mound.

The father leads his shorn lambs in,
That they may there behold
The sacred spot where lies enshrined
The angel of his fold!
And there away from all the throng,
Some lone one stands apart,
That no rude, gazing eye may see
The sorrow of the heart.
And here, perchance, the orphan bends
Where pure white stones are seen;
With but a violet here and there
Upon the friendly screen
That shelters from the Wintry storm,
And from the Summer sun;
The father, and the mother too,
Whose sands of life are run.
While smiling maidens glide around,
With gay youths by their side;
And little seem to reck the hour
When they must stem the tide—
The cold, dark, turbid waves, to which
The human soul is given;
The fearful tide that rolls between
The shores of earth and Heaven!
God grant, that when with all of earth,
Its fitful dreams shall cease,
To Heaven's sweet shores of endless rest,
Each bark may go in peace.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

ARTIFICIAL FRUIT.—The first process is, forming the mould from which the cast of fruit is to be taken. This is done by mixing plaster of Paris with water, to the consistency of thick paint. As the mould of fruit cannot be taken whole, it is necessary to prepare it for the parts required. For an apple, orange, or pear, two parts will be sufficient; but in other cases, when the fruit abounds in irregularities, it is requisite to take the mould in three or more parts, otherwise it will be difficult to remove.

In preparing an apple, &c., it is necessary to oil the surface of one half of the fruit, which, having done, place over it the plaster of Paris; as it sets, or dries, which it will do very quickly, smooth the edges to the exact half, with a knife, making at the same time several notches in the edge, in order that the two parts, when taken, may fit closely; when the plaster is sufficiently hardened, oil the edge with a camel's-hair pencil, and prepare for taking the mould of the second half, which is performed in the same manner; the two halves, placed together, will form a perfect mould, the plaster being readily removed by means of oiling. The next process is, taking the cast; the parts of the mould will be rendered more hard by immersion in cold water; all the parts must now be bound together with string. Prepare the wax by melting it to the consistency of cream, pour it into the mould at the aperture caused by the stalk, which must be increased should the orifice be not sufficiently capacious to admit the wax; when the wax is thoroughly hardened, the string must be removed, and the pieces of the mould taken from the fruit: a perfect cast of the fruit is thus produced. The colors used are to be obtained in powder, and delicately put on the wax by means of the finger, the lighter parts touched with a camel's-hair pencil. With some description of fruit, as an orange, grapes, &c., the color may be put in the wax, and the bloom produced afterward by the use of the powder. The stalks are formed and inserted at the top of the fruit. The leaves are produced by thin sheets of wax, punched out to the size required, with punches prepared for the purpose; these can be obtained at any tool warehouse.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.—We call attention to the advertisement, on the cover of the present number, of "The Dollar Newspaper," one of the best weeklies published in Philadelphia, and altogether the cheapest. It will be seen that the proprietors offer prizes, to the amount of five hundred dollars, for a certain number of stories. The literary character of the paper will, therefore, be very superior during the coming volume. The news is always

capitally digested; the agricultural department well culled; and the other contents distinguished by sterling sense, and sound information. We cordially recommend "The Dollar Newspaper" to the reading public. It belongs to the new age of periodical literature. In other words, being conducted on the cash principle, like the "National," it is able to give the largest possible return to the subscriber, for his money.

THE LITERARY COMPANION.—This is a neat, well-conducted monthly Magazine, just established, at Harrisburg, Pa., for the low price of a dollar a year. William H. Egle and Clarence May, two of our contributors, are its editors. The first number is before us, containing a pretty mezzotint, and thirty-two pages of excellent reading matter. We wish it the success which the taste, industry and talents of its conductors so richly deserve.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Percy Effingham. By Henry Cockton, author of "Valentine Vox." 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This new novel is from the advanced sheets of the English edition, and appears here and in London simultaneously. It is an agreeable story, and will have a large sale. Mr. Cockton made himself famous, in one day, as it were, by his inimitable "Valentine Vox," so that now he is sure of a large audience of readers, whenever he announces a new book. For those who wish to while away a summer afternoon, "Percy Effingham" is a capital novel. It has less fun, indeed, than "Valentine Vox;" but in other respects we think it superior to that book.

A Journey Round the World. By F. Gerstaedter. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This deeply interesting book is a narrative of a journey round the globe, comprising a winter passage across the Andes to Chili, and visits to California, Australia, the South Sea Islands, Java, &c. The writer travelled, as the Indians say, "with his eyes open." Much of the ground traversed, moreover, has been comparatively untrdden, so that nearly every page contains something new to the reader. The chapters describing the winter journey across Cordilleras, from Buenos Ayres to Chili, are particularly absorbing. The volume is published in a neat style.

Bleak House. By Charles Dickens. No 17. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The earlier chapters of this work were comparatively indifferent; but those in this, and a few preceding numbers, make ample amends. The story, as it approaches the close, grows intensely interesting. Lady Dedlock is as fine a character as Edith Dombey, perhaps even finer.

Lever's Novels. Complete Edition. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This enterprising publisher is now issuing a new edition of Lever's novels, which may be had of him separately, or together. From "O'Malley," down to the very latest of them, these fictions are brimful of life, adventure, spirit, and fun, with occasional dashes of sentiment and pathos. Mr. P.'s edition is neatly printed, with distinct and handsome type, on thick, white paper.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING DRESS OF WINE COLORED CHANGEABLE SILK.—Skirt trimmed with three wide flounces, each one of which is finished with a vandyke velvet trimming. Corsage high, and open half way down to the waist in front, with a *basque*. Sleeves demi-long, cut on in the inside in the horse shoe form; these, with the corsage, are trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Plain mull under-sleeves, and lemon colored kid gloves. Bonnet of white gauze and ribbon, with roses and tulle, as a face trimming.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF HEAVY CORDED CINNAMON COLORED SILK.—Skirt trimmed with a gathered plaided riband, put on in vandyke points about half way up. Corsage with a *basque* finished with a trimming to correspond with the skirt. Black velvet gilet, trimmed with three rows of velvet buttons. Mantilla of black velvet, embroidered, and trimmed with a deep corded fringe. Bonnet of black lace, with plaid riband strings, and an under trimming of pink roses and leaves.

FIG. III.—L'IMPERATRICE.—A mantilla of this pattern was worn by the Empress Eugenie on one of the days on which her Majesty took a drive with the Emperor on recovering from her recent indisposition. The form is round, resembling the shape called the Cardinal, except that it droops a little behind, in the style of the shawl mantelet. The material is very rich sky blue poul-de-soie. The lower edge is trimmed with superb broad silk fringe, white and blue, with net heading. At a little distance above this fringe there is a row of ribbon about four inches in width, and figured in a rich chenille pattern. The same ribbon trims the fronts, and passing round the neck, presents the effect of a turning-over collar. Another row of the same trimming, commencing at each shoulder, passes across the back of the cloak and gives the appearance of a cape. Upon this row of trimming are fixed three rosettes of blue watered ribbon, with chenille edge. These rosettes, which have long ends, are fixed one on each shoulder and one at the back. The bonnet worn with this mantelet is composed of blonde, with straw embroidery, and lined and trimmed with white satin. The under-trimming consists of bouillonnes of tulle and bouquets of flowers. Dress (not seen in our engraving) slate colored watered silk.

FIG. IV.—THE VICTORIA, so named in honor of the Queen of England, for whom one after the same pattern has recently been made. The material is

silk of a peculiarly beautiful tint; fawn color with a tinge of gold. This is an entirely new color, and is distinguished in Paris by the name of *Aurifere*. The Victoria mantelet is round in form, setting easily on the shoulders, but without hanging in fullness. The upper part of the mantelet is trimmed with several rows of figured silk braid, of a bright groseille color, edged with small points of gold. Attached to the lower row of braid is a deep fringe of the color of the mantelet, having at intervals long tassels of groseille color. At the back, between the shoulders, a bow of silk, having two rounded ends, finished by groseille tassels, gives the effect of a hood. The mantelet is finished at the bottom with rows of groseille colored braid, and fringe corresponding with that described in the trimming of the upper part. Dress of striped green silk. Bonnet of fancy tuscan, lined with white. Trimming, white and green ribbon intermingled with bouquets of roses.

GENERAL REMARKS.—For early fall wear we have seen an article called "silk muslin." This material usually comes with three flounces, bordered with medallions, in the midst of which is a small bouquet of gay colors. There is another article for later fall or even winter wear, called the "Oriental." This is either of light or dark taffeta, having a broad cashmere patterned border on each flounce.

THE SKIRTS of dresses of thin materials are all flounced, and are lined with stiff muslin. Some Parisian dressmakers have indeed adopted the plan of inserting two or three rannings of thin flexible whalebone at regular intervals on the lower part of the skirt, which have the effect of giving it the hoop-like form which the present fashion requires. The corsages are sometimes made with *basquines* in the jacket style, and sometimes with fronts drawn in fullness at the shoulders and at the waist, with open fronts displaying elegant chemisettes of lace or worked muslin. The sleeves may be slit open at the back of the arm; the opening being confined by bands of ribbon finished with bows and flowing ends. Occasionally the sleeves are trimmed with numerous narrow frills, one above another. These frills may be either straight or scalloped at the edges, and finished with braid. There is now the favorite number for flounces; but they should be slightly graduated in width, and the upper one should be nearly as high as the waist. Corsages of clear white muslin are frequently worn with colored skirts of silk or other materials.

SOME few corsages have been made to close down the back, as they were worn many years ago, but the style is by no means general as yet. These bodies are made high and perfectly plain; the waist without a point, and rather long. Three darts or plaits on each side form the waist and breast.

MANTELET.—Black taffeta is much used for mantelets; some are of the form short behind, with pointed ends in front, and composed of alternate bands of tulle and taffeta. Upon the tulle band is placed a trimming of black velvet. The band of taffeta is edged with a double row of very narrow



lace, fastened together by very small foliage of velvet, one of which rests on the tulle, the other on the taffeta; this mantelet is nearly covered with lace. The manteau *basque* of black taffetas is trimmed with a deep lace, surmounted by a ruche of taffeta in a new design, plaited in three plaits, at equal distances, so as to have the appearance of *nœuds abeilles* placed here and there upon a ribbon; after this ruche are three rows of black velvet, the centre one being the widest: then, a second ruche, and so on to the edge of the mantle. The fronts are trimmed to match. A bow of very narrow ribbon, with floating ends, is placed at the bend of the arm.

LONG and full pelisses are much more worn than the short and scant ones made a month ago. But to get rid of the fulness on the shoulders which would have a very heavy appearance on a stoulish person, some contrivance is necessary. When the pelisse is put together with fine, handsome hollow plaits, do not omit to put a pin through each plait, which will keep the thicknesses of the silk close together, and when it has been ascertained where the pins best confine the fulness, it must be stitched down. Take especial care that this stitch cannot be seen. The plait must merely be held in its proper place without the least puckering, or there is a

danger of depriving the garment of all its gracefulness.

BONNETS.—The greatest novelty in this department is a bonnet without a curtain or cape. A deep row of lace or ribbon, hanging from the lower part of the crown, supplies the place of a cape. With these bonnets the hair is arranged very low behind. The inside trimming of bonnets consists generally of a wreath of flowers extending across the top from the temples, whilst the side trimming next to the cheeks is composed only of floods of blond. This is, however, not becoming to all faces. One of the prettiest fall bonnets which have yet appeared is made of shining English straw, six rows of which form the front. The sides of the crown are maroon velvet, laid plain on the top of the head, and having slashes on each side. Next come three more rows of straw, and then a tiny crown of maroon taffeta with a velvet bow set in the middle. The curtain is velvet; the lining of straw colored taffeta, with a ruche at the edge made of black and white lace. The inside trimming is a *Madeleine grape wreath*, mixed with little straw ornaments; on one side are two rosebuds and grapes. The strings are velvet.

VEILS of white or black tulle, sprinkled with round spots, and festooned at the edges, will be much worn.



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Mother & Sons

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIV.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1853.

No. 4.

KITTY PLEASANTON'S FIRST OFFER.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

I CANNOT remember the time when I was not in love with Kitty Pleasanton. It must have begun when we were both babies. I am sure I loved her as we sat together, by the road-side soaking our dandelion stems in the little puddles of water to make them curl; my passion was in no wise abated, when, somewhat later, I climbed cherry-trees at her bidding; nor later yet, when at dancing-school I awkwardly made my new-learned bow, and asked her to be my partner; nor, I am very sure, was my boyish passion at all damped, when, on my return from college, I found my sweet little Kitty, changed, by some undefinable alteration, from a lovely child, to a bewitching young woman. She was *almost* the same as when I parted from her three years before—the woman was very like the child—there were the same rosy cheeks, the same pouting, innocent mouth, the same curling hair, but some charm, grace, or sentiment was added, which made my heart thrill with new emotion as I gazed at her.

"Kitty," said I, to her, one day, after I had been at home a week or two, and I found I could restrain myself no longer. "Kitty, I'm very much in love with you, as you know as well as I do. I've always been in love with you, and I fancy you with me; but now I want you to promise to marry me." I paused, but Kitty made no answer.

"You like me, Kitty? don't you?"

"First tell me," said Kitty, blushing, and with an odd mixture of delight and bashfulness in her face, "if you've made me what is called 'an offer?'"

"To be sure I have, my darling, an offer which I trust, and hope, you'll accept."

"Don't be too sure of that," said Kitty, demurely.

"Kitty! you love me?"

"That's my secret," the provoking little thing replied.

"But at any rate," she continued, "I could not possible think of accepting the very first offer I ever received—I should be mortified all the rest of my life if I did. No, indeed; no girl of spirit would dream of taking up her first offer, as if she were afraid she should never have another. Excuse me, James, I can't possible accept you till I've had at least *one* other offer."

"But, my dearest Kitty," I began.

"Kitty! Kitty! Kitty! will you never learn to call me by my proper name, Mr. Brant? I confess I did hope, that when I received my 'first offer,' the person who made it would have addressed me with proper courtesy, and in a manner befitting the occasion, giving me my name of Katharine, but now you've gone and spoiled it all."

"Oh, I suppose you wanted a stiff, ceremonious proposal in form; but I'm no Sir Charles Grandison, Kitty, Katharine, I would say—therefore don't be foolish—be content to know in plain words, that my whole heart is yours; and have the good sense to accept your first offer, since your second may not be so good."

But vain were my arguments and reasonings. Kitty was determined not to accept her first offer, and finding her resolute, I changed my tone, acquiesced in her views, confessed that after all, I, too, had a certain pride on that point, and should be rather mortified to know that my wife had never had any offer but that I had myself made her; and so I promised to suspend my suit till Kitty should have been so fortunate as to receive an offer from some other quarter.

Now there was, not far from where Kitty dwelt, a favorite dell, or bower, or something of the kind,

to which she daily repaired with some chosen volume to sit and read. All my endeavors to persuade her to allow me to accompany her thither had always been quite in vain. Kitty was firm in preferring her undisturbed solitude, and I was daily doomed to an hour or two of the mopes during her romantic woodland visit.

In pursuance with this custom, Kitty set out soon after the conversation I have sketched, declining, as usual, my offers of companionship.

Not more than half an hour had elapsed after she had reached her favorite seat, ere her attention was attracted by a young gentleman who was fishing in the brook which flowed near her.

Kitty drew back a little on seeing him, but her curious eyes occasionally wandered toward the stranger. The latter, no sooner perceived his fair observer, than he bowed with an air of great politeness, and advancing a few steps, ventured to address to her a few words of commonplace greeting. The young man's words were indeed common-place, but his eyes were far more eloquent than his tongue—they plainly informed the fair Kitty that she had found a new admirer. Kitty, highly flattered, received the stranger's advances graciously, and the youth being by no means bashful, half an hour found them chatting easily and gaily on various topics of interest. Kitty's stay in the woods was something longer than usual that afternoon.

"What is the matter, Kitty?" I asked, on meeting her soon after her return home. "Your eyes sparkle, and you look as pleased as though you had met a fairy in your afternoon ramble."

"It's better than a fairy," cried Kitty, breathlessly, "it's a young man."

"Indeed!" I ejaculated, with a whistle.

"Yes, James, and he's so handsome—so agreeable—so—so delightful, that I can't say how things might go if he were to make me, some of these days, my second offer."

"You can't impose upon me in that kind of way, sweet Kitty, so don't attempt it," I exclaimed. "I'll be bound the impudent fellow, whom I wouldn't object to speaking a bit of my mind to, I say, Kitty, I don't believe he's any handsomer or more agreeable than I am myself."

Kitty laughed aloud in derision.

"He's a thousand million times handsomer," he cried, scornfully, "and as much more entertaining as he is more handsome."

"Come, Kitty, don't be too cutting, too cruel," I began, but Kitty drew herself up with dignity.

"They call me Katharine, who do speak to me, sir."

"Katharine, fiddlesticks," I cried, "Kitty is the prettiest, and sweetest name in the world,

and comes most natural to me—don't bother me with your Katharines."

"I dare say you may like it," said Kitty, pouting, half angrily, "but I don't. It's too free. How would you like it if I persisted in calling you Jim? I declare I'll call you Jim, if you go on calling me Kitty."

"Do so if you like, and it will soon sound to me like the sweetest name in the world. But may I presume to beg from my fair and gracious Lady Katharine a description of this wood-Adonis she has been encountering?"

"He is tall," began Kitty.

"Taller than I?" I interrupted. Kitty annihilated me by a look.

"By at least half a foot—and of an elegant figure," she continued, with marked emphasis. "He was dressed in a fishing costume which greatly become him."

"I have an old fishing blouse, up stairs," I muttered, *sotto voce*, "I think I'll get it out."

"The young man's manners were uncommonly easy and gentlemanly, and withal perfectly respectful and deferential," continued Kitty; "having ascertained my name, he never once forgot himself so far as to abbreviate it, his conduct contrasting favorably in this respect with that of some of my friends."

"Well, Kitty, what other perfections had your hero, or have you exhausted your list?"

"Far from it," said Kitty, indignantly. "He wears his hair parted down the middle like a poet, or that charming Signor Pozzolini in the part of Edgardo——"

"Or a Methodist parson," I put in.

"And besides all that," continued Kitty, "he has a moustache."

"A last, best gift—but, Kitty, that perfection, I hope, will not be very difficult of achievement. I'll begin to-morrow. Let me see—tall—handsome—agreeable—good manners—elegant figure, and a moustache! On the whole, Kitty, I think I'm very much afraid of my new rival."

"You have cause," Kitty replied, with grave dignity.

The next day when Kitty reached her little retreat, she found the stranger again in its neighborhood; I must do the little coquette the justice of confessing that she did look startled, and indeed vexed, when she saw him, but perhaps thinking it too late to retreat, she advanced timidly. The youth met her with many apologies, and a plausible pretence for his intrusion which she could not gainsay, while something flattering in his manner made her blushing divinity that the hope of again seeing her, had been the true cause of his reappearance. He

that as it might, the stranger, perhaps to give Kitty time to recover her confidence, immediately sauntered off in pursuit of his sport, and Kitty, fancying she had seen the last of her new admirer, drew forth her book, and settling herself in a mossy corner began to read. She had scarcely succeeded in fixing her attention on its pages, however, before the pertinacious stranger again reappeared, and declaring that fishing was dull work, and the fish would not bite, he composedly seated himself at Kitty's feet, and begged to know the name of the book she was reading.

"Tennyson's Princess," replied Kitty, shortly.

The imperturbable stranger declared the book a great favorite of his, and began to talk so entertainingly of books and authors, that Kitty, warmed by the subject, forgot to be dignified, and an animated discourse of favorite authors ensued. Afterward the young man begged permission to read her a few admirable passages from the book she held in her hand, and it so happened that the passages he selected were the very ones Kitty loved best—he read them well, too, and Kitty's bright eyes sparkled with delight as she listened. Turning at last to the exquisite concluding interview between Ida and the young prince, the stranger's voice became more and more earnest as he read, till, coming to the words—

"Indeed I love thee; come,
Yield thyself up; my hopes and thine are one;
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself—
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me."

He suddenly flung aside the book, exclaiming, "What words—what words! what would I not give for courage to utter them to the being I love best on earth." The stranger paused a moment, and then broke forth impetuously,

"This forced silence is all in vain—the words I would repress *will* come—in vain have I striven to be prudent—cautious—to allow you time—not to startle you—lovely, bewitching, Miss Katharine—you are yourself the object of my secret adoration—to whom I would say much if I dared," and thereupon the youth rather melodramatically fell on one knee, and forthwith proceeded to make Kitty a very plain offer of his hand.

Meanwhile Kitty had risen from her seat, and recovering from her astonishment, she drew herself up with dignity and replied,

"I hardly know, sir, what you mean by your very strange words and conduct. The liberty you have taken has made me very sensible of my own imprudence in having allowed the advances of a stranger so—presuming—an error I shall be careful never to repeat." So saying, my proud

little Kitty (never had she looked so handsome) turned from the stranger with a distant bow, and walked directly home.

I did not see Kitty till some time after her return; perhaps she was recovering her spirits in her own room, for when I met her she was as full of mischief as ever.

"Well, James, why don't you ask me about my adventures to-day?" she inquired.

"Because I didn't suppose you would be so imprudent as to go again to-day where you would be likely to encounter the insolent puppy who presumed to address you yesterday."

"I didn't in the least expect him to be there," said Kitty, blushing, and somewhat confused, "but he *was* there."

"Of course," I replied, gruffly. "Well, was your Adonis as handsome and agreeable as ever?"

"More so!" cried Kitty, recovering her composure; "he looked more Massaniello-like than ever in his fishing dress; and for entertainment, he first read me all the finest parts of Tennyson's Princess, and then made a marriage proposal, and I don't think any man could be expected to do more in one afternoon."

"I should think not indeed—pray what reply did you make to the rascal?—that you had a friend at home who would be happy to kick him well for his insolence?"

"Far from it," said Kitty; "what my reply was, is my secret—and his; but for you, my poor James, I'm sorry for you—it's all over with you, and your offer."

"Why you good-for-nothing, little, deceitful puss!" cried I, losing all patience, "there never was a more arrant dissembler living. Behold how plain a tale shall put you down—for lo—I, myself, disguised merely by a little paint—a fishing-b blouse, a false moustache, and a change in the arrangement of my hair, was, in my own person, this elegant—captivating—handsome, agreeable stranger, whose praises you have never tired of sounding."

Poor Kitty was completely confounded.

"How could I have been so stupid?" she murmured—"and the voice, too, which sounded so familiar all the time."

"Yes, Kitty, you're caught, and to punish you for attempting just now, to palm a wicked falsehood upon me, I shall impose a two-fold fine. First, you shall kiss me; and then fix our wedding day, which must be very shortly, for I'm going to Europe in a month, and you must go with me."

Kitty gave a little scream, and declared that she could not think of submitting to either of my penalties; but in vain she struggled, and

protested—I had her in my arms, and finding at last all her efforts to release herself fruitless, her jests and laughter suddenly changed to earnest tenderness, and closing her arms round me, she said,

“As you will, dear—dearest Jamie!”

“One month from to-day then, my own, sweet, darling Kitty.”

“Katharine,” whispered Kitty.

“Katharine then,” I repeated, smiling at her pertinacity on this point—“one month from to-day, my Katharine.”

“You never put any adjectives before *Katharine*,” murmured Kitty, evasively, hiding her blushing and pouting face.

“My own dear, gracious, winning, bewitching, most kissable Katharine—shall it be as I say?”

“If mamma chooses,” whispered Kitty. And so I persuaded the sweetest and prettiest girl in the country to accept her first and only lover; and though to this day my merry little wife often complains that I defrauded her, by my tricks, of her natural womanly right, of breaking two or three hearts, at least, ere she made one man supremely blest, still she generally concludes her reproaches in a manner most flattering to my vanity, by declaring that she *had* two offers after all—and each of her's was worth a thousand common ones.

LEAD THOU ME.

BY H. W. PAYSON.

Thou whose never-wearying eye
Guardeth each created thing,
To whose awful presence I
Each unworded thought must bring;
Not one feeling can I hide,
Not one look conceal from Thee,
Yet myself I cannot guide,
In my weakness lead Thou me.

When temptations round me rise,
When vain pleasures too much press,
In the social circle when
Idle thoughts I would express;
When forgetful of my own,
I another's faults would see,
When my spirit's eye is dimm'd,
In my blindness lead Thou me.

When self-love would prompt to pride,
Or to seek my good alone,
When forgetful of the friends,
Thou around my path hast thrown,
Or if I an idol rear
In this heart which thine should be,
Wake me from my selfish dream,
From my folly lead Thou me.

To that fount whose gushing stream,
Every good unites to form,
Tasted makes the heart rejoice,
And with holy fervor warm;
Saviour! may I call thee mine,
Poor and humble though I be?
Oh, adopt me as thine own,
To that fountain lead Thou me.

MAIDEN WITH THE BRIGHT EYES.

FROM THE SPANISH.

BY REV. G. W. ROGERS.

MAIDEN with the bright eyes!
You may angry be;
While my wounded heart lies
Looking up to thee—
Yet in your deep disdain,
Think, though it give you pain,
That you *have* look'd on me.

Maiden with the bright eyes!
You may haughty be;
Still amid my deep sighs,
I can gaze on thee—

And to my wounded heart,
This thought shall bliss impart,
That you *have* look'd on me.

Maiden with the bright eyes!
You may scornful be;
On each angry glance flies
Joy—not pain from thee—
Then dart your scornful ray,
For you cannot gainsay,
That you *have* look'd on me.

"WELL, I WON'T."

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

If there was anything Harry Mordaunt hated it was to hear a young lady use under-bred language, but especially slang words. His idea of the sex was so lofty, the result of companionship with a refined mother and sisters, that he associated coarseness with all who employed such phrases.

"Yet you'll marry a woman," said a friend to him, one day, "who'll have some pet bit of slang. Most girls have, now-a-days, so it is hard for any man to escape; but fastidious people are sure to get caught, merely, I suppose, because they are fastidious."

Harry shook his head in the negative.

"Oh! I know you don't believe me," replied his friend, "but wait and see. You don't think a young lady is going to talk slang to a handsome, rich fellow like you, on a first acquaintance. The girls are too sly for that. They always dress their best, smile their prettiest, and talk in their most refined style at first; but when they find the acquaintance has changed into the lover they grow more careless; and at last, when they are fairly married, they throw off all disguise, and return to their original state of dowdiness, ill-temper, or slang, as the case may be."

"You are too severe," said Mordaunt. "Even if some are like you describe them, all are not so. But I have no time to discuss the sex with you to-day, my good fellow, having an appointment to drive out with one, which comes off immediately. So good-bye for the present."

"Good-bye," replied the friend, and, as Mordaunt turned the corner, he resumed to himself. "Yes! there he goes, as great a fool as the rest of them, madly in love with Kate Richards, whom he thinks the most lady-like of her sex. Yet, careful as she is in his presence, she's as much given to slang phrases as the worst of them. Sis says that, among her own sex, she's positively vulgar. Ah! he'll find her out at last; but it will be too late. It's a pity, too, for Mordaunt's a fine fellow."

Yet it was not surprising that Kate Richards had secured Mordaunt among her train of admirers. Tall in person, with a shapely figure, a dashing air, a pair of fine eyes, excellent taste in dress, and a sprightly manner, which never

degenerated into rudeness, at least in Mordaunt's presence, she seemed exactly the *beau ideal* he had long worshipped in secret, but which he had never before found. Insipid women were as much his aversion as vulgar ones; a dowdy he abhorred; and one without beauty he could never love, though he might esteem her. But Kate Richards was, or seemed to be, the complete sum of all the perfections he sought in a wife.

We say seemed, for his friend was correct, and Kate *did* use slang words, nay! fancied there was wit in it. She had caught up all the current phrases of this description, and prided herself on the aptness with which she introduced them into conversation. "Well, I won't," "No, you don't," "I cal'klate not," and other similar phrases, were forever on her tongue. She had an instinctive sense, however, that Mordaunt disliked them, and as he was decidedly the match of the season, she took care never to indulge in them in his presence. It was not always an easy matter to refrain. Sometimes a phrase was already on her lips. But she was fortunate to remember, in time, her lover's fastidiousness, and so succeeded, at last, in bringing him to the crisis of a declaration.

It was at a gay and brilliant party, where Kate shone the wittiest and most beautiful of all, that Mordaunt finally resolved to ask her hand. He had escorted her there, and, during the drive, had suffered his manner to betray so much admiration, that Kate felt certain he meant to propose, on the return. Perhaps this was one secret of her high spirits, and of her unusually dazzling beauty. The centre of an admiring crowd, she rattled on, and even ventured, as her lover was just then in another room, to retort with a slang phrase or two on a gentleman, who was engaged in a passage of wit with her. The aptness of the quotations raised a laugh, which partially discomfited her antagonist, but returning to the charge, he turned another slang phrase against her. The listeners did not see how Kate could keep up the play of words, but, excited by the strife, she answered him immediately in the same strain, without thinking to observe if Mordaunt had returned or not. The victory was her's, but at what a cost! For, as she concluded, amid a burst of laughter that entirely silenced her

adversary, her lover approached. He caught only her concluding words, they were "well, I won't," but they were sufficient to destroy, at a blow, his idol. The refined Miss Richards became revealed, from that moment, for what she was, an intrinsically coarse woman, who fancied vulgarity was wit. He turned on his heel, and did not approach her again, until the time came to depart. The drive home was a silent one; he bade her good night stiffly; and never again called on her.

Often did Kate regret, after that, her use of slang phrases. But nevertheless she could not cure herself of the practice of quoting them, if the occasion appeared apt, for habit is a stern task-master. She finally married, but does not live happily. The only man she ever loved was Mordaunt, and she cannot, even yet, conquer her regret at losing him.

When it became certain that the intimacy between Mordaunt and Kate had been broken off, his friend ventured, one day, to rally the former lover on the subject.

"So you're not going to marry Kate Richards after all," said the friend, with a knowing look, for he had been one of the circle, whom Kate had been amusing at the ball.

Mordaunt understood the look, and recalling their former conversation, answered, for once in his life, and it was the only time, in the strain he so much censured.

Shrugging his shoulders, he said, significantly, and with a look of deep disgust, "WELL, I WON'T."

THE BRIDESMAID.

BY FRANK LEE.

SHE stood amid that joyous group,
The gayest of the gay;
Her voice rose sweet in mirth and song,
As waters in their play.
Her's was the brightest smile and glance
Amid that gleesome throng;
Like flashing sunbeams through the dance,
Her light feet sped along.

Bright jewels gleam'd like midnight stars
Above her marble brow,
That was as fair as snow-white bars
That Summer sunsets throw
Athwart the skies, when evening bright
Stands blushing till the day
Has spent its arrowy flood of light,
And wept itself away.

The stricken deer will still bound on,
The arrow in its side,
Until its waning strength is gone
Upon that rushing tide.
And thus that high-born maiden stood
With mien and bearing proud,
The loveliest in her changeful mood,
Among that laughing crowd.

In language plain as words could speak,
With blushes' crimson veil,
Her heart was writing on her cheek
Its wildly throbbing tale!
The wasting grief that it had borne
In silence many a day;
But now she knew that she had torn
Its altar-stone away.

She look'd upon that stern-faced one,
The bridegroom standing there!
The golden chain that interlaced
Those souls each soul must wear,
Until the sodded turf should lie
Above each pulseless heart,
And angels mission'd from on high,
Its starry links should part.

The golden lengths of that bright chain
Shadows and years might dim,
It still would show to her again
His soul—and her's to him!
She felt as there she saw him stand,
Veiling his grief 'neath pride,
That Mem'ry's tones, a whispering band,
Were stealing to his side.

And she could read the bitter thought
Which in his bosom lay;
That bridal sad revealing brought—
She flung that love away.
She in a moment of unrest,
'Neath anger's scorpion sway,
Had cast that jewel from her breast,
Had wrought that grief to-day.

And he unto another bride
His plighted troth had bound;
But still her image to his side
Came softly stealing round.
The silent grief each heart had borne
Was darker still that day;
But now she knew her hand had torn
Its altar-stone away.

COUSIN CLARISSA.

A SEQUEL TO "THE WHITE HOUSE UNDER THE ELMS."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

Swamscott, June 1st, 1853.

You see Joseph Alexander is here; and to-day I threw cold water on him. He jumped, said—"what will you do next, Clarissa Jackson?" and brushed the water-drops from his coat sleeve and hair.

Joseph Alexander is pale, has a mouth with drooping corners; wide, thin cheeks and dull eyes. He has sore throat often and headache. He don't like the world very well, or any part of it; has no patience with those who shut doors with a clang, or let drafts in upon him. He is, in short, cross and sick. His father, who is Grandpapa Jackson's neighbor at Amesbury, and who is a hard, rich old man, sent him over here that the learned and skilful Dr. Jackson may make him well.

"H'm!" he says to my papa, "I could tell my father that I shall never be well, to stay well, until I am done with that little tight law-office I hate it! I have always hated everything but being in the air."

This makes papa look thoughtful; for this is what Grandpapa Jackson said here yesterday. "He has always hated study, especially study of the law. He has wanted to be running back and forth, like a free squirrel. He wanted it because he needed it, of course; but his father, who only knows how to get money, *because* he wanted to stir, kept him down to his books, when he was a boy, with a sort of hot-air pressure, I told him better. But there is no such a thing as getting an old crotchet out of his head, or a new one in. He's a stupid thing. The fact is," pursued grandpapa, "Joseph ought to have been left to straggle along in an easy way to authorship. He has the right kind of blood in his veins for this; his great-grandfather on his mother's side, and his grandfather on his father's, both wrote poetry and had it printed. Pretty good poetry too, it was, for those days, and to be made in the midst of all the cumbersome tendencies of their hard working lives."

Grandpapa said that—now here comes poor Alexander dragging himself along into this room. He don't know that I am here, or he wouldn't

come. He knows that this room is always dusky and cool, in the heat of the day; and in a far corner of the house where few come, and that a wide lounge and pillows are here.

Yes; he sees me now and stops short at the threshold. My back is a little toward him. I shall pretend that I do not see him. My pen shall go faster, more noisily than ever; then he will come in and lie down, perhaps. He comes; he crosses the room on tip-toe, still, as if he were a sly little mouse. He lies down; he arranges the pillows; he finishes by covering his face with the Gazette. I will let him be until he gets well into the midst of his self-congratulations, that, for once, he is near me without being in any way plagued by me; and then I will come upon him; not in a pouncing way, like an eagle; but meekly like a tame robin. His cushions are not quite right. There, that is better. He settles down now, drawing a long breath of comfort.

"Alexan—Esquire Alexander."

"What?" growling. "What do you want of Esquire Alexander?"

"I was thinking when you came in of what Grandpapa Jackson said that you did when you could just begin to speak a few easy words plain. Do you remember? You had been into school one day, where you heard them reciting the verbs."

"Well, what did I do?"

"You puzzled your head over it after you got home, and at last made it out—'are I, were I, is I, be I; sometimes be I, sometimes de I!'"

"Have you got hold of that nonsense? I wonder they should remember it."

"It was worth remembering. Then, when you were a little older, a neighbor killed a calf one day. You went out and sat on a rock-heap in your father's field, and made this great couplet—

"Why did they slew their king?
Why to the Senate did they him bring?"

"Do you remember?"

"Yes."

"I expect you ought to be a poet."

"Oh, that is nonsense." "I know, however, by

the sound of his voice that he is pleased. Or his friend pleased. He is never more than that.

"Now take your comfort. I shall write. I shan't speak to you again, 'Squire Alexander."

"Not if I speak to you?"

"No, sir."

"H'm! then you are an odder thing than even 'Squire Alexander is. His neighbors all call him 'an odd fish.' And I suppose he is," rearranging his cushions, and once more drawing the Gazette over his face. He draws it over close; he has done with me, I see; but I must plague him.

"What do you think of the British nation, Alexander?"

He guffaws; he don't know what to do with himself. He says—"what do I think of the British—ha, ha, ha!—of the British nation? as if it were a walnut; a small-sized walnut—ha, ha. You are queer. But be so good as to let me be after this."

"Yes, I will."

And I will. I will go over to Uncle Hurlbut's to see Amy, Amy's husband and Amy's baby. This is baby's first visit to the house of its grandparents; and if the President had come instead, so great rejoicing would not have been held.

"Good-bye, Alexander—pleasant Alexander."

"You mean, cross Alexander. You think I am like a bear."

"Well, if you are not, what are you like?"

"I *am* like a bear. Good-bye, Miss Clarissa Jackson."

"Ah, good-bye."

"Here!" I was already in the door. "If any of your folks go out, ask them to call at the post-office for me. I can't stir. I have done with stirring. *Now* good-bye."

CHAPTER II.

Friday, the 3rd.

COUSIN AMY wears white dresses, a black silk apron, and has her hair smooth as if she were a Madonna. Her baby wears the longest, the purest, the most beautiful embroidered frocks; has thin golden hair lying about in little curls. This is Cousin Amy's work, though. She plays with his hair as she holds him and talks. They call him George, for Uncle Hurlbut. I call him all manner of names, and kiss his soft feet until he don't know exactly what to make of it. He looks at me a moment to see if he can know what I mean, being so different from his mamma in my ways, and then goes on taking his dinner. Uncle Hurlbut calls him "little rascal." He bows down to him, though, as they all do.

Cousin-in-law Ben Frank, thinks that he—himself, I mean—is greater, and happier than any of the old patriarchs ever were. He is done with hunting, and fishing, and strolling in dream in sly paths. He cannot leave his wife and his boy. He must be there to wait upon his wife and watch his boy.

I suppose one might go a long way, and not find another so happy as my Cousin Amy. I wonder whether I will ever be as happy. I wonder whether I will be married; whether I will ever be the mother of such a beautiful baby; and if I will, whether my husband will love and honor me, as Ben Frank does Cousin Amy.

One thing is sure. I will never, never marry Gustavus Spencer while I live, for I see by his letters to Cousin Davy that he is a miser; that he is not only himself in love with the gold he is heaping; but that, whoever accepts him for her husband, when he comes back, will do it at the miserable risk of being suspected by him of marrying him not for himself alone, but for his wealth alone. I have no patience with stupidity like this; for I did love to know that he thinks of me off there; that he does not allow me to marry without his consent. I loved to think of his coming back to find me improved and worthy to be his friend; of his coming to love me; and of his asking me to love him and be his wife.

This is all over. Here is his last letter to Cousin Davy; I found it in his Latin dictionary. He says—"I shall soon have enough; and then I shall go home. I shall go in August, I have no doubt.

"Davy Hurlbut! I used to think that if the time could ever come when I would have ten thousand dollars of my own, I might then snap my finger at Care in all her bad shapes and be happy all the day, all the year long. But, as true as I live, I'm not one whit, not one whit! happier now than I was four years ago. I have different troubles; but I have as many and as annoying ones. For instance, I am at times eaten up of two great fears. One is, that, when I come home, as I have no own mother, no own family, nobody will be downright glad to see me. Do be glad, I beseech you, Davy, and all you at the good house under the elms. Warm up your hearts beforehand, my foster-father, my foster-mother, by thinking of the old days when I was a little tottering thing, dependant on you for shelter and bread. Love me, Davy, for the play upon the same turf, the study upon the same bench. Else, with all my gold, I shall wish myself dead. I have said this same, perhaps, before. I say it again, because you see it is something that concerns me.

"Here is my other great fear. I am ashamed of this one; for it is poor and egotistical; as mean as dirt, in fact. But I can't help it. It is, that, whoever accepts me for her husband, will be thinking, all the time, not of my heart that loves her and longs, oh, so intensely, for her love in exchange; but of the beautiful home and the beautiful dresses I will provide for her. God forbid! for then would my god be accursed.

"God forbid, moreover, that I dwell upon things to the perversion of my clearness, my justice, so that I shall be in danger of wronging another by unfounded jealousies. I would rather die away here in this strange land, than live for that fate."

This is the way he writes; and I will never marry him; not if he kneels, and begs, and perseveres. I will pity him that he is an orphan with a tender, loving, love-exacting heart. I will be glad to see him as his sister would, if he had one. He shall see that it is the gladness of a sister. He shall understand it thoroughly. He shall not think that I lie in wait for his money. If I see that he warms toward me and will ask me to be something nearer than a sister, I will grow cold and distant toward him and his California gold. He shall see this plainer than day. If he asks me, notwithstanding, I will not accept him.

If I could be well married to somebody else before he comes—to cross Alexander for instance. I could be saved oceans of trouble.

But one may as well not sigh and worry. One had better go and see what people are doing. Papa, mamma and Aunt Ruth are in the sitting-room, I know. I hear the comfortable hum of their voices. One always hears the hum of their voices when Aunt Ruth is here, if one comes any where near them. For my parents know a great deal, and Aunt Ruth knows everything. She has books piled up in her chamber, and newspapers and pamphlets lying in every direction. The big books often have dust on them; so has her mantel; so have her chairs and her tables. Aunt Ruth has no time for the dust. There are better things to do, sometimes, she says, than to be going with a dust-cloth in one's hand. She must be reading, or talking, or thinking. All the nations of the earth are astir, she must see what they are about. The Czar peering one way and another, as if he were a huge and hateful bottle-spider—she must see what he is aiming at. The Sultan looking for shifts and securities, as if he were a poor thin fly—kind-hearted, justice-loving Aunt Ruth must know how he fares. She must keep a steady eye on Napoleon's stratagems, on England's counter-stratagems. She stands and

looks down upon poor dead Italy, Hungary and Poland, as if she were their mother and they her children. Over the wretchedly poor and vicious of our own land, over all the oppressed every where, she lifts trembling hands and says—"how long, oh, Lord! how long!"

Aunt Ruth has no time to spare for her dress. She puts on a careless little head-dress of black lace, without flowers or riband, because she will not stop to make her hair smooth. She just looks sidewise at white spencers and under-sleeves and collars, and puts them from her. She can never be seeing to them, starching them and making them white. So she puts on under-handkerchief and under-sleeves of black silk lace; and truth to say, they have for her a becoming and suitable look, since her gowns are either black or drab, or deep blue; since she herself is pale as a nun.

I hated when I came into the long hall that separates parlor and sitting-room to listen for the sounds of Alexander's slow, dreamy voice. Aunt Ruth was saying, with strong, but, at the same time, with mild tones—"oh, there are difficulties in the way of doing this. We are apt to speak of 'the rule of duty,' as if it were a thing of silver and rosewood, with joints, to be folded and carried everywhere with us in our pockets; as if, whenever a question of individual or national duty, or rights were started, we have only to draw out our rule and measure the question, its length, breadth and diagonal; measuring no other questions, collateral or remote—remote, as we say, but often having a close relation, after all; as if, after we have done this, we may put our rules into our pockets and tell the individual, or the nation, what he, or it is to do, when he, or it is to do it, and how. We make a great mistake here."

"I know"—I heard papa began, in a tone as if he half admitted the truth of what Aunt Ruth had been saying, still would keep, with polite but firm grace, his old position.

Papa does not look so far and comprehend so much as Aunt Ruth does; and, for this very reason, which should make him the less positive, he is all the stauncher. He believes in things absolute; among the rest, in absolute rules. When he walks the street, or crosses a room, it is his way to go straight forward, "following his nose," as we say. He does an analogous thing in politics and metaphysics.

Aunt Ruth, on the other hand, stops to look at things, both when she walks the streets, and when she is amongst the abstract questions. This helps her wonderfully to comprehensiveness, and, of course, to charity. But, at the same time that she has charity, because she has

charity, in truth, she mourns over wrong and sin in a deeper, sincerer way than any one I know.

As for dear mamma, she is proud of papa's energy; she loves Aunt Ruth's tenderness and enlarged complacency. She does not know about these things so well, herself; but she likes to sit like a cooing dove between them, agreeing now with him, anon with her, disagreeing with neither. Bless my good, sweet mamma.

This was my loving thought, as I stood leaning against the balustrade to hear them talking.

"Bless my mamma, my papa and my Aunt Ruth!" said I, with a half bow, half courtesy, in the sitting-room door.

They answered me with good smiles. They looked at a large, unoccupied arm-chair, and invited me to go in and sit with them. But I was thinking of Alexander, who was off alone somewhere of course. I would go and find him and see what he was about. That was what I would do. I went softly to the parlor, back to the library where I had been writing and to the office; thinking, first of Gustavus, and with a sick sort of dread. I do not think of him at all without this feeling lately. I am sure I don't see how I can stand in his presence. Then I thought that perhaps Alexander will take a fancy to me, on some ground, and ask me to go with him to his home to be his wife, to keep his rooms in order and see to his medicines; that, in that case, I will say "yes," without hesitation; that we will then be settled, perhaps, in Amesbury by the time Gustavus comes, so that he will have something of a shock in seeing that one, at least, despises his gold as if it were rags, *more* than if it were rags.

I found him, at last, sitting in the outer door of the little vestibule between the parlor and dining-room. It is a very pleasant, shady door at all times of the day; for it opens through a vine-covered trellis out upon the fruit trees. He held a book in his hand; but he did not read. On the contrary, he looked up into the trees to see the birds hopping.

I am sure I blushed a little for the thought I had just been entertaining. But he saw nothing of it. He dropped his eyes and looked on his fingers, when he heard me coming. He looked sour; and yet I believe he assumed the expression. I believe he felt rather sweet; for you see he could not well feel otherwise, with that sweet-scented, western breeze in his face, with the birds and apple-blossoms so near.

Nearer, a little nearer I came. Would he indeed not mind me? not speak to me, or look at me? If he wouldn't, neither would I speak to him. I would not wait long. In one half minute

I would go. I would go and sit at Aunt Ruth's feet. I would stay at Aunt Ruth's feet, after that; and, whenever he came near me, I would not see him.

"Good-bye, Mr. Alexander," thought I, moving softly, slowly away. "I'm angry with you. I'm going; and this is the last time I will come near you." I was at the door on the other side of the room.

"Hallo!" said he now, turning quickly round. "Is it you?"

"Yes, it is I, sir," still going.

"Come back."

"I can't."

"Yes! come and see this bird."

"I can't." And I couldn't; for I had tears in my eyes and would not, by any means, let him see them.

"Go along then!" was the gruff reply, as he brought himself round again to the contemplation of his fingers.

He was vexed, I know. I know he is very stiff; and so when we will speak to each other again, is a doubtful question in my mind. I have not seen him since; for I came directly to my room to write. And—

I go down now! One, two, three, four lustrous parasols, and a corresponding number of thin dresses, and trim, light gaiters came through the yard to our door. The Humphreys and—

CHAPTER III.

Evening.

Mrs. HUMPHREYS, Judith Humphreys, Miss Slocum—Judith's "dear Boston friend," as she calls her—and the preceptress have gone. They stayed a long time. Papa grew quite still and thoughtful, waiting for his tea. He is gone often to visit his patients at meal times; this he bears philosophically enough. But when he is on the spot, he gathers a certain stiff and hushed disapprobation of whatever puts itself in the way of his sitting down to his breakfast at eight, to his dinner at two, and his supper at six.

Miss Morse knows his ways. She has tact and delicacy. She made several attempts to bring the rest to their feet; but it is the hard way of all the Humphreys, to move upon their own wills and impulses, not upon those of another. And indeed! Mrs. Humphreys had more to do yet, fanning herself, and telling mamma what a time she has had lately, getting her new brown tissue properly fitted and made. Mrs. Humphreys really *believes* that dressmakers are the greatest trials to one's patience that one *can* have in this world. She said so, with a good,

strong emphasis on her words, especially upon *this*.

And Judith—how could Judith go, if Miss Morse did make her gentle entreaties? She was living over again her winter in Boston, turning to me now, and then to see if I heard, and appreciated; but speaking all the time to her friend, Miss Slocum.

"You remember that first night at the National!" said she.

Miss Slocum dropped her eyelids languidly, and said—"oh, yes! shall I ever forget that night? You remember who joined our party between the second and third acts?" I fancy she alluded to some tender young man with beautiful whiskers, moustache and imperial. There seemed to be in some way regretful associations with his memory. In Miss Slocum's mind, that is. Judith was animated by it. "Oh, indeed! I guess I do remember! I remember how somebody," with the cunningest look at Miss Slocum, "how *somebody* trembled and grew pale, when we met him afterward out on the Cambridge road. I remember!"

Again Miss Slocum dropped her eyelids, with a half smile and a fluttering sigh. Papa walked the floor. A patient came to the office to see him just then. This was a relief to mamma and me. Now they might stay and talk until bed time, if they chose, and if papa's patient would keep him so long. Only Catharine waited now, and the table in the dining-room, and the tall coffee and tea urns on the kitchen stove. Or, perhaps poor, sick Alexander waited somewhere; in some outer door, or on some seat out under the fruit trees.

Aunt Ruth sat composed and still. She admits, in a logical way, that there are persons in the world who must be weak and vain, in the very shape and putting together of their brains; and that, with regard to all such unfortunate persons, it is our part to bear with them quietly, philosophically, and like meek, reasonable Christians; never sneering, never ridiculing; but with a sincere desire to make them a little more sensible, a little happier and nobler, if we can; and that, at the same time, it is their part to put the flutter off from their manners, to keep their tongues still and to lift their hearts, with this prayer of Agar in them, "remove far from me vanity and lies."

Aunt Ruth, therefore, listened to them, and made the most of it, if they said anything really worth saying. She turned to me, at last, and with a concerned look, said—"where is Alexander? do you know, Clarissa? he ought not to be out now. The sun is down; the dew is falling."

I would go and see, I said. And, upon this, Judith began to flutter and arrange herself. She hoped that if I found him, I would bring him in.

I looked in all the outer doors and all the garden seats; in the library, in the office—where was papa with his fingers on his patient's pulse—and then I listened at a landing on the stairs to hear him moving, if he were in his chamber. He was there. I heard him signing, in the lowest possible tones—

"And the dew lies bright on the vale's repose."

"Bless him! he is a nice boy!" thought I; and I went back to tell Aunt Ruth in a whisper, what I had heard.

"Poor fellow!" said she, with a moisture gathering in her eyes.

Just then—but I shall tell my story in the morning. In the morning! when

"The sun's gay beam on the hill-top glows;"

when indeed,

"The dew lies bright on the vale's repose."

Good night, best, stiffest Alexander. I will say my good night here, since I was too stiff, since you were too stiff to have it said between us below. Good night—good night.

The 4th.

Just then, as I began to say last evening, sweet Mary Morgan came tripping in, holding her bonnet-strings, and with half of her light shawl dragging on the carpet. She was livelier than a wren. The next moment came Singleton. Were we not revived then, as if a strengthening breeze had come in? I wished that Alexander would come down; this was in the way of my perfect contentment. I pitied him for his staying away there alone, for his being so sick and so fractious. So did Aunt Ruth, I think; for she had a serious mouth, serious eyes. But she carried on a strong chat with Singleton, who is one of her favorites.

Papa came. Alas, for papa's teal Mamma and Aunt Ruth looked concerned for him. Uncle Hurlbut rode up to the gate, with a tramp of his horse's feet, as if it were the Thunderer, Jupiter, coming, instead of Uncle Hurlbut. He came in; and while he was talking with papa about some lumber he was going down to the mills to get, his hired boy, Zeke, halted on the lawn outside the yard, with Uncle Hurlbut's team; that is, with Uncle Hurlbut's cart and his huge oxen, Bright and Star. I knew Star by the white spot in his forehead, and Bright by the peculiar arch of his horns, as if he himself were an arch rogue.

Mary Morgan and I went to the door to look

at them; I to tell and she to hear how I met Bright in a lane once; how he stopped still for a minute, right before me, then made me a profound bow, and went chattering sidewise to leave abundant room for me to pass. Bright and Star, meantime, stood there chewing their cud and looking straight before them, with an air as if they were two philosophers. We laughed at them. We went close to them, and stroked first their shining sides; whereupon they brought their heads round to look at us—and then we stroked their noses. Mary had fears at first. I had none; for Amy and I had, more than once, let them eat corn out of our hands. Soon, I hardly know how, or upon what impulse, Mary and I were in the cart; Zeke stood near us grinning and delivering up his goad to Mary, as she demanded.

"I'm scared half to death!" said she; and she had looks of real terror mingled with her laughter.

I have no doubt that that would have been the end of it; that we would have been on the ground again in half a minute, if they had all stayed within. But, first Alexander saw us from his seat by his window. He frowned and said—"you're crazy, girls."

This brought papa and Uncle Hurlbut out into the yard, and the rest into the windows and door. They were shocked, still they laughed; *how* they laughed! Singleton was near rolling in the grass. Ah! I shall always be sorry that Hogarth was not there to see them as they watched us, as they saw Mary wield the goad, and heard what unprecedented things she was saying to Bright and Star. He should have seen Bright and Star too; for they had a puzzled look; they made uncertain movements, a little forward, a little backward. Ah! they could never, never know what to do, or which foot to put forward, if one talked to them and gave orders like that! as Mary did. It was positively no better than this—"Bright and Star, hish—gee off—whoa hish—gee."

Yes; they understood that last word. It was spoken that time, as if it meant something. They started then with vigor. And when the women all cried out with terror, and papa and Uncle Hurlbut and Singleton came rushing, Singleton going over the paling as if he were a leaf blown by the wind, when Alexander too came with his cane upraised in his bony hand, then Bright, the fiery red Bright, who is lively and graceful as a colt, whenever he is let out of the yoke, who goes prancing always when he is on his way to the spring for drink, opened his eyes and nostrils wide, braced his limbs for the

accelerated movement he thought it best to adopt, under the circumstances, flung his tail out on the breeze of the evening and went trotting; and Star, in corresponding measures, with him; for Star's habit is to do whatever he sees Bright doing. Luckily they thought it best to take us out of the village, up toward Uncle Hurlbut's.

Mary and I were "carried away," in more than one sense of the phrase. It was so novel! so crazy! The evening was so blue—save where the crimson clouds were piled in the west—so still and balmy!

"Ah, how I like it!" said Mary, with the brightest eyes one ever saw. And then she flourished her goad, saying, with her delicate voice, something about "gee, Bright" and "hish, Star."

Singleton stopped short in the road to laugh again. He was not far from us; for, since the first half minute, Bright and Star had been done with running, altogether, so that it was easy overtaking us.

We were at the pretty bend in the road, where Mrs. Cormick's cabbages and burdocks grow together, just over the dilapidated stile; and where her little brown house hides, in the summer-time, behind tall artichokes, sunflowers and scarlet runners. Mrs. Cormick came out, as she always does when we appear; for she does our washing and house-cleaning, and is often here. She likes us all, and we all like her. She spread her tall, wide frame in the narrow doorway, flinging one of her large, bare arms across her forehead, as she is accustomed to do, whether the sun shines, or does not shine. Bright and Star, gallant ones that they are, stopped at sight of her.

"Goodness!" said she, "where on *airth* did ye git that cart and oxen? any way? Oh! they're yer Uncle Hurlbut's, ain't they, Clar'sa?"

"Yes, Mrs. Cormick. Wasn't he good to let us have 'em?"

"Good to let us have 'em?" mimicked Singleton, panting and laughing. "You are two witches. Are they not, Mrs. Cormick?" He stood by the cart wiping the perspiration.

"I sh'd think so, Mr. Singleton." She was on a break-neck sort of passage through the rank grass to us. Her "boys" have betaken themselves afar, poor woman! to the West and California; so that the old paths their busy, young feet made, are all closing with the thick grass. We inquired about her rheumatism.

"Why, I'm pooty well now, as ter that; but my head troubles me," lifting her hand and giving her head a rubbing. "Aint ye gwine ter git out an' come in? I sh'd like ter have ye."

"Can't stop now, Mrs. Cormick. Come down and see us to-morrow."

"I sh'd like to; for, some how I'm kind o' lonesome here almost all the time lately."

"I am sorry for you. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. Good-bye, Mary, and Mr. Singleton. But," with a laugh, "I sh'd like to know what possessed the girls to come up and see me in a cart, shouldn't you, Mr. Singleton?"

"I am sure I should. Good evening, Mrs. Cormick. Take your oxen, Zeke," for Zeke was close by, "I shall have enough to do with these girls."

But I must go below. It is almost breakfast time, I know."

I hear Alexander humming softly in his chamber. This is a new thing for him, singing. He

has been much too sick and impatient for this, until within a few days. Perhaps he finds pleasure in being here. Perhaps papa's medicine already does him good. He stood with the rest waiting for us, when we came back last evening. The rest were waiting for us, that is. He was not; he was talking with Aunt Ruth. He turned and came into the house as soon as we came up.

"Oh," said they all. "We were careless things!" But they liked it as well as we did. All but the Humphreys and Miss Slocum. The Humphreys said not a word; but they looked up on us through their eyebrows. Miss Slocum, with half-shut eyes, said—"is this the way you do, out here in the country? is it, dear Judith?"

"Oh, my! no!" answered Judith.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

MY GOOD OLD HOME.

BY FREDERIC COOPER.

I LOVE it, I love it, and often roam
In memory back to my good old home.
'Twas a fair bright spot on Albion's shore,
Far o'er the Atlantic billows roar;
And I often fly over Ocean's foam
In fancy back to my good old home.

I love it, I love it, and think I see
It standing now 'neath that old ash tree;
The ivy that clung to it firm and true,
The cherry tree in the garden that grew,
And the gravel walk and old-fashioned dome,
All come to my mind with that good old home.

I love it, I love it, and often sigh
When I think of the time that I said, "Good-bye"
To its dear old walls; then a careless boy,

Though I loved it well, I left it with joy,
Delighted to other lands to roam,
But I found not there my good old home.

I love it, I love it, and years to come
I'll think of, and love my good old home;
This Western world as bright may be
To those who were born on its shores so free,
And I too love it, but oh! far more
Do I love that good old home of yore.

I love it, I love it, and ever will
Let a thought of that place my bosom fill;
And whatever my lot on earth may be
That much loved spot shall have charms for me,
And I'll often fly over Ocean's foam
In fancy back to my good old home.

A FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

BY ELISE GRAY.

FAREWELL, bright Summer!—aye, I call thee bright,
Tho' to my dull, dark soul the word is strange,
Let Hope warm breathe it, but not cold Despair.
Farewell, I say, yet would I find some word
Of deeper woe to speak my parting vow,
With thee, oh, Summer, passing now away.
Summer, thy last mild moon hath risen and waxed,
And waned since that dread hour, when in my soul

Hope's last faint taper—dying long—expired.
Summer, farewell, yet not for aye, for thou
Wilt come again, and thy warm breath will pass
O'er frozen trees and flowers, and they shall live;
But to my dark, dead, icy heart thou canst
Not come, nor thy soft breath shall kindle more
That light of Hope forever now gone out.

THE LAST OF HIS LINE.

BY E. J. BOWEN.

"FACT," it has been said, "is stranger than fiction." The following story, derived from authentic documents, forcibly illustrates the assertion.

One stormy night, in 1616, an Italian vessel was wrecked on the coast of Suffolk, England, from which only one person came ashore alive. He was a young man of noble appearance, who spoke English with a foreign accent, and having been carried to the house of Mr. Petre, the rector of the parish, there grew up between him and the good pastor, before his recovery, such a friendship, that his host would not hear of his leaving.

The young stranger had given himself the simple name of Theodore, and seemed averse to further inquiry into his name or affairs, but he was so gentle in manners, so intelligent, and so accomplished, that he became as a beloved son to the good pastor. "I was a lonely man," said the rector to him repeatedly, "but heaven has given me a son in pity. You will not part from me, Theodore? I have enough for both."

The young stranger replied with warmth to Mr. Petre's kindness, but repeatedly mentioned, that he required no pecuniary support—that he would receive means enough to render him independent of all such aid, on corresponding with his friends in Italy.

Mr. Petre introduced his new friend to all whom he himself knew, and among others to the family of Mr. Balls, one of the principal proprietors of the neighborhood. This gentleman was of an ancient local house, and proud of his descent from a follower of the Saxon Harold at the battle of Hastings. He had a large family, the eldest of whom was his daughter, Mary, a young lady possessed of great personal attractions, and a heart gentle and susceptible. The stranger, so noble in appearance and elegant in manners, made ere long a deep impression on her affections, which was fully reciprocated by the object of her regard. But he was modest and unassuming, and so well knew the difficulties which his position as an unknown castaway involved him in, that, but for an accidental peril which the young lady sustained in his presence, from the unmanageableness of her riding palfrey, the secret might have remained forever locked up in the recess of his own heart. The danger

of the mistress of his affections, however, called forth a passionate outburst of love. It was heard, and responded to, ere the parties concerned could think of aught else.

The lovers met, and met again. "This must not be," said Theodore, at length, on one of these occasions; "your father, dearest Mary, must be told all. And yet I fear——"

"Fear!" replied the young lady, "what have we to fear?—you *must* be our equal in birth," and she glanced with a look of pride on her lover's manly and dignified form.

"Birth! equal in birth!" cried he, and for the first time Mary beheld something like pride, or even haughtiness, on his countenance. But it soon passed away, and he said: "I *am* the equal of your father in birth, but circumstances exist which compel me to be so far silent on that point. I have sworn an oath, that to none but the wife of my bosom will I reveal *my name and origin.*" Mary became thoughtful at these words, and her lover saw a blush gather slowly on her downcast cheeks. He read its signification as clearly as if it had been told in words. "No, Mary," cried he, "the honor of my mother was an untainted as thine own—as pure as the heaven that overlooks us! But mine has been a strange doom. The welfare of others called from me the oath I have spoken of, and it must be kept. I shall satisfy your father—for ere long I shall have the means—that I am of good and honorable birth, and of means, perhaps, equal to his own; but my name and family, I have said, must be made known to thee alone—if, indeed, I ever have the happiness to call thee mine."

Theodore did not address himself to Mr. Balls until he had communicated with his friends in Italy, and received such credentials as he trusted would remove any objections that the father of Mary might entertain. Lovers look through a magnifying-glass at all the circumstances favorable to their wish, but apply a diminishing one to all obstacles and difficulties in their way. So it was in the present case. When Mr. Balls was applied to by Theodore, he started at the proposal. "My daughter, sir!" cried he; "my daughter is of an ancient and honorable family. The Balls' family possessed this house and property, where we now are, before the conquest of England by the Normans. You must certainly

be conscious, sir, of possessing an honorable pedigree to think of such a proposal as this."

Theodore's heart sank within him as Mr. Balls spoke. "I am conscious," he replied, "of an honorable descent, and I do not come thus before you without the means of proving it, although I must avouch candidly and at once, that there are some things connected with myself which I cannot disclose. I will satisfy you, by the testimonials of those whose word ought not to be doubted, that my name is an honorable one, but that name it is not in my power to reveal." Mr. Balls gazed at the speaker with a look of surprise. "I might have taken a fictitious name, and have deceived you, but I prefer to admit, that there are imperative reasons for withholding my name from all but one person."

"And who may that person be?" said Mr. Balls, with an ominous sneer. Theodore observed the look, and did not immediately reply. "Surely the person to whom you allude," continued Mr. Balls, "must be the head of that house with which you seek to connect yourself?"

The young stranger answered: "No, sir; I am bound by a solemn engagement to reveal my name only to her who becomes the sharer of it with me."

"That is to say, that my daughter is to wed with one who dare not disclose his name to the world? Can the cause of this be a creditable one? Impossible!"

Theodore's heart was too deeply interested in the matter to permit him to take offence at the words of Mr. Balls, especially as his reason told him they were founded on a natural feeling. He therefore pressed the father of Mary to look at the letters from Italy, to which he had referred. The other consented, as much from curiosity as from any other motive. The letters were from two Italian noblemen, and were written evidently according to a form dictated by Theodore. The writers stated that they knew the family of Theodore to be of high distinction, and his birth to be honorable, though there were important reasons for concealing his name and family from the world at large. They also referred to his possession of considerable property, and mentioned other circumstances of a favorable nature.

We do not wish to lengthen our story. Mr. Balls declared that if the register of baptism of the young stranger were presented to him along with these documents, and he were permitted to show the whole to his family and friends, he would be satisfied. This decision he adhered to, and neither the entreaties of Theodore, nor the tears of his daughter, could move him to alter it. On the other hand, Theodore firmly though sadly

declared, that such a proposal could never be acceded to by him.

The consequence was, that the young stranger's visits to the house of his mistress were peremptorily forbidden, although Mr. Petre, whose confidence in his guest's honor and integrity was unshaken, joined his entreaties to those of the lovers to bring matters to a favorable close. But all was in vain. Can we wonder at the issue? Theodore and the object of his love met in secret, and, finally, they were privately married. The direct reason of this rash step was the confident hope entertained by Mary, that, if entrusted with the secret of Theodore, she might, by the strength of her testimony, reconcile her father to their union. She *did* learn her husband's secret, and such was its nature, in her eyes at least, that it only augmented her love, and increased her pride in him a thousandfold. But this did not save her from the violent anger of her father when her marriage was disclosed.

"Oh, believe me, dear father," she exclaimed, with tears, "he is one of whom you ought in every respect to feel proud!"

"Proud!" cried the irritated father, "proud of a nameless wanderer!—my family proud of a union with such as he!"

"Yes," returned the daughter, "you will one day be proud of Theodore, and repent of your unkindness."

"If you desire me to do so, unfold at once this vile mystery! If not, begone from these walls, and follow the vagrant you have chosen!"

In the little village of Llandulph, in Cornwall, the pair who form the main personages of our story lived for many years after their union, beloved by all around them. They were happy in their mutual affection, though the continued anger of the lady's father threw a frequent damp over the enjoyments of the wife, who made many fruitless appeals for a reconciliation. At length Mary wrote that her husband was ill, and, to increase the evil, had been made so chiefly by the cessation of his wonted communications from Italy. She and her family were now in want. Mr. Balls turned a deaf ear to this new appeal from his daughter. To a second of the same nature he proved equally cold. A third communication, after a considerable interval of time, informed him that his daughter was a broken-hearted widow, her husband having sunk under the pressure of want and its attendant distresses. A portion of the same letter led Mr. Balls to go to Cornwall.

The following inscription, engraven on a brass tablet affixed to a mural monument in the chancel of Llandulph church, and still to be seen there

by visitors, will show what Mr. Balls learned on his arrival there:—

“Here lieth the body of Theodoro Paleologus, of Pesanio, in Italy, descended from the Imperial line of the last Christian Emperors of Greece, being the son of Camilio, the son of Prosper, the son of Theodoro, the son of John, the son of Thomas, the second brother to Constantine Paleologus, the eighth of that name and last of the line that reigned in Constantinople until subdued by the Turks, who married with Mary, the daughter of William Balls, of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, gent.; * * * * and departed this life at Clyfton, the 21st of January, 1636.”

Persecuted by Pope Paul V., and his successor

Gregory XV., who hated the Greek line, Theodoro Paleologus would have perished in Italy, had not the interference of a powerful friend procured permission for him to retire to England, upon condition of his taking an oath never to divulge his name, that those attached to the imperial house might remain ignorant of the existence of its representative.

“Father,” said the widow of the last Paleologus, “I said you would one day repent.”

The English squire, whose ancestor had been at the battle of Hastings, did indeed think with sorrowful regret of his conduct to the last of the Caesars of the East!

IT IS SNOWING.

BY JOHN GOSSE FREEZE.

It is snowing, gently snowing,
And the air is calm and still;
Not a blast the wind is blowing,
And the little hills are growing,
Slowly shuts the rill.

It is snowing, gently snowing,
All without is dressed in white;
Darkly still the creek is flowing,
On the dam the ducks are rowing,
In their calm delight.

It is snowing, gently snowing,
Happy children, see them run
Gleefully to school, bestowing
On each other, as they're going,
Snow-balls in their fun.

It is snowing, gently snowing,
Sleigh-bells jingle on the plain;
Cold and dreary Winter, showing
Grace to none, o'er all is throwing
Snow, and hail, and rain.

Fast and thick the snow is falling,
Roars the blast through wood and vale;
Spirits of the wind are calling,
And the voices are appalling,
Of their shriek and wail!

Who, bethink you, thus is shrieking,
High above the roaring storm?
Can you tell me who is speaking,
Who that wailing one is seeking,
In its airy form?

They are spirits of departed
Ones, whom poverty, while here,
Pinched with want and ever thwarted,
While the rich but callous-hearted,
Dropt nor purse, nor tear!

And in pity are they wailing
Those who are among you still;
For stern Winter is entailing
Many wants, and you are failing,
Duties to fulfil.

MELANCHOLY MUSINGS.

BY MRS. C. H. CRISWELL.

Yes, I'll suppress the silent tear,
And bid it cease to flow—
Though vain will be the task, I fear—
Yet none, oh, none shall know
The hidden grief within my breast,
For I will keep it still suppress.

And while I feel my health decay,
I'll murmur not at fate;
But slowly, sadly pass away
Alone and desolate.
And then, perhaps, they may regret
My sun of life so early set.

THE PEARL OF CORDOVA.

BY EDWARD J. HANDILVE.

It was a night of stars and mystery; a night when the breeze which sweeps across the Guadalupe is redolent with the perfume of flowers, and bears, in ecstasy, as it were, the melody of harp, and cymbal, and lute—gentle and soul-inspiring strains; while, remote in its weird and conscious beauty, Cordova rises proudly, and with an awful and massive calmness of aspect, beneath the silver and shimmering sheen of the full moon.

And that aromatic breeze wanted with the dark tresses of Amine—the Pearl of Cordova, as she was called, while reclining in the strictly guarded sanctity of the harem. She was beautiful—very beautiful! of that rare perfection of style which mocks to scorn the efforts of poet or artist to describe. A skin of purest alabaster, seemingly just breathed on by the rose; eyes whose liquid depths seemed to contain an eternity of passionate earnestness; a form such as Venus, in her maidenhood, might have envied: these were a few of the charms of which the fair captive could boast—charms that were doomed to entail upon their possessor nought but misery and death.

She was alone, and while gazing forth through the open casement upon the scene of peaceful beauty that lay extended before her, she could not refrain from sighing at her sad destiny. And it was, indeed, a cruel fate for her, young, rich as she was in all the grace and virtue that made life dear! Torn from the home of her childhood by ruthless men, who looked upon the purity of her manners and person but as marketable properties; then exposed to all the horrors of a slave-market, to be desecrated by the gaze of a rude populace, and finally disposed of to the highest bidder—who chanced to be the conspirator, Samail—that she might, for the time, become a slave to his passion, and then be cast off to linger out the remainder of her life in comfortless obscurity. Truly, it was a dark and bitter future, to which that fair being looked forward!

“Ah, home of my infancy!” she murmured, in a voice like the music of a harp, when played on by the trembling wind; “never again shall I behold thy dear loved scenes; never again shall I behold my afflicted parents. And Oton, too, he on whom I lavished all the love of which my

young heart was capable, that I must relinquish all hopes of again meeting him? Oh, wretched Amine! can you forget that he whom you are compelled to obey, may even now be seeking you? Seeking you that his hated presence may plunge you still further in despair. Sweet memories of the past! deeply are ye graven on my heart—that heart which drank in so often the sweet converse that fell from my Oton’s lips, and which now is stricken to the core by the loss of all on earth it worshipped!”

“Then why does Amine bear the chains of bondage?” said a voice; “why does she, whose beauty, in its chasteness, rivals the orb of night—whose voice is sweeter than the Peri’s song; whose form is more lovely than the Houris in Paradise, consent to become the hideous Samail’s victim?”

Surprised and startled, Amine turned as she heard these words, and beheld, standing a few paces from her, a youth of noble and commanding aspect.

“Oton!” the maiden murmured.

“Amine!” replied the youth; and the next moment he clasped her fondly in his arms.

For some time the lovers, for lovers they truly were, could not speak, with emotion. But when at length Amine awoke to a full consciousness of her lover’s dangerous position, she started wildly from his arms, and urged him to seek safety in immediate flight.

“Not so!” answered Oton, proudly; “unless, indeed, you will it, and I can scarcely believe that a few days could have so much changed you.”

“You know you speak unkindly, Oton,” returned Amine, with emotion. “For it is impossible that you can doubt the strength and constancy of my love. It is that I fear the approach of him whose slave I am, and who would wreak a terrible vengeance on you for this daring intrusion. I speak of the cruel Samail—”

“May heaven’s lightnings blast him!” cried the youth, bitterly.

“Ah, pray not so wildly, Oton,” said the maiden: “I shudder while I listen to your voice.”

“Nay, Amine,” he answered, “you know not the great cause, I have for cursing the arch

apostate—apostate alike to the religion of his fathers, as to every good feeling of the human heart. He it was who, with his own hand, deprived both my parents of life, and sent me forth an orphan, without any inheritance, save the recollection of my dead father's wrongs. He it was who hunted myself and brave companions, like wild beasts, through the jungles and rocks of the wild mountain passes. He, the base born serf, seeking to destroy the prince, whose father fostered him."

"Oh, Oton, you excite yourself beyond your bearing, and in so doing, forget the reality of our position. You spoke, a moment since, as though you were a prince!"

"And I spoke truly!" was the reply that startled her. "Hitherto you have only known me as the humble Oton; now learn that he who speaks of the renegade with such detestation, is Ilymnos, the descendant of a line of kings!"

"Indeed!" said a voice, that sounded like the cry of the hyena, when about to spring upon its prey. "Indeed!"

"It is the voice of Samail," cried Amine, with a stifled shriek: "save yourself, Oton, for his vengeance will be terrible."

"You speak truly, girl," said the same hideous voice, and the next moment Samail, accompanied by a dozen armed men, entered the apartment.

"Seize yon infidel!" he said, in a voice of smothered rage. "Bear him away, and let the bow-string do its silent work!" Then turning to Amine, he continued, "your time has not yet come, for I would have you live to minister to my love!"

Ilymnos resisted his assailants with all his power, but numbers prevailed, and in the end he was overpowered and dragged bleeding from the spot.

"Now, then, you are mine!" cried Samail, exultingly, advancing toward Amine, whom he had left for a moment leaning against a pedestal, in order to see his vengeance on her lover consummated—"mine, without the hope of redemption!"

He took her hand in his; it was icy cold, and she did not seek to repel him. He pressed his unholy lips upon her brow; it was chill and clammy. A sudden and nameless horror seized upon him: he listened to hear her breath—but respiration had ceased forever. The Pearl of Cordova was no more: for her heart was broken!

CONTENTMENT.

BY J. MCFARLAND.

THE shepherd, of fortune possessed,
 May scorn, if he please, my poor cot;
 May think in his wealth to be blest,
 But I never will envy his lot;
 The pleasures that riches impart
 Are fleeting and feeble when known,
 They never give peace to the heart,
 It scorns to be happy alone.

That shepherd true happiness knows,
 Whose bosom by beauty is moved:
 Who tastes the pure pleasure that flows
 From loving and being beloved.
 'Tis a joy of angelical birth,
 And when to poor mortals 'tis given,
 It cheers their abode upon earth,
 And sweetens their journey to Heaven.

How lightly my spirit would move!
 What peace in my bosom would reign!
 Were I blest with the nymph that I love,
 Sweet Emma, the pride of the plain!
 Oh! ye shepherds, she's fair as the light!
 No mortal an error can find;
 And all the best virtues unite
 And glow in her innocent mind.

Her accents are sweetened to please,
 And her manners engagingly free;
 Her temper is ever at ease,
 And as calm as an angel's can be.
 Her presence all sorrow removes,
 She enraptures the wit and the clown;
 Her heart is as mild as the dove's,
 And her hand is as soft as its down.

You lily, which graces the field,
 And throws its perfume to the gale,
 In beauty and fragrance must yield
 To Emma, the pride of the vale.
 She's as pleasant as yonder cool rill,
 To pilgrims who faint on their way;
 She's as sweet as the rose on the hill
 When it opens its leaves to the day.

Then oft in the cool of the day,
 We'll ramble to list to the song
 That tremulously floats from the spray,
 Where the breezes steal gently along.
 With flowers I'll wreathe her dark hair,
 Then gaze on her beauty; and cry
 What maid can with Emma compare,
 What shepherd so happy as I?

ELM-GROVE.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

ONE might have traversed the Hudson daily from busy, crowded New York to the staid Dutch city of Albany, without ever suspecting the romantic beauty and luxuriant view gathered around the deserted country-seat of Elm-Grove. Many are the lovely spots which although commanding a view of the glorious river, cannot be seen from its banks—moss-covered dells—willow-shaded brooks—scenes of bloom and promise, or of neglect and sad decay. Elm-Grove was in Goshen county—a bad place for romance, for the word Goshen reminds one of butter, and what can be more unsentimental than *butter*? Still Elm-Grove was most poetically beautiful. The house had been shut up for many years, the grass was high in the garden-walk, the shrubbery was overgrown, upon the pillars and even the steps of the portico many swift-springing creepers had clambered, mingled with thick rose vines, whose blossoms crowning the old house which stood a victim to desolation, seemed like the garlands bound around the brows of the ancient offerings for sacrifice. In various parts of the extensive grounds, the old elms had bent down over many a little hollow as if to screen it from injury, forming sweet, dreamy nooks. Through an opening in the trees directly in front of the house, you caught a glimpse of the sparkling Hudson—that alone unchanged. In the minds of the few who wandered through this wilderness of beauty, no emotion was more frequent than wonder that such a fairy spot could be so deserted. Did I say *they* questioned thus? No, it needed not, for in their very sight had pride completed this work of ruin.

Elm-Grove had been in its prime—its lovely prime—more than fifteen years before. It was then the abode of a widow lady, Mrs. Ogilvie. Light footsteps and young voices sounded among the scented blossoms and echoed through the house. Three of Mrs. Ogilvie's five children were sons—Arthur, Herbert, and James; and wild, daring youths they were. Ellen, their eldest sister, joined in many of their amusements, but Agnes was too quiet. These sports, however, were never pursued in presence of their mother, for Mrs. Ogilvie was emphatically a lady of the old school, and entertained the most antiquated ideas about respect to parents. She was

an English woman by birth, and had brought from the mother country these *un-American* principles, which she carried even to excess. Her children were always kept at a respectful distance. They would no more have dreamed of entering her room unsummoned, or of talking freely before her, than of flying to the moon. Her manners toward every one were of the most stately kind, and her habits the most formal. It is told of Sir Walter Scott's mother that when sitting upon a chair she never touched its back. I do not think that to the day of her death, Mrs. Ogilvie was ever seen to avail herself in company of that resource of loungers. Always stately and reserved, she inspired almost every one with awe. There are some people whose general manner is proud, but now and then some little thing will escape that chases away all fear. Miss Mitford in her beautiful paper on homes, has recorded how her embarrassment in presence of a certain very dignified lady was dispelled at once, by hearing her call her sister by some pretty diminutive, instead of her regular name of Anna Maria. But Mrs. Ogilvie never used nick-names—never. She always maintained a clear, dignified demeanor toward her children. Not that she was destitute of feeling. On the contrary, one would strongly suspect her of having a heart. Her love for her children was in reality great, though not at all demonstrative. Like all reserved people, the affection she inspired was deep—her smiles were more valued because rare. Pride was her ruling trait—though as many other people do she called it “only a true appreciation of her own position.”

The buds of April were opening to the music of the first singing birds, when Herbert Ogilvie one bright morning strolled down to the steam-boat landing to see the arrivals. In half an hour afterward he knocked gently at the door of his mother's room. People always knocked gently at Mrs. Ogilvie's door.

“Mother,” he said, when she opened it, “I've met a college friend down at the landing with his father. They've come up to look at the old Norton Place that's for sale. Have you any objections to my asking them here to dinner to-day?”

“Certainly not, my son. I will always make welcome any friend of yours.”

So Herbert, when he met his friend in the course of the morning, manufactured a speech for his stately mother, mingling to perfection, he thought, her formality and hospitality. Could people only know the numberless complimentary messages put into their mouths by obliging relatives!

"Did you tell Mr. Richards and his son that we dined precisely at four?" said Mrs. Ogilvie to Herbert, as the hands of the clock approached within five minutes of that hour.

"I did, ma'am," answered Herbert, inwardly hoping that they might come soon, as the warmth of his mother's welcome would, he knew, be diminished in the inverse ratio of the time she had waited.

Just on the stroke of four, Messrs. Richards, senior and junior, were ushered into the apartment. The first thing the man of business did after making his *congee* to Mrs. Ogilvie, was to pull out his watch and compare it with the clock.

"Just in time, you see, madam," he said. "I'm a punctual man."

The lady smiled graciously at this coincidence of tastes, and taking his arm, led the way to the dining-room.

Mr. Richards entertained his hostess during dinner with an account of his plans respecting the old Norton Place, which he intended to purchase and modernize, till she might have said with Byron, "Something too much of this." As for his son Charles, he was devoted to music, and of course good for little else. There were no Reodis, and Yedeseos, and Steffanonis in those days, but he was as little at a loss for subjects to energize about as the perfumed youths who now adjust their lorgnettes at the Opera House.

The carnations were hiding their glowing cheeks from the flatteries of the numerous lamps suspended from the old trees of Elm-Grove—lively strains of music were ringing through the grounds—Mrs. Ogilvie had a *fete champetre* on a brilliant mid-summer night. Her lovely daughter, Agnes, was the star of the festival. Ellen did not possess her sister's sculpture-like beauty. I know heroines *must* have a beautiful, or at least an interesting face. It would be almost impossible to excite interest for a plain or an ugly one. But I am not obliged to try that task for Ellen Ogilvie, for her appearance was truly interesting. None ever gazed upon that delicate face but turned to gaze again.

Among the guests was the new-comer, Mr. Richards, with his family, consisting of his wife, the musical youth before-mentioned, and one fair daughter. By Fanny Richards' side in the garden-walk, or on the brilliant lawn, by the

tinkling fountain, or in the elegant supper-room, was Arthur Ogilvie. His mother's piercing eye took in all, and she did not quite approve of this exclusive devotion. So she turned to her John Tucker, a young gentleman who had once tried to be very attentive to the beautiful Agnes, but reading little encouragement in her calm, dark eyes, and bethinking himself of Mrs. Ogilvie's known fastidiousness about her daughters intimate acquaintances, had voted, with an indolent puff of his cigar, that "it wouldn't pay." Mr. John Tucker was, however, always at Mrs. Ogilvie's disposal, and she now addressed him with, "Mr. Tucker, would you not like an introduction to our new neighbor, Miss Richards?"

Mr. Tucker would be too happy, and so the introduction was performed, and Arthur separated from his companion. But he, in common with the rest of Mrs. Ogilvie's children, had not lived so long under her unbending rule, without learning the lesson always taught by excessive strictness—the art of manoeuvring. Soon then, he was again dancing with Fanny Richards, though he avoided meeting the eye of his stately mother.

The next morning Ellen and Agnes spent more than two hours in "talking over" the *fete* with their brothers.

"Upon my word, Ellen," cried Arthur, "Fanny Richards is the most agreeable girl I ever saw in my life."

"Why, Arthur, I didn't know you were so deeply in love," exclaimed Ellen, laughing.

"You believe in love at first sight, don't you, Arthur?" inquired Herbert, quizzically, tapping his boot with a switch. All poets do, I believe."

"Did I say I was in love with her?"

"No use in saying it, my dear fellow, its sufficiently evident. Give me your pen-knife, will you?"

"What do you want of it?"

"To keep it, to be sure. I'm not going to have you spoil the back of all the trees in the grounds, cutting Fanny Richards' name on them."

"Pshaw! don't be a simpleton."

"Pretty advice from you! Why there's the corner of a sonnet to the fair Fanny peeping out of your pocket now. You'd better burn that long poem you've begun for commencement, and compose an ode upon the charms of your *inamorata*."

"Well! you may laugh as much as you will. Fanny Richards is certainly very handsome. Come, Agnes, I'll leave it to you. They say one pretty girl never sees the beauty of another, but do you redeem the character of your sex. Isn't she very charming?"

"She most certainly is, Arthur."

"Well," said Herbert, yawning, "I only hope the mania isn't catching. You haven't fallen in love with her, Brother Charley, have you, Agnes, or you, Ellen? I declare I'm in favor of female representation in the case of that family."

"She's a fine girl, a very fine girl," said Arthur, energetically, and he was going on in a most enthusiastic strain, when he heard his mother's step.

"We should be wiser if we knew what our coming hides and silences, but should we walk as undisturbed on our way?" says Willis. Mrs. Ogilvie was peculiarly one of those persons who thus lose much knowledge, and are spared much pain. Arthur's declarations ceased as she approached, and Herbert rose from his indolent position and offered her his seat. She would not take it, however, and soon walked away. Arthur went to call upon Fanny Richards, and Herbert, whistling to his dog, strolled down the avenue.

"Arthur's really in love, isn't he, Agnes?" said Ellen, when they were alone.

"He has all the symptoms, certainly," replied Agnes; and Ellen, laying down her work, dreamily watched the swaying trees, and mused about her twin-brother. A poet by nature, with all a poet's sensitiveness and enthusiasm, was Arthur. He had a most affectionate heart and gentle temper, and was the darling of his sisters, particularly of Ellen, who was his exact counterpart.

A beautiful girl on horseback! what more captivating object? Both Agnes and Ellen Ogilvie were most graceful equestrians, and one lovely afternoon went out to ride with their brothers and Fanny Richards. Charley Richards too accompanied them, humming the last new air.

Fanny was a gay little brunette, and in high spirits that afternoon. "Will you try a race, Mr. Ogilvie," she cried, describing circles in the air with her little whip, "to the foot of that hill?"

Arthur was off in an instant, and Herbert laid his whip on the shoulder of Agnes' beautiful Arabian, and followed, shouting, "come on, Charley! You and Ellen try."

If Mrs. Ogilvie could have seen her daughters racing on the high road! As we never wish any thing kept from the knowledge of any one person without some one carrying it directly to them, so an old gentleman and his wife whom the flying riders passed, must needs stop at Elm-Grove on their way home, and report proceedings. Great mischief-makers these old people!

Herbert was the only one of Mrs. Ogilvie's children who ever ventured to take off the edge of a reproof by a witticism, and well-timed for

his sisters was his smart speech on their return that night, for Mrs. Ogilvie's dark eyes were bent on them with severity. After some time she asked who had proposed this exhibition. Herbert looked at Arthur, and Arthur looked at his sisters. Agnes calmly answered, "Fanny Richards, mamma."

"I thought so. I never did like that girl."

Strong in the breast of even the most gentle of the sons of Adam is the spirit of opposition. Every word or look of coldness that escaped Mrs. Ogilvie toward Fanny, only impelled Arthur the more strongly toward her. The months crept on. It was in November that he asked his mother one morning if she would grant him a few moment's conversation. She bowed her head and led the way to her own room. And then hurriedly and impetuously he declared his love for Fanny Richards, and entreated his mother's consent to their union. Mrs. Ogilvie set with her dark eyes fixed calmly on the floor till he had finished the last word, and then lifted her stately head and replied. Very harsh and chilling fell her words upon her son's heart, and most passionate were his pleadings against her decision. Mrs. Ogilvie shook her head and waved her hand, but Arthur would not be silenced. Then the black eyes flashed, and she spoke in imperious tones.

"Let me hear no more of this. It can never be—I will never consent. I thought you had more pride, Arthur."

"Had I as much as yourself, my dear mother, I would not have to bend a fraction of it in marrying Fanny Richards."

"What do I hear! Mr. Richards' family are very well for acquaintances, friends if you will, but an alliance with them—another thing altogether. Remember the family you are descended from, Arthur."

"Mother, it is idle to talk of family. My happiness for life is involved in this."

"I will listen to no love-sick nonsense."

"Nor will I give utterance to any. The deepest and most sacred feelings of my heart, if you recognize such things as feelings, are concerned here."

"Arthur, you are disrespectful. But it is a fit reward for parleying with my own child. I have done. You know my decision. My consent you shall never have, and if you persevere, I cast you off forever. You shall be no longer a son of mine. Now go," and she pointed to the door.

Arthur stood still.

"Either you or I must go out of that door, Arthur. Will you force me to leave the room?"

Arthur went, and his proud mother was left to her own reflections.

She had listened to her son's first words without any appearance of surprise, but in truth she had never been more astounded. She had regarded his partiality for Fanny Richards as only an idle flirtation, never allowing herself to think that a child of her's could condescend further. Connected with the most noble families of England, and descended from a long line of noble ancestors, there were very few in America whom she looked upon as suitable alliances for her children. She could never dream of allowing her eldest son to connect himself with the daughter of a retired merchant.

Would Arthur disobey? The symptoms of rebellion had been strong. Mrs. Ogilvie rose and walked her room for a full hour, and then sat down to her desk and addressed a letter to Miss Fanny Richards. A letter couched in the most polished terms—Mrs. Ogilvie was never rude—but conveying the most cutting and haughty sentiments that pen ever traced—proudly and sternly warning her in conclusion, not to attempt to force herself into a family where her coming was so deprecated.

Meantime Arthur was struggling with his own heart. Educated as he had been in habits of implicit obedience to his mother, he shrunk from disobeying her positive commands. Yet to give up his heart's dearest affection—he felt that the freshness and glory of his manhood would be gone forever. He was wholly dependant upon his mother. "I can never ask Fanny to share a beggar's lot," he groaned. "But I might work to win her. I would gladly toil night and day. Some of the products of this poor brain might bring me money," and the young poet fell into a reverie of sleepless nights, rewarded by days of success, and at last gaining him his bride.

He spent the night in pacing his chamber, and early in the morning sought the abode of his beloved. She would not see him. She had been taken suddenly ill the day before on the receipt of a letter from Elm-Grove. But Arthur would not be denied, and sent message after message till she at last entered the room wrapped in a shawl. Arthur started back as he marked the change of a few hours. An only and petted daughter, with warm feelings and passionate temper, she had been touched to the quick by Mrs. Ogilvie's letter.

"I had resolved never to see you again, Arthur," she said.

"Oh, Fanny, how can you speak so calmly?"

"Calmly, Arthur, I am afraid it will kill me. But oh! I expected nothing of this. I knew not that your mother's prejudices were so strong."

Arthur shook his head mournfully. "There may be hope yet," he murmured, after a pause.

"Are you mocking me, Arthur? You must know there is none. Wounded, insulted as I have been, do you think I would accept your hand now?"

"Will you let me see my mother's letter, Fanny?"

Fanny handed it to him with a trembling hand. He read it, and then covering his face with his hands, he groaned in despair.

A half hour passed, and then Fanny rose. "Farewell, Arthur!" she said, in broken accents.

Arthur caught her hand, "oh, Fanny, I cannot, I will not part from you!"

"Arthur, you have read that letter. Do you not see that its contents are such that nothing now could induce me to become your wife? Do you think your mother the only one that has any pride? I should despise myself were I to 'enter her family' now. She has placed a most effectual bar between us."

They parted. Two days passed on. Mrs. Ogilvie asked no questions, and maintained a mien of untroubled calmness. On the afternoon of the third day the family were sitting in the portico, when a lady came to make a call. To fill up a pause in the conversation, Mrs. Ogilvie asked the common question, "if there was any news?"

"I have not heard any," said her guest. "Oh, no! I'm mistaken, I heard just before I came out that Miss Richards was lying at the point of death with a brain fever, not expected to live till morning."

How unthinkingly we sometimes touch the deepest wounds! Arthur started as if struck to the heart, and over even the lofty brow of Mrs. Ogilvie there came a flush. Mrs. Hurd saw she had said something wrong, and not knowing what it was, or how to remedy the evil, took her leave rather awkwardly.

Arthur did not return that evening, and it was found the next morning that he had passed the night under Fanny Richards' window. The day came when the cherished and beautiful was carried out from her father's house. Mrs. Ogilvie kept her room that day, and when the tolling of the funeral bell began to sound on the air, she covered her face with her hands and listened to it with her haughty form bowed. Little prepared was she for the tidings that reached her before night—tidings that her son Arthur was a maniac. His words and actions for the last three days had been very incoherent. His sisters had ascribed it to his grief, but that night his frantic seizure made the truth only too certain. Too

much—too much for the poet's heart, the young, sensitive poet's heart, was the cruel thought that but for him Fanny Richards would not have died. The struggle had been for life, and the better part of life had given way.

Mrs. Ogilvie had need of all her trained composure; and truly they who watched her had a new revelation of what pride can effect, even when viewing its own desolating work. In a week or two the young, the gifted Arthur was conveyed to an asylum, and his haughty mother wept those tears which wither and scorch the heart they spring from.

A shadow had fallen upon the brightness of Elm-Grove. Agnes and Ellen no longer used to wander in its elegant grounds, or round the lonely neighborhood. Indeed Ellen was hardly able, for since her brother's mournful departure, her delicate cheek had worn a changing hue, and her step had lost its lightness. There was one walk they always shunned—that which led past the dwelling of Mr. Richards.

A few months rolled on, and Mrs. Ogilvie began to resume her customary employment. In June her youngest son, James, came home from boarding-school, and his presence roused his mother's spirits, though her manner was even more unimpassioned than usual. One stroke was not sufficient to soften that heart.

James' merry temper and ways made Agnes smile again, and nearly brought the old sparkle into Ellen's languid eyes. There was nothing his mother enjoyed more than seeing him row on the river. He was excessively fond of it, and his peculiarly symmetrical form, and graceful, active motions fitted him for it. His tall, elegant figure had always been pronounced strikingly like his mother's, and she never felt prouder of him than when she saw him bending to the oar. Her evident pleasure in this amusement made his pursuit of it the more frequent.

"Are you not going on the water to-day, James?" she would often say, and then if she did not accompany him, would stroll down to the bank of the river to watch him.

One lovely afternoon in August James caught up his cap just as the sun began to bend toward his purple couch. "Mother," he said, "will you not take a row this afternoon? The water is very smooth."

"No, you had better take one of your sisters, James. Come, Ellen, it will do you good."

"Indeed, mamma, I hardly feel equal to it."

"But I would rather you would. Go and get your hat."

Instant obedience to direct commands was a habit with all the children of Mrs. Ogilvie,

therefore the last words had not left her lips before Ellen had departed.

Mrs. Ogilvie, with Agnes, walked on the shore, watching James in his graceful exercise till the twilight began to gather, when they returned home. James had gone down the river, out of sight.

The beams of the harvest moon were stealing through the wide casement, when the sound of wheels was heard in the avenue, and then a trampling of feet in the portico. Agnes rose and went to the door.

"What is it, Agnes?" said her mother, "what is the matter? Why do you not speak?"

Agnes tried, but could not.

"Don't take on, ma'am. We've brought him home," said a coarse voice, and pushing past the horror-struck Agnes, two or three rough men laid down before the mother's eyes the lifeless form of her youngest born. With her own hands she put back the dripping hair from his forehead, and read there the impress of death.

"There's the young lady," said another voice, as the insensible Ellen was carried into the room.

"My daughter too!" gasped Mrs. Ogilvie.

"Oh! no, ma'am, she has not been in the water, but she has fainted-like. You see, ma'am, the young gentleman had just turned about to go up stream, and was changing his seat when he stepped on something slippery, and right away lost his balance and fell overboard. He had sunk and risen for the third time before we got to him, and the life was out of him. The young lady has been going from one fainting fit into another ever since."

With more delicacy than those in their station are usually given credit for, the men withdrew, and left the bereaved alone with their grief. Agnes was busy with the servants in attending to her fainting sister, but Mrs. Ogilvie never moved from her kneeling position beside the dead. The direction of the agitated household, with the care of the suffering Ellen, devolved upon Agnes with her bursting heart. Toward midnight she tried to win her mother to her own room, "come away, dear mother," she whispered.

Mrs. Ogilvie heeded her not for a time, and then raising her arms above her head, she groaned out, "would to God that I had died for thee, my son!" Then she rose and kissed the damp brow, and touched the pallid cheeks, so lately glowing with beauty, and folded the hands across the breast, and in bitter silence went away to her own room.

"Oh! but there was agony in Elm-Grove that night! In one chamber the physician stood by

the scarcely-breathing Ellen, counting the feeble pulse-strokes—by the bedside knelt Agnes, with her hands pressed to her throbbing heart, struggling with her sobs. In the wide drawing-room lay the dead boy, surrounded with weeping neighbors and servants; and in a room above was the deepest anguish of all—such as none save a mother can know.

When the day of the funeral came, Mrs. Ogilvie roused herself from her stupor, and insisted upon attending it. None dared oppose her, and Ellen rose from her bed, and dragged her trembling limbs to the grave. With a tearless eye Mrs. Ogilvie listened to the most touching and beautiful of our church services, even when the first shovel full of earth was thrown upon the coffin, and the solemn words, "Dust to dust, earth to earth, ashes to ashes," accompanied the dull echo of each sod as it fell. But those who gazed on her looked in each other's faces and shuddered.

It was about a month after James' death that Mrs. Ogilvie one evening admitted Mr. Field, her nearest neighbor, and also her lawyer—the family had before been denied to all visitors. About ten o'clock Mr. Field rose to go.

"I'll walk with you down the avenue, sir," said Agnes.

Mr. Field was one of those meditative old gentlemen who walk with their hands clasped behind their backs, and was very fond of Agnes Ogilvie.

"Dear Mr. Field," said she, when they got out of hearing, "I want to speak to you about my sister Ellen. Her health received a great shock by poor Arthur's misfortunes—he was her twin-brother, you know—and now the addition of our last affliction seems to have been too much for her. And mamma does not notice it she is so wrapped up in her sorrow, and I'm afraid to speak to her about it. Ellen has seen the doctor several times, but he doesn't seem to do her any good."

"I see, I see," replied Mr. Field, "Ellen is too delicate to bear these rough blasts of grief. I'll speak to your mother. Where is your Brother Herbert now?"

"Herbert is at the South."

"He's no business there. He ought to be at home attending to his mother and sisters. Yours must be the task, Miss Agnes. You must watch over your sister—and take care of your mother too. She's in a bad way. My poor child! eighteen is very young to be forced to such duties—with your first sorrow lying at your heart too."

Agnes Ogilvie was one of those very few persons who appear better at home than abroad. Her calm, earnest character was little understood.

She inherited her mother's pride and dignity, though without the accompanying stiffness and coldness.

Mr. Field fulfilled his promise, and called Mrs. Ogilvie's attention to the state of her eldest daughter's health.

"Let Dr. Winter be told I wish to see him when he calls again," she said to Agnes. "If he does not come to-day, send for him."

To the mother's question, put in a tone which all her efforts could not render firm, the doctor replied, "I really don't know what's the matter with your daughter, madam. She seems to be falling into a gradual decline. She wants rousing. If she could have something that would entertain without fatiguing her it would be well."

"Would a change of climate be beneficial?"

"I think not, madam. I'll do all in my power, and save her if I can."

Why trace the progress of Ellen's decline? It was in "the melancholy days, the saddest of the year," that a proud monument was raised in the village grave-yard, bearing the inscription, "To the memory of Ellen Ogilvie, who died November 4th, 1834, aged twenty-one years and two months."

A year rolled away. Mrs. Ogilvie and Agnes were rarely seen out of their own grounds. They dwelt alone in sad seclusion; Agnes mourning for her only sister, and Mrs. Ogilvie's thoughts continually fastened on the graves where her children were lying. She was much subdued. Her health had become very infirm, and she required the constant attention of her daughter. But before the twelve-month had passed, Agnes became aware that her mother had some new grief unknown to her. She began to sell portions of her property, and every time a letter from Herbert arrived, the shadow on her brow was deeper. Mr. Field, who transacted all her business, hinted that he thought this was for Herbert. And so in truth it was. He was dissipated and extravagant, and far exceeded his mother's liberal allowance. Oh, surely it needed not this fresh grief to hasten the silvering of Mrs. Ogilvie's raven hair. Herbert had been her favorite, and like most favorites, it was his lot to pain his mother's heart the most deeply. In a few months, she sold still more of her estate and adopted many plans of retrenchment. Soon she sent again for Mr. Field to draw a heavy mortgage. In her earlier days he would not have ventured to remonstrate, but he now spoke plainly.

"Indeed, madam, I cannot bear to do this. Herbert cannot expect it from you. I hear he's dissipated. I should think his excesses would

arouse your resentment rather than such strange liberality."

"I knew not that you were aware of the destination of my funds, Mr. Field, but it is vain to talk to me. My indignation has indeed been awakened, but do you think I will permit the proud name of Ogilvie to come to beggary and disgrace?"

"It is injustice to yourself, madam—to your remaining child."

"It is useless to argue with me, Mr. Field," repeated the lady.

The glory of two more summers came and went. Herbert Ogilvie breathed his last in a distant Southern city. His mother's almost unlimited supply of money had completed his ruin. When the news was brought her, she merely bowed her head in silence. On an examination of her account, Mr. Field found that she had so involved her property for her son, that there was not enough left for a decent support. When he told this to Agnes, she wept unrestrainedly.

"There! there!" said Mr. Field, after a pause, "quit crying, my dear child. I am an old friend of your mother's, and have always loved you dearly. I have not lived fifty-seven years in this world without gaining some of its dross, and I have neither wife nor child to claim anything from me. It will afford me real happiness, Agnes, to supply your mother's wants."

"Mr. Field, you are too good. I wish I could thank you as you deserve!"

"I don't like to speak to your mother about it, though. I'm afraid she might not consent. You must persuade her, my dear child, as a favor to me."

Agnes sought her mother's room that night, and after placing before her the state of her affairs, related Mr. Field's generous offer. Her mother did not seem to understand her at first, but when she did, she raised her head with all her old haughtiness, and drew up her stately form to its fullest height.

"Accept it," she exclaimed, "never, never! What? live on charity! And is it a daughter of mine who proposes such a thing?"

"What else can we do, mamma?" said Agnes, in a low voice.

"Anything but that! Die in the fields sooner, die if must be. Go, Agnes, go. Never speak to me of such a thing again."

Agnes told this to Mr. Field the next day. "Oh! what can we do?" she continued, "I would gladly work at anything I could do without leaving home. I cannot leave mamma, you know."

"No, and I know of nothing you could do here that would bring you anything like a support.

It is well for your mother that it is not in her power to sell Elm-Grove—it would kill her to leave it."

Mr. Field rose and walked to the window, cleared his throat several times, drew out his watch and put it in again without looking at it, and then came back.

"Agnes, my dear, I do not see any other way than for you to become my wife. Your mother would not object to receiving anything from her own daughter."

Agnes turned very pale.

"I'm aware that it is putting your love for your mother to a severe test, but I see no other way. I need not tell you that as my wife you would meet with the greatest respect and tenderness. Don't decide now. Take time to think of it," and Mr. Field, seizing his hat, left the house.

When she was alone, Agnes pressed both hands to her forehead, and closed her eyes. In that instant there sprang before her the vision of the years that were gone. She saw the forms of her two dead brothers, of him, the brightest and most gifted, whose darkened mind held him imprisoned; of the fair sister who lay beneath the church-yard mould; she heard the ringing laughter and joyous tones that once swept through the wide halls and over the sunny parterres of her home. She recalled the glad dreams of seventeen, and now—she opened her eyes and looked around upon each vacant chair.

"A vacant chair—
How sadly eloquent its teachings are."

Agnes Ogilvie spent the hours of that night in communing with her own heart. She calmly viewed the path pointed out to her. Her love for her mother, always strong, had been deepened into intensity since she had been left alone with her, and now love and duty seemed to point the same way. The struggle was sharp, but she rose resolved for the sacrifice.

The next day she received a note from Mr. Field, stating that business required an absence of a week. The poor girl felt as if a reprieve had been granted her. When he returned, he learned her determination. "May heaven bless you!" said the good man, with tears in his eyes. "All in human power shall be done to prevent you ever repenting your decision."

Then he sought an interview with Mrs. Ogilvie, and asked her daughter's hand. She roused herself from the apathy in which she now lived, only so far as to ascertain that it was Agnes' wish, and then consented.

Arrayed as a bride, the beautiful Agnes Ogilvie

calmly spoke the fitting words. On the surpliced figure of the clergyman she fixed her dark eyes, till at last the ritual was said, and the service was ended. She turned from the altar, and the prospect of the future lay clear before her—clear and cold.

Mr. Field took up his residence at Elm-Grove, so that Agnes was not separated from her mother. On that lady's next birth-day, he gave Agnes a most generous deed of settlement upon her. And as she listened to his kind, tender words, and saw the pleasure with which her mother received the paper from her hand, she felt that the sacrifice had not been in vain.

On flowed the current of tame, monotonous life at Elm-Grove—on—on—sometimes wearily on to the lovely young creature who dwelt there. With a heart teeming with unfulfilled dreams, forever unsatisfied longings, and wasted sympathies, she often pined for rest—unbroken rest. There are some, perhaps many girls who could make the sacrifice she had made, but few indeed who could carry out the work so faithfully. She performed the arduous and harassing task of attending upon her mother, patiently went through her varied duties, and was the joy, the daily and living joy of good Mr. Field's heart. But none knew how oft those night-black eyes were raised to heaven, and the small hands clasped in the effort at resignation.

There was one more grief for Mrs. Ogilvie before she sunk into the grave. She was summoned to her son Arthur. His health had been failing for some time, and as that of the body decayed, that of the mind revived. He was now unable to leave his bed.

"Weep not, my mother," whispered the faint voice of the dying, "weep not for me! I have been spared much affliction, and now I am going to my sister and my brothers."

"Forgive! forgive!" she groaned.

"Mother, dear mother, most freely are you forgiven. Weep no more for me!"

All was over at last, and Mrs. Ogilvie turned to her only remaining child.

"A little longer, Agnes," she said. "The night is at hand. I am only now beginning to perceive the last sacrifice you made for me, my child. Do not give way yet. A little while, and I shall lie down to sleep."

About three weeks after Arthur's death, Agnes was called to her mother in the early morning. Mrs. Ogilvie's face wore that hue which humanity wears but once. It was just at dawn, the dreariest hour of all the day. The first faint beams of light were struggling through the air, when Agnes and her husband, with the old servants of the house, gathered around the bed to see the heart-broken die. All was quiet; there were no loud demonstrations of grief. No sound was audible save the ticking of the watch in the doctor's hand, and the irregular breathings of her whom heart and flesh were failing. But the tears poured like rain down every cheek, and loud wailings that none could repress broke forth, when Mrs. Ogilvie, suddenly raising herself in her bed, took the hand of each of her servants in turn, and humbly entreated their forgiveness for her harshness and haughtiness toward them in former times. She went from one to the other, and at last pressing Mr. Field's hand between both her own, she thanked him for his unflinching kindness toward her. "And Agnes," she said, and she drew her daughter to her bosom, "my own Agnes! if a dying mother's blessing can impart happiness, you will be happy."

She sunk back upon her pillows, and closed her eyes.

"She's going now," said the doctor, with professional calmness, "there, gently, gently—she'll be easy soon."

A few more gasping breaths, and then the daughter laid her hand upon her mother's heart, and felt no pulsation.

Agnes lived for one or two years, patiently going through the various forms of life, but with a heart that had long been absent from the scenes of this world. One winter Mr. Field took her to the South, hoping it would benefit her health. She wept at leaving Elm-Grove, for she feared she should never see it more—and it happened even as she had predicted. The place was sold after her death, and the purchaser not wishing to reside there, let the house and grounds fall into mournful decay, only cultivating the farm.

In a distant and sunny clime the mandate went forth again, "room! mother earth, room! the tired and way-worn would lie down where the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling!"

THE UNCONSCIOUS SLEEPER.

SHE sleeps unconscious. Should she move,
Headlong it were to fall.

She sleeps. But God keeps watch above,
The God who guards us all.

C. A.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

BY A. L. OTIS.

I WAS sitting one summer evening at our parlor window, looking out upon one of the most retired squares in Philadelphia, and hoping for the arrival of a certain gentleman with whom I some day expected to pass a few important moments before St. Marks' altar, when I was suddenly aware that the person alluded to, had, contrary to his usual custom, approached through the square, and that he was leaning against the tree opposite looking at me. I sprang up joyfully, but he motioned me not to open the door, crossed quickly, and said he could not come in as business required him to hasten down town. Then he said something about my appearance, which, with the accompanying look, sent me for an instant from the window, and when I looked out again he was gone.

I was still enjoying the tremulous pleasure of those delicious words, when I heard a rapid stride in the street, a sudden spring up our doorsteps, and a sharp pull at the bell. I knew it was not *his* step, so I remained sunk in reverie and my easy-chair till the door was thrown open, and Philip R——, my sentimental boy-lover, entered. Imagine, dear reader, a boy of six foot three, and *not* stout in proportion.

He sprang toward me, threw his long limbs in a kneeling attitude before me, and grasping both my hands in his interminable fingers, turned to me a most tragical countenance. I was at last startled from my dream—one of those dreams of which Moore says, that “there is nothing half so sweet in life.”

Philip and I gazed at one another. I in half angry and speechless surprise—he in supplication for some time—then he said,

“Is it true? Tell me at once—is it true?”

“What?” I asked, haughtily, still trying to withdraw my hands.

“That you are engaged to Henry D——?”

I was about to ask angrily what right he had to know, when I thought it would be kinder to answer candidly, so I said, “yes, I am, but——”

“But what?—do go on.”

“But I didn't think that was anything to you.”

“Now that you know it is something to me, may I hope you will break this unfortunate engagement, and——”

I opened my eyes in amazement.

“You do love him?” Philip cried, struck by my countenance; and when I turned away, he sprang up and strode through the room, tossing his arms like an insane thrasher with a pair of flails.

“Dolt, fool, idiot, cursed coquetry,” &c., were some of his exclamations, in the midst of which he darted from the house.

I could not help laughing, and I laugh yet when I think of it. I know the reader is shocked at my want of humanity, but let him or her read to the end of my tale, and see if I am not justified in doing so.

About an hour after, the same hasty step approached, the same ring at the door alarmed the house, and I trembled lest I should have another scene, but the waiter only handed me a sealed packet and note. The note was as follows:

“Miss C———As a gentleman I beg pardon for my rude departure. After you have read these letters I send you, you will see what a simpleton I have been. But it was all your fault, and to my dying day I will accuse you of coquetry. Nor will I ever forgive you if you do not make all the reparation in your power, by giving these facts to the public, as a warning to all young men who would put faith in woman's truth. Don't spare me. I shall never, probably, either hear of, or see your performance. Certainly if you will name it ‘The Slight Mistake’ I will never read it, no matter in how interesting a Magazine I may meet with it. I am now well aware from the slight disappointment I feel, that my regard for you was only founded upon vanity which you wilfully gratified. As soon as your engagement becomes known you will probably lose many admirers, as it is likely their devotion is the result of something of the same kind. I have fortunately been undecieved before making myself a fool in the eyes of many people, but do now by all means ‘write me down an ass.’ It gives me satisfaction to demand this of you, for at the same time you cannot help writing yourself—coquette, Once yours, P. R——.”

Although probably Mr. Philip R—— will be as surprised at my complying with his demand, as if he had not suggested it. I take a great deal of pleasure in doing so, hoping to write him

down what he wishes, at the same time exculpating myself from blame. I know he only sent me his journal because to read such things of herself must make any woman crimson with vexation—but since he has put it in my power I will make it useful.

The first time I saw Philip R— was on board a sail-boat, in which a large party were enjoying themselves in the Delaware near Burlington. We had been out the whole afternoon of a most oppressively warm day, and as we were all young and thoughtless, did not observe that a thunder-storm was approaching rapidly. We were overtaken and obliged to land. After the storm had subsided we entered the boat, and sailed before almost a gale for home. Philip reached over the side of the boat for something, lost his balance, and after disappearing for an instant, rose far behind us. I never shall forget the look of terror and horrible eagerness that was on his countenance, when I saw him, as I thought, vainly struggling with so dreadful a death. I fainted. When I recovered he was safe, and we still on our way home, our teeth fairly chattering with the cold. Philip especially seemed, in his wet clothes, upon the very point of having a chill. I had two shawls—all the other ladies were sufficiently wrapped up—and I offered one to Philip. He refused bashfully at first, but the gentlemen urging him to take it as he was subject to fever and ague, I rose and threw it over his shoulders. The gentleman I alluded to in the beginning of this narrative, Henry D—, was present. He had only a few moments before whispered some very pleasant words to me, therefore it may be guessed whether I acted thus from any "particular fancy" for Mr. R—, or only from simple dislike to see anybody uncomfortable. But read extracts from his journal giving his account of the affair.

"September 15th.—Went out on a sailing excursion with my friend B—, who invited me to be one of a large party. A very pretty lady, Miss C—, was one of us—and I must have made a great impression upon her, for she fainted when I fell over the side of the boat. I did think then that it was all over with me, but they tacked and took me up—I had a narrow escape though. Miss C— really must have taken a great fancy to me, for she insisted upon wrapping her own shawl around me lest I should take cold. I was quite pleased with her on the whole, as she is not so silly as most young ladies." A truly boyish remark. He was but seventeen—I twenty. I did not see Master Phil again for a year.

The next time I met him was at a strawberry party and dance in the country. Poor Philip! I

pity him yet, when I think of his forlorn appearance that evening, so tall, thin, white and hirsute, asking with importunate bashfulness each of the young ladies in turn to dance with him, and invariably meeting with either a plausible excuse or a haughty refusal. My merry little Cousin Sally, who seemed the particular object of his admiration, refused six times to dance with him, and when he asked again said, "oh, no, I can't—four foot one and six foot three should not dance together." Although she meant to ridicule her own size quite as much as his, he could not endure this wound to his vanity, and I felt sorry for his mortification. He caught the expression of my countenance, and instantly asked me for "the pleasure of dancing with me some time that evening." I looked at my tablets—engaged for the next four sets to indifferent persons, and the fifth to Henry. This I determined to sacrifice, and I accepted Mr. Philip for that set, thinking I could make my peace with Henry. I had no opportunity to speak to him, however, till I saw him advance just as Philip was claiming my hand. I said, "Mr. D—, will you excuse me? I wish to dance this set with Mr. R—." He looked contemptuously at Philip, bowed coldly, and went away evidently angry with me. I was very miserable during the dance, but I felt sorry for Philip, and determined he should have some pleasant moments that evening, so I tried to be agreeable. When it was over I looked for Henry, and saw him watching me. I hoped he would come to me, but Philip never left my side for an instant, and he was talking away so eagerly, that Henry I saw would not interrupt. Supper was announced, and Philip took me out. Then the party broke up, and Philip offered to escort me home. That was a little more than I could bear. "Thank you," I said, quickly, "but I am provided with an escort," and took the arm of the lady I came with. In the dressing-room I could not help crying a little, because I thought Henry had gone home without speaking to me, but I took care that no one should observe it. When we reached the foot of the stairs there was Philip again, still hopeful. I passed him with scorn, for if I had not expressed my anger I should have burst out crying. Ah, how soon I was happy again—for Henry was waiting outside the door, and as we sauntered home behind Mr. and Mrs. — he begged my pardon, told me that my conduct was only another instance of my goodness of heart, &c., which made me happier than I had ever been before. Now hear Philips' version in a letter to his cousin, a gentleman with whom I am well acquainted, and whose good opinion I value highly.

"DEAR BOB *****—The lady I spoke to you of, I still continue to find charming—particularly as I really feel flattered by her notice of my humble self. You know how to interpret such tokens as the following, so I write them to you, hoping that if I am deceived, (but I can't be) that you will do me the friendly office of warning me before I commit myself. She always seems to see me, no matter with whom she is at the time talking, and to feel pleasure, or pain, according as I enjoy myself. She preferred dancing with me, though she had previously made a positive engagement to dance with that handsome fellow we met last month, H. D——, she broke that engagement and danced with me! I took her to the supper-table, and she would not trouble me to get her anything scarcely, lest I should not have time to help myself sufficiently—and when I asked her to let me escort her home, you should have seen her disappointment because she had to go with the lady who brought her. I actually thought I saw tears in her eyes as she passed me hastily, not daring to look up."

I wish I could see Mr. Robert H——'s answer. I think I know its import, however, if he wrote at all, for not long after that, I remember that he told me his Cousin Phil was a confounded puppy.

By this time Philip was so well convinced of my affection for him, that everywhere we met he followed me round like an evening shadow, long and disproportioned, with most lack-a-daisical looks, that amused my friends and annoyed myself extremely. Whenever I sang, he would be sure to ask for his favorite song, and then proceed to enumerate such as he wished to hear, as if I sang only for him. When I was conversing with others, he was always at my elbow to say, in a tenderly reproachful tone occasionally, "ah, you are so enthusiastic!" or "I assure you, Mr. So and So, she does not do herself justice—such are not her real opinions, I am sure," as if he were master of my thoughts. If my shawl happened to fall back from my throat, or he fancied my shoes or dress too thin, he would think himself called upon to remonstrate, when perhaps some elderly friend might be present. Yet I bore all patiently, and merely laughed at his boyish importance to myself, carefully refraining from humbling him when there were those present who would witness his discomfiture.

He soon began to visit me frequently in the evening. Many and many a long hour have I spent trying to be pleasant, because I knew my heart was heavy, wishing Henry would not go away whenever he saw Mr. R——'s hat in our hall. He said he could not endure the sight of the bore.

Philip could read well, and I soon found this out. I almost always asked him to read when there were no other visitors. I selected the books, and he really gave me great pleasure by his fine voice and good reading. I thanked him, therefore, sincerely, and I thank him still for that. One evening we were interrupted by the arrival of some very uninteresting people, and they stayed so late that Philip had to go before they left. I was at the piano, and the music book was open between the other persons in the room and myself. He came to say good night, and stooped to whisper, that "he was so provoked at the interruption," &c. As my hands were running over the keys, and I wished to drown my remark, I leaned forward that he and not the visitors might hear me say, "I was disappointed too. But come soon and finish reading that beautiful poem."

"Would it give you pleasure to have me do so?"

"Certainly," I said. Before I guessed his intention he had kissed me.

I dared not stop in the flourish with which I was ending a little waltz, lest the persons present should suspect something, but I burned with repressed anger, resolving that Henry should chastise the fellow the very next day. I thought better of that, however. Now for his journal. * * * "She let me kiss her—by Jove—yes, the darling. I was bidding her good-bye, when she suddenly leaned toward me, to say she hoped I would not stay long without coming to see her, for it gave her great pleasure to have me come, and she looked so lovely, and so sorry that we had not had the evening to ourselves, that I could not help at least trying to press a kiss on those sweet lips. I succeeded so far as to touch her cheek, and she did not resent it in the least, but blushed rosy red, and played on to hide her confusion. What will Bob say when I tell him this?"

Ah, humiliation to think how we may be misunderstood! Philip came the next day, but I would not see him, and I gave orders that he should never be admitted. After he had been sent away several times, he wrote me such a penitent, boyish letter, that I saw my foolishness in feeling any further resentment. The next time he came he found me at home. I received him very coldly, and was not so mercifully afraid of hurting his feelings after this. He resumed his readings, and I began again to enjoy them. We have a grate, and burn coal. One evening Philip sat so near the fire, which was blazing brightly, that I saw he was seriously incommoded with the heat, yet to be near me, to whom he was reading, he could not change his place. I rose

softly, so as not to interrupt, and put the screen before him. Such a look as met me! Instead of the simple "thank you," which would have been all-sufficient for such a trifling service, his face glowed with a gratitude I did not deserve, and which I resented. An old lady who was present said to me, after he had taken leave,

"What a presumptuous young man! He is one who must be treated with the utmost severity. Snub him every chance you get, my dear, unless you wish to be bored to death. Above all things have no mercy for any of his sufferings, mental or personal. Never do him any such little kindness again, he misinterprets it."

After this I became much more spirited in my conduct toward him, and finally reduced him to something like humility, by what often seemed to me positive rudeness. But I could not help it—the least kindness was presumed upon. I had to suffer yet one more bitter mortification.

Philip came one Sunday to take me to church. I did not like this, and told him so, but he did not go away, and I was obliged to walk down street with him. He left me at the church door, however, and presently I heard voices beneath the window at which I sat. One that I did not recognize said,

"Say, Phil, who was that modest-looking girl you came with?"

"That's nothing to you," was the answer.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the other—"a great mystery! But I'll cut you out, Phil. Nothing easier—I'll cut you out."

"If I did not feel tolerably secure I might teach you better than to interfere, but the matter is pretty much settled, and you may swagger on."

"Whew—engaged, Phil? Then I beg your pardon—didn't imagine such a thing. Why you're a lucky fellow. Worth trying for—that lady is."

I was astonished, well as I knew Philip, to hear him say, "why, yes, if I had had to try, I should have done so, no doubt, but——"

"But the peach fell into your mouth?"

"Not exactly, only as Byron says, you know.

"It is in vain that we would coldly gaze
On such as smile upon us; the heart must
Leap kindly back to kindness."

I became positively sick, but before long anger sustained me, and I determined never to speak to the contemptible fellow again. The next time I saw him was upon the occasion of his abrupt entrance already described. Since my marriage Philip has been heard to hint—that he knew my heart did not go with my hand, that I was governed in my choice by an arbitrary father, &c.

Is not this intolerable? If I have been to blame for it I am sure it was unwittingly, and all I can now do is to caution all gentlemen in Philip R——'s position. They may rest assured that the lady who can feel cool enough, and free enough to do for them the little kindnesses I meant to Philip—is *not* in love with them. Every young lady will feel the truth of this story.

REMEMBERED VOICES.

BY D. D. HARDY, JR.

REMEMBERED voices I can hear,
So sweet in olden time,
They're ringing now upon my ear,
With sad yet mournful chime;
So glad the song they sweetly sing,
That all my sadness flees,
For those inspiring voices bring
A train of memories.

Again I roam the wildwood o'er,
And glide upon the stream,
Where I once loved in days of yore
To wander and to dream,
The scenes of childhood I renew,
Its sunny dreams of joy,
I see the dear old friends I knew
When I was but a boy.

Until my spirit wings its flight,
I never can forget
The phantasies, whose waning light
Illumes my spirit yet;
Though oft the world to me seems lone,
While plodding on life's way,
I cannot hush the haunting tone,
Of voices past away.

They have a soft and soothing power,
To calm my troubled breast,
When in some lone and gloomy hour,
My spirit fain would rest;
Remembered voices! oh, how dear,
So oft dispelling gloom,
They fall upon my list'ning ear,
Like dirge-notes from the tomb.

HUSBANDS IN LITTLE THINGS.

BY JANE WEAVER.

"Ah, Brown, how are you?"

"Why, Jones, is that you? How d'ye do, my good fellow."

Such were the exclamations with which two neighbors greeted each other, as they met, one evening about sundown, on their way home from business. After a few inquiries about each other's families, for both were married men; and the stereotyped complaints respecting the hard times, of which merchants complain as proverbially as farmers do of bad crops; Brown said to his friend,

"Suppose we try a few oysters, Jones. I've found a place where they keep capital ones. You don't have supper quite yet?"

"No, there's plenty of time. I'll go with pleasure."

So the two husbands turned aside into a saloon, where, in the course of an hour's chat, they managed to spend half a dollar each, partly in oysters, partly in brandy and water, "to make the oysters," as they said, "digest."

Meantime Mrs. Jones, the youngest of the two wives, sat wondering why her husband did not come home. She had been into the kitchen, two or three times, to see that supper was ready and being kept hot, for Mr. Jones was one of those men who neither like to wait for a meal, nor eat a cold one. At last, full an hour after his usual time, the husband made his appearance.

"Take up supper," cried Mrs. Jones, running to the kitchen door. "It's Mr. Jones, I'll let him in myself," and, as she spoke, she breathlessly hurried to admit her husband.

"Supper's on the table, Jones," she said, as she clung to him. "I've made your favorite cake, and hope it will turn out well. Only I'm afraid its half spoilt by the delay. But I suppose business kept you, and so it can't be helped."

The husband did not contradict his wife. But, when he came to try the cake, he pushed it away.

"Isn't it right?" said the wife, the tears coming into her eyes.

"Yes! it will do," answered Mr. Jones, "only it's not quite up to the thing, and besides I'm not hungry."

Poor lady! She fancied that these last words

were said in order to spare her feelings, and that the reason her husband did not eat was because the cake was bad. Her afternoon's happiness had consisted in thinking how agreeably her husband would be surprised at this little delicacy. But this was all destroyed now. She had no appetite herself to eat, and really fancied the cake tasted flat; in short, it was as much as she could do to command her feelings.

Her husband saw, and partially understood, her emotion. A single word from him could have explained all, and he knew it; but he was ashamed, at first, to say he had been loitering on his way home; and afterward it was too late. At last he became angry at his wife for being hurt, as men strangely will when themselves in fault. It was a miserable evening for poor Mrs. Jones.

Meantime Mr. Brown had also reached his home. His wife also was waiting for him.

"Where have you been, my dear?" she said. "How late you are! But come, don't lose a moment, supper's waiting, and I want you to take me to the concert to-night." And, as she spoke, she led the way briskly to the supper-room.

"A concert!"

"Yes, my dear," answered the wife, turning cheerfully around, "and I've promised Sister Jane to meet her there. If we don't hurry, all the best seats will be filled before we arrive."

"Really, my love," stammered Mr. Brown, as he took his seat, and began curiously to examine his fork, not caring to meet his wife's eyes, "I'm afraid——"

He stopped. Mrs. Brown's face fell. She knew, from his manner, what was coming. But she ventured, for once, on a remonstrance.

"It's only twenty-five cents a piece," she said, "and surely we can afford that. I don't go anywhere, as you know. I feel as if I could enjoy this concert."

Thus urged, Mr. Brown would, perhaps, have gone, if he had not already spent half a dollar himself. But that settled the affair. One extravagance, as he reasoned, was sufficient. He did not, however, tell his wife why he persisted in his refusal.

"I'd go—in a minute—if I could afford it, my

love," he stammered, "but fifty cents here, and fifty cents there, soon runs up—we may live yet to see the day when we'll want even that sum."

Mr. Brown, like many others, was always ready to preach, but slow to practice. Scarcely a day passed that he did not spend something in an unnecessary lunch: but he never thought of curtailing this item of foolish expense; it was invariably his wife's comfort and recreation that was made to suffer under the plea of economy.

Mrs. Brown sighed. She had been married long enough to know that expostulation was useless with a husband, at least with Mr. Brown.

But the disappointment was greater than she thought it wise to show.

Her husband, however, saw her feelings; was vexed; and sat, for the rest of the evening, silent and sulky. This did not add to the happiness of his wife, so that the hours wore away gloomily enough.

There are a great many husbands like Mr. Brown, and quite as many, we suspect, like Mr. Jones. In a thousand ways, indeed, wives suffer from the selfishness of those who have sworn "to love and cherish" them, but alas! forget to keep their vows, at least in little things.

D R E A M S .

BY W. LAFAYETTE HUBBELL.

An airy vision of a thousand hues
 Floated around
 With lute-like sound,
 And kissed my brows with scented dews;
 The Passions fled
 With hurried tread,
 For well they knew their thrones were sought;
 Fancy unbound
 Her steed and hound,
 And chased them from the realms of Thought.
 The vision with the empire charmed,
 Peering within,
 Now entered in,
 And mounting Fancy's throne unharmed,
 Donn'd robe, and gem,
 And diadem,
 And thus his usurped reign began:
 "Are any here
 Who shed a tear
 O'er former rule or réigning ban?"
 A rustling 'mid a rosy bower
 Was instant heard,
 One silvery word,
 And Cupid spoke with plaintive power;
 "Oh, mighty king!
 Replume my wing,
 For thus I long have slumbering lain;
 My quiver fill
 With eaglets quill,
 And I will off with Love again."
 And Pleasure from her sylvan shell
 Now meekly spoke;
 "With heart nigh broke
 A tale of sorrow must I tell—
 Within this fane
 I once did reign,

And Grief and Sorrow were unspoken:
 But now alas!
 My reign is past—
 My empire gone—my sceptre broken."

Now Thought came flashing forth from Night,
 And with an air
 Of lightning glare,
 Thus spoke in tones of living light:
 "Once was my task
 With Love to bask,
 And sport with kindred Beauty's chain,
 But now my home
 Is with the tome
 Of sages hoar, or learning's fane."

And Genius, from his bright abode,
 Now laughing said:
 "My polished blade
 Can never rust or e'er corrode,
 For sparkling gems
 And diadems
 Of thought are hourly by my hand,
 Made far more bright
 Than meteor light,
 Or thundering Jove's Olympian wand."

The vision spake: "Ye have said well:
 Let Cupid be
 Forever free,
 And Pleasure rule this citadel;
 Let Thought still dwell
 With Poet's spell,
 And Genius revel here supreme;
 Thus let it be
 A shrine for thee,
 For I am Oeëf—the God of Dream."

THRONING AND DETHRONING.

BY ELISE GRAY.

IN the solemn shadows of a forest wandered a mortal of a thoughtful mien. Yearning was her eye, for in the void of her spirit she longed for a God to enthrone and worship there. While in the dim wood she strayed, and listened to the strange whispers of the grand old trees as they bowed their high heads; their voices mingled with a low strain coming from the depths of her own soul, and its burden ever was—"something beyond." When too, life's gayest, loudest music rang in her ear, and its dazzling lights danced on her path, often came the pining like burning thirst that must find a fountain, and the low pleading voice within rose to a wild cry of need.

At last a fellow mortal came, of noble form and brow, and eloquent eye and lips. Soon was the light of that eye more to the maiden than all the glories of earth, and the voice more than all its music, for they beamed and spoke a love truer than the stars, deeper than the ocean, and sweeter and gentler than the dew.

In a rich garden where with the summer night air mingled the breath of flowers from many climes, secluded in a bower where stole no witting glance, but only moonbeams pierced the canopy of roses, there chose the maiden the God of her devotion. In her soul's most secret cell raised she an altar, and from a pure, deep well within her heart drew precious pearls to gem that altar, and there placed an image of the mortal she had made her God. Then to a changeless, willing homage was she dedicate. Beautiful and tireless was the solitary worship in that secret place of the soul. Not seven times a day did her thoughts retire there, nor three times turn her eye inward to the sacred shrine, but from the morning's dim dawn to the evening's grey, was there a new presence in the maiden's life, and the charmed eye could not cease from gazing.

* * * * *

* * * Traveller that wandering o'er the earth, dost seek to know those rites of worship man doth ever pay; turn from the dim cathedral where the solemn organ peals or the mournful miserere makes thee weep; where crowned heads and robed forms bow, and poet and philosopher are kneeling. Turn from these. Linger not before the strange orgies of the dark-minded pagan. Look not at the wreathed idol and the offerings at its feet, and the costly incense.

Come far away, and draw the veil from the deep place of a woman's heart, and see the rites of her eager worship. Now watch the maiden of the secret shrine.

She is offering sacrifices on that pearly altar. What are they? Words cannot tell—they are things of the soul—hoardings of the heart, which may not be named as are the treasures of earth, dug from its mines, or sailing o'er the seas.

She is twining the image with wreaths of flowers—the heart's own blossoms—of strange beauty and perfume; nourished by its vital vein, watered by tears of overflowing affection.

A torch is burning on the altar. Precious is the light, for Hope and Love feed it, and the fire is the union of two flames. From it rises holy incense—not like the smoke of meaner fires; but a mist of beautiful hues; and as it ascends, enclouds the image, so that if the idol be not really beautiful, it hath glorious colors to the worshipper's eye. * * * * * Alas! she dreameth not that as a mountain mist, so shall this pass away, and the torch go out in darkness.

Once while the maiden worshipped, *Truth* entered with a kindly, cautious tread, and gently said, "Erring child—I must wound thee—I must tell thee of devotion wasted—of tenderness poured forth like water on the ice-glazed rock—of wealth lavished to bring thee nothing back. The mortal thou hast chosen to worship hath form of mould divine—of noble brow, and eye of light, but the *soul* within is *not* noble.

Too poor to offer thee gifts great as thine, it is too mean to prize thy pearls but as sacrifices to its pride of thine homage.

Then the listener fixed on *Truth* a gaze of indignation, and sternly said, "Thou art Slander or Envy. Away, for holy ground is sacrilegious beneath thy feet."

But *Truth* still lingered, and her calm eyes filled with pitying tears. When the maiden saw those tears, the flash of anger quickly vanished from her own eyes, and raising them in wild agony, she cried, "Oh, *Truth*, I *must* believe!" Then the smitten one sank down as if *Death* had touched her; but the painful breath came again, and the pulse throbbed hot and quick; though she wished the gentle breeze would refuse to fan her, and the life blood freeze at its fountain. Then she sternly said, "I will destroy

the beauty of the place where I have worshipped." So she tore from the image the wreaths of flowers, still fresh with her heart's own life. The pearly altar was marred, and the image crushed and cast away. The bright torch was put out, and the beautiful mist cloud vanished.

* * * * A few days pass—yet to the sufferer as a long life's history—the noonday as the midnight—all darkness and tempest—wild fever and pain.

* * * * * It is a summer night, of balmy air and pearly sky. The maiden shuns the light of moon and stars, and wanders again in the shadowy forest.

Past now the burning fever and the piercing pain. She is risen in the icy coldness of despair. No more tears—no more tenderness—no more eager yearning in the dim eyes. No more pining in the soul. Earth hath no more for her to want. What now of the secret shrine and the image in the beautiful mist—albeit empty—desolate now.

A low voice of wailing is in the solitude; and these are the words of woe. "Oh, idol, all unworthy of the throne I gave thee, as once I worshipped, so I loathe thee now. It is not *thee* I mourn. Ah, I bewail the golden days and silvery nights, when heeding neither sun nor star, I did but live in adoring thee. Ah, holy vows—beautiful homage, how *wasted!*

And ye withered flowers—I would not wreath you more, where once ye twined. Alas! that thus I did devote the bright blossoms of my heart. How are ye wasted!

Altar in ruins—alas! that I have garnished, thus to see thee now. I mourn the jewels that on thee I wasted.

And the torch—it is gone out. Oh, the darkness, the dreariness!

Alas that living Hope and burning Love should turn to dead, cold ashes, lying forever on the soul's altar, never more to kindle one glowing spark, never to send up holy incense.

"YES! I WAS BORN IN ENGLAND."

The following lines refer to the scene in the beautiful story of "Mary Derwent," where the Missionary Varnum thinks he discovers in the proud lady before him, his long lost Catharine, and says, "Lady were you not born in England?"

Yes, I was born in England,
 Born in a land so bright,
 That the very heart grew happy
 And tranquil with delight,
 From basking in the glorious hues
 That sunny landscape wore,
 Hues of such gentle loveliness,
 I may never see more!

Far from that scene I've wandered,
 Far from that shore I roam,
 Far from the smiling beauty
 Of my much-loved childhood's home;
 Visions of startling beauty
 Since then have crossed my way,
 But the rose-twined home of childhood
 Shines with a clearer ray!

I've stood in the forest's stillness
 Of this far-off distant shore,
 With naught to break the silence
 Save the cold winds sweeping roar,
 As it wailed in tones of sadness,
 And its voice to the green hills fung;
 Or the startled leap of the wild deer
 As it bounded the crags among.

I've stood in these haunts of Nature,
 I've stood in the courts of Kings,
 But in my sad and weary way
 A voice of childhood rings,

Soothing my brow with lava,
 Comes my memory's burning tide,
 Haunting me most to madness
 With tones that should have died—

Tones that I fain would bury
 In the ocean's heaving breast,
 So I've tossed upon its billow—
 Its bright waves foaming crest;
 But in vain the ceaseless motion
 Of my way-worn, weary soul,
 The arrow still is rankling deep
 Of heavy guilt untold.

My heart seems linked to sadness
 As I press on my weary way,
 I long for some gentle voice to soothe
 My weight of misery;
 Could I but hear the gentle tones
 Of her whose voice is stilled,
 Methinks 't would lighten the weight of woe
 With which my heart is filled.

Thy fate was sad, fair lady!
 In sorrow I have wept
 That thou, so proud and beautiful,
 Should desolate be left—
 To sleep at last 'mid strangers
 Far from that sunny spot,
 Whose living greenness seemed to be
 Grown to thy very heart.

ZANA.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GIPSEY GIRL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 159.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER a time, during which I had been stupefied with the very weight of my new existence, the man came close to me and took my hand.

"Child," he said, bending over me till I could see the glitter of his eyes. "Child, are your eyes open? Is the knowledge complete?"

"Complete!" I answered, with a shudder.

"Look at me—who am I? What part have I taken in the past?"

"You are Chaleco—you loved my mother who fled with *him*. You bore me from the snow mountains, and warmed me in your arms when thoughts of her chilled me to the bone."

"And is that all?"

"No, the tent. I saw you there when that fierce woman fell dead upon the earth!"

"It is complete," he said, drawing up and lifting one hand to heaven, while the lightning glared upon him, "the Egyptian mysteries have lost nothing of their power, that which was eternal in Papita lives still in Chaleco. Who shall prevail against one who holds a being like this in his grasp: the soul which she put to sleep I awake. Girl of the Caloe stand up, let me see if the blood of our people is strong in your veins."

I stood upright, planting my feet upon the floor firm as a rock. His words seemed to inspire me with wild vitality. As I looked him in the face quick gleams of lightning shot around us; my soul grew fierce and strong beneath the lurid flashes of his eyes; my own scintillated as with sparks of fire. He spoke.

"Speak—are you Caloe or of the gentile? Base or brave? Speak the thought that is burning within you. Are you Aurora's child or his?"

My form dilated, my bosom heaved, I felt the hot blood flashing up to my forehead.

"I am Zana, Aurora's child," I answered, with ineffable haughtiness. "The snow that drank her blood quenched the pale drops in my veins."

"Come," cried Chaleco, seizing my hand—

"come and see the desolation which her rival left behind. You saw the wedding—your father's wedding—come now and look at the rooms that were to receive the bride."

He went to a fire-place that yawned in the chamber and fell upon his knees. Directly I heard the clash as of flint and steel driven furiously against each other, and the empty fire-place was revealed by the storm of sparks that broke upon the sculptured stones. His wild impetuosity defeated itself: five or six times he crashed the metal in one hand against the flint which was clenched in the other. At last the fierce sparks centred in a volume, and with a flaming torch in one hand Chaleco stood up.

"You are pale," he said, gazing sternly upon me. "Is this fear?"

"No," I answered, subduing a thrill of awe, as the darkness that had so long enveloped me was driven back in shadows, that hung like funereal drapery in the angles and corners of the chamber—"no, I am not afraid. But that which has been revealed to me may well leave my face white."

He looked at me keenly, holding up the torch till its blaze flamed across my eyes. This scrutiny of my features seemed to satisfy him, for his lip curved till the white teeth gleamed through, and he muttered to himself, "it is right, the blood that has left her face burns in the heart—she is one of us."

Muttering thus, he led the way from the chamber, sending a lurid glare backward from his torch along the damp walls of the circular staircase. Thus breaking through the shadows that gathered thick and close in the old building, he led me on; the tread of his heavy boots resounded through the vast apartments with a defiant clamor. He took no precaution to conceal his torch, which glared back from the closed windows as if the dull glass had been on fire.

We threaded galleries hung with grim old pictures, and peopled with statues, some antiques, some of bronze, and others simply of armor, the

iron shells from which warriors had perished. A thrill of awe crept over me as I passed these stern counterfeits of humanity, with their grim hollows choked up with shadows. As the torch-light fell now upon the limb of a statue, now across the fierce visage of a picture, now upon the dull coverings of oak, my imagination increased the desolate grandeur, till marble, iron and canvass seemed instinct with vitality.

This effect was not diminished by the wild look which Chaleco sent back from time to time as I followed him.

At last we reached a door, inlaid and empaneled with precious woods, Chaleco attempted to turn the lock. It resisted, and after shaking it fiercely he dashed one foot against it, which forced the bolt that had rusted in its socket.

"Come in," he said, "you shall see how the widow had prepared for her young bridegroom."

I entered, but the dull atmosphere, the damp, mouldy smell was like that of a tomb. Chaleco held up his torch, throwing its strong light in glaring flashes through the darkness. It had been a superb suit of apartments, hangings of azure silk, stained and black with mildew; Parisian carpets, from which clouds of dust rose at every foot tread; gildings that time had blackened into bronze, filled my gaze with a picture of silent desolation, that made my already warm heart sink heavier and heavier in my bosom.

I shrank back; Chaleco saw it, and urged me on with a grim smile. I remembered the scene of death he had revealed to me in my unnatural sleep, and feared to look upon the place of its actual perpetration.

The chamber we entered had once been all white and superb in its adornments. The walls were yet hung with fluted satin, once rich in snowy glass, but now striped with black, for accumulations of dust had filled all the flutings. Masses of dusky lace flowed down the windows, and were entangled over the bed with many a dim cobweb, that the spiders had been years weaving among their delicate meshes. Dust and mildew had crept over the bridal whiteness of everything. The couch was heaped with little mountains of dust; cobwebs hung low from the gilded cornices that gleamed through them here and there with ghastly splendor.

As Chaleco lifted his torch above the couch, a bat rent its way through the lace, scattering a cloud of dust over us, and remained overhead drearily flapping his great wings among the cobwebs, till they swayed over us like a thunder-cloud.

"Was it here the old woman killed her?" I whispered.

"No, she never reached this. It was at Clare Hall."

"Why do you bring me here?" I said, shuddering.

"That you may see how much power there was in an old woman's curse."

"It is terrible," I whispered, looking around. "My mother, has she not been fearfully avenged?"

"Avenged!" answered the gipsy; "do you call this vengeance? Not till every member of that proud house is in the dust—dead, disgraced, crippled, body and soul, shall Papita's curse be fulfilled!"

His words fell upon me like blows, they were crushing me to the earth. I thought of George Irving. His treachery was forgotten, my heart only remembered his kindness—his love.

"What, all?" I questioned.

"All! Poverty, disgrace, death, these are the curses which Papita has left for you to accomplish."

"For me?" I questioned, aghast.

"You—yes, it is your inheritance. She left it—I enforce—you accomplish it."

As he spoke, the bat made a faint noise that struck upon my ear like the amen of a demon, and, sweeping down from his cloud of cobwebs, he made a dash at Chaleco's torch which was extinguished by his wings.

"Give me your hand!" The gipsy seized my arm as he spoke, and led me onward in the darkness. I followed in silence, rendered desperate by all I had suffered and seen.

At length we reached the open air, and stood together upon the entrance steps. The rain had ceased, the clouds were drifting together in broken masses, leaving fissures and gleams where the cold blue was visible, winding like half frozen rivers between the dull clouds. The dense vegetation, the vines and huge elms were dripping with rain, and every leaf shone like silver when the moon, for a moment, struggled out from the clouds that overwhelmed it.

My horse stood cowering by the steps. The whole force of the storm had beat cruelly upon the poor old fellow.

Chaleco lifted me to his back, and commanding me to wait, went away. Directly he reappeared, mounted on what appeared to be a spirited horse, which he rode without saddle.

"Come on!" he said, striking Jupiter with his whip, "let's be moving."

"Where?" I questioned, sick at heart with a fear that he would not allow me to return home.

"To your inheritance—to Clare Hall!"

"But that is not my inheritance!"

"You are the child of its lord, and he is dying."

"But I am not his heir." "

"Before morning, you will have proof that you are his child. You know surely how to work on the repentance of a dying man. Go to him, Zana, this estate and others are his—no claim, no drawback—nothing that the English call an entail on it. One dash of his hand, and it is yours."

"But it was her's, not his—the Greenhurst belonged to Lord Clare's wife," I said, recoiling from the idea of possessing wealth that had once belonged to my mother's rival.

"It must be wrested from the Clares—it must be an inheritance for you and your people, Zana," he said, riding close to me as Jupiter picked his way along the broken road, which was left almost impassable by the storm. And he added,

"If that man dies without enriching you and your tribe by the spoils of his marriage, the curse of Papita will fall on you."

"It is here already," I answered, shuddering, "with nothing to trust—nothing to love—deceived, cheated, outraged. What curse can equal this?"

"Have you not deserved it?" he questioned, sternly.

"How?"

"Where was your heart? Had not the blood of our people grown pale in it? Did you give it to a Clare, and hope to go uncursed? The cry of your mother's blood, is it nothing?"

"I did not know of it—oh, would to heaven I had never known," was my wild answer. "What am I to do?—how act?"

"Go home—be passive—let the curse work itself out. You know all, tell it to your father."

"It will kill him!" I cried.

"Well!" The word fell upon my ear like a blow, it was uttered so fiercely.

"Oh, don't!—this conflict—this hardness—it kills me."

"No, there must be death, but not for you till the work is done."

"Oh, what is this fearful work?"

"Nothing, only wait. Men who know how to wait for vengeance need only be patient and look on. Death is here—I, this night give you proofs that will sweep all the wealth Lord Clare intends for that false boy into his daughter's lap. Poh, child, revenge is nothing when forced, the soul that knows how to wait need not work."

I did not comprehend the cold-blooded philosophy of his words—what young heart could? But one thing I did understand, George Irving might be independent of his mother. The property that Chaleco was grasping for me must be wrested from him. A fierce joy possessed me

with the thought. If this wealth were offered to me it would place his destiny in my hands, I could withhold or restore independence to the man who had trifled with my orphanage—taken the friend from my bosom, and uprooted my faith in human goodness. Not for one moment did I dream of taking his inheritance, but there was joy in the thought of humbling him to the dust by restoring it with my own hands. Too young to comprehend the refined selfishness of this idea, it really seemed that there was magnanimity in the desire to humiliate a man I had loved.

As we rode on toward Clare Park, my frame began to sink beneath the excitement that nothing human could have supported. My head reeled: the damp branches that swept across my path almost tore me from the saddle. Jupiter too was tired and worn out with the drenching storm; he staggered along the road with his head bent to the ground, ready to drop beneath my insignificant weight. Chaleco saw this, and rode closer to my side just in time to receive me on his arm as I was falling.

Without a word he lifted me to his own horse, and cast Jupiter's bridle loose.

"Poor old fellow, let him go home," he said, with a laugh; "but as for you and I, Zana, we have more to accomplish yet."

He held me close with his left arm, grasping the bridle with the same hand. Placing his right hand upon my forehead, he rode slowly for a while, till the strength came back to my limbs, and a certain vividness of intelligence possessed me again. Then he spoke.

"Hold tight to me and be strong, we have lost much time that may be important," he said.

Without waiting for a reply, he put his horse into a sharp canter and sped on, I hardly knew or cared in what direction. At last he dismounted and placed me upon the ground, asking abruptly if I knew the objects around me. The moon was out just then, and I looked earnestly about. It was the spot where the gipsy tent had been pitched, from whence, only twenty-four hours before, my first memory had dated. The spring where I had found Cora, when an infant, flowed softly on in the hollow at a little distance; and before me, where the moonbeams lay like silver upon the wet grass, I saw the meadow which had once been my sole place of refuge.

"You know the place?" said Chaleco; "it was here she died. Wait a little."

He searched among the ferns and long broke leaves that overhung the bank, which I have described as rising abruptly from the spring, and drew forth a pick-axe and spade covered with rust. A fragment of rock lay embedded in the

bank, around which mosses and gorse of many years growth had crept.

With two or three blows of the pick-axe, he sent this stone crashing down into the water, which rose up in a wild shower all around as it recoiled from the rude mass.

Chaleco shook off the drops like a water dog, and continued to turn up the earth. Directly he threw up a slab of slate rock, broad, and some inches thick, which certainly could not originally have belonged to the soil in which it lay.

Throwing this slab back, the gipsy fell upon his knees, and, groping downward, brought up a bronze box or coffer, from which he brushed the soil with reverential slowness.

"Loose the key hung around your neck by that chain of hair," he said, holding the box up in the moonlight and searching for the lock. I started. This was proof undoubted that the gipsy had never lost a clue to my identity, for no human being except Maria was aware that a key of antique gold and platina had always hung around my neck.

I drew it forth with a feeling of awe, and watched in silence while Chaleco fitted it in the lock. It turned with difficulty, grating through the rust, and when the lid gave way, it was with a noise that sounded upon my ear like a moan of suppressed pain.

"What is it?" I said, looking into the open box as one gazes into a coffin after it has been long closed, curious, but yet afraid.

"It is all that you will ever know of her—of your mother!" he answered, with a touch of bitter sadness in his voice.

I received the box reverentially in both my hands.

"Take it," said Chaleco, closing the lid; "read them before you sleep!"

"It seems to me that I should never sleep again." I said this to Chaleco, but he answered me sharply, and thrusting the spade and pick-axe roughly aside with his foot, strode away telling me to follow. The sight of the box I held seemed to irritate him, as the scent of blood excites a wild animal. I folded it to my bosom with both arms, and though it sent a chill through every vein of my body, tightened my hold each moment with a painful feeling that I held the very soul of my mother close to my heart—the dead leaves of a flower that had been so beautiful when the life was in them.

Chaleco strode on in silence. The shadow from his broad leaved hat deepened the sombre gloom of his countenance, the moonlight, which struck across the lower part of his face, revealed the ferocious compression of his mouth.

With all my fatigue, I scarcely felt the distance as we walked rapidly through the park. Chaleco did not speak till we came in sight of my home, then he paused and turned.

"Zana," he said, speaking low and huskily—"Zana, remember you have a stern task for this night—your mother's death to revenge—your people's interest to secure. Read and act."

He spoke with an effort, and sprang away as if the presence of any human thing were a torture.

I was in the edge of our garden when he left me. A noise among the shrubs drew me onward, and I found Jupiter lying close to his stable, still saddled, and with the bridle dangling around his head.

I had no room in my heart for compassion, even for the poor old fellow. To have saved his life I would not have set down my box for a moment, so I left him and entered the house.

A night lamp burned in the lower entrance, for Turner was still absent; and Maria supposed us both at the Hall. I took the lamp and went to my room.

No sense of fatigue—not even the awe that crept over me could restrain the desire that I felt to examine the box. I placed it on the floor, fell upon my knees by it, and, with the lamp standing near, lifted the lid.

A quantity of folded papers, a fragment of crimson ribbon, and the gleam of antique gold, floated mistily beneath my gaze. My fingers trembled as they touched the papers, yellow with age, and blackened with the written misery of my mother. I took them up, one by one, reverently, and holding my breath. It was long before I could see clearly enough to distinguish one letter from another. But at last the paper ceased to rattle in my hand—the delicate letters grew distinct, and with eager eyes I devoured them.

At first, the writing was broken in its language and stiff in chirography, like the earliest attempts of a school girl to write; the sentiments too were imperfectly expressed, and full of wild fancies, that so appealed to my own nature that my heart answered them like an echo.

There was something child-like and exceedingly beautiful in the expressions of happiness, which broke out through all the imperfections of language and style. The poetry of a rich nature, just beginning to yield itself to the influences of civilization, spoke in every word. Never did the records of a human life seem so full of sunshine—never have I seen a register of affection so deep, and of a faith so perfect.

I read eagerly, turning over page after page, and gathering their contents at a glance. The dates changed frequently. At first, they were in

Seville, then in various continental cities, where, it seems, Lord Clare had taken her after their flight from Grenada, upon whose snow mountains she had at last perished.

Still, the record continued one of unbroken happiness. She invariably mentioned Lord Clare as her husband; but now and then came an expression of anxiety for the thoughtfulness that would, at times, resist all her efforts to amuse him. As the manuscript progressed, it was easy to trace the development of a vigorous mind under the healthy influence of an intellect more powerful than itself. There was a break in the manuscript. The next date was scattered. No town, no country, but simply the hills of Scotland.

Oh, how beautiful was the gush of affection with which she spoke of her infant. How thoroughly maternal joy expanded and deepened every feeling of her womanhood! Still it was here that I found the first trace of that sorrow which soon darkened every page. Her warm heart was dissatisfied with the measured affection with which Lord Clare received his child. She questioned the cause, finding it only in herself—her want of power to interest wholly a mind like his. She wrote of two old people who were kind to her and her little one, while Lord Clare was abroad on the hills, or absent on some of those long journeys which he occasionally made into England. Again the scene changed, and she was at Clare Hall, so happy, so more than pleased with the beauty and comforts of the home which promised to be permanent at last. She described the dwelling, the rooms, with their exquisite adornments, the statuettes and pictures, with the glow of a vivid mind and warm heart. She spoke of her child—the pretty room that was prepared for it—the devotion of a Spanish bonne that Lord Clare had procured from Spain, with every minute of her happy life. How fearfully strange it seemed to feel that I was the child so loved and cared for, that even then I was acting my part in the mournful drama that had left me worse than an orphan. How often did I find myself described, my eyes, the flowing wealth of my curls, the precocious vigor of my mind.

On a sudden the whole character of the manuscript changed, the delicate writing grew abrupt and broken, wild dashes appeared where sentences should have been, and a spirit of sadness pervaded every written word. She no longer spoke of Lord Clare with the exulting love that had, at first, marked her every thought; and every time her child was mentioned, the name seemed written in tears. Still it was but the shadow of her unhappiness that appeared—no

broad mention of discontent was written, but a foreboding of evil, a dread of impending bereavement fell upon the heart with every sentence.

At last it came. Lord Clare—her husband loved another—had loved another long before he found her—a poor Gitanilla—in the ruins of the Alhambra.

With what a burst of anguish the truth was written—how terrible it must have looked glaring on her, in words formed by her own hand. Poor thing—she had attempted to dash the sentence out, but the quivering hand had only scattered it with blots, soiling the records as with drops of mourning, but not obliterating a single word.

After this, there was no connection between the wild snatches of anguish—the pathetic despair—the pleadings for a return of love which were written in all the eloquence of desperation, and blistered with tears that stained its surface yet.

Trouble blinded my eyes as I read. My hands trembled as they grasped the paper on which her tears had fallen. My soul was full of my mother—tortured by her grief, swelling fiercely with a bitter sense of her wrongs.

I read on to the end. All my mother's history was before me—I saw her as she described herself, a wild, dancing girl of Grenada, thrown upon the notice of a romantic and imaginative young man—that gipsy marriage in the caverns of the Alhambra was before me in all its dismal terrors. Was it a marriage, or a deception by which my mother was betrayed? Whatever it was, *she* believed it to be real. No doubt that she was Lord Clare's wife ever appeared, till, in the last page, the cry of her wronged love broke out in one fierce burst of sorrow. The certainty that he loved another—had never really loved her, uprooted the very fibres of life. She never wrote rationally after that.

"I will go," she wrote, and great drops as of rain stained the paper, blotting out half the words—"I will go to him once more, and tell him of my oath. Surely, surely he will not let me die—me, his wife, his poor Gitanilla, whose beauty is not all gone yet. This woman, does she love him as I do? Will she give up—oh, heaven forgive me, I gave up nothing. What had I to yield, a poor, dancing gipsy, with nothing on earth that was her own, but the beauty of which he is tired, and the heart he is breaking? But she, this woman with one husband in the grave—what can she offer that Aurora did not give? Still oh, misery, misery, he loves her, I can see it—he thinks me blind, unconscious, content with the sparse hours that he deals out grudgingly to me and my child. Content! well, well, it may not be. I have read

of jealous hearts that create by wayward suspicions the evil they dread. What if I were one of them? Oh, heavens, what happiness if it rested thus with me! Let me hope—let me hope! * * * *

“It is over, he has struck my child—the blow has reached my heart. *She* is at his dwelling—I too will enter it—I too will strike. Have I not sworn an oath that must be redeemed? *His* oath is forgotten. The gipsies remember better! * * * She sleeps in his house to-night, I will be there! How wakeful the child is! How wild and fiery are the eyes with which she has been watching me from that heap of cushions. They are closed, and I will steal away. But how come back? Will it be the last time? * * * *

“I have seen them both—he has told me all. He never loved me, not even then, among those ruins. Never loved me! Oh, my God, am I mad to repeat these words over and over as the suicide, frantic with the first blow, plunges the dagger again and again in his bosom? Why cannot words kill like daggers? They pierce deeper, they torture worse: but we live. Yes, if this pang could not wrench all the strings of life away, nothing can reach this shallow hold on existence. He has told me with his own lips that I am not loved, that in all his life that woman has ever stood between me and him. I rose from my knees then and stood up. Did I entreat? No, no! Perhaps he expected it—perhaps he thought the abject gipsy blood would creep to his feet yet. * * * *

“Why was Zana waiting in the darkness of that house? How much her eyes looked like those of my grand-dame. Ha, my oath. It is

well I kept silent there. Have I not sworn that nothing but death shall separate us two? Let them live, the despised gipsy has the courage to die. Zana, my child, gather up your strength, many dreary miles stretch between us and the caves of Grenada, but death is there. Without his love, my poor little one, what can we do but die?” * * * *

Here the manuscript ended. But upon one of its blank pages was written, in another hand, words that froze the tears in my heart.

It was a stern command to forsake the people of my father's blood; and after avenging my mother's death, return to my own tribe forever. The words were strong with bitter hate, that seemed to burn into the paper on which they were written. The fearful document was signed PAPITA.

The papers dropped from my hand. I remember sitting, like one stupified, gazing down upon a pile of gold that half filled the coffer, and fascinated by the glitter of two antique ear-rings, set with great rubies, that glowed out from the gold like huge drops of blood that had petrified there. I took them up and clasped them in my ears; their history was written out in the manuscript I had just read; and I locked them in my ears as a seal to the promise made in my heart that moment, to obey the command of my gipsy ancestress.

But while I searched among the gold for some other token, a strange stupor crept over me, and I fell exhausted on the floor, folding my arms over the bronze box and its contents.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MOSS ROSE.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

THE Power that presides o'er all,
The garden's lovely flowerets gay—
Had danced at Nature's festival,
And wandered forth one Summer day;
O'er tired she lay'd her down to rest
Beneath a blushing rose-bush sweet,
Where leaves and dew beneath the feet
Lay like a fragrant emerald vest!
The mid-day sun was riding high,
And not a zephyr's wing went by,
She slept all sweetly in the shade
Which that rich blooming floweret made:
Awaking sudden from her dream
Of golden beauty, which had wove
Its pleasing spell of magic power,

In pictured scenes of Angel love!
“Most lovely child,” the Spirit cried,
“Receive my thanks, for thou to me
Hast been a grateful shelter now,
Say what may I repay to thee?”
The blushing Queen of flowers replied,
(And bowed her head in graceful pride,
“Then grant another charm to me,
That I henceforth more sweet shall be,
And all unrivalled bloom among
The flowery race—a theme for song!”
The gentle Angel wreathed the rose
In fragrant moss, all simply sweet,
Giving the earth a peerless flower,
Where modesty and beauty meet!

DANCING, THEATRES, THE OPERA.

BY E. J. TILT, M. D.

DANCING in itself is excellent exercise. The ancients made it a part of their admirable system of gymnastics, and combined with music they thereby succeeded in calming mental derangement—an application lately revived with great utility in institutions devoted to the treatment of insanity; but there is nothing hygienic in the dancing of the present day, nor in the hours of its performance. Still we cannot admit the baneful influence which some medical ascetics have ascribed to this exercise, nor agree with some German writers that waltzing causes the degeneration of the race. We have no hesitation in saying that a party, now and then, is an excellent means of keeping down the redundant spirits of excitable girls, or of throwing a little life into those that are chlorotic. But there is a difference between a party now and then, and the daily succession of evening amusements. We might urge numerous reasons showing the evils to be derived from the aguish existence of the votaries of fashion, and perhaps none, after all, would be so convincing as the loss of personal beauty, for no constitution can withstand constant excitement; and the inevitable consequence of turning night into day soon turns the bloom of the damask to the tints of the yellow rose, while emaciation soon destroys all youthful appearance of form, and at the end of the season blooming girls have become semi-anxious wrecks.

Dancing we have allowed to be good, but we must not omit mentioning what must be evident to all, that there are different modes of going through the very same dances; and even in the best circles gentlemen sometimes permit themselves to dance in a manner not altogether dictated by decorum. More than once have we heard of fashionable dressmakers effectually silencing the complaints made by their fair customers, that the flowers for the corsage of an evening dress were not sufficiently good, by saying, "We never put any better, and you will find them quite flat and destroyed before the party is over."

Whether this is as contrary to morality as it is to hygiene, we leave to the decision of experienced mothers who may remember what effect waltzing had upon themselves. In a medical point of view we must observe, that women who

have any tendency to diseases of the heart, the lungs, or the brain, should certainly abstain from waltzing, the gyratory motion of which must be prejudicial by its determining the blood to those organs.

Dramatic representations have so powerfully contributed to the advancement of human intellect, and are so susceptible of being enlisted in the cause of morality, and for the propagation of every ennobling virtue, that we cannot understand why they should now be so often devoted to the glorification of the ruling passion. Farce, comedy, melo-drama, or tragedy—it matters not which, for all are stuffed full of love—all hinge on matrimony, even if they do not derive their piquancy from something less fitted for the understanding of a young lady. Now all this may do neither good nor harm to those whose characters are formed; but we are of opinion that it is better to keep a girl from them as long as possible.

Admitting even that the stage does not openly preach vice now, as in the days of Sheridan, we should still observe on the theatrical performances of the present day, that it would be a grave and melancholy attempt to compute the amount of evil influence that plays have exercised on the malleable minds of youth during the long period of their admired representation. What contradictions have they not afforded to the lessons of the fireside and the promptings of a sound heart and a well-trained mind.

Instead of borrowing moral filth or melo-dramatic horrors from the French stage, why do not our dramatic writers, since they lack original inspiration, seek that of nobler models?—why not in Calderon, for instance, the greatest of all dramatists, whose stage conceptions of things are pure, and in harmony with Christian love, seen in its light, and painted with its celestial colors?

If what we have said of dancing and theatres be true, what must be their effects when combined with painting, in that most wonderful invention of modern times—the Opera?

Some people there are, indeed, blessed with a constitutional coldness which nothing can warm; but to others the Opera may be a potent engine of mischief, whenever it is not made a powerful

lever to ennoble humanity. The animated dialogue requires the most passionate poetry to express the enthusiasm of feeling. The emotions are represented to be so intense, that in the language of music alone can accents be found sufficiently acute or sufficiently imposing to express their overwhelming grandeur. The human mind is then represented in so deep a paroxysm, that it disdains the slow medium of words to convey its meaning, but adopts the instantaneous, silent eloquence of look and gesture; and is not the whole of man supposed to be so *possessed*, that his very limbs are impelled to movements, rhythmic, poetical, and in harmonious unison with the exalted state of all the other faculties? And is not all this represented in the midst of fascinating scenery, ever varying in changes which impress the mind with the conviction of its reality? Such is the Opera; and whenever it seeks to take the human heart by assault, attacking it in its weakest part, then, in our humble opinion, would it be advisable to keep sensitive young ladies from it, at least until they are married. Why should not the same magnificent machinery be more frequently made use of for the glorification of so many other noble emotions dear to the human feelings? Is the historic page so poor in scenes of heroic patriotism, that none can be found

grand enough to be adorned by the combined influence of painting, music, and poetry? "Masaniello," "William Tell," "Fidelio," and many others, not only interest us, but show that the Opera may be made a means of ennobling man.

Without wishing to see the Opera annihilated, we may hope to see it purified, renewed, ennobled; and so, doubtless, does Carlyle, who objects to it on the ground of its unveracity. He does not see the meaning of "women whistling and spinning there in strange, mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing themselves motionless, each upon her left or right great toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees—as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous cohort, of mad, restlessly jumping, and clipping scissors, and so bidding them rest with opened blades, and stand still, in the devil's name! A truly notable motion; marvelous, almost miraculous, were not the people there so used to it; motion peculiar to the Opera—perhaps the ugliest, and surely the most difficult, ever taught a female creature in this world." His stern mind cannot imagine either why music, divine music, should be "condemned to go mad and burn herself for a kind of service which is rather Paphian, on such a funeral pile."

TO THE LAST MORNING STAR.

BY REV. DR. BOOKER.

MEEK lamp of Heaven! thy splendors fade away,
As proudly rises the bright king of day;
Who, clothed in grandeur, all around him, far,
Pours floods of radiance from his fiery car.
Pale and more pale thy softer lustre grows,
As ruddier, with his beams, yon orient glows;

So shall my little lamp of life decline,
As that which never wanes begins to shine.
Then, when has pass'd away this mortal night,
Full, on my raptur'd view, shall visions bright
Burst! while thy portals, Heaven! shall wide display
The boundless glories of eternal day.

MERRY ALICE.

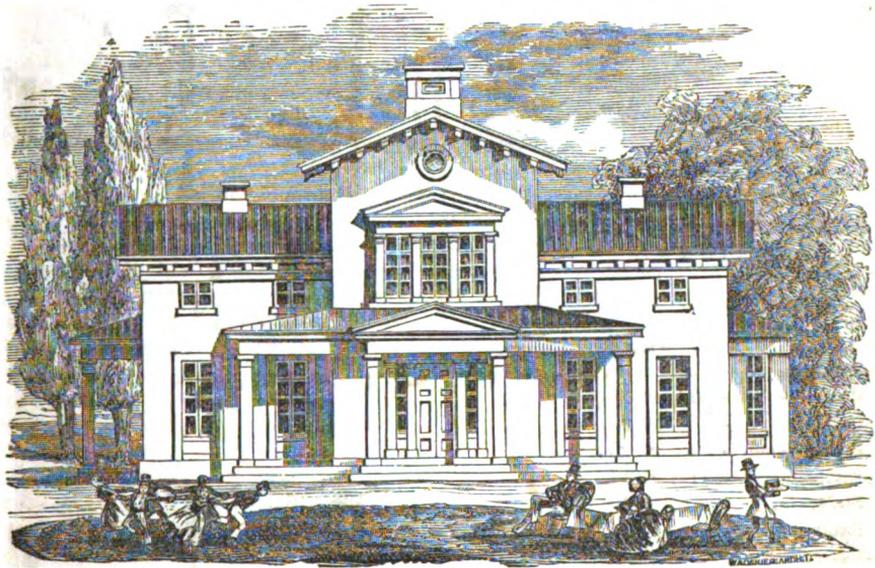
BY W. R. MANDALE.

Oh, Alice, merry Alice,
As bird on Summer tree,
Or o'er some wild flower chalice,
As blythesome honey-bee;
Thou art as full of happiness,
With soul from guile as free!

Oh, Alice, merry Alice,
Were all the world like thee,
As destitute of malice,
As full of harmless glee,
This earth would be a Paradise,
And merry angels we!

COTTAGE AND VILLA ARCHITECTURE.

A VILLA IN THE CLASSICAL STYLE.



It must not be understood that symmetry can only exist in regular buildings. This is not the case. On the contrary, the most irregular building, if composed by an artist of genius and taste, will always evince symmetry; that is to say, it will form an outline, in which there will be a central portion, a point, to balance and unite the parts or wings on either side into one symmetrical whole; and yet, if they do not balance each other in form and proportion, still balance in the general mass and grouping of the composition. Every building must show some balance in the opposite parts, otherwise it may be called odd, grotesque, or picturesque, but can never be called beautiful.

The hall, sixteen by eighteen feet, is itself a very fine apartment, and communicates with the other rooms in a satisfactory manner. It is quite sufficiently lighted by the transom over the door, and by the two narrow windows on either side. From this hall a door communicates with the staircase, and, opposite, another with the parlor. This parlor is seventeen by twenty-six feet, and forms a very handsome apartment; the bow window is well placed, and will produce a fine effect, particularly if filled with stained glass, of a quiet tone of color. This room communicates with the dining-room, which

is eighteen by twenty feet, communicating direct with the kitchen.

The arrangement of these rooms will be found both convenient and beautiful. All the apartments may be thrown *en suite* by the communicating doors, or each may be rendered quite separate and distinct. The entrance hall if paved with marble or encaustic tiles, would be a most agreeable saloon in summer, opening as it does on the veranda. The entrance door may be closed in the winter, and the door to the staircase used. The kitchen is twelve and a half by seventeen feet. There is a fine pantry, eight feet square. Between this and the kitchen is a passage, or rather, an entry communicating with a small veranda. This passage will be found very convenient in winter, as the kitchen door, leading out to the veranda, may be closed, and the door from this passage used, which will keep from the kitchen the cold and draught of air.

The second story is divided into five spacious bed-rooms, the sizes of which are given on the annexed measurements. There is a fine bath-room attached, eight by twelve and a half feet. There are two good servant-rooms, finished in the garret, lighted by windows in the gables, and ascended to by a flight of steps in the passage.

The first story walls may be thirteen inches thick, and the second nine inches, with inside studding. The veranda will be built of wood, painted and sanded, to harmonize with the walls.

To build this design satisfactorily, working drawings and specifications would of course, be required from the architect.

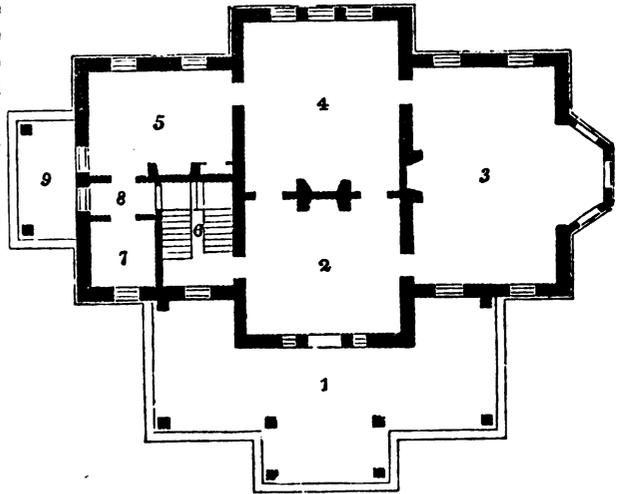
DIMENSIONS.

PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

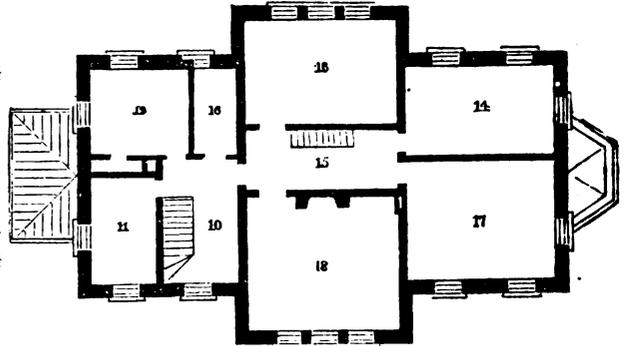
- | | FEET. |
|-----------------------|-------------|
| 1. Veranda, - - | 10 ft wide. |
| 2. Hall, - - - | 16 X 18 |
| 3. Parlor, - - - | 17 X 26 |
| 4. Dining-room, - | 18 X 20. |
| 5. Kitchen, - - | 12½ X 17 |
| 6. Staircase, - - | 8½ X 13 |
| 7. Pantry, - - - | 8 X 8 |
| 8. Passage, - - - | 8 X 4½ |
| 9. Kitchen veranda, 7 | X 14 |

SECOND FLOOR.

- | | |
|----------------------|----------|
| 10. Staircase, - - | 8½ X 14 |
| 11. Bath-room, - - | 8 X 12½ |
| 12. Bed-room, - - - | 10 X 11½ |
| 13. Bed-room, - - - | 12½ X 18 |
| 14. Bed-room, - - - | 11 X 17 |
| 15. Passage, - - - | 18 X 7 |
| 16. Linen press, - - | 5 X 10 |
| 17. Bed-room, - - - | 14 X 17 |
| 18. Bed-room, - - - | 16 X 18 |



GROUND PLAN.



PLAN OF SECOND STORY.

INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB

OF AN ONLY CHILD IN MOUNT IDA CEMETERY, TROY, N. Y.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

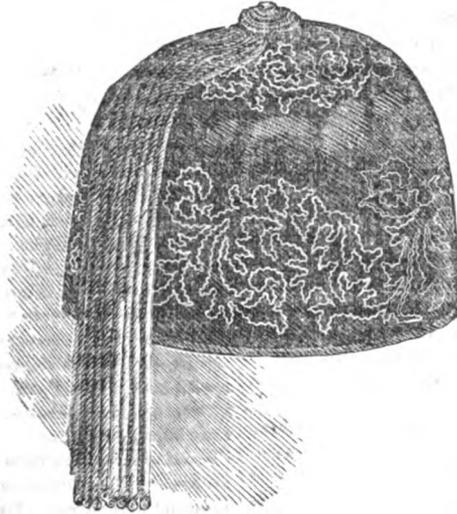
LITTLE flower of fragile stem,
 Love and beauties' treasured gem,
 We may weep not for thy doom,
 Thou art faded—but to bloom
 In the Spirit-land eternal,
 Blossom vallies ever vernal—

Fanned by winds that know no sighing,
 Decked by flowerets never dying;
 Faith's bright wings to Heaven are spread,
 Christ is risen from the dead!
 He of light, and life, the giver,
 Lov'd one—thou art His forever!

OUR WORK TABLE.

BRAIDED LOUNGING CAP

BY M^{LLE}. DEFOUR.



MATERIALS.—Three-quarters of a yard of rich blue velvet, one piece of *soutache*, gold and silver blended, one yard of cord to match, and a bullion tassel of the same metals.

We regret that the size of this design enables us to give only the general appearance: nothing can, however, exceed it in richness or beauty, whilst at the same time the materials are not exceedingly expensive; and the labor is such as any one can accomplish in a couple of days.

Soutache is the generic name under which all braids and gimps are known in France. Some are exceedingly simple. Others, like the one with which our lounging-cap was worked, are extremely ornamental. This one, with several others, was made indeed expressly for ourselves. Some have chenille and gold or silver mingled;

others are of silk only; many are shaded in one or two colors, and these are very beautiful.

The depth of the head-piece is about six inches and a half, without allowing for turnings in. It is set full round a crown of about five inches in diameter. The design, which is a rich braiding pattern, occupies a depth of four inches, and the crown is entirely covered with it. The velvet must be marked as in ordinary braiding patterns. Of course, any combinations of colors may be used. Cerise or crimson and gold look very well on purple or green. All violets on green; green on claret, or black. The tassel should then be of gold only.

When braided, the cap must be neatly made up by lining with silk, and finished round the head with gold cord.

OCTOBER.

BY PERCIE H. SELTON.

Now brown October comes o'er hill and dale,
The mists curl upward from the sheltered stream,
Pipes through the chilly wood the rising gale,
And all the plain glows with the sunset gleam.

The grapes, in clusters, hang upon the vine,
The ruddy apples in the orchard glow,
By every jocund sound and every sign,
Bright Autumn—matron of the year—we know!

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Crystal Palace was opened in the evening, for the first time, on the second of September. No person, who can make it convenient, should omit to visit this exhibition. If, after going in the day time to study the articles on show, they will repair thither again at night, and see this fairy-like structure in all the brilliancy of an illumination, they will be reminded of Aladdin's Palace, as described in the Arabian Nights. The exhibition is, beyond all comparison, the best America has ever had. Our fair readers will be particularly delighted with the rich fabrics, the statues, the pictures, and the exquisite jeweler's work. The display is much more extensive now than it was earlier in the season; for at that time all the articles had not arrived. Though the Palace is not as large as the London one, nor even that erected since at Dublin, it is still an imposing edifice, and very much superior to anything ever used for the purpose in America before. Among the most striking of the statues are Powers' "Eve," and the famous "Amazon," by Kiss. But to enumerate even the best of the works of art would require more space than we can allow. Enough that the exhibition is a gallery of art.

COLORING STEEL FASHION PLATES.—We give, this month, another of our colored steel fashion plates. Match it anywhere, on this side of the Atlantic, if you can! Our rule is, when we undertake to do any thing, to do it so that "it can't be beat;" and hence, when we give colored fashion plates, they are from exquisitely engraved steel plates. Each of these plates costs as much to engrave and print as any other line engraving, and afterward we have to pay a large price for the coloring, which is done by hand. How many could a fair reader color a day? Let her try, when she will discover how expensive this process is, for the cost is in proportion to the difficulty. We have our reward, however, for this outlay, in the unanimous verdict of the public, that our fashion plates are immeasurably ahead of all competition. Says the Milton (Pa.) Democrat, "The fashion plates are vastly superior to those of any other Magazine published in America." The Macon Republican says:—"Peterson is always ahead of his cotemporaries in fashion plates." The Mount Vernon (Ind.) Gazette, says:—"This is decidedly the Ladies' Magazine, as it purports to be. It is always ahead of its cotemporaries in giving the fashion plates."

THE SECRET FOUND OUT.—We are often asked how we can afford to furnish "Peterson" so cheaply. The Ballston (N. Y.) Journal has discovered the secret. That paper says:—"How such a splendid

work can be afforded for so little money, we cannot imagine, unless it be on the plan of 'large sales and small profits.'"

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Sketches of My Time. By Sir Jonah Barrington. 1 vol. New York: J. S. Redfield. Philada: W. B. Zeiber.—The author of this racy volume was an Irish cadet of ancient family, who began his career toward the last century, and died during the second quarter of the present one. He studied for the Irish bar, and rose rapidly to opulence. Mingling in the best society of his day, yet familiar also with the manners of the peasantry; spending his maturer years in Dublin, yet riding circuit in the wildest rural districts; cotemporary with Curran, Grattan, Castlereagh, the Volunteer Association, the Irish rebellion, and the Union:—he brought to the task of writing these memories of his times, a rare combination of advantages, and such as he has availed himself of with even rarer skill. The volume is full of wit, graphic delineations of character, sparkling anecdote, and valuable historical reminiscences. A century hence it will be considered more valuable than a dozen histories of Ireland in 1790, because it will give a picture of the social state of the island, at that time, such as can be found nowhere else: indeed the work already is worth a dozen dull histories. A certain self-satisfied garrulity, proof that the volume was written in old age, is not the least pleasant, because one of the most characteristic, recommendations of the book. Mr. Redfield has published the work in excellent style, illustrating it with two of Darley's inimitable sketches.

Collier's Pocket Shakspeare. Vol. II. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—In addition to the imperial octavo edition of Shakspeare, as restored by Collier, which we notice in another place, Mr. Redfield has begun the publication of a 16 mo edition, in eight volumes, uniform with the celebrated Chiswick edition. The price of each volume, neatly bound in embossed cloth, is seventy-five cents; and the entire series will be finished in about two months. In many respects this edition is preferable to the octavo one. It will certainly be the most convenient for casual reading, as a volume may be carried in the pocket quite conveniently.

The Text of Shakspeare Restored. Nos. VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI and XII. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—This valuable edition of the great English dramatist rapidly approaches its conclusion. Lose no time in subscribing for it, if you have not done so already. The numbers are but twenty-five cents a piece.

The Political and Military History of the Campaign of Waterloo. Translated from the French of Gen. Baron de Jomini, by S. V. Benet, U. S. Ordnance. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—This is probably the best account of the Waterloo campaign extant. Everything connected with Napoleon has acquired new interest since the restoration of his dynasty. The translation is faithful, though not always elegant. Mr. Redfield has issued the volume in neat style, and accompanied by a map of the campaign, indispensable to all who would fully understand the operations of the armies.

The Complete Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Vol. VII. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This admirable edition of the works of Coleridge is brought to a conclusion in the present volume, which contains the political and dramatic compositions of "the old man eloquent." No library, which pretends to be even comprehensive, much less complete, should be without these volumes. The publishers have issued the whole series in a uniform style, with new type and excellent paper, and bound in cloth backs with red edges.

The United States Illustrated. Edited by Charles A. Dana. Nos. I and II. New York: Herrmann J. Meyer.—Under this title, Mr. Meyer has begun a quarto serial, each number containing four steel plates, illustrative of scenery in the United States. The two first numbers are devoted to the West. Each number is fifty cents. The letter-press is by C. A. Dana, a competent writer.

Cranford. By the author of "Mary Barton." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of "Mary Barton" and "Ruth" cannot write badly, even when, as now, she has almost nothing to write about. "Cranford" is a picture of life in a secluded country town; the sketch is graphic; and as interesting as an almost total want of plot can make it.

Philip in Search of a Wife. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—We have here a new edition of a popular fiction, the scene of which is laid in New England, and which abounds with graphic sketches of character. It is published in a cheap style.

The Emigrant Squire. By P. Hamilton Myers. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is a new edition of a popular American novel, written by the author of "Bell Brandon," a celebrated two hundred dollar prize story.

Meyer's Universum. Vol. II. Parts II and III. New York: Herrmann J. Meyer.—This illustrated serial maintains its spirit. Twenty-five cents a number.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

A Beef Steak Pudding.—Make into a very firm, smooth paste, one pound of flour, six ounces of beef suet, finely chopped, half a tea-spoonful of salt, and half a pint of cold water. Line with this a basin holding a pint and a half. Season a pound of tender steak, free from bone and skin, with half an ounce

of salt, and half a tea-spoonful of pepper, well mixed together; lay it in the crust, pour in a quarter of a pint of water, roll out the cover, close the pudding carefully, and tie a floured cloth over. Boil it for three hours and a half. To make Ruth Pinch's pudding, a la Dickens, substitute six ounces of butter for the suet, and moisten the paste with the well-beaten yolks of four eggs, mixed with a little water; butter the basin very thickly before the crust is laid in, as it is to be turned out of it for table.

Baked Ham.—Unless when too salt from not being sufficiently soaked, a ham eats much better baked than boiled, and remains good longer. Lay it in plenty of cold water over night. The next day soak for an hour in warm water; wash it, trim off all rusty parts, and lay it with the rind downward in a coarse paste rolled to about an inch thick; moisten the edges, draw, pinch them together, and fold them over on the upper side of the ham, taking care so to close them that no gravy can escape. Send to a well-heated, but not fierce oven. A large ham requires five hours, a very small one three hours' baking. The crust and the skin must be removed while hot. A part of a ham may be well cooked in this way.

To Preserve the Color in Drying Sea-Weeds.—Dissolve in two-thirds of a small vial of turpentine, two or three small lumps of gum mastic. Dissolve by placing in a warm place. This solution must be carefully brushed over the sea-weed. To Preserve the Color in the Flowers of Dried Plants:—When they are flattened, and before their colors are injured, brush them over with a mixture composed of ten drops of vitriol to a table-spoonful of water. If the mixture be too strong the flowers will become red.

Lemonated Kale.—Finely powdered sugar sixteen pounds, tartaric acid four and a quarter pounds, sesquicarbonate of soda four pounds, all dried thoroughly by a gentle heat: mix, and add one ounce of essence of lemon; rub the powder through a sieve, in a very dry situation; put it in bottles, and cork immediately. It can, of course, be made in less quantity. A dessert spoonful, thrown into a glass of cold water, makes a cooling and effervescing beverage.

To Boil Turnips.—Young turnips when boiled in their skins and pared afterward, are said to be of better flavor and much less watery than when cooked in the usual way.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. 1.—A WALKING DRESS OF GARNET COLORED SILK.—Skirt full and ornamented with nine rows of black velvet dots wrought in the silk, and placed on in groups of three. Cloak of dark blue velvet, slashed, and the slashings filled with puffings of blue satin. A quilting of satin around the slashes. The sleeves and deep collar are made to correspond with the bottom of the cloak. Bonnet of pink silk, with flowers and tulle as a face trimming.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY, FOUR YEARS OF AGE.—Dress of gay plaid cashmere. Coat of the rough cloth which has been worn so much for the past year, cut in the loose *sacque* style; sleeves partially loose, with deep turned-up cuffs. Small black beaver hat, with a heron's plume. Drab colored gaiters, and pantalets trimmed with English embroidery.

FIG. III.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF STRIPED SILK.—Cloak of purple velvet, trimmed with two rows of gathered ribbon, and a row of deep fringe around the bottom. A loose, full hood, lined with white satin, and tied with long ends and bows. Bonnet of purple, trimmed with black velvet, and narrow black lace.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The most fashionable dresses just now are *robes nacrées*, mother-of-pearl dresses, made of silk and wool, admirably combined, which give to that dress the varying colors which justify its name. These dresses are made with three flounces, and each flounce is arranged differently. The sleeves do not come down lower than the elbows; they are very large, and are trimmed at the elbow with large flounce, flatly sewed on.

A VERY important question (the *Eastern question* of the fashionable world) is now under discussion; the point in dispute is the propriety of abandoning the *disposition* patterns for large squares shaded on taffeta. These squares are of a color varying in shade on a plain ground. For instance: on a white ground blue squares have four or five turns of a different shade. With these dresses, no flounces will be worn. The body, front of skirt, and sleeves are ornamented with plaits and bows of ribbon to match the silk. Some of the patterns are very large, the color fawn, pink, and white; others again are white and green chequered, the squares being formed of three shades of green. For later autumn and winter wear the colors are much darker. These plaids or chequers seem to have superceded the brocades worn so many seasons.

THE make of dresses varies but little. They have either jacket corsages with basques at the waist; or corsages with full fronts gracefully gathered in fullness on the shoulders and in front of the waist. These full corsages are particularly becoming for ladies of slender figure; whilst those of more full form may in preference adopt the close tight corsage. An attempt has been made to revive the fashion of corsages having the fullness crossed *en cœur* in front; but they have not succeeded. Some of the tight corsages have been slashed, and the openings filled up with bouillonnes of tarletane, or any other thin material of which the dress may be composed. But this novelty is suited only to a slender figure. It increases the size of a full figure, and has a tendency to make the waist appear short.

A NOVELTY in evening negligé dress, which has just made its appearance, is worthy of notice. It consists of a corsage of black silk, and worn with skirt, or jupe of a different material. By this means one corsage may adapt itself to several jupes. The

lace corsage is usually made with deep basques, which are lined with silk and slashed, the openings of the slashes being filled up by lace embroidered with black velvet. The silk corsage is low, but the lace one which covers it may be made to any height required. The front of the lace corsage is open, and the opening is filled up by embroidery in black velvet and frills of black lace. The sleeves are trimmed with frills of lace one above the other, and separated by rows of spots in black velvet.

FOR young ladies, a charming style of dress, even during the autumn, consists of a plaid skirt, with a white muslin body, mounting high up to the throat, and crossed behind by two braces of the same material as the dress, descending in front to the waist, where they terminate with a bow, and two short ends. These braces are worn quite wide, and are invariably edged with a narrow black lace, and are a most becoming finish to the hitherto somewhat crude effect of the plain white body with the colored skirt. *Caracos* or jackets of *pique* still maintain their vogue. They are still made perfectly tight to the figure, and rigorously closed to the chin. They are edged with a stiff English embroidery, without fullness, but open at the hips to give ease to the figure. The only novelty in these *caracos* lies in the wonderful variety of the buttons with which they are ornamented.

THE greatest novelty in dress is in the sleeves. The latest, and it is likely to prove most fashionable style, is called the *Sicilienne*. These sleeves are very wide, and separated into three puffs. The first is drawn in the middle of the upper arm, the second descends just below the elbow, and the third, which finishes the sleeve, terminates about the middle of the lower arm. To the end of the sleeve is attached a deep fall of lace in the pagoda style, if the material is thin, or with a ruffle, if of heavier manufacture. A lace under-sleeve is also worn. The *Anne of Austria* sleeve is also somewhat worn, but as it is composed partially of white silk, it is not so general. We give a description of it, however. This sleeve is composed of a long under-sleeve of white silk, cut the straight way of the stuff, tight at top, larger in the middle of the arm, and tight again at the wrist; then, of an outer sleeve like the dress, also cut the straight way of the stuff, half wide and reaching only to the elbow, and open from the arm-hole. It is bordered all round by a plaited ribbon; two large bows of ribbon fasten the sleeve at the middle and end, and leave an opening through which the white sleeve is seen. The cuffs are made of guipure lace with large vandykes, and stand away at the top, according to the fullness of the white sleeve, which bears against the vandykes.

BONNETS present the only novelty of being rather more closed round the face; this, however, depends much more upon the taste of the wearer than that of the milliner. Some few are quite close to the face, shading the lower part of the countenance, while the eyes and forehead are completely exposed to view.



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FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.



THE CITY OF NAZARETH.



PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 5.

THE OLD MAID AND HER PETS.

BY MRS. COROLLA H. CRISWELL.

AUNT MARIA lived in an old-fashioned house in the country, where nobody ever visited her except her neighbors, who generally came on business—that is to say, they came to obtain from her, advice both for bodily and mental ailments. She was quite a physician in her way, and certainly her remedies were very efficacious. Besides, she was reputed a sybil—a true prophetess—for her predictions seldom proved false—and many a love-lorn swain and sighing lassie bent their footsteps at early morn or late at eve, to Aunt Maria's lonely dwelling.

Now, she was as kind-hearted and good an old maid as any one ever knew. All her neighbors loved her sincerely, and in return for her many kind offices, did all in their power to render her life easy and comfortable.

Her chief happiness, and I may say delight, was in her *pets*, which I shall enumerate: three cats, two Maltese kittens, one parrot, one monkey, two canaries, six rabbits, two squirrels, one poodle, one Guinea pig, a white rat, and a great black Newfoundland. That is all I remember—there might have been more—but these will do to illustrate my story.

Well, something new happens everywhere every day—and it so happened that a stranger came to dwell in the little village I am telling you of; and in truth, he was the *strangest* stranger that ever was seen by the good people of that place. He was a tall, thin, middle-aged man, had a hump on his back, and was blind of one eye—and of all the countenances you ever saw, his had the queerest, most grotesque expression.

Well, dear reader, this strange stranger, who called himself John Strange, settled down very quietly in a little dwelling, about a hundred yards from that of Aunt Maria. This good lady, dating from the arrival of said stranger, became very unsettled in mind and body, people

wondered what made her look and act so strange as she continually did—but although *they* wondered, *she* wondered a great deal more.

One night, just after sunset, in the month of November, Aunt Maria was alone in her pleasant sitting-room. No, not exactly *alone*—for all her pets surrounded her—the parrot, the canaries, and the squirrels in their respective cages, the white rat and the Guinea pig sleeping quietly together in a little box upon a shelf, the monkey playing with the rabbits in a corner, the poodle sitting in his mistress' lap, the cats and kittens snoozing together on the hearth-rug, and the great Newfoundland squatting before the fire, his red tongue lolling out with the heat, and looking very sagaciously in Aunt Maria's face. Indeed, it would have made an interesting picture—this "happy family"—even Barnum might have envied, had he looked on.

There was silence in the room, until some one gently tapped at the door. Aunt Maria started, but said, "come in!"

A modest, smiling, country lassie then glided to the side of the sybil, as the villagers called her, and, dropping upon her knees, said in a fairy voice, "tell my fortune, please."

The good woman laid her hand caressingly on her young head. "Yes, Phebe."

"Oh, ho!" screamed the parrot, winking one eye, "I'll tell your fortune."

"Hush, Poll! Your hand, Phebe. Ah! you have quarreled with your lover—jealousy—ah! have a care—what's this? Phebe! you are wrong—make up with him and yours shall be a happy lot. That's all I can tell you *now*—leave me!"

"Go away!" cried Poll. Phebe, kissing the sybil's hand, departed.

Tap! tap! on the window shutter—tap! tap! tap!

"Bow wow! bow wow, wow, wow!" barked the big dog.

"G-r-r-r-r! snap! snap! snap!" said the poodle.

"Silence! Bepps! be still! Cupid!"

Tap! tap! rap! rap! on the door.

"Spirit rappers!" screamed Poll.

"Come—in," said Aunt Maria, hesitatingly.

The door opened, and, strange to relate, the stranger, John Strange, stood before her.

The dogs growled and barked—the cats and kittens puffed out their tails and *humped* up their backs as if in derision—the rabbits hid themselves under a corner of the carpet—the squirrels stopped whirling their wheels and flew into their little house—the monkey grinned and chattered—but the canaries slept on their perches, and the white rat and Guinea pig were oblivious. The parrot alone welcomed the intruder with, "stop thief! I'll have you hanged!"

"SILENCE!" roared the stranger, stamping his foot. In a moment the room was as still as the noiseless desert. Every creature was dumb and motionless, not even excepting the sybil herself.

"Woman!" said John Strange, taking hold of a chair.

"Well," was her reply.

"Do you know my destiny? Do you know *your own* destiny?"

"I may tell yours—but mine is unknown to me."

He smiled a ghastly smile. "Tell mine—and I will impart yours."

The sybil started. "How?"

"Go on!" he impatiently exclaimed, stamping on the floor with so much force as to frighten the good lady's pets half out of their senses.

Aunt Maria, with great repugnance, took the strange man's hand and looked upon it. She became disturbed, and almost trembled.

"Well," said the man, his harsh features strangely softening, "what are your discoveries?"

The sybil, with a pale cheek, replied—"you are not what you seem. You are neither blind nor deformed. Your name is not Strange," she faltered.

"Go on—go on!"

"Years ago—you *loved* a young girl somewhat older than yourself—you were to marry her—but poverty prevented it. You went to foreign lands, and returned rich and in disguise——"

"Yes, yes, I did. Go on!"

The sybil had fallen back on her chair trembling and pale.

"Maria! let me tell *your* fortune!" and he knelt at her feet and took her hand.

"I returned in disguise to know whether my early love had remained true to me—*she had!* and I have returned to marry you!"

With a sudden movement, he threw off his coat, cast away the roll of cotton that formed "the hump," and then jerking the patch from his eye, stood before Aunt Maria a tolerably good-looking man of thirty-three. With a scream of delight, she flung her arms around him, exclaiming—"Joseph Truman! why did I not know you? And will you—will you marry an old woman like me?"

"Thirty-seven is not old, dear Maria—and time has not robbed you of your comeliness yet. Your heart is *young* still—is it not, my friend?"

"It is, Joseph, it is!" and her eyes beamed fondly upon him as he pressed a kiss upon her yet unfaded cheek.

It was not a tableau of youth and beauty—but it was one of truth and happiness, constancy and love.

Aunt Maria's pets were all asleep—the room was still and calm, and pleasantly lighted by the glowing embers—and as the reunited lovers sat there hand-in-hand silently looking into each others eyes, they felt that this holy, happy hour was the reward of years of constancy.

A NOVEMBER EVENING.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

—The winds are howling round the wood,
Like wolves in search of prey.
They snap and tear at twig and leaf,
And wheeling troop away.

—The tawny waters down the hills
Like angry lions pour.
That leaping, lash themselves to foam,
And answer roar for roar.

—The eve shuts in, the driving sleet
Is rattling through the gloom,
Like bony armies in the air,
Death emptied from the tomb.

—All through the night, around the house,
Children with sobbing breath,
And mothers with their dead, young babes,
Go wailing, "Death, oh! Death."

THE INTIMATE FRIEND.

BY B. W. DEWEES.

WHEN little Kate Fernley first came home from boarding-school, her "education finished," she was the prettiest, brightest fairy that ever glanced like golden sunlight before an admiring lover's eyes. So, at least, thought Harry Broadwood, a young gentleman of independent fortune, who lived in her neighborhood; and who, being very young and enthusiastic, fell instantly, deeply and irretrievably in love with her.

Kate was small—considerably under middle size; but her figure was graceful and airy, as a spire of grass swaying in the wind—her hair was black, and waved naturally round a brow of purest white, beneath which, eyes of clear, heavenly blue gleamed tenderly, and merrily, by turns; a bright rose color dyed her rounded cheeks; a neck graceful and white as that of the beautiful Helen, and hands and arms of exquisite symmetry—such were some of Katy's external charms; add to these manners careless, graceful, and tender as those of a child, and you may, perhaps, imperfectly picture to yourself a being so very lovely.

Young Broadwood was completely bewitched by her; he found all the time not spent in her society intolerably dull, and by some pretence or other, managed to be almost constantly with her. Of course, this being the case, he could not be long in discovering that Kate was absorbed by one idea—one sentiment—that of the most romantic, and devoted attachment to her "intimate friend," Leonora Stanley. Did he praise a song, "oh, dear Leonora sings that so well;" did he admire a drawing—how glad she would be if he could only be favored with a glance at Leonora's drawings. Did he point out a fine view—Kate did so wish Leonora were there to enjoy it—as though Leonora, alone, of all the world, were capable of doing so. Worse still—whether her baffled admirer attempted to read, talk, sing, or amuse his little tormentor in any way, most ill-timed comparisons would continually steal unawares into her unschooled, and unguarded speech, such as—"that is a very charming story you have just been reading, Mr. Broadwood; but my dear Leonora has quite spoiled me for any reading but her own—she does read so splendidly—quite a different thing from reading as one commonly hears it"—and carried away by

enthusiasm for her friend, she would be entirely unconscious of the very unpleasant conclusions forced upon her companion, and his mortification would pass unobserved. Young Broadwood began to grind his teeth with vexation whenever he heard Leonora's name mentioned.

Of course such dear friends as Kate and Leonora were also close correspondents. Never since the world was made was there such indefatigable letter-writing—such passing and re-passing of lengthy epistles.

One afternoon young Broadwood called on his pretty neighbor to ask her to walk with him—"I would with the greatest pleasure," she replied, "but there is a letter to Leonora which I *must* write—"

"Nonsense," cried Broadwood, losing his patience, "you wrote to her yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that—you *can* have nothing more to write about."

"That is all *you* know about it," returned Kate, quite nettled; "pray don't wait for me, Mr. Broadwood, if you are disposed for walking. It will take me all the afternoon to write my letter, for it must be a full one, as my last two were very short." She smiled half in malice, half kindly, and tripped up stairs.

Young Broadwood, anxious above all things to convince Kate, (he could not deceive himself) that he could greatly enjoy a walk without her, sallied forth, whistling a lively air to conceal his vexation.

As he was crossing the lawn before the house, a sweet, rich voice called to him from the window—"Mr. Broadwood!—Mr. Broadwood!" He looked back—Kate, with her pen in her hand, was standing at her window, and bending forward to speak to him. Her attitude was strikingly graceful, and her lovely face was full of animation.

"She's angelic, by Jove," muttered Broadwood, who suddenly conceived the hope that she had relented, and would accede to his request; a few bounds brought him beneath the window.

"Might I trouble you, Mr. Broadwood," said Kate, smiling pleasantly, "as you are *going* to walk, to direct your steps to the village post-office, and see if there is a letter for me from Leonora?"

Broadwood turned hastily aside that he might not betray the irritation this ill-timed request excited, and the words—"I be hanged if I do," were ready to burst from his lips, when Kate shyly added—

"I shall not flatter you by intimating that my request is perhaps a *ruse* to ensure myself the pleasure of seeing you soon again—but if you choose so to construe it, you may."

His good-humor completely restored, Broadwood departed, and ere long returned with the expected letter. Kate, who had come bounding to meet him, took it with heightened color, and sparkling eyes, and her young admirer sighed as he asked himself what he would not give to know that a letter from him, would be received with equal rapture.

The missive in question conveyed the transporting intelligence that the beloved Leonora was actually coming, on the day after the morrow, to make the delighted Kate a visit. Never was any creature more overjoyed than Katy at this sudden stroke of good fortune; her whole face and figure were radiant with pleasure. Secretly annoyed, young Broadwood ere long took his leave, having first acceded to Kate's urgent request, that he should be present to meet her friend on her arrival.

On the important day Broadwood was at his post. He sat on the hall sofa pretending to read, but really employed in watching Katy's lithe figure, as she fitted restlessly about from place to place—putting flowers here, and books there, and looking from windows, and arranging music, and trying if the piano were in tune, and now and then running up stairs *once* more, "to see if dear Leonora's room was all quite right," till her jealous young lover was half wild for thinking what he should do to inspire such devotion for himself, as he now saw bestowed on Kate's "intimate friend."

The sound of carriage wheels was heard; Kate passed a moment in an attitude of anxious expectation—then her white robes fluttered along the hall, and almost ere the new-comer had time to alight, Kate's arms were flung around her, and the two friends locked each other in a close embrace. An interminable kiss followed; and then, without releasing her friend, Kate dragged her into the house and seated her on a parlor sofa, kissing and embracing her meanwhile, till young Broadwood, beginning to feel positively uncomfortable, was about to leave the room, when Kate fortunately recovered her presence of mind sufficiently to present him.

Miss Stanley was a tall, fine-looking girl—not pretty, but graceful and pleasing, with a face

expressive of more good sense than Broadwood was inclined to think her conduct would warrant. He was prejudiced against her, nor did his dislike decrease on finding himself become quite a nonentity to Katy. He had thought her indifferent enough to him before Leonora's arrival, heaven knows; but now he was utterly extinguished. Vain all his efforts to be agreeable—he found himself absolutely *nobody*, whenever the favored "intimate friend" was by.

Piqued and almost despairing, he changed his line of conduct. His attempts to win Katy's attention entirely ceased. He looked often and earnestly at Miss Stanley, and he took occasion to ask Kate "why she had never told him how very charming her friend was?"

"Never told you so?" cried Kate, surprised, "why I told you so a hundred times—till upon my word, Mr. Broadwood, I began to think you were tired of hearing it."

"But you never told me how extremely beautiful she was."

"Because," said Kate, hesitating, "I can't exactly say that I *do* think that Leonora is so *very, very* beautiful—though she is very lovely—something better than pretty."

"Not pretty? Oh, Miss Kate!" returned Broadwood, "how can you say so? She is positively beautiful."

Kate was silent.

An evening or two after this conversation, Miss Stanley was seated at the piano, singing, when young Broadwood whispered Kate—

"Never heard such a voice in my life! superb! what taste!—what feeling! I never heard any singing that pleased me so well."

Kate's face flushed, but she replied, quickly and warmly,

"I knew you would like Leonora's singing. Do pray, dear Leonora, give us something more."

Miss Stanley favored them with several more songs, and Broadwood's enthusiasm kept pace with her efforts. After a time she insisted on resigning her place at the instrument to Kate, who tremblingly did her best. Broadwood remained cold and silent, and with secret joy perceived a little pout on Kate's sweet lips as she left the piano. He saw that he had gained an advantage, and followed it up. He found whatever Leonora did perfect, and did not fail to make his opinions known to Katy.

The next day, when Leonora went to the piano, young Broadwood took a seat beside her, expressing now and then the extreme delight her performance afforded him. Suddenly she glanced up at him, and said, smiling,

"I understand—I will help you."

"Thank you—thank you," Broadwood returned, warmly, and their compact was sealed.

Broadwood's adjutant was a most efficient one, and rendered him invaluable aid, not only by sounding his praises to Katy, but by affecting to accept and return his attentions. It was curious, and charming too, to see how jealous little Katy was become. How entirely she ceased to sound her friend's praises to Mr. Broadwood; and yet she was a good little thing, and tried hard to overcome feelings she thought unworthy. Broadwood had never loved her so well.

One charming afternoon the young ladies, with Broadwood, set out for a ride. Now Kate rode extremely well, while Miss Stanley was but an indifferent horsewoman, yet as the latter cantered on a little in advance, Broadwood exclaimed,

"Look, Miss Kate—did you ever see such riding? magnificent, by Jove! why your friend is another Di Vernon."

Kate glanced at him to see if he were in earnest, and deceived by the gravity of his face, she pouted and turned away her head, without saying a word.

"The finest riding I ever saw," Broadwood continued, maliciously—"don't you agree with me?"

Forced to reply, Kate turned her face still further from him, and answered petulantly,

"I can ride better myself."

"You!" cried Broadwood, with rather an impolite intonation of astonishment.

"Yes," responded Kate, now quite roused, and turning her eyes full upon him, "I can ride as well as Leonora, and sing as well too—and," she continued, her voice suddenly changing, "I used to think you liked my singing, and—and every thing else I did, until Leonora came—but now," her voice faltered, and her long lashes hung heavy with tears, which she struggled angrily to repress, but finding it in vain, she turned sharply to her companion, saying,

"Oh, you needn't look so pleased, Mr. Broadwood, I'm not crying for what you think I am."

Ere Mr. Broadwood had time to reply to this strange assertion, Leonora rejoined them, and the words he longed to utter, and which would have set poor little Katy's proud, fluttering heart at rest, remained unspoken.

When, after their return home, Katy came down in the parlor, after changing her habit, she found Leonora and Mr. Broadwood seated in a window corner engaged in a close conversation, and one evidently of the deepest interest; her ear caught a word or two, and growing very pale, she turned as if involuntarily to leave the room.

Broadwood looking up at the moment was struck by the alteration in her appearance, which he had not before observed. She seemed thinner, taller, and much sadder than he had ever seen her; her beautiful blue eyes were heavy with languor; her face was very pale, and about her mouth hung a certain expression which seemed to tell of secret, lonely weepings. Broadwood's heart smote him; the poor child had been really suffering, and he had been treating her with such cruel levity. He rose to prevent her leaving the room, and begged her to come with him into the garden to see a very beautiful rose which he wanted to show her. Kate assented passively, and accompanied him in silence along the winding garden path, till at last when they had almost reached the boundaries of the garden, Kate asked her absent companion in some surprise, "where his rose was?"

Mr. Broadwood paused, and, taking her hand, looked earnestly into her face—"Katy! Katy!"

Kate turned her head aside one moment, and then calmly asked,

"Well?"

"There is something I wish to talk with you about, Kate——"

"I can guess what it is," said Kate, in a low, hurried voice—"about what you have just been saying to Leonora—I overheard—a few words."

"Yes, Kate, I was telling her of my love—my hopes, and she has encouraged me to think I have not loved in vain——"

"Yes, yes," gasped Kate—"I understand—you need not tell me any more," she made an attempt to fly back to the house, but Broadwood detained her.

"Don't—don't hold me now," cried the agitated girl—"another time I will congratulate you."

"Congratulate? Kate, darling, what do you mean? You do not—you cannot fancy I love any one but yourself—surely you have not been seriously deceived by the part I have been acting—surely you must have felt that I was yours, heart and soul, all the while—Kate, love—speak to me," he continued, for Kate's form hung almost lifeless on his arm, her sweet head sinking on her bosom, as though a sudden faintness overpowered her, yet a smile of heavenly joy played round her pale lips.

Broadwood drew her tenderly to him, begging her to look up, and give him but one word—but when Kate recovered herself it was to draw back, saying in a faint, faltering voice,

"I thought you loved Leonora."

"By heaven, no, Kate, never," replied Broadwood, energetically—but Kate was not satisfied.

"Surely she has cause to think so—surely she loves you. She is my friend—my dear friend," continued Kate, recovering all her spirit, "I will never break her heart—better—yes, better my own," she added, with a dignity which rose above disguise.

"But my own, best love, Leonora does not care a pin for me," cried young Broadwood, much touched; "trust me, dear Kate, Leonora will convince you of that. The fact is, I was afraid without some manoeuvre I should never win you; and we two have been in a league against you—I can't exactly explain it—but Miss Leonora will tell you about it, and make it all right."

"Yes, that she will," said a cheerful voice near them, and turning they saw Leonora ap-

proaching, accompanied by a tall, fine-looking man, on whose arm she was leaning—"and as the first step thereto," she continued, blushing, "let me introduce to you, Kate, my friend, Mr. —, who has somewhat unexpectedly favored me with a visit."

While young Broadwood was shaking hands with the new-comer, he overheard Leonora slyly whisper to Kate—

"Shall I be your bride's-maid, Katy dear? or will you be mine? or shall we be married on the same day?"

Kate blushing, bewildered, and happy, threw her arms round Leonora's neck, and a fervent kiss marked the renewal of their *friendship*, but not their *intimacy*.

AUTUMN.

BY ADA TREVANION.

THE leaves are falling on the ground,
The vale is damp and chill;
The wheat is gathered to the store,
Which waved upon the hill:
The Summer birds have taken wing,
The sky looks wan and grey;
And from the coppice calls the crow
Through all the gloomy day.

The joyous bee is heard no more
Amid the faded bowers;
Low lying in their silent graves
Are all the gentle flowers:

The azure fount is choked and dumb,
And 'neath the rivulet
The water-blooms have left the stalks
On which they late were set.

The fall of leaves, and wane of flowers,
Make sad a lonely heart;
They, like the loveliest of our race,
From this world soon depart:
But as the dark is changed to light
When morning's dawn-beams pour,
So death's long night shall turn to day
When Time itself is o'er.

FAITH'S VIGIL.*

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

Oh, mother, ask me now no more
Why night by night I stray
To where the darkling waters bore
My brother dear away—
I know that, free from guilt and pain,
He sleeps beneath the river;
But we shall see him once again,
More beautiful than ever.

I know the spirits pure and mild,

That peer with angel faces,
To lure away the little child
To holier, happier places—
And these my brother dear have ta'en,
Adown the darkling river;
But we shall see him once again,
More beautiful than ever.

We shall not see him as of old,
A weakling human creature,
But gifted with a crown of gold—
A high, angelic nature!
Then say not that my watch is vain,
Beside the darkling river,
For we shall see him yet again,
More beautiful than ever.

* It is said that the spirits who haunt lakes and streams very frequently entice children away with them, and bring them back after a lapse of years—not as they were when stolen, but always more beautiful, and with rich and valuable gifts. The above song was suggested by this legend.

THE LITTLE STEP-DAUGHTER.

BY A. T. KRYDER.

"THERE, take that for your pains, and mind better the next time," angrily exclaimed Allie's step-mother, as she came up to the trembling girl, and gave her a blow on the ear when she found the coffee, that the little girl had been told to brown, had a shade too dark a color; "take that," repeating the blow; "and the next time you'll hear of the broomstick." Allie passed out at the kitchen door, and crept around to the sunny side of the barn; and, sinking on the ground, burst into a flood of tears and wept; long and bitterly she wept!

It was early March; the wind whistled cheerlessly by; heavy and sombre clouds, seemingly laden brimful of rain, and sleet, and snow, fitted frequently across the sun's broad disc; while the booming river, swollen with melted snow and drifting ice, spoke a language that sounded despairingly to the desolate soul of the more than orphan child.

The little girl's clothing, torn and tattered, corresponded illly with the severity of the weather. An old woollen dress, reaching but little below the knees, patched and repatched, with sleeves made of new and uncouth material; shoes that were full of holes; and a faded pink bonnet, that her mother—sainted being! of whom she had no remembrance, save those of love and kindness—had made for her long years before, constituted her sole outer clothing.

She wept! Alas! why should she not weep? What else could she do? As one by one the silken folds of memory began to unwrap, and bright, brief, blessed visions of her early childhood home, of her mother's love, and a sister's care and tenderness came careering as on angels wings before her mind's eye; what else could her young heart do? what other relief had it? it the heart that should be warmed by a mother's love, and cherished by a mother's counsel; it that meets with nothing but scorn, and contumely, and blows—shut out from the common meed of sympathy and love—all that makes life glorious?

The cold, merciless winds swept around her, and fearful shudderings came over her, as the trickling tears froze fast to the thin sleeves of her dress.

She is aroused by her step-mother's voice, calling, "Allie, Allie, my dear, come in quickly,"

recognizing at once in that tone of mocking kindness that there are visitors within. Mechanically rising she obeys the summons, and enters the house. She who arrogates to herself a mother's place, in her falseness of heart and obsequiousness of tongue, encumbers her auditors with twenty excuses for the girl's flight, and continues as if in astonishment, "why, dear me, Allie, you been down to the river playing in the water; only see how wet your sleeve is. You should be very careful, and remember, as I've told you, to keep out of the water, you might catch your death of cold," and she paused out of breath.

"And besides, my little dear," chimed in a dignified lady in black, with gold spectacles, "its dangerous about falling in."

"Certainly, my dear, you should remember," says her father, for an instant looking up from the book he was intently perusing, but in the earnestness of his abstraction he forgot to finish the sentence so happily begun. Though there may have been another cause, for it was always so of late—while "certainly" was echoed and re-echoed from mouth to mouth around the room.

Naturally timid, no wonder Allie shrunk into a corner overwhelmed with reproof. This afforded her step-mother another opportunity, which she was not slow in improving, for another threatening and reproof, and which ended with a command "to waken Willie. I'm so afraid the dear little angel will oversleep himself; besides I don't think so much sleep is good for children, do you, Mrs. Moncroft?"

"Oh, no," immediately replies that lady, and again another echo runs around the room.

And what with attending to Willie and bringing wood and water, and doing a score more things at once, tea-time brought a misfortune worse than all to the weary girl. This was a request from the stately and dignified lady in black, with the gold spectacles, for the little girl to bring her work-bag from off the window. She obeyed, taking Willie along, who, making a grab, snatches it from her, and flinging his arm around with such violence that the snuff-box flies out on the floor, scattering the contents far and wide.

And though Allie's heart seems ready to break, yet it but furnishes occasion for another boxing, with a warning to be more careful in future.

And throughout that long evening—and doubly long did it seem to the sick girl, for the fierce fever flashes were already wasting her strength—it was nought but toil, toil; tramp, tramp, to the weary one, sick in body and sorrowing of soul. *Pining for what?* Not for gaudy finery, not alone for a lost mother, but for that love and sympathy that should flow from soul to soul, as free and shoreless as the waves of mid-ocean?

Not until the visitors were gone was Allie allowed any supper, but she loathed the sight, and said she felt unwell.

“So you’re sick, you hussy you, after playing in the water all the afternoon. I guess you may go to bed, its no use sending for a doctor, I never heard of them doing children any good.”

Allie crept up into the garret on her pallet of straw, and was soon locked in the embraces of the friend of those who sorrow without crime. But her sleep was broken by fitful startings, and once she awoke murmuring, “mother! dear mother!”

“The husband’s tears may be few and brief,
He may woo and win another,
But the daughter clings, with undying grief,
To the image of her mother!”

And though others may forget; and suns rise and set in beauty; and moons silver leaf and tree, cloud and fountain, earth and ocean with a glorious shēen; and though scenes of pleasure may charm all other’s grief away; yet nothing shall banish that mother’s image from her daughter’s heart, the last look of love, the last tone of that hallowed voice, now mingling with the angels far away.

With the morning light Allie, as usual, was first summoned to make the fire and sweep the room, though scarcely able to support herself on her tottering limbs. But no matter for that. It did not concern the heartless step-mother in

the least. No, not her! What were the sick child’s complainings to her? Nothing. Though a pious and sanctimonious woman, an alms giver, and deeply interested in the conversion of the heathen:—yet the idea that her own step-child had any right to complain, though steeped in the veriest depths of misery and wretchedness, want and woe, pain and sickness, never once entered her thoughts.

Before the sunset shadows fell athwart the plain, the little girl was prostrated on a sick bed never to rise again. Throughout all that long night of pain, Allie lay moaning and in great misery.

But no loving eye kept watch around that lonely couch; no gentle hand ministered to her wants; no soft voice spoke words of soothing, of comfort to the stricken one; and why? Young and confiding, what great crime had she committed, that thus alone this gentle and loving creature, a being whose affection, had it been requited, would have flown in a blissful channel down the middle stream of time—that thus alone and unattended she should die? She had no mother! Oh, frightful crime! She was an orphan in a world that knows no higher guilt than that of *being poor!*

Yet there shall come a day when we shall learn, with marvel and awe, that some of heaven’s chiefest martyrs and saints were not holier than they.

Toward morning she sank into a lethargic slumber never to waken more. The sunlight came, and with it the usual “Allie, get up,” but the avenues of hearing were forever locked up; and the sunbeams fell upon an eye of beauty that was forever closed—in death!

She, though on earth weak, who

“——bathing there in streams of Heavenly light,
Found strength to gaze upon the infinite.”

THE MAN OF SORROW.

BY S. HERBERT LANCEY.

I AM not old, though my hair is grey,
Though my footsteps falter this weary way,
I still am young in the years of life,
But I’m old, I’m old in care and strife.

I’m young, though I stoop like an aged man,
Though my eye is dim, and my features wan,
'Tis the weight of the sins and sorrows I bear,
That have made me an aged man of care.

The paths of the wicked are hard to tread,
They dim the eye, and they silver the head;
They bow the form once erect and proud,
And enfeeble the step when the form is bowed.

Oh! why did I turn, in my youthful years,
From a mother’s voice—from a mother’s tears,
And seek the haunts of vice and crime
That have made me old ere life’s harvest time?

THE OPERA BOX.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

I.

"STUART! what a magnificent piece of woodland this is! Indeed it is a magnificent country you have altogether! If there was much probability of my remaining the poor devil I am, on five hundred pounds a year, instead of being the next heir of my old bachelor cousin, who loves me about as well as rich old bachelors generally love their next heirs, where there is a title and splendid fortune, I think I should be tempted to patronize republicanism, and become one of the 'sovereigns' of America. But Dunraven Castle and an earldom is too great a temptation—I don't think I can give them up," and Arthur Delange, as he finished speaking, energetically cut off a cluster of oak leaves with the small switch which he carried in his hand.

The two young men sauntered slowly along the grass-grown road which wound its way beneath the arching boughs of the fine old trees, gleams of golden sunlight breaking through the branches here and there, whilst birds sung above them, and squirrels and rabbits fearlessly crossed their path, glancing askance at them with their bright black eyes; and the perfume of the sweet fern and hickory leaves came pleasantly on the morning air.

"Come, curmudgeon! hurry yourself, those birds have to be cooked for our meal yet," said Delange, to an urchin of ten years, who was following them with a bag of game.

"My name ain't curmudgeon, it's Johnny Watson," replied the boy, sullenly, not quickening his pace a whit.

"Take care how you insult 'one of the sovereigns' at large," said Harry Stuart, laughingly; "but who in the name of Venus is this?"

At this moment, emerging from one of the many green alleys which threaded the woods, appeared a lady on horseback, rapidly approaching them. A long, white plume floated over her shoulder, whilst the motion of rider, horse and feather seemed to be one, so graceful and even was it, as she steadily rose and fell in the saddle, whilst with arched neck, glistening eye, and extended feet the horse passed on in a long, even trot.

"She trots splendidly *a la jockey*, by all that's great, and would beat a 'bold dragon' in the

saddle," said Delange, enthusiastically, as the gentlemen stepped on one side, and stood with heads uncovered till the rider had passed. "Whew! our future President knows her, that's fortunate," continued he, as he saw her halt for a moment by the boy, then pass on again at the same pace as before.

"Pray, Mr. Johnny Watson, can you tell us that lady's name?" said Delange, to the lad who had now approached them.

The child gave a quick, shrewd glance at the speaker, and detecting in his face some anxiety to have his question favorably answered, replied, "I don't exactly know it."

"But I thought she spoke to you," said Stuart.

"Yes, sir, she comes to see my mother sometimes, sir," answered Johnny, more courteously to Harry, for he had taken a dislike to "the furrin man, with hair, that was always a poking fun at him," as he termed Delange.

"Well, Johnny, do you know her father's name?" again queried Harry.

"Yes, sir, he is Squire Rivers, up in that big house on the hill. He's proper rich."

"Why, you young scamp, I thought you said you didn't know her name," said Delange.

"Neither I didn't know it exactly—it's Miss Emma, or Miss Ellen, or Miss Edith, or some such high flown name," replied the boy, doggedly.

"Well, Johnny, you'll do! What a diplomatist you will make. I hope I'll live to see you Ambassador, or Minister, or whatever you call it in this country," answered Delange, laughingly.

Game seemed to become quite necessary to Arthur Delange's existence, for day after day he took a short cut through the woods to the places where birds were to be found, sometimes alone, and sometimes accompanied by Stuart; and morning after morning he met Edith Rivers cantering, or trotting along with the same breezy motion. Sometimes she would be humming snatches of a gay tune, sometimes patting her horse's neck, and caressing him in low words; but always, as Delange declared, the most bewitchingly beautiful woman he ever saw.

"Are the birds all killed, Arthur, or didn't you see Miss Rivers yesterday morning, that you are moping about at this time of day?" asked Stuart.

"I haven't seen Miss Rivers these two days, and I'm tired of gunning," answered Delange.

"Because you *haven't* seen Miss Rivers, I suppose," said Harry, laughingly. "Well, there's not much to interest us up here, anyhow; and as our little tavern don't rival 'the Irving,' suppose we put off. Let's go out though, and knock down a partridge or two for the first time, before the sun gets too high."

They had not gone far, when a bird rose. A shot from Delange brought it down immediately. Just then he heard a female voice say sharply,

"Steady, Selim! for shame, sir," and looking behind him he saw Miss Rivers, whose horse was plunging fearfully, with distended nostrils, ears erect and quivering limbs; whilst through it all she unconcernedly kept her seat, with a firmness wonderful even in so practised a horsewoman.

To Delange's astonishment, she was accompanied by a gentleman, who quietly looked on without an offer of assistance, so he quickly sprang to her horse's head and was about to take hold of the bridle, when the lady said,

"Please, do not touch him, sir, I prefer managing him myself," and with a few coaxing words and caresses, she soon brought him under control.

"My gun must have frightened him; I ask your pardon, madam, but I did not know there was any one in the field, but my friend and myself."

"There was no danger to be apprehended: he was only a little gay from not having been used for a few days," was the reply; and Delange inwardly pronounced the smile with which she finished the sentence the most fascinating one he had ever seen.

"My daughter is accustomed to taking care of herself. I never interfere with her rights over Selim," said the gentleman who accompanied Miss Rivers.

The two sportsmen walked beside the equestrians, for some distance, and when they parted it was with the promise to meet that afternoon at Mr. Rivers' house.

Two weeks passed, and Arthur Delange had become as fond of gunning as ever. His afternoons were usually passed in riding over the hills or through the woods by the side of Edith Rivers, and the evening always found him by her work-table, or piano.

Stuart in the meanwhile grumbled somewhat, as he complained that Arthur had appropriated the lady so unceremoniously, that he felt quite *de trop*; and threatened to leave his friend among the hills, if he did not decide upon shortening his visit.

"Propose to her, for mercy's sake, and let's

be off; these abominable fogs will give a fellow the bronchitis, if you don't get away."

"I'm as poor as a rat, or else I would, even at the risk of being rejected on so short an acquaintance. By George, but she's a splendid girl; she's not had all her nature rubbed off her in a ball-room. I never seen so much originality with such polished manners."

"No, I expect not," replied Stuart, dryly, "but I wonder whether that slip of aristocracy, Lady Flora Millwood, has not something to do with your hesitancy. I remember when I was in England that you were her most devoted cavalier. I do not think you will gain much renown, by trying to conquer the hearts of our American ladies."

Arthur Delange's eyes flashed for a moment, but he replied calmly,

"You are mistaken, Stuart. I should never hesitate a moment between Edith Rivers and Lady Flora, I value myself too highly to think that a marriage out of the circle of London exclusive, could disgrace me; but the old earl may hold on these twenty years, and twenty-five hundred dollars does not much more than keep me in gloves and peroussion caps."

Two days of drenching rain confined the gentlemen to the parlor of the little inn; and on the third, when they went to call on Miss Rivers, the servant informed them that she with her father had been suddenly summoned to the city, by the illness of a near relative.

II.

THERE is nothing like having to pass a day or so on board a dirty little Mediterranean steamer to create sociability. As for Lady Clendenning, her pretty Grecian profile was perfectly distorted with yawning. "Robert," said she, suddenly to her husband, after gazing around listless and *ennuied*, "do you know who that splendid girl is over there? She must have come on board at Genoa, as I have not noticed her before; do have compassion on me, and find out!"

Lord Clendenning bowed to his wife, and said it would afford him great pleasure to be acquainted with the lady, so he would go immediately and ask her name, and with much gravity he started off. In a few moments he returned and informed her impatient ladyship that the fair creature was an American lady of the name of Rivers, travelling with her father. Lady Clendenning puzzled her pretty head for a long while, to find an excuse for addressing one who had so much interested her, heartily wishing she would grow sea-sick, if it would only open a door for an introduction; but Miss Rivers sat gazing on the receding shore

with unmoved muscles, and not an increased shade of pallor over the richness of her complexion.

But Fate sometimes quietly steps in and does more for us than our own well-laid plans would accomplish in a month; and so thought Lady Clendenning, as she saw her little daughter of about four years old escape from the nurse's arms, and in running across the floor fell just before Miss Rivers.

Lady Clendenning knew perfectly well that her child was not hurt, but seeing the lady pick it up, she arose with all the semblance of motherly alarm and flew toward her. Miss Rivers was of course properly thanked, little Cora smothered with kisses, and her mother soon established in the full tide of conversation with the beautiful American.

What letters of introduction little children are to be sure.

The acquaintance thus formed soon ripened into intimacy. Lady Clendenning, who was enthusiastic in everything, was told by her husband that she fairly raved about Miss Rivers. They parted and met, and parted and met again at various places on the Continent; and when at last the Clendenning's bid them adieu at Venice to proceed home, it was with the promise that when their tour was over, Edith and her father should visit them in England.

III.

"Now Edith, *ma chère*, look your very best to-night in order to do credit to my taste. Really you are so passably good-looking, that you will be as great a *lionne* as Van Amburgh's," said Lady Clendenning, entering Miss Rivers' dressing-room, as she was putting the finishing stroke to her toilet for the Opera. "Dear me," continued her flighty ladyship, "your taste does more for you than all Paris full of *femme de chambres* would do. Why, there's my French maid, Florette, who would have been half an hour arranging that spray of flowers as gracefully over your *bandeaux*, as you have done it in half a minute. If you have made yourself beautiful to your heart's content we will go; but my dear creature, pray don't fall into the vulgar mistake of thinking that you go to the Opera to listen to the singing; I suppose you do such antiquated things in America, but we only go here to show a last new necklace, or carry on a forbidden flirtation behind the curtains of our boxes."

Lady Clendenning vastly enjoyed the sensation which her beautiful *protégée* created, as soon as she made her appearance in her Opera box. She

was chatting away and flirting her fan with all the graceful coquetry of a Spanish woman, when she suddenly reached over and whispered,

"Edith, look, quick! do you see those three gentlemen standing in the parquette, far back, conversing together?"

Edith followed the direction of her ladyship's eyes and gave a start; a sudden flush mounted over neck and brow, and her breath came more quickly as she thought she recognized as one of the group, Arthur Delange.

"Well," continued Lady Clendenning, "that handsome one is my cousin, the Earl of Dunraven, one of the greatest catches in England. He's somewhat Quixotic, to be sure, and goes tilting against all the windmills of society, but *n'importe*; he has an old title and a splendid fortune, and he's just as much courted as if he was like anybody else."

Edith had scarcely attended to what her friend had been saying. Her eyes were riveted on the gentleman whom she was every moment becoming more and more assured was Arthur Delange; and with a half smile parting her red lips, she could not but wonder at the infatuation of her ladyship in calling the Earl of Dunraven handsome, when he was by. A something, she knew not what, prevented her mentioning having known one of the trio before; but it must be confessed that it was with a glad flutter of the heart, that she hoped to meet him again.

At this moment Lady Clendenning turned around, and nodded carelessly to a couple of ladies, who had just entered her box.

"That's Lady Margaret Talbot, and the one just behind you is her sister, Lady Flora Millwood," whispered she, as the persons under discussion were divesting themselves of their Opera cloaks. "Lady Margaret married a man old enough to be her father, who spends his time in the sentimental occupation of eating, drinking, and being merry over a gouty limb; and as for Lady Flora, she's determined to be Countess of Dunraven; though before my cousin came to his title, she was careful how she threw out the bait, hoping for a better bite, as there was a probability of twenty years between her and the coronet. She's always glad to make use of my box, knowing that Dunraven's fond of me in a cousinly way, and there is a chance of meeting him here."

An introduction now took place to the ladies behind her; and when Edith again turned toward the audience, it was to find herself intently watched by the trio to which Lady Clendenning had called her attention. She looked away; and when again, after a few moments conversation with Lady Flora, her eyes were drawn to the

same place by a kind of fascination, she was sure that she recognized Arthur Delange, and that he half bowed, as if he feared he might be mistaken. The curtain now rose, and she turned her head resolutely toward the stage; but the music occupied her attention much less than she had thought it would. At the end of the first scene she involuntarily looked toward the *parquette* again, to again find the same pair of luminous black eyes watching her.

"Edith," exclaimed Lady Clendenning, "I really believe Dunraven is smitten at last, he has scarcely taken his eyes off you during the whole of that scene. What a good joke it would be, if you were to become Countess of Dunraven! Why, Lady Flora is so near a statue now, that she would turn into a petrification without any trouble, with amazement. She would as soon think he would marry a Camanche squaw. You shall have him though, in spite of her! what a funny idea!" and her ladyship laughed gleefully, and her busy brain was already at work to outmanœuvre Lady Flora.

"I am very much obliged to you, but I have no ambition to wear a coronet, Lady Clendenning," replied Edith, "so pray don't give yourself any trouble on my account. Keep all your faculties in reserve for that little puss, Cora, she'll need them some day. There is not a title in England that would tempt me, I would not sell myself for so cheap a thing."

"You really look superb when you blaze out in that way," smiled Lady Clendenning. "If Dunraven was only here, I have no doubt that he would insist on taking you at once from the Opera to the altar at St. George's, Hanover Square, provided it was only the canonical hour."

Edith smiled, and again turned her eyes toward the *parquette*, but Arthur Delange was no longer visible. Just then Lady Flora, who, with her sister, had been conversing with some gentlemen behind them during the whole scene, exclaimed,

"You naughty man! come render an account of yourself, it's been an age since I saw you; where have you been?"

"In tortures, ever since I last laid eyes upon your beautiful ladyship," was the reply; "but excuse me for passing you, I must speak to that lady in the front of the box, as I'm sure she is an old acquaintance."

At the well known voice Edith looked around, and blushed as she held out her hand, exclaiming, "Mr. Delange."

"Mr. Delange, indeed," said Lady Clendenning, and her fan, which was always in motion when she carried it, stopped in sheer astonish-

ment, "Mr. Delange, indeed; and pray, if I may be so curious, why did you not say you knew Arthur when I was talking of him?" and she eyed Edith keenly.

"Why I have not heard you mention him to-night! your whole conversation has been of your cousin, the Earl of Dunraven."

A pleased smile beamed upon her from the dark eyes of the gentleman, and Lady Clendenning laughed gaily, as she said,

"What a pity, Arthur, that you are Earl of Dunraven. Edith has been here casting titles and coronets aside to-night with the most superb disdain. In fact she can't bear anybody above an Honorable."

"I never knew your cousin, except as Mr. Delange, and was totally unaware that he even had an 'Honorable' appended to his name," replied Edith.

Lady Flora Millwood looked on in surprise, and wonderingly asked the officer behind her, "where the earl had become acquainted with that girl from the backwoods, whom that eccentric Lady Clendenning had introduced into society?"

"I don't know," was the reply, "but this afternoon when he caught a glimpse of her in the Park; and he left me *sans ceremonie*, and galloped after her as if he had been the wild huntsman."

Dunraven took a seat slightly behind Miss Rivers, shaded by the curtain, and what with snatches of conversation now and then, and a tumult of happy feeling, Edith heard but little of the singing.

"Progressing wonderfully well!" whispered Lady Clendenning in her ear, "I find your rusticity wears off rapidly. Didn't I tell you that fashionable women only come to the Opera to show a new necklace, or flirt behind the curtains?"

IV.

It was seemingly a gay party that met at the breakfast-table, that bright September morning at Beechwood Park, the of Lord Clendenning's country-seats. Lady Clendenning, in her character of hostess, fluttered the pretty peach-blossom colored ribbons of her breakfast-cap gaily over the coffee-cups. Lady Flora did the statuesque and aristocratic at the Earl of Dunraven, who sat and absently played with his teaspoon; Miss Rivers chatted gaily between her father and the Marquis of Hampton, whilst the other guests were arranging the day's shooting, riding, or driving.

We say a seemingly gay breakfast, for Lady Clendenning was puzzled as to the next move she should make with regard to her cousin and

friend; and Lady Flora saw with alarm that the coronet and fine acres of Dunraven Castle were slipping away from her; and the possessor of that title was watching with painful anxiety the game which he thought was being played by Edith; whilst she sat with smiles on her face, and gay repartees on her lips, and she felt sick at heart, to think that the future wife of Arthur Delange, must be taken from the titled beauties of England. As for the rest of the company, most of them were playing at cross purposes too. Some of the gentlemen of the shooting party would fain have staid at home and had a quiet game of billiards, with a lady who perhaps was to be driven out by an exulting rival; there was a lady or two of the riding party, perhaps, who would gladly have given up the exhilarating canter of the saddle horse for a seat in the landeau, or phaeton of an heir expectant; and there was a superannuated old lord or so, who was inwardly anathematizing the man who had drawn them into a party for the Abbey, as the damp grass did not agree with them.

"Miss Rivers, will you honor us by taking a seat in my barouche with Lady Clendenning?" asked the old Marquis of Hampton.

Edith assented, and Lady Clendenning cast a triumphant glance at Dunraven. A look of contempt passed over the young earl's face, as he arose from the table and sauntered to the breakfast-room window. Presently he turned and said, "Lady Flora, what do you say to a saddle horse instead of the carriage to the Abbey, it's a fine day?"

Her ladyship gladly availed herself on an invitation, which now came so seldom, and thus the party was made up.

"Really," said Lady Flora to her companion, as they were cantering down one of the broad gravel roads of the Park, slightly behind the rest of the party, "the manœuvring with which that Miss Rivers endeavors to secure the old dotard, the Marquis of Hampton, is disgusting."

"I do not see that Miss Rivers is manœuvring, and even if she was, it would be no more disgusting than that of any other lady," was the reply.

Lady Flora was silent for a moment, for the earl's unintended sarcasm went home.

"Except," replied her ladyship, after a short time, "that he is an imbecile, dissipated old man, whom no one else would marry but herself, and there can be no attraction to her but his title."

"I do not think England so destitute of ambitious women, that he could not find a wife in his own circle if he wanted one," said her companion; but his brow became more moody as he

rode along, and Lady Flora, upon whom a new hope had dawned, when invited by him to ride, again began to despair of ever being the Countess of Dunraven.

The visit to the ruined Abbey passed as such visits usually do. The same amount of champagne, sandwiches and *pate* had been consumed, as is customary, and the party had returned to Beechwood Park, some with more heart-burnings than when they set out, and some with life looking all *colour de rose*.

Lady Clendenning hurried through her toilet, and descended to the drawing-room before the party had assembled for dinner, and, as she expected, found her cousin already there. She took his arm, and commenced carelessly promenading up and down, and, at last, as if accidentally, but in reality so as not to be overheard, she drew him to a window, where they were shielded from observation by the heavy curtains.

"Indeed," said her ladyship, in continuation of their conversation, "it was a terribly stupid ride to me. The marquis was so devoted to Edith, that I felt myself quite *de trop*, and she was so fluttered, that I believe she really forgot I was in existence. I was glad enough to make my escape, when we reached the Abbey; and as his lordship offered her his arm when they alighted, and walked away with her in another direction, I have no doubt it was to make her an offer of his hand, and the place where his heart ought to be."

Her cousin bit his under lip but said nothing.

"Of course she would accept him. She could not fail being dazzled by such a brilliant rank as his," continued Lady Clendenning.

"If she should think of marrying him for a moment, I should consider her irretrievably degraded. He is an old dissipated *roue*, that a Circassian slave would not sell herself to, though there are plenty of English women who would," said the earl, impetuously.

Lady Clendenning stood in consternation. She had "reckoned without her host" entirely. The old Marquis of Hampton, who had stopped at Beechwood Park, for a few days on his way to a friend's, she had persuaded to remain, in order that with his title she might arouse her cousin's jealousy, and she had been tossing Edith about like a shuttle-cock between them; and "here was Dunraven on his high horse tilting at the windmills," as she secretly denominated it, whilst from the bottom of her heart she did not believe Edith Rivers had ever given the Marquis of Hampton a thought. She had intended to outmanœuvre Lady Flora Millwood, and now she had outmanœuvred herself. In her perplexity

she stood clasping and unclasping the bracelets on her arm, inwardly determining to use more skilful generalship in future.

Edith Rivers entered the drawing-room of Beechwood Park, that day just before dinner was announced, more radiantly beautiful than ever. The plainness of her pure white dress, was only relieved by the bows of broad, rich plaid ribbon which ornamented it; whilst her abundance of glossy brown hair was confined at the back with a net-work of gold, which allowed a soft, long ringlet to escape here and there on her neck, or about her ears. There was a flush on her face which Arthur construed into one of triumph, and her bearing was, if possible, more queenly than before. "She'll wear her title well," thought the young man; "and her higher rank, as marchioness, will certainly give her precedence of my Countess of Dunraven."

The party were about separating for the night, when the earl went up to Edith, and holding out his hand, said, "I must bid you adieu, as I shall not see you in the morning. I am unexpectedly obliged to go to Dunraven Castle; but remember that I have a promise of a visit from you and your father with the Clendennings. Emily says that perhaps they will be with me next week. Our party will not be a large one, but the quality will, perhaps, make up for the quantity. The Marquis of Hampton has promised to honor me."

Edith looked up, and imagined there was a half bitter tone in what Dunraven had been saying, but her thoughts were too much pre-occupied to let it dwell long on her mind.

V.

LADY CLENDENNING'S carriage was winding slowly up the long oak avenue to Dunraven Castle, and her ladyship had been silent for quite half an hour. Edith Rivers looked up from a reverie, herself, and asked her if she had taken the vow of La Trappe.

"No," said Lady Clendenning. "But, Edith, are you going to marry the Marquis of Hampton?"

"Of course not," was the decided answer.

Lady Clendenning's face here brightened considerably, when she again asked,

"But he proposed, didn't he?"

"Yes," was the quiet reply.

Her ladyship's clouded brow now became perfectly radiant. Ever since her conversation with her cousin, on the day of the visit to the Abbey, she had been waiting for some intimation from Edith of the marquis' proposal, but her delicacy had forbidden her asking the question directly. But now she was becoming desperate. She must,

if possible, undo all the mischief she had already done by her manœuvring, and it was only by a grand *coup d'état* this could be effected, she alighted at the great hall door in the highest spirits.

"Mr. Rivers and Robert will be along in time for dinner," said she, to her cousin, on entering the drawing-room after changing her dress; "but who's your party, Arthur, except those I see here?"

Lady Flora and her sister, with some dozen others, were named; "but the Marquis of Hampton has not yet arrived. I am sorry on Miss Rivers' account," said the earl.

"It's on Miss Rivers' account that he's not here, I suspect," replied Lady Clendenning, "Edith has refused him," and, giving a sly glance at Arthur, she arose and crossed the room.

To Lady Flora's infinite disgust, the Earl of Dunraven passed by the titled dames of the party, and handed Edith Rivers out to dinner; and she watched with jealous eyes the magnificent hot-house bouquets, which were sent to her dressing-room every day. Arthur resumed his place now by Edith's side as familiarly as he had done in the days of gunning memory, was always by to hand her to the saddle, turn over the leaves of the music-book, or pick up her crochet-needle; but in spite of all Lady Clendenning's manœuvring he never was with her alone.

The riding, driving, boating and fishing parties for the day had been made up. It was too pleasant for any one to remain in the house; but Mr. Rivers had received letters from America, which he wished his daughter to answer immediately, as he was going with Lord Clendenning to look at a model farm in the neighborhood. Edith with inward regret gave up the delightful gallop through the park, which she was to have had with the earl and some others, and slowly betook herself to the library. She looked out sadly at the bright sunshine, and tried not to hear the grating of carriage wheels on the gravel, nor the pawing of horses' hoofs, and the gay voices of the equestrians.

Lady Flora Millwood was handed to her saddle, and the party all mounted except Dunraven, who turning to the groom that held his horse, told him to lead it away, and asked to be excused, as he had some business to attend to that morning.

Edith had been unable to resist the temptation of going to the window, to see the gay cavalcade wind down the hill, and was vainly endeavoring to recognize one figure by the side of Lady Flora, when the library door opened. Supposing it to

be a servant, she did not turn till she heard a step close to her, and some one say,

"Are your letters finished already, Miss Rivers?"

"No, but the day was so fine, and the scenery here is so beautiful, that I could not stay from the window. I think I shall draw my table up and write here. But I thought you were of the riding-party."

"No," answered the earl, "I am very proud of my place, and wanted to take you to the spot we proposed visiting this morning, so I thought I would defer it till you could be along."

There was something in his manner that embarrassed Edith, and she nervously replied, "you have a beautiful place, I never saw a finer one."

"Will you be its mistress, Edith?" was the query, in a low voice, and Arthur took her hand, which, as it was not withdrawn, he had the assurance to pass around her waist; and somehow, at the end of two hours, when the party returned for luncheon, Edith's letters had not been commenced, and Dunraven had attended to no business, except that which did not require the assistance of his steward.

Lady Clendenning was in raptures, taking care

to inform Lady Flora Millwood, the next day, as she was following Edith to the carriage, on their return to Beechwood Park, that Lord Clendenning and herself should not spend their Christmas as usual at Hollywell, for it was a favorite of Arthur's, and she had promised it to him and Edith to pass their honeymoon at.

"I am so glad she refused that old Marquis of Hampton," said she, giving a delighted glance at Lady Flora's disappointed face.

Her ladyship's busy brain is manœuvring still to find something unique as a court dress for Edith, when she shall be presented to her most gracious majesty as Countess of Dunraven, which shall surpass that of the *ci-devant* Lady Flora Millwood, who at the same drawing-room will appear as the Marchioness of Hampton.

"No matter if she does step out before you to dinner in consequence of her rank," says Lady Clendenning, "every leaf on the estate is mortgaged; and as to that court dress, my dear, you shall surpass her as far as Cinderella did her sisters after being arrayed by the fairy."

"Take care, Edith," says the earl, laughingly, "or Emily will ruin your dress, as she nearly did your happiness—by manœuvring."

WILLIAM PENN.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

Through Pennsylvania's wild-wood glades
 There went a gathering cry,
 As if red Arcouski's* call
 Had doomed their brave to die;
 Each dark-brow'd warrior grasped his bow
 And quiver stored with death—
 With hurrying footsteps forth they came
 Dread as the simoom's breath;
 They gathered thick along the shore
 Those war-like men, and strong,
 And dark-haired women clasp'd their babes
 Amid that warrior throng;
 There was no gun-flash thro' the gloom,
 No hollow beat of drum—
 Then from their ancient forest homes
 Why do these chieftains come?
 And whose that form beneath yon elm?
 He bears no badge of power,
 Yet 'mid these savage men he stands,
 As stands a stately tower!
 No knightly helmet veils his brow,

No cuirass guards his heart—
 He asks no service of his sword,
 No shield from spear or dart;
 His weapon is the sword of Peace,
 His shield the God of Love!
 He asks not armies at his will,
 His strength is from above!
 And now he seals the bloodless scroll
 With love and mercy fair—
 The sword he sends to reap the corn,
 The spear to form the chair!
 That bond how sure—tho' often proved
 'Mid havoc, blood, and flame,
 Penn's gentle race uninjured stood,
 The Indians love his name!
 Was not this true and holy faith
 That warmed his noble heart,
 To face the wild waves of the sea,
 The savage Indian's dart?
 How sweet the laurel-wreath of fame,
 That blooms unwashed in tears,
 On Fame's too darkly crimsoned scroll
 What name so pure appears!

* Indian god of way.

MY FIRST LOVE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

"Ah, me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tales or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth!"

From amid the chaos of my youthful days arises the image of my first love! But stop—this is not the proper way of expressing it; even words, like dress, should be suited to the person for whom they are intended, and such a manner of introducing the subject would rather call up the idea of some majestic water-spirit, a thing half fearful, half divine—or some poet face that was "all my fancy painted it"—instead of the awkward, ill-contrived figure of a genuine Yankee boy, whose limbs seemed to have been thrown together at random, and who, beyond a certain good-natured expression, had certainly nothing in his countenance to recommend it.

I should rather say *straddles* the image of my first love—for to that species of locomotion was John Bancombe particularly inclined. He was one of that sort who, among men and boys, with a blackboard, geometrical puzzles, or sufficient provocation for a regular battle, are *men*; but in the drawing-room, under the stiffening discipline of their "Sunday best," and an idea that something rather soft and accommodating is expected of them, are perfect fools.

John was extremely bashful, and had a great trick of blushing, which, I think, first led me to notice him. He was about six feet high, although not more than seventeen, with light hair, and the sort of face which is usually termed "sheepish." Now-a-days, whenever I call to mind John Bancombe and all the love that I wasted upon him—which, had it lasted, he would have been entirely unable to appreciate—I am disposed to laugh and ask myself what, in the name of common sense, ever bewitched me.

And yet, when I came to think of it, it does not appear so very surprising. His was precisely the character to take with an imaginative person. Brought up by thrifty parents, who understood well the art of making a little go a great way, he had acquired the habit of being close and prudent in everything; and as he wasted very few words, I was puzzled to know what he really was. There was a blank to be filled up; and John Bancombe stood before me noble, intellectual, and possessed of every talent and

virtue. That he would make a brilliant figure in the annals of his country I was firmly persuaded; when I read the speeches of Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, I thought to myself, "you repose now in fancied security, but wait a few years;" and I looked forward to the time when, led by John Bancombe, I should proudly assume the seat of Mrs. President.

He is now a country schoolmaster, and "boards around!"

I could not say much for John's appearance, to be sure; but then who wanted a handsome man to be always looking at himself instead of me? His name, too, might have been better selected; but as he had a brother Peleg, and a sister Consteration, he had certainly fared the best. His father boasted of having called the children whatever happened to come handy; though I always thought that he must have taken considerable pains to fish up the cognomen of his two eldest born—"Christian names" they cannot be termed.

My admiration for John did not include all the members of his family; but as Peleg was married to a "nice, steady young woman," and Consteration had a "likely young man" who came to see her every Sunday night, I thought that they would not give us much trouble.

The business of the farm afforded John sufficient employment during the summer season; for as the acquirement of knowledge was considered by his thrifty parents in the light of knitting—a something to be taken up at odd times, when there was nothing else to do—it was not until "killing-time" was well over, and the winter hay stored in the barns, that Mrs. Bancombe and Consteration took seriously in hand the business of looking over John's wardrobe preparatory to his winter start.

He lodged with a respectable widow, a relation of his father's, who had an invalid daughter by no means prepossessing in appearance, or agreeable in manner—and yet what a sweet creature Susannah Furwood was considered by us girls! How many kind inquiries about her health were instituted! how many delicacies carried in person!

Which deeds of mercy were sometimes rewarded by a glimpse of John Bancombe, as he bashfully made his escape through a back window—his retreat being effected with more of haste than graceful ease.

There was a report that John's board was taken out in potatoes and other "sass," and such would seem to be the case; for regularly every Friday evening, if there was snow on the ground, an old sleigh made its appearance, which, after being unloaded of sundry baskets and parcels, would stop a while to rest, and then drag off John to the bosom of his family. That old painted sleigh! with its wreath of faded roses on a yellow ground, of which I knew from long study, the position of every leaf and flower—no triumphal car could have appeared half so beautiful in my eyes.

Even the square figure of Mr. Bancombe, senior, with his fur cap and woollen comforter, derived some lustre from the glory with which John overshadowed every object around him. And then when the sleigh was really out of sight, and nothing remained to me but the tracks it had made in the snow, how suddenly it grew dark and cheerless! Even the closing of the window's shutters, usually a performance of deep interest, because it was executed by John, failed to arouse me; and the remembrance of Susannah's rheumatism faded from my mind, until the return of Monday morning brought the old sleigh and its precious contents back to Mrs. Furwood's.

John was always wonderfully cool and composed, (except when he jumped out of windows to get away from me) and this circumstance materially enhanced his attractions in my eyes. And yet the love was not all on my side either—at least, I supposed that it was not; John often went to the post-office for my letters, and made the entire circuit of the village two or three times before he could summon sufficient courage to knock at the door. He sometimes sent me flowers, with an express intimation to the messenger not to tell where they came from; and he has been known to accompany me home, when, harassed by anxious fears respecting Miss Susannah, I have spent the evening at Mrs. Furwood's!

One evening, at one of our winter parties, at which social gatherings our plays were of rather a romping nature, my hair became loosened, and floated around me; when, before I could gather it up, John, prompted by the others, seized a pair of scissors, and quietly placed a lock beneath the folds of his waistcoat. I had received repeated requests from him before, through obliging friends, for even a single hair—but I refused, only from

the fear of spilling my head covering. I was quite provoked at him now; and half frightened at what he had done, John evidently avoided me.

I went home, and consoled myself with the idea that it would be cherished next his heart, as an invaluable keepsake; but the goose, not satisfied with what he had done, must endeavor to mend matters by making them worse. The next day I received a note from John containing my lock of hair, with an apology for having deprived me of it, and a hope that "as he had now returned it, I would not feel offended with him." The idiot! as though I had nothing to do but to tie it on, and let it grow again! No one but he would ever have done such a thing. I had lost my hair for nothing; so I threw that and the letter into the fire, and cried for very vexation.

But I have not yet told by what twistings and turnings of fortune my path happened to cross that of John Bancombe. It had long been decided in the family circle to send me to boarding-school for a year or two; and as Miss Crawlington's establishment at Little Rest had been highly spoken of, I was despatched thither. There, however, I should have been allowed no opportunity for falling in love; and weary and restless under such rigid discipline, I began to look about me for some means of improving my circumstances.

Not far from the seminary there was a very long, low house, which had originally been an hotel; but the present owner, having come from "out East," preferred farming to inn-keeping. They did not, however, refuse a boarder now and then; and having heard glowing accounts from those who had sojourned with the Briggs', I at length overcame the scruples of my indulgent mother, and behold me and my trunk transplanted to a more congenial soil.

Mrs. Briggs, to describe her properly, was the sweetest woman that ever lived. No one could do anything to offend her; she was always ready to listen to everything, to be interested in everything, and to do everything that a person wished. She exercised the most motherly care over her boarders; spoiling them for cold weather by heating their beds with warming-pans—allowing them to retire and get up when they chose—and laying siege to their hearts with such a battery of buckwheat cakes, sausages, doughnuts, and apple-dumplings, that they were vanquished at once.

I can distinctly see the snug little room, with its curtained bed and clumsy, old-fashioned chairs, in which I have passed so many nights; the immensely long, low parlor, with its roaring fire of hickory logs, where they all gathered of

an evening; while Mrs. Briggs sat in the corner with her knitting, smiling from time to time in the faces of all the others, and the wind drearly whistled around the old house. Montague Briggs, the only son, was generally absent on a courting expedition, which had already occupied his evenings for five years and a half; for not being particularly active about the farm, he usually spent his time in yawning, and perhaps feared that if he brought matters to a crisis by getting married at once, he might find the time hang heavily on his hands for want of a visiting-place.

The Briggs' tenement being just opposite Mrs. Furwood's, I had an excellent opportunity of watching all John Bancombe's out-goings and in-comings. I could distinguish him in an instant among a crowd; then I thought with the quick eye of love—*now* I think from a way he had of throwing his limbs about, and using them as though they were the stolen property of another.

Perhaps the interest which I felt in John was kept up by the fact of my having a rival in his affections, whom I sometimes dreaded and sometimes despised. Sarah Hilton was a fair specimen of country beauty; she was clumsily made, with bold, black eyes, a large mouth, filled with white teeth, and an excess of color in her plump cheeks. Then she was always laughing—not at all troubled with diffidence—and very partial to the society of gentlemen. She was just the one to suit such a character as John Bancombe, and had I possessed too atoms of sense I might have seen it. But their manner, I thought, partook too much of the brother and sister order; he was more respectful to me—more frank and cordial with her.

What wonderful scheme floated through my brain during my mesmerism by the blind god! Things that had hitherto possessed no interest suddenly assumed a most attractive appearance; and I began to feel an intense affection for house-keeping in all its branches. Conscious of my deficiencies in that important science, I applied myself seriously to overcome this difficulty; and I had just learnt from Mrs. Briggs the intricacies of bread-making, in order to be every way worthy

of John Bancombe, when I made the discovery that that treacherous mortal had withdrawn his affections from me, and transferred the entire stock to Sarah Hilton.

At first, I could scarcely believe the evidence of my own senses. I saw the half-blown rose which I fondly imagined had been procured for me, placed amid the dark looks of my rival—I heard him call upon her in accents of entreaty to “take him out of the well,” a duty which had always devolved upon me—I saw them seated side by side as man and wife in “Oats, peas, beans, and barley grows”—and the whole dark truth suddenly overshadowed me.

“There, where I had garnered up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up—to be discarded thence!”

I was more shocked, however, at this proof of bad taste, than grieved by the withdrawal of his affections; and, accepting the proffered hand of a noisy, Hercules-like boy, whom I had always laughed at, I entered the circles and became the merriest of the merry. The constant attentions of Ichobad Blowerscrew restored me to something like complacency; and in my utter despair I flirted with him most desperately.

I looked my trial steadily in the face until it disappeared; and then, with an enlightened vision, I turned and beheld John Bancombe. Imagine a beggar who had been dressed, for some occasion, in the habiliments of a prince, stripped of his bright apparel, and reduced to his former rags; not the fairy's wand in the days of Cinderella could have effected a more powerful change than did my altered views.

He appeared to me a very ordinary boy—or rather, a very extraordinarily awkward one; in short, I no longer loved John Bancombe. Before long, “we met, ’t was in a crowd;” and after several admiring looks—for I wore a new and very becoming bonnet—he approached me with the evident intention of seating himself; but I made a lofty bow, expressive of utter indifference—and then, as he walked away discomfited, I sat and admired my own dignity and self-command.

Thus ends my first love.

SONG.

BY WALTER WELDON.

BRIGHT eyes around us beam to-night—
But the heart may be sad, tho' the brow be bright;
But there's many a one who would wish with me,
That we all were as blithe as we seem to be.

A smile may sit on a burning brow,
And may mask but a troubled heart, I trow;
And though many are merrier far than we,
Would our hearts were as bright as they seem to be

COUSIN CLARISSA.

A SEQUEL TO "THE WHITE HOUSE UNDER THE ELMS."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 181.

CHAPTER IV.

Monday, the 6th.

I WONDER when Alexander will speak to me. He came down this morning while we were taking our places at table. He was putting on his hat in the hall to go out; for he disregards our breakfasts. He is inclined to lie a bed, or sit in his chamber, or saunter about, according as his mood is, until nine or ten o'clock. Then he is ready to swallow a few mouthfuls. Papa don't mind this; he gives him his medicines, without one word of advice or information; this is all. Aunt Ruth watches how he goes on, informs, reprimands and begs. If he gets well, I shall think it is Aunt Ruth's work, more than papa's. She called him back this morning.

"Alexander——"

"What say, ma'am?"

"I say, in the first place, good morning." Her tones were brim-full of cordiality.

"Good morning," he replied, looking back with a smile, a faint one, as if his lips were parched.

"A fine morning! isn't it?" pursued aunt.

"Fine." He was standing in the door.

"But don't go out without your breakfast. Here is the mail on the table. I will go and toast this slice of good bread for you."

"No!"

"Yes!" And the "yes" had it. Aunt went with strong steps to toast the bread; and when she came back with it, Alexander was in his place at the table, reading.

I was down a little while ago. Alexander was on the sofa, still reading foreign news to mamma and Aunt Ruth, who sat in their low chairs and sewed. Mamma and Aunt Ruth were glad to see me; they invited me to stay; but I saw that Alexander waited every moment for me to be gone, that he might go on again with his reading.

"Ah, you are a hard man!" thought I, looking at his pale, handsome face. "Very likely you are to ask me to be your wife! to take me away with you before Gustavus Spencer comes!" Tears came into my eyes; and to hide them, I turned to come away, telling them, as my reason for not staying, that I had writing to do.

The 15th.

To-day, we have all been to Amesbury, to Grandpapa's Jackson's, and had our tea at Capt. Alexander's. Ned Singleton and Miss Morse went with us and Uncle Hurlbut's family, including Amy, her husband and her baby. We, that is, our family went in one carriage; mamma and Aunt Ruth on the back seat; papa, Alexander and I on the front. I crowded Alexander. At first I did not. At first, it seemed that he would not allow himself to be touched by me; and so I snuggled close to papa, with the meek feeling as if Alexander were a mighty Bramin, and I a poor little Paris. But, as we rode along, I saw that nothing else cared for him; neither the birds, nor the breezes, nor the flying clouds of dust. A bobolink that swayed and tossed its wings on a tall clover-head, sung in a way that mocked his stiff bearing, "fing-a-ling, ling, ling," and then on, on, in a sweeping melody. Little the bobolink cared for him, or for any stiffness, whatever. The breezes, content a while with snapping our ribands and sweeping our shawls aside, suddenly turned upon Alexander. It was the only thing they could do in his quarter, wheedling his wide-brimmed hat off to join them in their gambols. They did it, and I was glad. Aunt Ruth and mamma were sorry.

"I am glad of it," said I, when he came back holding his hat on—for the breezes were not done with him yet. It was the first time I had directly spoken to him, since our little quarrel.

"H'm! I dare say!" throwing his head away, ostensibly to see to his coat-skirts, really to hide a smile, a legitimate, beaming smile. I saw it; I saw the smile; and thought that never before was one like it seen on his face; not even when he was a child; for they say that he was not genial even as a little child.

He turned back so as to speak to Aunt Ruth. I did not exactly understand what he said; but it was some classical thing, I know. And I know moreover that he let the full light of his smile beam on her. I know it, from the radiant character of her smile that answered his.

"I'll crowd him," thought I. "I'll not strain

every muscle in this way to sit close to papa. I will slip along, hair's-breadth by hair's-breadth, until I am positively crowding him."

Good! he moved a little. Then he moved a little farther, looking across to see what new need there was that he should be jammed and tipped off aside his perpendicular. A little farther—and I stretched my neck to look after familiar places in the landscape; I was so busy looking, and talking to papa, mamma and Aunt Ruth! I was so busy, that I moved nearer and nearer, crowded him more and more.

"I'd like to know," he began, looking down on the little room that was left to him.

I did not mind him. I talked with papa about the man and boy that hoed potatoes, just over the wall. I crowded though, with a steady force.

"What do you mean, Miss Clarissa?" said he, now looking me steadily in the face. "What are you doing this for?" showing me what I had done; how I had pushed him to the extremity of the seat. "What are you doing it for?"

"Cause," in a dogmatic way, as if that were sufficient reason.

"Cause!" laughing in an explorive manner. "Did you ever see such a mischievous thing, Mrs. Jackson? did ever you, Aunt Ruth?" By-the-bye, it is curious that he always says, "Aunt Ruth." She is only four years his senior, and is fresher, more vigorous than he. But she has a way of taking care of him, as if she were his aunt or his mother.

"Ah, you shan't crowd him in that way!" said mamma, quite shocked at my impoliteness, and taking hold of my arm to draw me back where I ought to be.

Aunt Ruth knew well enough what I meant, what I felt. She laughed with downright heartiness. So did I. So did we all, papa inclusive—as soon as papa could find out at what we were making merry.

Alexander and I quarreled whenever we came near each other, for the rest of the day; I laughing in an open, honest manner; he trying to hide it with grimaces, with looking at other people, with his "h'ms!" and other rebuffs. When we were at his father's, and when his father and his mother led us round to see their garden and their "henery," as the old gentleman called it, where were all sorts of hens, with all sorts of Chinese and Polish names, Alexander took Aunt Ruth this way, and that way, and the other way, to see every bush and every chicken. He was still enough; but Aunt Ruth caught the chickens in the thick grass, and made pets of them. She caught them so easily! while I went running in

all directions, still the soft little rascals evaded my hand.

For the rest, we went half way up "Pow Hill," to look away upon a landscape, one of the most beautiful in our land; to see how the silvery Pow-wow threads the green meadow in a graceful, meandering course, as if it knew all the beauties that abound, and were dallying with them; how the church-towers and noble dwellings, the proud elms and limes of the grand old town. Newburyport do meet and mingle in the distant view; and how the glimmering sea stretches beyond.

We passed by the white cottage of the poet, Whittier. It is in the midst of the village, in the corner of two streets. But it stands back a little, with a yard. The turf was soft and green around it; flowering shrubs hugged it close; catalpas, and, I believe, other large trees, overshadowed and half hid it; so that it seemed a holy, a meet place of rest for him whose

"life hath been
A weary work of tongue and pen,
A long, harsh strife with strong-willed men;"

and who falters now, as if soon he must be done working. God be with him through the rest of his days, and bless him!

CHAPTER V.

July, the 14th.

COUSIN DAVY HURLBUT, who reads law at East Swamscott, has been here to-day. I let him know that I found Gustavus Spencer's letter in his Latin dictionary, that I read it, and that now I despise it and its author. He laughed as if my words were nothing; but he will see. I think he left the letter there purposely for me to see it; although, as Gustavus' friend, I do not know why he should. He says Gustavus has written that he will come before the middle of August. Oh, dear me!

I know what I will do! I will go down and be as civil as I can to Alexander. I hear him reading aloud to mamma and Aunt Ruth. He reads a great deal aloud to them of late. He is almost always in the sitting-room with them, when they are there. He took them out to ride, this morning, while papa was on his round, and I at Uncle Hurlbut's. He gains every way. Strength, flesh and color come. But he is no more than half pleased with congratulations; he says the flesh and strength will go, when he shuts himself up to his business again, faster than they come now. This makes Aunt Ruth and all the rest look sober—all but me. I confess I can't care much for him, he cares so little for me. It is his old iron-built father's whim,

not to buy farms for any of his boys, or to fill store-houses for them, or do anything for them, while he lives, but give them educations and then turn them adrift. The rest is to be done in his last will and testament. One ought certainly to have some pity for the sick son of *such* a father. I believe I have a little for Alexander now. I will go, while it lasts, and be gracious to him. Perhaps he will then be gracious to me. "A thing," he calls me oftenest, with the term variously qualified, but always with some disparaging epithet. I wish he could see, as everybody else does, that I have my good points. Perhaps he will this time.

Later.

He was reading aloud to himself some strong editorials. Mamma and Aunt Ruth were in the kitchen, with their heads together over the jelly Catharine had been making. Now, I can never say exactly the right thing to Alexander, when I do my best. And it is because I am ordinarily made fearful and self-conscious by knowing his want of friendliness toward me. To-day, I was more timid than usual; and, of course, deported myself more foolishly than usual. Until I was well vexed; and then I think I was more sensible. I think he liked me better then. But I see that it is all over between us. He would offer himself to a chair as soon as to me; while I would as lief have a regular Bluebeard for my husband. With Aunt Ruth he is so different! And well may be; for she has some dignity and self-possession. She came in while we were stumbling and tripping each other to-day. She smiled quietly, spoke quietly; and he the same. I thought that it was as if, uniting them, were silken threads on which the mutual words and even thoughts went back and forth; while between him and me all manner of abstractions and roughness lay.

Well, my mamma loves me, at any rate; and Aunt Ruth, the Aunt Ruth he thinks so excellent. She loves me better than she does him; for she lectures him; and me she never does.

Wednesday, 27th.

We are to give a very large party to-morrow, in consideration of—of Amy's baby, in fact. Everybody wants a chance to see and get hold of Amy's baby. And then we, his relatives, have a little pride to be gratified in showing him; for he is a superb fellow.

The 29th. Morning.

Baby behaved like a little prince. He had more dignity than any other of the company; for they passed him from hand to hand, tossed him, took him out into yard and garden, gabbered to him incessantly in unknown tongues,

and kissed him, as if they would take pieces out of his cheeks. He cooed a little, smiled a little; did not once cry, or go beside himself, in any way.

Cousin Davy rode over, and was here at supper. He followed me when I went to the office to bring a book for papa and Dr. Holmes. He shut the door after him, and came close to me.

"I've seen Bigelow to-day."

"Has he come?" starting; for Bigelow was of Gustavus' party in California. *

"Yes, he's come. He says there was a great smash-up there the day before he left."

"A smash-up?"

"Yes. They've been speculating, some of them, there, with a high hand. Bigelow kept clear of it. He has brought home a pretty round sum. But Gustavus"—here he paused and looked at me; as if he were considering whether it was best to go on.

"Well, what about Gustavus?" I asked, looking in all the wrong places for the book papa wanted.

"Why, he has been at Sacramento, you know. Well, Bigelow was at San Francisco with every thing on board ready to sail, when news came down that Spencer, Slidell & Co., together with two other companies, had—can't you find the book, cousin?"

"Had what?—yes; I shall find it shortly."

"That they were, in fact, going to ruin; were, in fact, gone to ruin. Bigelow wanted to stay to see what could be done. His brother was going immediately to see. If anything can be done for Gustavus, he will do it. But I'm sorry for him."

I pitied him for the downfall of his earth-built citadel. But I knew that it would be good for him; and I trembled with gratefulness. My hands trembled; and I suppose my voice did, when I said—"I can't think where that book is. I wish you would help me find it, Davy." For I did not like to have him stand watching me.

"I will." But he did not. He came closer to me, looked me sharply in the face, stopped the hand that went here and there along the rows of books, and, holding it fast, said, "Cousin Clarissa, are you glad or sorry?"

"I am glad. Because I think it would spoil him to go on with his whole soul set on his money."

"But your face is troubled."

"Well, I pity Gustavus, he will be so torn and upset, for a while. I am thinking too, that he may determine to stay and go over the same rough ground again."

Papa and Dr. Holmes now came in; for they

would wait for the book no longer. Papa put his hand on it in an instant; it was just where he told me I would find it.

"Ah, Clarissa!" said he, looking up between his glasses and his eyebrows. "You never find anything. Your mother is worth five hundred of you."

Finding that they would sit there in the round arm-chairs to consult the book, at their leisure, Davy and I had nothing left for us, but to join the company in the other rooms.

Aunt Ruth was holding Amy's baby when we came out. Ben Frank and Amy looked on, every moment, from their seat on the sofa; while stiff Alexander—stiff no longer—had his hand on aunt's chair, and bent a little over her and the baby, as if he were her spouse, and baby's pa. He did not notice us when we came; but Ruth did. She called us to hear baby say—"gov, gov," which he did, simply upon her smiling upon him, and without any of the clamorous efforts others had made to induce him to talk. I watched Alexander, while he and others watched Aunt Ruth and baby. I saw that he had an air as if he were both proud and content. But I have no more to say about him or anybody, this night.

August 3rd.

There came despatches, telegraphic and other, verifying the report brought by Bigelow. Bigelow says that Gustavus has speculated in buying and selling. That he has guarded himself conscientiously against all manner of over-reaching and fraudulent proceedings; so that no man can say with reference to a single business transaction of his—"you wronged me, sir, in this;" but that, going straight-forward, with a clear brain and a strong will, everything has prospered in his hands. He says that "he's a frank, manly fellow;" and that "everybody off there likes him."

I wish some sort of despatch, telegraphic, or magnetic, would assure me how he will proceed. I want to see him. I have the feeling that he thinks of me in his trouble, and would like it very well, if he could sit or walk by my side, and spin out all his thoughts and feelings into words.

I met Judith Humphreys at Mr. Tracy's to-day. She has, all along, had blushing, smiling questions to put to Cousin Davy, touching his friend Gustavus. But, this day, she had lip-curlings and head-tossings.

"This is the way!" said she, twisting her parasol vigorously. "People who begin in nothing, if they make ever so much show for a while, always end in nothing, at last, mind it when you will."

"No, indeed!" answered Mrs. Crane, who was playing with the three year's-old Tommy Tracy. "Not in this country, Judith! not by any means. I see you, Tommy." Tommy was at bow-peep now, by his mother's chair. "For instance, your father was the son of a very, very poor man, who had a troop of children to provide for. My grandfather, both my grandfathers, were rich. So that—Tommy, Tommy, come and see if you can find your marble. It is somewhere about me and in plain sight. So that, as I was going to say, your father began in nothing; now he is a wealthy man. Mine began in riches; but he died poor." She was filled now with tender thoughts of her father. Tommy hunted her skirts and lap for his marble, but she did not know that he was near.

Judith blushed and looked angry at what she said. She gathered the folds of her parasol, and said—"I don't know as anybody ought to be twitted for their poor relations."

Mrs. Crane looked up surprised. "Judith Humphreys, you know I could not mean to twit you, as you say. You know I do not think poverty the least thing against one. On the contrary, in my mind, the very thing that most recommends your father, is, his having made his own way; educated himself, established himself. I don't know whether he is ashamed of the poverty of his good old father. If he is, it is the thing that most condemns him."

Judith looked as if she were a little ashamed of herself. "To be sure—why, to be sure," she began, in an apologetic tone; but Mrs. Crane talked with the noble and excellent Mrs. Tracy, and again hid Tommy's marble.

The 6th.

To-day Uncle Hurlbut received a newspaper from Gustavus, with the hasty dash of a pencil at the commencement of the intended sailing of a certain ship, on a certain day.

"Wind and weather permitting," said Uncle Hurlbut, who dropped in to tell us about it, "he will be here early next week." He had a well-pleased look, as if he were speaking of a son's return.

The 8th.

Ah, there cannot be too much done up to Uncle Hurlbut's to make Gustavus' welcome a glad one. "Poor fellow!" they all call him, or all but uncle, and with tears in their eyes. Uncle does not stop to pity people who are made poor, if they have good use of their hands. He does not like to see it, if people who have good use of their hands, stop to be pitied. He is curious to see how Gustavus will carry himself under his reverses.

CHAPTER VI.

Thursday morning, the 11th.

LAST evening, Uncle Hurlbut came to our village, bringing Amy to sit with us while he was doing his business. Mamma and Aunt Ruth had gone out to see a sick woman; and so Amy and I sat in my chamber, as we used to sit, hour after hour, before she was married. We found it so good being by ourselves, going over the old times and the new, that, when uncle came, we begged him to go on, and leave us to walk up.

"Just as we have done, oh, so many times!" said Amy, with her loving eyes on my face.

We were very thoughtful, very happy on our way. I heard it from Amy how no human being has such reason to be grateful as she, with such a good, such a *dear* husband, such a blessed little baby, and so many good friends. She heard it from me that I am thankful, and, most of the time, happy; but that I have had many disturbances in the last three or four years. We laughed some over them; and I, at least, let a few silent tears drop on the way; for I was a little discouraged. In my utter ignorance of what was to come—between Gustavus and me, I mean—the future looked dark to me. I dreaded it. I wished that, some way, I might sleep and dream out the rest of my days.

By-and-bye we were there; and, while I sat resting for the walk back, they talked in the still way that suited the twilight time, about Gustavus' boyhood. Aunt told us little anecdotes of him, gave us accounts of his pretty, loving ways, as if he were her own boy. Uncle did not say much. He sat with his chin on his hand, and with a look as if his thoughts were far away. We knew, when he spoke, of what he had been thinking; for he said—"he was always a manly, sensible fellow. He had something that was reasonable and like a man, about him, even when he was a little thing; never exacting any thing; hardly ever asking for anything; taking what we gave—not as our own boys have always done; but often with moist eyes; and, always, as if he were grateful, as if he felt it was not his of right. Did you ever think of it, mother?"

"Yes, indeed!" replied aunt, speaking earnestly, and with tears coming. "It was always a grief to me. It has been ever since he went away; for we can know how eager he really was for money, and clothes, and books, and every thing, by the way he has worked and saved to get them, since he has been gone. I am so sorry he has lost it all; because he won't let us do anything for him, as he would if he were our own child."

"I've got some cents in my box. I'll give him them, any way," said good little Johnny.

A quick, light step came up to the house. A tall, compact shape, with a certain air of dignified grace, both in attitude and outline, was in the door of the room where we sat. We all sprang to our feet and gave little thrilling cries of joy. One moment the shape halted in the door, and the dark eyes ran inquiringly over the group; then we heard a gushing voice say—"father—mother."

Aunt took him in her arms and wept. He too wept. I knew how tender and grateful his heart was toward those who were welcoming him out of the deep places in their hearts, as if they were his own parents, as if that were his own home. He kissed uncle too; laughing a little, as he did it; but with the tears starting afresh. He kissed us all. He held us in his arms, looking steadily in our faces; he did not say much, though. He seemed too much moved. He said, drawing a long breath as of relief after a turbulent time—"oh, I am glad to be at home once more."

I stayed until a late hour, and then Gustavus brought me home.

Oh, the night was so blue, clear and still! I am sure there was never before so still and blue a night. Gustavus looked up to the familiar stars, away to the dark, familiar woods and hills, and then home to my face. He seemed not to know what to say; how to express the deep pleasure and thankfulness. But he told me that he loves me with his whole heart; and that he would no longer have stayed so far from me, for all the gold in California.

"Good!" thought I. "He will be content with me, then, if he has no heaps of gold. And he will know that I don't love and accept him, for his money. This is good! I am glad!"

"Clarissa loves me a little, don't she?" asked he. He had been watching my face.

"Yes."

"Only a little?" gathering my hand close to his heart. I did not speak, at once; and he repeated the question.

"She loves you forty times more than you ever *can* her; ever!"

"We will see about that," laughing and kissing my finger-tips.

Evening.

Gustavus has been here. He and papa have gone out now together, to see some of the people. See if this isn't outrageous bad! Spencer, Slidell & Co., lost only one speculation, and this comparatively a paltry one. He is richer than a Jew. I do not let him touch me, since this came out. I pretend that I will have nothing to do with him, since it was no rich Jew that I accepted; but a poor fellow who had neither

money nor home. He laughs heartily, gets my hand and keeps it, in spite of me. The rest laugh; even stiff Alexander. They think it rather a fine thing that he is so rich. I care nothing about it, beyond this; it would have been discouraging to lose all that for which he had been striving for so many years. And he can now have an easy, comfortable time; while I can help Cousin Henry along a little, can do whatever I wish for Mrs. Cormick and many

other poor people. Our minister has a hard time with his large family, and low salary. I will make his heart cheerful and strong, by giving him a hundred dollars every year that he and I live. I will—

But Gustavus comes without papa. I suppose I may as well let my diary go, after this. I suppose my head and my hands will be full of Gustavus, so that there will be no time or chance for writing in a diary.

"WHEN YOU AND I WERE BOYS."

BY D. HARDY, JR.

<p>Oh, do you not remember well our childhood's gleesome hours, When all around was beautiful, our life-path filled with flow'rs, When silver clouds o'er-swept the sky and earth-land seemed so fair, That you and I but little dreamed of life's fast- coming care? And do you not remember well our childhood's transient joys, And all our dreams of future bliss when you and I were boys? So lovely then appeared the earth with its o'er- arching sky, That often-times we almost wished that we might never die; But seasons now have come and gone and years have rolled away, For Time in his swift march speeds on with unre- lenting sway; A change is stamped on all things now, and gone are childhood's joys, But o'er those days we love to muse when you and I were boys. I stately stood upon the shore of old Contoocook's stream, Where we once loved in days ago to wander and to dream; 'Tis true the sun in tracks of red went down the Western sky, The stars as beautiful and bright were gleaming still on high, As when in boyhood's days ago, we shared each other's joys, But sad and strange had been the change since you and I were boys. The friends we loved so fondly then, who shared our scenes of mirth, Who cheered us with their loving smiles had left the scenes of earth; Ah! yes, the friends of childhood's years had perished one by one,</p>	<p>As stars as bright at morning time, are banished by the sun; Our old school-mates, those cherished ones, who shared our childhood's joys, Had roamed afar from childhood's home since you and I were boys. So sad and strange has been the change the world oft-times seems lone, But oh, the change is in ourselves for we have older grown; We've found that life hath many cares to cloud the youthful brow, Hath wrongs and ills, and sorrows deep to make the spirit bow; We've found that life is but a dream, that transient are its joys, And for those sunny days we sigh, when you and I were boys. And we have found our life-path here is not o'er- grown with flowers, For trials now are tempests wild where once they were but showers; We too have found that things of earth are subject to decay, The loved, the good, the beautiful must quickly pass away, That we, within the darksome grave "must bury human joys;" Ah! sad and bitter truths we've learned since you and I were boys. So let us spend our lives on earth, that when death seals our eyes, Our spirits freed will find a home, a mansion in the skies, Where Sorrow's train will enter not, where songs will never cease, Where streams of love are flowing from the crystal fount of peace; More lovely then will be our home, more lasting too our joys. More happy will our spirits be than when we both were boys.</p>
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ZANA.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GIPSEY GIRL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 208.

CHAPTER XI.

I SLEPT heavily for hours, so heavily that all the sweet noises of morning failed to arouse me. It was a suspension of consciousness that probably saved me from a brain fever, or perhaps utter frenzy. It seems that I had locked myself in, and all day Maria, unconscious of my return, had not thought of looking for me till Turner came home, for a moment, to inquire after us. He found Jupiter still saddled, wandering around the wilderness, hungry and forlorn enough. This excited his fears, and, directly, the faithful old man was knocking at my chamber door. The noise was not enough to arouse me, and receiving no answer he grew desperate, and dashing open the door with his foot, found me prone upon the carpet with my arms around the bronze coffer, my soiled garments lying in torn masses around me, and my pale features quivering from beneath the scarlet kerchief, with which I had confined the riding-hat to my head.

The stillness of death, itself, was not more profound than the sleep into which I had fallen; but at last, the gushes of fresh air they let in upon me—aromatic vinegars, and the desperate shake that Turner gave me in his terror, had its effect—I stood up, stiffened in every limb, and in a sort of trance, for all consciousness was locked like ice in my bosom.

Slowly, and with many pangs, the remembrance of what had happened came back to me. The bronze coffer at my feet—the sight of my garments brought back a consciousness of all that I had learned and suffered during the last night. I took up the coffer and placed it, reverently, on a table. Turner and Maria watched me, with anxious curiosity. The box was a singular one, and covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics, into which the red soil of the bank had introduced itself. I took no heed of Turner's astonishment; but, self-centred and stern, asked him if Lord Clare—I did not call him father—still lived.

"Yes," answered the old man, and all his features commenced to quiver, "he lives—he has

asked for you again and again. Where have you been, Zana?"

I did not reply. The stern duty that lay upon me hardened all my senses; the old man's right to question me passed for nothing. I asked what time it was, as if he had not spoken.

It was four in the afternoon. Lord Clare had inquired for me so often, that Turner determined, in spite of Lady Catharine's prohibition, to bring me to his presence.

"Go," said the old man, gently—"go change that dress, and drive, if it is possible, that deathly white from your cheek; there is no resemblance now between you and *her*; that icy face will disappoint him. Look like yourself, Zana—like *her*!"

I went at his bidding and changed my dress, arranged and braided my hair with fingers as stiff, and, it seemed to me, as nerveless as iron. The pallor did not leave my cheek; the blood flowed still and icily in my veins: all the sweet impulses of humanity seemed dead within me. I remembered a scarlet ribbon which lay in the box, with a piece of gold attached. The journal had given me its history. The gold was my father's first gift to his gipsy wife. I remembered well finding the ribbon in his vest, and carrying it away with a sharp infantile struggle, full of glee and baby triumph. He allowed me to keep it. Yet it was her dearest maiden ornament, the earliest sacrifice that she had made to him. The event was impressed on my mind, because it brought forth the first angry word that I ever remember from my mother. On seeing me come forward, holding up the ribbon, and shouting as it floated behind me, I remember well the quick flash of her eyes, the eager bound which she made toward me, and the clutch of her hand as she wrested away my treasure.

My father laughed, lightly, at the struggle, but she bore the ribbon away, and did not appear again for hours.

As this memory pressed upon my mind, I entered the room where Turner awaited me,

took out the ribbon, and hung it with the gold around my neck.

"Do I look like *her* now?" I said, turning upon the old man with steady coldness.

He did not reply. His distended eyes were fixed on the antique rings in my ears—a sort of terror possessed him at the sight.

"Zana, where did you get those accursed things?" he said.

I did not answer, but took my mother's journal from the coffer and closed the lid over the gold.

Turner followed me from the room, evidently filled with awe by the cold stateliness of my demeanor.

With a heart harder than the nether millstone, I entered the house which held my dying father. No misgivings of humanity possessed me—my soul was cruel in its purpose, and my footsteps fell like iron upon the tessellated vestibule.

Upon the staircase we met Lady Catharine Irving. She confronted me with her impatient wrath and ordered me back, denouncing Turner for having introduced me a second time against her commands. I listened patiently till she had done, and then put her aside as I would have removed her lap dog, and sternly pursued my way, leaving Turner behind.

I opened the door of Lord Clare's chamber. A voice from the bed, feeble and sharp as that of an old man, called out,

"Turner, Turner, is it you? Have you found the child?"

I strode up to the bed and bent over the dying man. My hair almost touched his forehead. The glow of his great, feverish eyes spread, like fire, over my face.

When he saw me that sharp face began to quiver, and over each cheek there darted a burning spot, as if a red rose leaf had unfurled upon it. He lifted his long arms, and would have clasped them over my neck, but they fell back, quivering, upon the bed. With his lips drawn apart, and the glitter of his eyes growing fearful, he lay gazing at the ruby rings that weighed down my ears.

"Those, those!—the rubies! How came they here?—what demon has looked them into those ears? Out with them, Zana—out with them, they are accursed!"

He held up those pale hands and grasped eagerly at the ear-rings, but I drew back, standing upright by his bed.

"They are my inheritance," I said, "touch them not."

"They are accursed," he faltered, struggling to his elbow, "the symbols of treachery and

blood—they were in *her* ears—the sorceress—the poisoner—they were in her ears that night."

"I know it. They belonged to old Papita, the grand-dame of my mother, the Gitanilla whom you married in the vaults of the Alhambra. I am her child."

"And mine!" he cried, casting up his arms as he fell backward upon the pillows.

I drew back, repulsing those quivering arms with a motion of my hand. They fell heavily upon the bed clothes. A groan burst from his lips, and, from beneath his closed eyelids, I saw two great tears roll slowly downward.

For one moment the heart within me was stirred with an impulse of compassion. I took one of the pale hands in mine, the touch softened me still more. The word father trembled on my lips—another moment and I must have fallen to my knees by his side. But that instant Lady Catharine Irving laid her hand on my arm.

"Go," she said, in a hoarse whisper. "Insolent, begone!"

I shook off her detested touch and drew myself sternly up. "Hence, woman," I exclaimed, pointing to the door with my hand—"hence, and leave me alone with my father!"

She turned livid with rage, but kept her ground, attempting to force me from the bed: but she might as well have tried her puny strength on a rock.

"Catharine, go, it is my child," said a faint voice from the bed; "leave us together."

"It is against the physician's orders—his mind wanders—it is madness!" exclaimed the woman, addressing Turner, who followed her; "you will bear witness, good Turner, that at the last his mind wandered."

Lord Clare's eyes opened, and were bent, with a look of ineffable love upon my face, "my child—my child!" he murmured, repeating the name as if the sound were sweet to him. Then looking at Turner, he whispered, "there must be some new proof. Those rings, take them from her—for, before the God of heaven, she is my own child."

"He raves—he is insane!" cried Lady Catharine, attempting to dash me aside.

I have said that my heart was hard as a rock when I entered that chamber. A moment of tenderness had softened it, but the presence of this woman petrified it again. Still I could not share in this unholy strife around my father's death bed without a shudder: my very soul revolted from the contest which might ensue if I persisted in remaining. I took the hand which had been feebly extended toward me, and pressed the journal of my mother into its clasp. He

lifted up the papers, held them waving before his eyes, and muttering, "it is her's—it is her's!" cowered down into the bed and began to weep piteously.

"What papers are those?" almost shrieked Lady Catharine, attempting to possess them, but the dying man dragged them beneath the bed clothes. "It is forbidden him to read—he shall not attempt it!"

Lord Clare started up in bed, and pointed his long, fleshless finger toward the door.

"Woman," he cried, in a voice that made her creep slowly backward—"woman, intermeddle no more—leave me with these papers and my God!"

The astonished and terrified woman crept abjectly from the room with her pallid face averted.

Lord Clare still sat upright, unfolding the yellow and time-stained journal of my mother with his shaking hands.

"Fling back the curtains," he cried. "Nay, nay, my eyes are dim—bring lights—bring lights. Ha, yes, that is the sunset, let me read it by the last sun I shall ever see!"

Turner had drawn back the bed curtains, twisting the silk in rich masses around the heavy ebony posts. But this was not enough, with a sweep of his arms he sent all the glowing silk back from the nearest window, letting in a burst of the golden sunset.

And by this light my dying father began to read the records of a heart he had broken. It was terrible to witness the eagerness with which his glittering eyes ran over the paper. New vitality had seized upon him: he sat upright and firm as an oak in the bed which had quivered to his nervous trembling a few minutes before.

I entered the room determined to spare no pang to the dying man—to shrink from nothing that might send back an avenging torture for all that he had dealt to my mother, but I was young and I was human. The blood that beat in his almost pulseless heart flowed in my veins also. I could not look upon him there—so pale, so full of deathly beauty—and be his executioner. I turned away resolved to spare him the details of my mother's death. I met Lady Catharine again upon the stairs, and she shrunk back from me as if I had been a viper. It gave me no pain, I was scarcely conscious of her presence.

I awoke in the night from a broken and unhealthy sleep. Turner's voice and the tramp of Jupiter outside my window had aroused me. I raised the sash and looked out in time to see the old man throw himself on Jupiter's back and

ride swiftly away. Just then the clock chimed three and a half o'clock.

I could not sleep again. A remembrance of the scene by my father's death bed—the knowledge that now he had full proof that I was indeed his child, came with startling acuteness to my mind. I reflected that in that house my mother had lived her brief period of happiness, and known the anguish that at last drove her to death. Never had I felt her memory so keenly, or her presence so near. A craving desire to draw my soul closer to her's by material things seized upon me. The sitting-room which I could remember her to have occupied, and that had been so often alluded to in her journal, had never been opened since she left it. Turner and Maria avoided the very passage which led to it, and I had shared somewhat in this spirit of avoidance. Now a desire possessed me to visit that room. The key was lost, Turner had often told me that, but bolts were of little consequence to me then. I dressed hurriedly and let myself into the garden. Around the old stone balcony the vines had run riot for years, weaving themselves luxuriously around the carved tracery and the rich balustrades in fantastic and leafy masses.

I tore these vines asunder, baring the old steps and scattering them with dead leaves, as I made my way to the balcony, which was literally choked up with the silky tufts of the clematis vines, run to seed, and passion flowers out of blossom. The nails, grown rusty in the hinges, gave way as I pulled at the shutters closed for years and years. Then the sash-door yielded before me, and I stood in the room my mother had inhabited; the first human being that had trod its floor since she left it on that bitter, bitter night. How well I remembered it! Then I had stood by her side a little child; now I was a woman alone in its desolation. I sat down in the darkness till the first tints of dawn revealed all its dreary outlines. A pile of cushions lay at my feet, and gleams of the original crimson came up through the dust. On those cushions I had crouched, watching her through my half shut lashes as she sat in the easy-chair, meditating her last appeal to the merciless heart of her husband.

A cashmere shawl, moth-eaten, and, with its gorgeous tints almost obliterated, hung over the chair, sweeping the dim carpet with its dusty fringes. Pictures gleamed around me through a veil of dust; and vases full of dead flowers stood on the mosaic tables; when I touched the leaves they crumbled to powder beneath my fingers. I beat the cushions free from their defacement, and reverently shook out the folds of

my mother's shawl. These were the objects she had touched last, and to me they were sacred. The rest I left in its dreariness, glad that time and creeping insects had spread a pall over them.

Seated in her chair, I watched the dawn break slowly over the garden. It seemed as if I were waiting for something—as if some object, sacred to her memory, had called me to that room, and placed me in that chair. It was a dull morning. Tints that should have been rosy took a pale violet hue in the east. The birds were beginning to wake up, but as yet they only moved dreamily in the leaves. No wind was astir, and the shadows of night still lay beneath the trees of the wilderness. The stillness around was funereal.

Unconsciously I listened. Yet whom could I expect? What human being ever entered that room sacred to the memory of one unhappy woman?

At length there came upon this stillness a sound that would have startled another, but I sat motionless and waited. It was like the struggling of some animal through the flower thickets—the unequal tread of footsteps—short pauses and quick gasps of breath. Then a feeble clambering up the steps, and there, upon the balcony, stood my father.

My heart ceased to beat; for the universe I could not have moved or spoken. He was dressed so strangely, his under garments all white as snow, with that gorgeous gown of Damascus silk folded over like the great wings on an angel. His head was bare, and the locks curled over the pallid forehead, crisped with a dampness that I afterward knew was the death sweat.

He stood within the window, with those great, burning eyes bent upon me. Their look was unearthly—their brightness terrible; but there was no shrinking in my heart. I hardened under it as steel answers to the flame.

After shaking the dust from my mother's shawl, I had laid it back upon the chair as it was at first; but when I sat down the folds were disturbed, and fell around my shoulders, till, unconsciously, I had been draped with them much as was my mother's custom. Thus I appeared before her husband and my father, ignorant of the appalling likeness that struck his dying heart to the centre.

He stood for a whole minute in the sheltered window, never turning his eyes a moment from my face. Then with a feeble stillness, taking each step as a child begins to walk, he glided toward me, and, sinking on his knees at my feet, took my two hands softly in his, and laid his damp forehead upon them.

"Aurora—Aurora, forgive me—I am dying—I am dying!"

It sounds in the depths of my soul yet—the pathetic anguish of those words! I could not move; my lips clung together: a stillness like that of the grave fell over us both. He had taken me, the implacable child, for the wronged mother; his cold lips lay passive upon my hands, and I had no power to fling them off.

He meekly lifted his head, those burning eyes were filled with tears, in which they seemed to float like stars reflected in water.

"You will not speak it, Aurora, and I am dying?" he murmured, clasping his arms over my neck, and drawing his head upward to my bosom, till I could feel the sharp, quick pants of his heart close to mine. "I have been years and years searching for the thing forgiveness; and now, when your lips alone can speak it, they will not! I am waiting, Aurora—but you will not let me die! To wait is torture—but you will not speak!"

Oh, my God, forgive me; but the black blood of Egypt rose like gall in the bottom of my heart, when he spoke of torture in that prayerful, broken-hearted manner. I forgot him, though he lay heavy as death upon my bosom, and thought only of the real torture under which she, for whom I was mistaken, had perished. My heart rose hard and strong, repelling the feeble flutter of his with the heave of an iron shaft.

"It is not Aurora—I am not your gipsy wife, Lord Clare, but her child—the founding of your servant—the scoff of your whole race. I am Zana!"

"Zana!" he repeated, lifting his eyes with a bewildered and mournful look, "that was our child; but, Aurora, how many times shall I ask? Where is she? Have I not come all this weary way to find her? Where is she, Zana?"

"I gave you her journal," I said.

"Yes, yes, I have it here under my vest: you will find it by-and-bye, but let it be a little while. She, Aurora, herself, this writing is not forgiveness; and I say again, child, I am dying!"

"I have nothing but what she has written," I answered, shrinking from his questions as if they had been pointers.

"But she does not tell all—not a word since that night. She was going somewhere—she talked about dying, but that is not easy, Zana—see how long I have been about it, and not dead yet. Tell me what she has been doing since that miserable, miserable night."

"Ask her in Eternity!" I said, attempting to free myself from his embrace. "If the dead forgive, ask forgiveness of her there!"

He drew back upon his knees, supporting

himself by the marble pressure of his hands upon my arms.

"Dead. Is Aurora dead?" fell in a whisper from his white lips. "Is she waiting for me there?"

"She is dead!" I answered.

"When, how, where did she die?" he questioned, with sudden energy, and a glitter of the eye that burned away all the tears.

I hesitated one minute—an evasion was on my lips. I could not tell him how his victim had died, it was striking a poinard into the last struggles of waning life. Suffering from the agony of his look I turned my head away; the fringe of my mother's shawl caught in the ruby ear-rings that was swayed by the motion. A fiery pain shot through my temple again; the gipsy blood ran hot and bitterly in my veins. His voice was in my ear again, feeble, but commanding.

"Speak—how did Aurora die?"

The answer sprang like burning lava to my lips. I forgot that it was a dying man to whom I spoke. My words have rung back to my own soul ever since clear and sharp as steel.

"*Your wife—my mother—was stoned to death by her tribe in the snow mountains back of Grenada!*"

My father sprang to his feet. For a moment he stood up, stiff and stark, like a marble shaft: then he reeled forward and lay prone upon the cushions, with a cry that made every nerve in my body quake.

That cry, that prostrate form, oh, God, forgive me, barbarian that I was—my voice had smitten him to the soul. I, his only child, had fiendishly hurled him down to die! I looked upon him where he lay, ghastly and quivering, like a shot eagle, among the cushions. All the sweet memories of my infancy came back: a remembrance of the first tender kisses those lilac lips had pressed on my forehead, seemed burning there in curses of my cruelty. I knelt down beside him, humbled to the dust with self-reproach, racked with an anguish so scathing, that while I longed to perish by his side, it seemed as if I were doomed to live on forever and ever.

I felt a shudder creep over his limbs as I bent over and touched him.

"Father, oh, my father," I cried, in terrible anguish, "speak! say that I have not killed you!"

He did not speak; he did not move; his eyes were closed; his pale hand lay nerveless upon the carpet. An awful chill crept over me. I felt like a murderer stricken with the first curse of my crime. Noises came from the balcony, people were scrambling up the steps, probably aroused by that fearful cry. I heard Turner's voice—

other persons were with him. One a professional-looking man, who held a roll of paper in his hand; another followed, carrying an inkstand bristling with pens. The first man sat down by a table, upon which some vases stood, and, unrolling a parchment, looked keenly at Turner.

"Awake him gently, there is no time to lose: this terrible effort must soon terminate all."

Turner knelt down by his master, and I drew back, waiting breathlessly for him to speak; my very salvation seemed hanging on his first word. How white he grew! how those old hands shook as they touched the pale fingers that had fallen over the cushion. It was a long time before that good old man could master the tears that swelled to his throat. The stillness was profound. No one stirred; the barrister sat with one hand pressed on the will he had come to execute; the other held a pen suspended motionless.

"Will he sign now?" questioned the man, in a low voice; "it is all that is wanting."

Turner stood up, and his white face was revealed to the barrister, who began to roll up the parchment.

"Good heavens, is it so?" he exclaimed, in a suppressed voice, "and in this strange place?"

"My master, oh, my master!" cried Turner, falling upon his knees, and calling aloud as he lifted the pale hand of the dead, and laid it reverently on the still bosom, "oh, would to God I had died for thee!"

I looked on the old man with wonder and envy. He could weep, but I was frozen into stone—he could touch the beloved hand, I was afraid even to look that way. The curse of my gipsy inheritance was upon me; the first act in the great drama of revenge on my mother's enemies was performed, and it had left me branded, heart and soul. I sat cowering by the dead like a criminal, not like the avenger of a great wrong. I had built up walls of granite between myself and the dead, I, his only child.

The rush of all these thoughts on my brain stifled me. I could no longer endure the presence of the living nor the dead, but arose and descended into the garden. Turner followed me, weeping, and evidently with a desire to comfort me. I, wishing to avoid him, was still held by a sort of fascination under the windows of the death chamber. A litter stood beneath the balcony, on which a mattress had been placed; I knew what it was for, and lingered near it with my eyes uplifted to the room above. There was a faint conversation, smothered whispers, and a muffled tread of feet upon the carpet.

I know not how or whence she came, but Maria stood at my side, with her hands clasped in the

shock of a first terrible surprise, tearless and hushed, a picture of mute sorrow. We were both looking upward. We saw them as they lifted him from the cushions, and bore him forward over the trampled vines to the broken steps. The faces of these men wore a look of stern sorrow. They descended, very slowly, while Turner stood below with arms uplifted, prepared to receive the dead.

The men paused, half way down the steps, to free a portion of the Oriental gown which had entangled itself in the balustrade. Just then a first beam of the sunrise fell across that marble face—oh, how beautiful it was, how mournfully beautiful! Dim blue shadows lay around the closed eyelids. The deathly white of the forehead gleamed out from the golden auburn of his hair and beard, which the sunshine struck aslant, and the wind softly stirred in terrible contrast with the stillness of the face and limbs. A look of holy quiet, more heavenly than a smile, lay around his mouth; the very winds of morning seemed gross for disturbing the solemn stillness of that day upon him.

Years and years after, when I stood an old woman before "Rubens' descent from the Cross," in the cathedral at Antwerp, the remembrance of my dead father, as they bore him down those steps, rose before me vividly as the picture.

The women at the foot of the cross, dark and Oriental like us, dumb with grief as we were. The old man standing in sorrowful readiness to receive his lord—the stern faces above—rich drapery in contrast with the white which surrounds the Christ—the solemn hush that lies upon every object, even those in action. Above all, the wonderful beauty of that drooping face, the sublime stamp of suffering upon feature and limb—the holy stillness that lay upon the Christ, all reminded me of my father as they bore him away. With the shock of that remembrance I fainted, and fell upon the pavement beneath the picture, adding the force of actual, ever haunting grief to the pictured suffering that had struck me to the earth.

CHAPTER XII.

ONCE more I passed the threshold of my father's house—the threshold upon which I had slept a child-beggar and an infant outcast; for the first time I trod over the spot not only without bitterness, but in humility of soul. I followed the dead body of my father, whose love I had repulsed, whose repentance I had rejected. That one idea drove all the evil blood from my heart; I would have crept after him on my knees

before every proud remnant of his race, could the act have appeased this thought within me.

It was early in the morning, so early that not even a servant was astir. The men trod lightly over the marble vestibule and up the broad staircase; often that thick carpet muffled their steps; and thus our mournful group entered Lord Clare's chamber without disturbing a soul in the house.

Even the valet that had been left to watch with him when old Turner was sent away, was not aroused from the deep slumber which had overtaken him, in an easy-chair wheeled to a remote corner of the room.

Life had passed out, and death entered the room, while that man, like the apostles of old, slept on his post.

They laid my father on his bed, and then gathered in a group near the window, pallid and anxious, whispering together. At times whisperers are more distinct than words—I heard all. The lawyer held a parchment roll still in his hand; Turner looked wistfully at it, then at me.

"No, it is of no more value than blank paper," said the lawyer, answering the look; "and worse, the old will, which would have given all in his power to the nephew, was destroyed in anticipation of this. Lady Catharine sweeps every thing!"

"It was not that," said Turner, "but his memory, let it be saved from idle gossip. It is only known to us that my lord left this room last night. Why make the manner or place of his death a wonder for people that have no right to inquire about it?"

"We can be silent," answered the lawyer, looking at his clerk.

"Do, for the sake of all who loved him; and this parchment, it is useless, let us forget it. We know that his last wish was to provide for her poor, poor child." Turner beckoned as he spoke that I should advance.

"Zana," he said, taking the parchment, "he would have made you rich. In this will he left Greenhurst and much other property to you; had he lived only a few minutes longer all would have been well. But God, who has made you an orphan, leaves you still with old Turner. In this will and to me he has spoken of you as his child. Shall it be so proclaimed? So far the secret rests with us. Shall we darken his memory with it?"

Oh, how thankful I was for this power to atone in a little for the cruelty of my acts! For the first time that day tears came to my eyes.

"Save his memory," I said; "let me remain an outcast. No word or look of mine shall blacken his name."

This resolution reconciled me somewhat to myself. I stole toward the bed, and through my tears gazed upon that marble face.

"Oh, my father, can you hear me?" I murmured. "It is your child—not the demon who refused to forgive—but you *are* forgiven. In eternity you have seen the wronged one, and instead of curses she has filled your immortality with blessings. I see them upon this face, that in its ineffable calm forgives even me who was implacable."

The broken sobs and murmurs in which I uttered these words of grief awoke the valet, who arose and came toward the window. Turner advanced.

"Go arouse the family, the Earl of Clare is dead."

The man went out after one wild look at the remains of his lord.

Directly the chamber was filled. Weeping domestics crowded the ante-room. Lady Catharine and her son stood by the death couch; the mother lost in noisy grief; the young man white and tearless as the dead face upon which he gazed.

As Lady Catharine removed the embroidered handkerchief from her face, her eyes fell upon me where I stood by the window near the strange lawyer. Her face flushed, and she came toward us.

"How long has this girl been in Lord Clare's chamber? How dare she insult our grief by intruding here?"

She spoke anxiously, casting sidelong glances at the parchment which the lawyer still held.

"She came with me—she saw him when he died," answered the old man.

"And were you here also?" questioned Lady Catharine, sharply, of the lawyer.

He bowed.

The lady forgot her tears and the grief, which, at first, had disturbed the sacred quiet of that death chamber.

"Did he send for you?" she continued.

"He did, my lady."

"And for her?" she cried, with a disdainful wave of the hand toward me.

"His last wish was to see her."

This evasive, but lawyer-like reply, irritated her afresh.

"What is that in your hand?" she cried, and taking even this wary man by surprise, she reached forth her hand, secured the parchment, and eagerly unrolled it. She began to read; her thin lips grew almost imperceptible; and her light blue eyes, the most cruel color on earth, when filled with malice, became repulsive as

those of a venomous reptile. They darted from line to line, growing fiercer and more hideous each instant, till her face became perfectly colorless.

At last her eyes dropped to the bottom of the document, a glare of delight shot from them, and striking the parchment with her open hands, she looked round upon us, with a smile of triumphant malice, horrible in that place and presence.

"It is not signed—it was not his work, but yours!" she cried, forgetting all respect for the dead in her fiendish exultation. "Go forth, one and all, your presence here is an insult!"

She waved her hand haughtily toward the door. But the lawyer and his clerk alone answered it. She still pointed her finger toward the door. Turner withstood the gesture firmly, but still with that respect which men of his class habitually render to those of superior station.

"Madam," he said, "you have seen it written by his own order that this young girl was Lord Clare's child. Surely it cannot be that you wish her sent altogether from his dwelling while he is lying there?"

"I deny it; there is no proof that she is his child, not the least," she retorted, pale with anger, and casting a furtive look at the bed as if she feared those marble lips might move and contradict her. "What proof is there in an unsigned paper drawn up at a distance, and without his knowledge?"

"Before God and before the dead!" answered Turner, looking upward, and then bowing his forehead solemnly toward the death couch, "Clarence, Lord Clare told me with his own lips, not twelve hours ago, that this child, Zana, was his daughter, proven so entirely to his satisfaction. By his orders, and at his dictation, I took down all that is in that unsigned will, and myself carried it to the lawyer who hastened to put it in form."

"It is false; had this been true Lord Clare would have signed it."

"He was dead when we came back," answered Turner.

I saw her lips move, those thin, pale lips made a movement as if they would have said, "thank God!" But in the awful presence of death she dared not force them to utter the blasphemy in words.

All this time George Irving had been so overwhelmed by the sudden shock of his uncle's death, that he seemed entirely unconscious of what was passing. But at last the sharp tones of his mother's voice aroused him, and he came forward with one hand slightly uplifted. "Hush," he said, "this is no place for words."

His mother looked at him with a half sneer.

"Do you know that this creature and her miserable old father has been plotting to disgrace our name, to steal away your birth-right, George?"

"I only know that we are in the presence of death," answered the young man, solemnly. "Madam, let me lead you away, this agitation will make you ill."

"No—not while these vipers remain," she answered.

This scene had, from the first, wounded me as if every word had been a blow, but my heart received as a blessing every fresh pang, for it seemed as if by pain I could make atonement for all I had inflicted on the dead. But I could now no longer endure it. Without a word, and with one mournful glance at the beautiful marble that had been my father, I went forth alone. Turner remained, not all the malice of that bad woman could move him from the side of his master—command and insult were alike futile. Until the day of the funeral the old man remained by his master, still as a shadow, faithful as truth.

It was a miserable time with me after this. I wandered around that dwelling like a haunting and haunted spirit. They had laid my father out in state, and the meanest villager could pass in and look upon him; but I, his only child, driven away like a dog, could only look upon the walls that held him afar off, and through blinding tears. Still I said to myself it is right. Let me have patience with this cruelty—I who would not be merciful, who refused forgiveness, as if I were a God to judge and avenge, should learn to suffer. But it was grief, not contrition, that made me speak and feel thus. With the memory of his death green in my heart, I thought that the bitterness of my nature was all gone, and gloried like a martyr in the persecutions that threatened me.

At last I grew weary with watching. Maria strove to comfort me, but her own kind heart was full of grief, and we could only weep together and wish for old Turner.

But we had friends who did not quite forsake us, though it was known that even sympathy in our sorrow would be held as a cause of offence with Lady Catharine, who was now a peeress in her own right, and lady of the Hall.

The curate and my precious Cora came to us at once. They had seen Turner at his post, and, knowing the danger, came without concealment to comfort us. Cora did not seem well; her sweet mouth was unsteady as if with more than sudden grief; those pale blue shadows lay beneath her beautiful eyes, that I could never see without a

feeling that an overflow of tears had left them there.

She was very gentle, and affectionate as a child; striving with her pretty ways and sweet words to win me from the sternness of my grief. I felt this gratefully, but had no power to express the sense that I really felt of the kindness. As one answers and feels the pity of a child, I received the sympathy that she came to give. Would that it had been otherwise—would that I had treated her as a woman full of rich, shy, womanly feelings—in that time of confidence and tears she might have been won to trust in me entirely. But there was the old feeling of suspicion in my heart. We shared our tears together, but nothing else. The sweet, motherless girl had no encouragement to open her heart to me if it had been her wish. In the selfishness of my grief I forgot everything else.

With Mr. Clark it was otherwise, his counsels, his gentleness, and patience were so true, so beautifully sincere, that I could not but yield to them. I told him all:—my night at the Greenhurst, the papers which Chaleco had unearthed, and my last, cruel interview with Lord Clare. But the good man could give me no counsel here. His life had been too isolate, too tranquil for power to cope with, or even understand these wild events. He was shocked by the revengeful character of Chaleco, and urged me with tears never to see this man again.

"Come to us," said the good man—"come and learn to love God peacefully with Cora and your old friend. The little parsonage is large enough for three: it held three once, you know," he added, with tender mournfulness; "and I sometimes think Cora still pines for her mother as I do. The parsonage is very sad of late years, and you seldom come now, Zana."

"I will come to you more than ever if they will let me," I answered, touched by his sadness, and filled with remorse for having, in a great degree, forsaken his dwelling the moment a jealous doubt of Cora entered my mind.

"Drive all this wild man's advice from your mind," continued he, "see how it embittered the last moments of your father's life—those precious moments which God had bestowed that they might be filled with paternal blessings. Flee from this evil man, Zana."

There was something in the simplicity and gentleness with which this advice was given that touched my heart; while a haughty faith in my own more daring character made me receive it with forbearance rather than respect. But just then all opposition was passive in my bosom; I was silent, and he thought me convinced.

In some things this strangely good man was full of resolution, strong in courage. When I expressed a wish to see my father again, before the tomb was closed on him forever, he offered at once to lead me to his side; I did not dream that this act of Christian courage would harm him, though he knew it well enough. It was a fatal step, but how could I comprehend that the hatred sure to follow me, would be felt by all who regarded my forlorn state with kindness?

I saw my father once more in the dead of night, when no one watched beside him save old Turner. Mr. Clark went with me: and the two men, my sole supporters on earth, left me alone in the funeral chamber.

I will not attempt to describe the anguish, the sting of conscience which held me chained to that death couch. I knelt beneath the dim rays of light that gleamed like starbeams among the black draperies, and made an effort to pray. Was it my imagination, or did those fearful rubies burn in my ears? *I could not pray.*

As I rose from my knees with an oppression on my chest and brain, that held me as in chains of iron, the masses of black velvet that fell from the tall ebony couch on which the Lord of Clare Hall was laid, shook heavily, parted, and in the dusky opening I saw the head of Chaleco. The face was half in shadow, but those eyes and the gleaming teeth were full of sinister triumph.

He reached forth one hand, removed the linen from Lord Clare's face, and whispered in his native Romanny,

"Look on your mother's murderer, woman of the Caloes—look for the last time. He has covered your face with shame, driven you forth from his people. Come to us, it is time. The tribes of Grenada know that the true blood has avenged itself here. They will recognize those symbols of Papita, their prophetess—they will forgive the base blood in your heart, and you shall be a queen to them. Chaleco promises!"

With an effort that seemed like a wrench on every nerve in my body, I turned away my eyes from the dark head of the gipsy count, and they rested on the holy stillness of my father's death sleep. The light gleamed over him: the sublime repose of his features had deepened till he almost smiled. Contrasted with that heavenly face Chaleco seemed a demon tempting me.

I fell upon my knees once more; the weight left my brain and lungs; tears are sometimes sweeter and more holy than prayer, I wept freely.

When I arose Chaleco stood beside me, but the power of his fierce eyes was gone. The unnatural influence that he had obtained over me was

lost in the more sublime impressions left by that tranquil face.

"Go," I said, gently, "I am not prepared to follow yet."

"Wait till these Gentiles spurn you away then!" he answered, in a fierce whisper, "they will do it. No fear, I can wait."

"God only knows what they will do," I said, "but I was not made for an avenger; children do not turn and rend those who gave them life. Look there, how he smiles, and yet I killed him. You call it vengeance—it is murder!"

"Fool!" he exclaimed, "fool! but wait, wait!"

He waved his hand toward me as if to forbid any movement; and going to an antique cabinet which I remembered well, began to search in its drawers. I saw him take out two or three articles which he thrust in his bosom, then with a dark look toward the bed he disappeared. I know not how, for when I would have stopped his progress the velvet drapery swayed between me and him, as if dashed down with a sweep of his arm. When I searched behind that he was gone.

On the next day my father was buried. I did not attempt to join the procession, or force myself on the notice of those who had assembled to render the last honors to his memory. Strangers could walk close by his bier, I looked on like a wild animal through the thick trees that concealed me. It was a bitter thought, and something of old resentments kept me dumb as the funeral train swept by. I think it was three or four days after Lord Clare's funeral, when Turner received a message from the Hall. He seemed troubled, but made an evident effort to appear unconcerned. I saw him go with misgivings, for late events had left me in a state of nervousness that detected evils in every shadow. My presentiments were right. Lady Clare, the new countess, before leaving for her London house, among some other old and favorite servants, coldly ordered the old man away unless he would send me, her brother's orphan, from beneath his roof. Other changes were about to be made. The Greenhurst living, which had been vacant, and which controlled this church at the Hall, was promised to George Irving's tutor, who would take orders and assume it at once.

Everywhere was I hedged in and surrounded by foes: an Ishmaelitic feeling took possession of me amid my grief. The only friends that clung to me on earth were driven forth like dogs because they gave me shelter. I knew well that Turner would not hesitate, that he would beg by the way-side rather than forsake the poor foundling he had cherished so long.

But he was now an old man, united to a woman scarcely more capable of working her way through ordinary life than a child. Should I permit him to be thus unhoused and thrust into new phases of life that I might share his little means of comfort? He loved that beautiful old dwelling: to send him from among the trees of that park would end like uprooting the oldest oak there. Not for me—not for me should this be done!

But Cora and her father, they had offered me a share in that pretty home by the church. This thought, for an instant, gave me pleasure—but was not the good man also dependant on a friend—I had almost said menial—for the soul renders baser services, sometimes, than the bare hands can give. Was not he also indirectly at the mercy of this new countess?

All night long I thought over these little reflections, and, spite of myself, an indignant sense of oppression—cruel, undeserved oppression, filled my soul. The iron of my nature broke up through the soil that had covered it for a time: the sybil's ear-rings grew precious to me. If cast out from one race, there were burning links which drew me to the darker and fiercer people, to whom persecution was an inheritance.

I arose in the morning and went to Clare Hall. The countess would have had me driven from her steps like a dog had I desired admission; but, well aware of this, I entered alone and unannounced, and made my way to her dressing-room.

The contrasts in that woman's character were most repulsive. She had all the girlish softness which marked Nero when meditating his ferocities. While her aims were all deep and cruel as the grave, their exhibition was even frivolous. While planning the ruin of a fellow creature, she would sit rapidly curling the hair of her lap dog, as if that only occupied her mind.

When I entered her presence, she rose hastily from the depths of an easy-chair, in which she had been buried with her dog, and arranged the folds of a violet silk dressing-gown, with what seemed fastidious regard to the effect her delicate attempt at mourning would have upon the young gipsy. I was surprised at this, it seemed impossible that a woman so relentless could occupy herself with trivial attempts at display like this. Now, it seems the most natural thing on earth, inordinate vanity and a savage want of feeling have linked themselves together through all history; the bad man or woman is almost invariably a vain one.

I think the woman took a mean pleasure in making her dog bark at me, for her hand was playing about his ears, and a contracted smile

warped her lips as his snarling yelp died into a howl.

I took no heed, but walked up to her chair and rested one hand upon it. She shrunk back.

"Madam," I said, "you have made it a condition with Mr. Turner that he shall thrust me from his door. Because he refused this you wish to drive him from the estate. He refuses no longer, I have come to inform you of this. Tomorrow you will have rendered your brother's child homeless."

"I am glad," said the woman, with her weak smile—"very glad that Turner has come to his senses. No one wishes, of course, to send him away, he is a good servant enough; but we cannot make that pretty cottage a nest for impostors, you know. So long as he lives there, quietly, and alone with his old wife it does not signify, though I had a fancy for tearing the place down. But he must not harbor objectionable people: give him to understand this before you go. Above all things, strolling gipsies and their children must be kept from the estate: he will understand!"

"Madam, have I your promise that Mr. Turner shall remain in his old place so long as I keep from his house?" I questioned.

"Why, yes," she answered, smoothing the dog's ear over her finger; "he is a good old man enough. No one will disturb him, I dare say, unless my son's bride should take a distaste to his ugliness when she comes down."

I received the sidelong glance of her eyes as she said this without finching, and she went on. "Estelle has fastidious fancies in such things. Now, I think of it, she may be in want of a handy maid—did she not approve of your talent in that way, once? If the situation would keep you from want, I have no earthly objection."

"Madam!" said I, standing upright and speaking, as it were, a prophecy, for the words were not formed by a moment's thought—"madam, when I come back to Clare Hall, I shall be its mistress, not a servant."

She turned white with rage or fear; her eyes gleamed; she clenched her hand fiercely among the thick curls of her spaniel, who lay crouched in her lap eyeing me like a rattlesnake.

As I spoke, a low laugh reached my ear from a window; and, for an instant, I saw the face of Chaleco looking in through the rose colored curtains. Lady Clare cowered back in her chair, frightened by the glance that I fixed upon her, by my words and the fiendish glee of that laugh.

"Go," she said, at last, "leave the estate, you and your old supporter; root and branch you shall all be exterminated."

A slight noise at the window, a flutter of silk, and Chaleco stood by me.

"No, madam," he said, "*she* shall go because it is the will of her people; but as for that old man, touch but the dog he loves at your peril!"

"What are you?" faltered the lady, gathering up her spaniel in an agony of terror. "How came you in this place?"

"I have been here before," said Chaleco.

"When?"

"On the night Lord Clare's wife died." He stooped down whispering the words in her ear. "If a hair of that old man's head suffers for his kindness to this child, *I will come again.*"

"I will promise," she faltered.

"Bah, I want no promise; your white face is truer than a false tongue. You dare not touch him—we of the Caloes have soft steps and potent drinks. We know how to wait, but in the end those who tread on us are stung."

"You need not tell me that," she answered, bitterly, and struggling with her terror.

"Be cautious then: you who owe this vast property to us should be considerate!"

"To you?—to you?"

"Yes, to us. Had not Lady Clare drank too freely of harmless cold water—had not Lord Clare known it, and so tortured himself to death, where would your chances of property have been?"

"And you did this?" cried the woman, aghast.

"Who else? The Gentiles have no relish for vengeance, they swallow it at a mouthful—we take a life-time for one meal—don't make us hungry again!"

Chaleco turned away with a scornful smile, and, stooping to my ear, whispered,

"At the Greenhurst, to-night, I shall wait!"

He glided toward the window, lifted the curtain, and was gone before Lady Clare knew that he had moved; for, overcome with cowardly terror, she had buried her face in the cushions of her easy-chair.

I did not wait for her to look up, but left the room, satisfied that my poor old benefactor was saved from all attempts at persecution.

I went to the parsonage after this, where I might be another day. What course of life would be mine was uncertain, all that I knew was that my life at Clare Hall had ended.

Thus cramped in its affections, my poor heart turned with longing tenderness toward Cora, the only child companion I had ever known. I would see her, and with my secret kept close, have the joy of one more loving interview. My heart grew gentle with tenderness as I approached the house. She was not at the window. An air of strange gloom pervaded the place. I entered the parlor:

it had not been swept that day: books, drawings, and Cora's guitar lay huddled together on the table; all the blinds were close but one, and that kept in constant motion, now letting in gushes of light, again filling the room with shadows.

In a dim corner stood Mr. Clark's easy-chair with the back toward me. I approached it and leaned over. There sat the curate exactly as he had the morning of his wife's death, pale, tearless, the most touching picture of grief that I ever saw.

I looked around for the cause: where was Cora and her father in this state? I ran to her room, it was empty. Into the kitchen—the servant sat moping by a dresser: she did not know what had come over her master, or where Miss Cora was. He had not spoken a word or eaten a mouthful since she went out.

Sick at heart, I went back to the parlor, and, kneeling by the good man, took his hand in mine.

"Speak to me!" I said, "oh, speak, what has happened? Why are you thus?"

He looked on me as he had done that first day in his grief, laid his hand on my head and burst into tears. He did not speak, but put one hand into his bosom, took out a letter and attempted to unfold it. But his poor hands shook so nervously that the paper only rattled in his grasp.

With painful forebodings I took it from his hand. I did not read it all, for a sickness of heart came over and blinded me; but enough was plain, Cora Clark, my little Cora had left her father's house to be married, so she wrote, and her companion—who was he?

George Irving left Clare Hall on the very night that letter was written; she mentioned no names, but this was a part that all might read. His tutor still remained with Lady Clare.

Mr. Clark looked wearily at me as I read the letter. His lips moved, and he said in a meek, broken-hearted voice,

"What can we do, Zana?"

"We will find her—love her—take her home again," I said. "Cora shall not remain with this villain even as his wife!"

"You see," said Mr. Clark, looking meekly downward, "God has taken away my strength, I cannot walk."

It was true, *his limbs were paralyzed.*

"I will find her. Get well and wait patiently, father, I will not rest till Cora is at home again."

"God bless you my child."

He kissed me on the forehead, and with this holy seal upon my brow, I went forth from among my father's people an outcast, an Ishmael among women, but strong to act and to endure.

LIGHT AFTER DARK.

BY ELISE GRAY.

Did you ever pass through a long, wild winter? Not an ordinary one of three moons, when freezing and dissolving alternate; when old Boreas blusters fiercely a few days and nights; when the snow drifts high up to the windows and makes curious, lace-like curtains over the panes; then the storm is past—the gentle south wind blows softly like a strange breath from the sweet summers you remember, and all the snow melts from the grass, that still retains a little of its native hue. But one of those winters that come like angels's visits, only *not welcome*, when almost as soon as the dead, dry leaves begin to fly in the chilly autumn winds, merry children cry out in glee that the first snow-flakes are falling. But you go to the window and look out very *sadly* to think that winter is coming so early. Very soon you find that it has indeed come, and oh, what a winter it proves to be! The snows seem eternal as those that crown the high mountain peaks; the piercing winds unrelenting. You never see the blue sky, or only now and then, when there is a little opening in the ashes over your head, but soon the beautiful spot is covered again. You think of glorious azure heavens—of earth covered with green velvet carpet, painted with roses—of perfumed breeze and gentle dews, but all this seems to you like a mysterious dream, while you look out at the storm; and that all this beauty should *return*, seems to you as impossible as when an old man mourns his childhood, and know it cannot come back. As you watched the drifting snow, you seemed to yourself to be in another world. But you were *not*. The storms and gloom *did*, at last, pass away. Do you remember one summer morning, long after, when you stooped down by a dark-leaved forget-me-not, with shining dew-drops on it, and your tears fell there too; how just then you heard a bird sing high above you, in the top of a green tree, and your heart sent up a song to God, thanking him for winter as well as summer; for storm as well as calm; and for darkness that makes the after light as much brighter?

Rich man in the velvet chair, counting the piles of bank notes and bright golden coins lying on the white marble tablet. Do you remember when you were *poor*, and had hard oaken chair

and table of plain pine; when instead of your rich palace with soft, mossy, flowery carpets, you had uncovered floors in two small upper rooms high above the pavement of a dusty, crowded street? You do. You know how you struggled then with poverty and despondency, yet in your low estate determined to be rich and noble in your heart, though purse were poor and garment mean? You remember the day you gave the penny bun to the pale, thin, beggar child you met shivering in the crowd, and now your heart felt a keen pang of hunger for greater power to bless?

You remember well, too, that strange day when Fortune, nay, when *Providence* did change your lot; how after this, in bank and counting-house, men bowed low to you? You know how strange it seemed to have ability to gratify your tastes for the intellectual and the beautiful, and scatter to the needy your hundreds and thousands, where once you gave the little penny bun.

Honored man, do you remember when you were stricken by the poisoned lash of slander? when though your conscience was sustained, a black blot fell upon your name, and all for a little gold, that when weighed in the balance with integrity, was in *your* scale lighter than a grain of dust?

You remember the day when he who had smitten you was forced to own the wound he made, and before many witnesses wipe off with his own mean hand the blot he dropped upon your name? That name has *added* honor now.

Author of well known fame.

You remember when you chose for your life-toil to dig in the mines of thought, and dive to the depths of the soul for hid treasures? You knew that this was *labor*, and not all graceful *play*, as they who know not falsely say? You knew that as the rough ore of the golden mine, and as the curious things of the sea, so must *your ore* and *your pearls* be purified and polished?

So while others slept, you worked alone at midnight to try your ore in the crucible, and brighten your gems. At last they were ready for the world's eye. How your manly heart trembled then. Was it for fear that gaze would *not praise you*?

No, it was not *fame* you sought as your great aim. You were *poor*. You wanted gold—not to buy bread, *not this*; but far away there grew a flower, more needful to you than your daily bread. You longed to transplant it, but you had no spot where it might bloom, and they who cherished it in its own garden would not give it to your care.

You sent your costly goods to the place where such are bought and sold, but alas! the vender could not buy, for the world's market was too full. So your pearls came back to you, but you sent them forth again, and so did you many times till at last you despaired. One night there came to you, not your rejected treasures returned to you again, but they had remained, and instead came many bright golden coins!

It was your *first success!* How it bewildered you! You thought you must be dreaming. So you went to the open casement to breathe the cool air of night.

But you were *not* dreaming. You know it *now*, for you have a garden—a sweet one—*your own*; and in it blooms *that flower—yours now*. Your presence is its sunlight. Its fragrance is more to you than the incense of the world's praise that floats around you.

Fair is Hope when she treadeth on the dark foot-prints of Despair.

Loving, gentle mother, you remember the youth of forehead high and raving locks, you called your only son. You remember the bright promise, the praise, the love that were like beautiful garlands around him. You can recall that hour when you were wakened from a sweet dream of your boy by a kiss on your cheek, and a grasp of your hand, and opening your drowsy eyes, you saw your darling just come from walls of school to rest at home. You know how your pulse quickened with joy! and then in an instant was almost deadened with fear, as you beheld the cheeks and lips that when last you touched were full and rosy with health, now white and thin as if by long and deep disease. Then you heard a hollow, half-suppressed cough, and it fell on your ear like the sound of earth on coffin lid.

Memory brings clearly back the next night. Your boy had gone early to his chamber—the dear room always *his*. He was only tired, he said.

It was a cool, autumn evening, and by a gentle fire on the hearth you and the boy's doting father, and his two young sisters, and your kind physician were gathered round. While the doctor gave his grave counsel *that cough* often sounded through the house. Oh, what a knell! solemn as toll of funeral bell.

You were not despairing. No, but fear had fallen upon you, a shadow so dark, so awful, that for a little you forgot the star of hope. * * *

A few more days and nights and you were far away, you and your feeble son. You were on the broad ocean. It was midnight, and your boy slept, but the rocking of the vessel did not close your eyes in slumber. You heard the sailor's tread on deck, but it was not this that kept you waking. You were weeping and wandering, and longing to lift the veil of the future, to see if your sorrow would darken into death or brighten into bliss. Oh, would your boy's living form bound in again at his father's door, or his cold clay be borne in there? Ah, you *could not tell*. So you prayed to Him who pitieth His children, and thanked Him that your child was a child of God.

A few more days and you were on a beautiful island of the sea. The air was warm and the sky sunny. You were wandering on the beach with your pale son. You gazed at him earnestly while his eyes sought a far-off ship, and you thought his cheeks had grown a little fresher, and the cough a little lighter, and you trembled almost painfully. You did not dare hope much, and when you wrote those anxious watchers at home, you knew not what to say. A few weeks had passed and hope had strengthened. The cheeks were *surely* fresher—the cough vanishing—the step stronger! A little longer, and that tiny island seemed too small for joy so great as yours! * * * * * On sped the days.

One bright morning a carriage stopped at the door of your home. *You* were in it, and *your boy*. Over the stone steps he leaped at one bound. A father's arms received him and sisters clung to him!

Ever after when you heard the storm beat against your windows, it brought no gloom to your spirit, for you always thanked God that the rain and snows were not falling on your son's grave. Oh, how much more bright and beautiful was life because the shadow of death had passed over it.

Maiden of glance radiant with an earnest joy. You remember the fair ideal Fancy painted as the only one *you* could ever "love, honor, and obey?" You remember when the real *embodiment* first appeared before you? You know how you admired—how different seemed *one* from all others around you—how soon you learned to love the speech of *one* more than voices of rare singers, or music of harp—how that forehead and eye grew so dear to you, that when you had seen them you asked to go alone to weep—how others grew dull to you, and life was dim when you saw

not the one light so dear, yet when near it, your heart dared not rejoice in its presence. In your prayers you know *what you pleaded for*. Oh, you remember too, deep, far in your heart, when the hope first entered there that you were *beloved*; aye, and that holy hour when this sweet hope was changed for vows soon to be sealed—never to be broken. Bright is the morning joy that cometh after the midnight sorrow.

Happy Christian, loving God and loving earth; joying in the life of faith; its perfect rest; its blessed confidence; its certain hope; its fervent prayer; its glad some praise! Oh, you remember well the weary life of *doubt*; the shadows; the honors; the gloom; the agony; the mists; the snares; the wild storm; the deep darkness; and brighter is the true light that *now* shineth for the darkness that *was before*.

ASPIRATIONS.

BY H. W. PAYSON.

A MOUNTAIN bird whose jetty wing,
Some ruthless hand had clipped,
In vain essay'd to wear again,
The plumage from him stripped;
Then turning to the Heavens his eye,
He spread his pinions as of yore,
Above the forest tree tops high,
He aim'd but could not soar.
Yet with a never flinching eye,
He strove and fix'd his mark as high
As he at first design'd to fly.
When strength no longer would remain
He sought repose, then rose again.
Till one fair morn with joyful cries,
His jetty feathers grown anew,
Above the tree tops to the skies,
Beyond his mark he flew.

One at Parnassus' foot was standing,
And gazing with intense desire
Upon the glorious laurel'd summit,
And to those laurels dared aspire.
With unremitting toil he work'd,
His eye forever on the goal,
And only at long intervals

Some morsels of repose he stole;
Sometimes his eye grew dim with tears,
But then its fire would dry it soon;
And thus he labor'd day by day,
Till life had reach'd its noon.
Then stood he on the topmost point;
On proud Parnassus' lofty head;
Play'd with her laurels as he would,
And stamp'd them 'neath his tread.

It is not all may reach the point,
The dizzy point of earthly fame,
It is not all can hope to win
On earth a deathless name.
One mark there is which all may gain,
One summit none cannot attain,
High as the Heavens, yes, higher far
Than proud Parnassus' laurels are,
That radiant mark is Heaven.
Oh, worldly fame—be still! be still!
Sound not those clarion notes so shrill,
Lest from that high, that noble goal,
Spell-bound beneath thy charm'd control,
The heart to thee is given.

TWILIGHT WHISPERS.

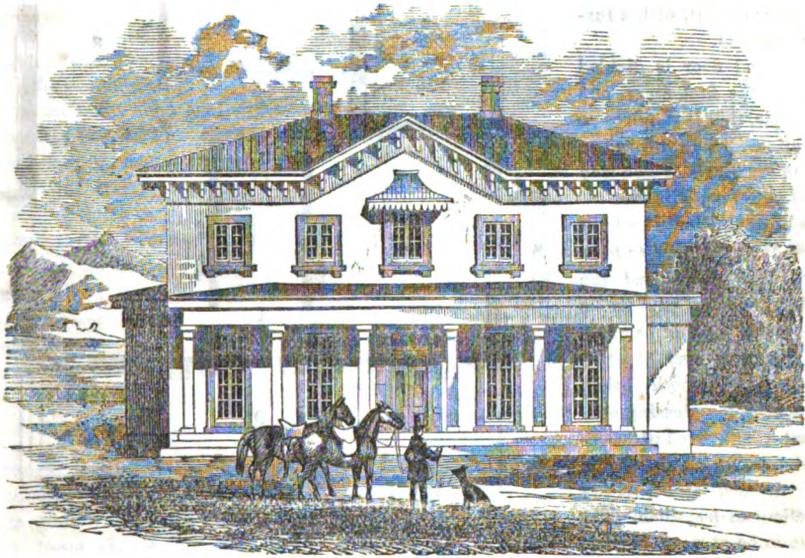
BY CLARENCE MAY.

SOFTLY round me fall night's shadows,
And the winds have gone to sleep,
Where the gloom is dark as midnight,
In the forest still and deep;
And the stars like blessed angels,
With their soft, sweet looks of love,
Are dancing to a joyous measure
On the azure plains above.
Yonder, too, in all her beauty,
Comes the pale, sweet queen of night,
Silvering o'er the stream and meadow
With a soft and radiant light—

Telling many a fairy legend,
In loved Fancy's tones so low,
As she used to, in my boy dreams,
In the happy long ago.
And sweet Memory, with soft pinions,
Gently fans my weary brow—
Like the breathings of a prayer,
Come her whispers to me now;
Telling many a by-gone story,
With its dreams of joy or woe—
Of the loved, and lost, and cherished,
In the dear old long ago.

COTTAGE AND VILLA ARCHITECTURE.

SUBURBAN COTTAGE IN THE ITALIAN STYLE.



THE object of all real art, as of all science, is to elicit truth. It is not enough that a building is beautiful and harmonious in its form and details, but its construction and its ornamentation must also be satisfactory to the mind. The intellect must approve what the senses relish, and the eye admires. In order, therefore, to give a country house its right character, that is, a character corresponding with all its domestic purposes, it must satisfy the rational desires of the senses, the affections, and the intellect; it must be at once useful, beautiful, and significant. These three characteristics may be specified in the three following truths: first, that the building is intended for a dwelling, which is the general truth; secondly, that it is intended for a town or country house, which is the local truth; and, thirdly, that it is intended for a certain kind of country house, as a cottage, villa, or farm-house, which is the specific truth. If a country house is not expressive of these important truths, it is a failure, in an artistic point of view; no matter how convenient and comfortable it may be in its internal arrangement. True art must always treat objects, so as to give them a moral significance, and it is the business of the architect to stamp both feeling and imagination, as well as utility, upon his work.

This design belongs to a class of cottages, very generally in the neighborhood of our larger country houses. We have not endeavored to give it much architectural style. The projection of the roof supported by brackets, and the simple, but bold window-dressings, are in the character of the Italian style.

The veranda along the front of this cottage, with a bay window on each side, convey, at once, an expression of beauty, arising from a sense of superior comfort, or refinement in the mode of living; and the whole exterior effect, without having any decided architectural merit, is one, which we should be glad to see followed in suburban houses of this class.

The parlor, is a handsome apartment for a cottage, being eighteen by twenty-two feet, with a bay window square in its openings, as all bay windows should be in this style. To this room is attached a library, twelve feet and a half, by sixteen feet.

The bay window is of the same size as that in the parlor. The width of these bay windows is eight feet. The vestibule is nine feet wide, by twenty-two feet long, containing the stairs. The back entry, or passage, is five feet and a half wide, by nineteen feet long; it communicates with a porch, seven by twelve feet. This pas-

sage gives an excellent communication with all the rooms.

The kitchen is of good size, being sixteen feet and a half by nineteen feet, and has a fine pantry attached to it. There may be a cellar under the whole house, or part of it, with a furnace, if desired.

The second floor is divided exactly as the first story, and is so simple, that it requires no explanation. There will be two rooms in the garret, which may be used as servants' rooms.

This cottage should be built of brick, the first story to have thirteen inch walls, and the second, nine inches with inside studding. If built of common brick, the walls may be stuccoed; if of smooth brick, painted of some pleasing neutral tint. The window-dressings, lintels, and sills, should be of dressed stone, either Connecticut or freestone. The veranda to be of wood, finished to harmonize with the walls. The roof to project three feet. The front door should have the two long panels glazed, so as to light the main entry.

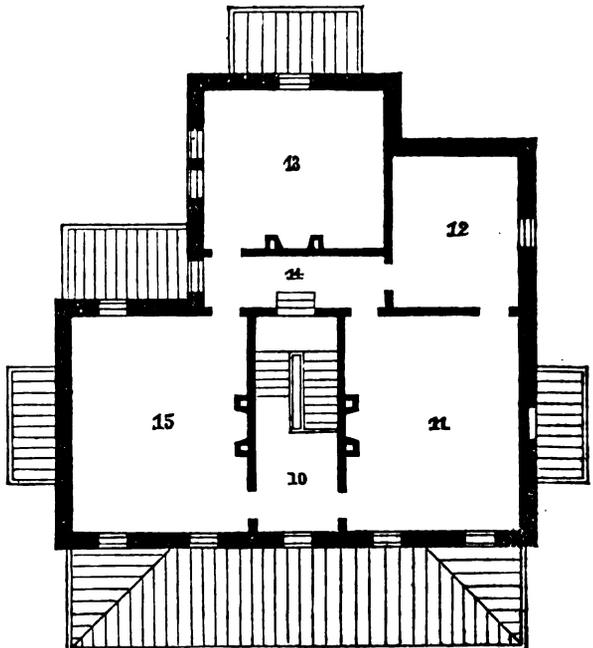
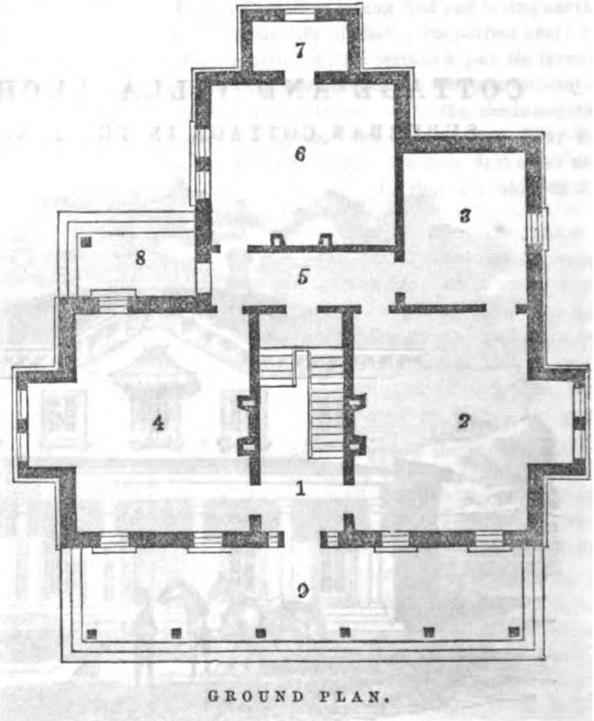
DIMENSIONS.

PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

	FEET.	
1. Vestibule, - -	9	× 22
2. Parlor, - -	18	× 22
3. Library, - -	12½	× 16
4. Dining-room, -	18	× 22
5. Passage, - -	5½	× 19
6. Kitchen, - -	16½	× 19
7. Pantry, - -	5½	× 10
8. Porch, - -	7	× 12
9. Veranda, - -	10	× 45

SECOND FLOOR.

10. Staircase, - -	9	× 22
11. Bed-room, - -	18	× 22
12. Bed-room, - -	12½	× 16
13. Bed-room, - -	16½	× 19
14. Passage, - -	5½	× 19
15. Bed-room, - -	18	× 22



BLOSSOMS OF TRUTH.

BY MARGARET LES RUTENBUR.

LIFE.

WHAT lessons of change that strange thing called life presents to the view. How little we know in the night what another day may bring; and how little at day what may be the night; the rich may become poor, the poor rich! The wheel of fate seems unceasing in its revolvings, ever rolling forth happiness or misery to the countless throng of human souls that wait to receive their portion of good or ill, as it may be. Then why is it that we are so fearful of that change from—not what *I* would call life to death—but from death to life?—for I fully agree with the writer who says,

“They are the living, they alone
Whom thus we call the dead.”

Strange! if there is a clime (and should we not believe it?) where the “mourner looks up and is glad.” Strange, indeed, it is that the human heart should shrink from the glory of such a resting-place, and yearningly cling to the frail and perishable things of earth, preferring its dim and care-worn paths to the “green pastures and still waters” of Paradise: the deceitful hearts that beat in mortal frames to the sinless spirits that dwell in Eden’s land: the changeful ties that bind us for a season here, to the unbroken links of love that chain bright souls in heaven.

Here, (we are told) all is “vanity and vexation of spirit:” there, is harmony, and the music unceasing that falls from seraph tongues: here, pain, sorrow, and tears—there, health, joy and smiles. True, there are times when the rainbow of joy appears in the sky of hope, and the star of faith gleams brightly on the human heart—and then dark shadows fall, the rainbow has passed far away, and the mist of fate envelopes the rays of faith. And then again, we may not be truly unhappy even in this world, if the mind is philosophical enough to balance itself aright against the chances and changes of human destiny! We must ever “look aloft,” that is the great secret of much happiness: are we sad and oppressed by the cares and sorrows of poverty, let us look upward! there, at last, if we live aright, riches far above those of mortal life may be our portion; riches of eternal life and peace!

Have our fellow beings wrung our hearts with the conviction that there is no faithful love, no permanent friendship here? “Upward and onward!” “excelsior!” there, the “mortal shall put on immortality, and exceeding great” may be our joy in the love and friendship of heaven.

“THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART, THERE IS NO GOD.”

Who pencils with divine art the fine blendings of light and shade upon the summer cloud? Who bends the ‘bow, with its delicate and beautiful colors, into a graceful arch? Who scatters the evening stars like drops of gold upon the azure floor of heaven? Who lights one resplendent orb to illumine the day, and another to beautify the night? Who is the keeper of the deep, deep sea? Who bids it cease to rage, and wear a tranquil smile? Who descends amid its waves and directs the seeds of the crimson coral, or weaves upon its fearful loom in such pure and fadeless hues the robe of the singing shell? Who tunes the organ of the winds and plays the furious tempest, or the milder breeze? Who speaks in the rolling thunder, or fires the vivid lightning athwart the pathway of heaven and earth? What limner paints the plumage of the wild-wood bird? What power causes such melodious strains to come forth from its little throat? Who tells it where and how to build its innocent home? Who weaves upon the carpet of earth such gorgeous and beautiful flowers? Who guides the streamlet in its peaceful course, as it meanders through the verdant glade? What artist tinted the blue eye of the sapphire, or the crimson cheek of the ruby? Who moulded the golden crown of the topaz? or gave to the diamond its veil of dazzling sheen? Who breathes upon the sere branches of the tree, and lo! it bringeth forth its leaves, its buds, its blossoms, and then its delicious fruit? Who gives all the blessings that fall like drops of dew “upon the just and the unjust?” Who comes in a tone of sorrow to the guilty, but in the still, sweet whisper of mercy to the penitent? Who but Him the Divine Architect and Giver of all we see and hear? Oh! bow thy head upon thy breast, thou who hast said in thy heart, “There is no God.”

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

OUR LITERARY MERIT.—The first object of the editors of "Peterson" is to make the *most readable Magazine* of the day. That they have succeeded in this is proved by the universal testimony of the ladies, as well as of the newspaper press. The Rhineback (N. Y.) Gazette, in noticing the September number, says:—"One of the contributions in this number alone, is worth the year's subscription; it is written by E. W. Dewees, and entitled 'The Fortune Hunter.'" And it adds:—"This is unexceptionably the cheapest and best Ladies' Magazine now published." The Fulton (Ind.) Flag, says:—"This exquisitely beautiful and great favorite is not only sustaining its already high reputation, but is daily gaining new friends and admirers, and if fully appreciated would be found in the possession of every lady in the Union." The editor of the Western (Ohio) Emporium, says:—"The reading matter of 'Peterson' is always the choicest in the market." Finally, the Jersey Shore (Pa.) Republican, says—and we may add hits the nail *exactly* on the head—"A gentleman *could not do an act for his lady that would be more appreciated*, than by sending two dollars to Charles J. Peterson, No. 102 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, for this excellent periodical."

A fair Kentucky correspondent and subscriber, who has long been familiar with other Magazines, writes to us respecting the superior literary merit of the "National." She says:—"I believe it to be unquestionably the best Magazine now published. The reading matter is perfectly unique; the ladies are delighted with it. Next year we shall form a larger club here, or, perhaps, several. Talk about it being only two-thirds as expensive as Godey's, or Graham's! There is really scarcely any comparison between the books. If it was two-thirds more expensive than those other two, I would greatly prefer it still. Give me 'Peterson's National' always." And scores of similar letters are on our file. In 1854, the literary merit of the Magazine will be even better than ever. Remember that, fair friends!

PUTNAM AT HORSE-NECK.—The memorable escape of Gen. Putnam at Horse-Neck is the subject of a fine illustration in this number. The incident occurred at West Greenwich, Ct. The general was shaving, when, reflected in the glass, he saw the British approaching up the road. He rushed to horse, marshalled his men, and made a bold effort to defend the town from the enemy who had surprised it. But the foe was too numerous. Discovering this, after a few volleys, he ordered his men to fly to the woods, while he himself, after waiting to see them safe, galloped toward Stamford. Hotly pursued by the dragoons of the enemy, he wheeled his horse from the

road, just where the highway sweeps around a long hill, and plunged, at full gallop, down the almost precipitous declivity, as represented in our engraving. The dragoons, afraid to follow, retired, after a vain discharge of their pistols at the general.

THE CITY OF NAZARETH.—The town of Nazareth, in Galilee, where the parents of our Saviour resided, lies among hills, as most of the cities of the Holy Land do. The view, which we give, is from a drawing taken on the spot.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Autobiographic Sketches. By Thomas De Quincey. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—If there has ever been a writer, in any age, worthy to dispute with Chrysostom the epithet of "golden-mouthed," that writer is, perhaps, De Quincey. His style seems absolute perfection; for its fitness and beauty go hand-in-hand. No man can be more eloquent when the occasion demands it, none more playful, none more idiomatic, and none at times more full of stately pomp. There are passages in "*Suspiria de Profundis*," and others of his best works, which are scarcely equalled by anything in the language. To Messrs. Ticknor & Co. American readers generally owe their knowledge of this noble writer, these gentlemen having collected and published his works, heretofore fugitive. The series thus issued has led De Quincey to revise his productions himself, and republish them in England; and the present volume is the first of this improved edition. The author, in a handsome letter, prefixed to the book, expresses his gratitude to Ticknor & Co., for having given him, unsolicited, a share in the profits of the volumes they have sold. It is the intention of De Quincey to revise all his writings, and we believe Ticknor & Co. are to issue a new edition thus amended. Readers of taste will be glad to hear this. The present volume is neatly printed, as indeed are all of Ticknor's publications.

Lorenzo Benoni. Or Passages in the Life of an Italian. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—The universal voice of the press, and the approbation of all readers of taste, have placed this book among the most interesting published for many years. It is the autobiography of Signor Ruffini, an Italian gentleman, who, becoming involved in the political troubles at Genoa, in 1830, was compelled to fly into exile. The narrative begins with his earliest childhood, and is continued to the period of his escape. It is written with a charm indescribable, and in a pure idiomatic English, that is really wonderful in a foreigner; indeed, any native-born author

might be proud to write so chastely. The book offers the best picture extant, perhaps, of the mode of education pursued in Italy. It also unveils the secrets of conspiracy, with a frankness that is invaluable, at least to the political student. There is a love story running through the volume, which we have no reason to suspect to be otherwise than true, and which is certainly most exquisitely told—a story of an impassioned Genoese Marchesa, who loves our hero, and who is one of those impulsive creatures, that can be born only under an Italian sky. Mazzini figures largely in the work, as the friend and fellow conspirator of the author, before either had to fly from Genoa.

The Book of Nature. Illustrated by Six Hundred and Ninety-Seven Engravings on Wood. 1 vol. Philada: Lea & Blanchard.—This is a neat octavo of nearly seven hundred pages, designed as an elementary introduction to the sciences of Physics, Astronomy, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology, Botany, Zoology, and Physiology. It was originally prepared by Professor Schœdler, of the University of Worms, and is now translated from the sixth German edition, by H. Medlock, F. C. S. At this day no young lady can be considered educated unless she has some acquaintance, at least, with the natural sciences; and we know no work which so successfully condenses and popularises the principles of those sciences, as this. In the present edition, additions have been made, so as to bring the book up to the existing state of learning. Perhaps no better manual for private study, or for a collegiate course, whether in male or female institutions, can be had in any language.

Moore's Life of Sheridan. 2 vols. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—The established reputation of this work is such that no eulogy is needed at our hands. The late death of Moore having given a new interest to the book, and rendered a fresh edition desirable, Mr. Redfield, who is always as active as he is shrewd, has hastened to put one into the market. The volumes are handsomely printed, are embellished with a portrait of Sheridan, and are bound with much taste. The life of this celebrated wit, orator and dramatist is as fascinating to read as a romance. Its brilliant meridian, contrasted with the chill evening in which it set, forms a story full of pathos, and one that teaches a deep moral. Poor Sheridan! perhaps, after all, he was as much sinned against as sinning. For sweet charity's sake we will think so at least.

The Forged Will. By Emerson Bennett. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A story of absorbing interest, and one that will have an immense sale. The author seizes the reader's attention, in the very first chapter, and triumphantly retains it until the very last. Mr. Bennett is always successful in his fictions, but he has never, we think, been as successful as in this. It is published in a handsome style. A cheap edition is in paper covers, and one bound in cloth extra at a higher price.

The Roman Traitor. By H. W. Herbert. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The truthfulness of this novel to the age it describes, is not less extraordinary than its merit as a fiction. The period is laid in the declining days of the Roman republic, at the time when the conspiracy of Catiline evoked the thunders of Cicero's eloquence; and consequently the great orator, as well as the great conspirator, figure prominently in its pages. From first to last the most intense interest is felt by the reader. Few novelists have been successful in their efforts to recall the classic age; with most it seems a vain attempt to breathe life into a skeleton: but Mr. Herbert, triumphing over every difficulty, has reproduced the days of Cicero as vividly as Scott did those of feudal times. Mr. Peterson has issued the novel in a beautiful edition of two volumes, either bound in one with embossed cloth covers, or bound separately in paper covers.

Tanglewood Tales. Another Wonder Book. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—In this pretty little volume, Hawthorne tells the old classic myths, in a style especially adapted to young people; but nevertheless so bewitchingly that old age, or even busy manhood, is fascinated in reading them. We recommend the book as pleasant for all seasons, but as particularly appropriate for the approaching holidays. The illustrations are full of spirit, while the typography and binding are in the usual elegant style of the enterprising firm, who have published the book.

Kirwan's Men and Things as I Saw Them in Europe. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A vivacious book, written by a keen observer, who knows the world and is always well satisfied with himself. The author is an avowed partizan and does not even pretend to impartiality; but this makes him characteristic, which is a merit that, like charity, "covers a multitude of sins." He visited England, France, Switzerland and Italy, and has something amusing and fresh to say of each.

Whately's Elements of Rhetoric. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers. The best book on the subject in the language, at least as a class book for scholars. Campbell's Rhetoric may be superior for the library, perhaps; but even it wants the method and perspicuity of this. No person should pretend to write without having thoroughly mastered Whately.

The Bleak House. By Charles Dickens. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a handsome library edition, with a portrait of the author and numerous illustrations. The volumes are uniform in style with Harpers' editions of "Copperfield," "Dombey & Son," and "Christmas Tales."

Stuyvesant. A Franconia Story. By Jacob Abbott. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Like all its predecessors, this story is graphically told, and inculcates a useful lesson. The volume is prettily got up. It should be in every library for the young.

Colliers' Pocket Shakspeare. Vols. III, IV, V, VI, VII. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—Six volumes of this convenient edition have now appeared. Two more will finish the set. We repeat the encomiums in our last number, that it is the most convenient edition for casual reading, that has yet been published with the famous Collier emendations.

The Text of Shakspeare Restored. Nos. XIII, XIV, XV, XVI. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—This fine octavo edition of Collier's Shakspeare is now complete. Those desirous of having the dramas of the bard in one volume will find this edition to their taste.

The Story of an Apple. Illustrated by John Gilbert. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is a capital story for young children, which parents would do well to bear in mind, as Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's approach.

The United States Illustrated. New York: Herrmann J. Meyer.—Two more numbers of this elegant serial have been issued: they are "The West, No. 3," and "The East, No. 3."

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF RICH BROWN SILK; skirt made plain and very full. Cloak of the Talma shape, of dark blue velvet, trimmed with a galoon figured with velvet, about four inches wide. Bonnet of white silk, trimmed with blond.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS OF VERY DARK GREEN SILK, made quite plain. Cloak of black cloth, the under part square, and the cape of the Talma shape. This cloak is trimmed with two rows of black velvet riband, one much broader than the other, and a very deep fringe. Bonnet of dark green velvet, with plumes.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Large plaids, whether in silk, cashmere, or de lain, are all the rage. Brocades are still worn, but not as universally as the plaids. Some few close and high corsages are made, but the open body is more popular, especially when not intended entirely for a street dress. The *Sicilienne* sleeve, composed of three puffs, is worn by the ultra fashionables, but is not likely to prove as popular as some other styles, as it is only suited to a slender figure. Basque waists are very universally worn, some slit upon the hips, when they are trimmed with knots of ribbon, others fitting to the figure, but closed. Sleeves, corsages, basques, and even founces are trimmed with bows of ribbon, sometimes with ends, but usually without. One of the most beautiful dresses of the season, has been made in the following manner:—The skirt has four founces; the body is made with lappets slit up on the hips; at the top of each opening is placed a bow of cherry ribbon, forming a tuft with long, floating ends. The body, open very low in front, is ornamented, as is

also the lappet, with a similar trimming, but smaller, laid on flat, and having in front a bow composed of four loops with long, floating ends.

THE sleeve is elbowed, wide toward the bottom in the pagoda style, and trimmed with three bows before and four behind. These bows are set lengthwise, at equal distances, with long ends like those on the body.

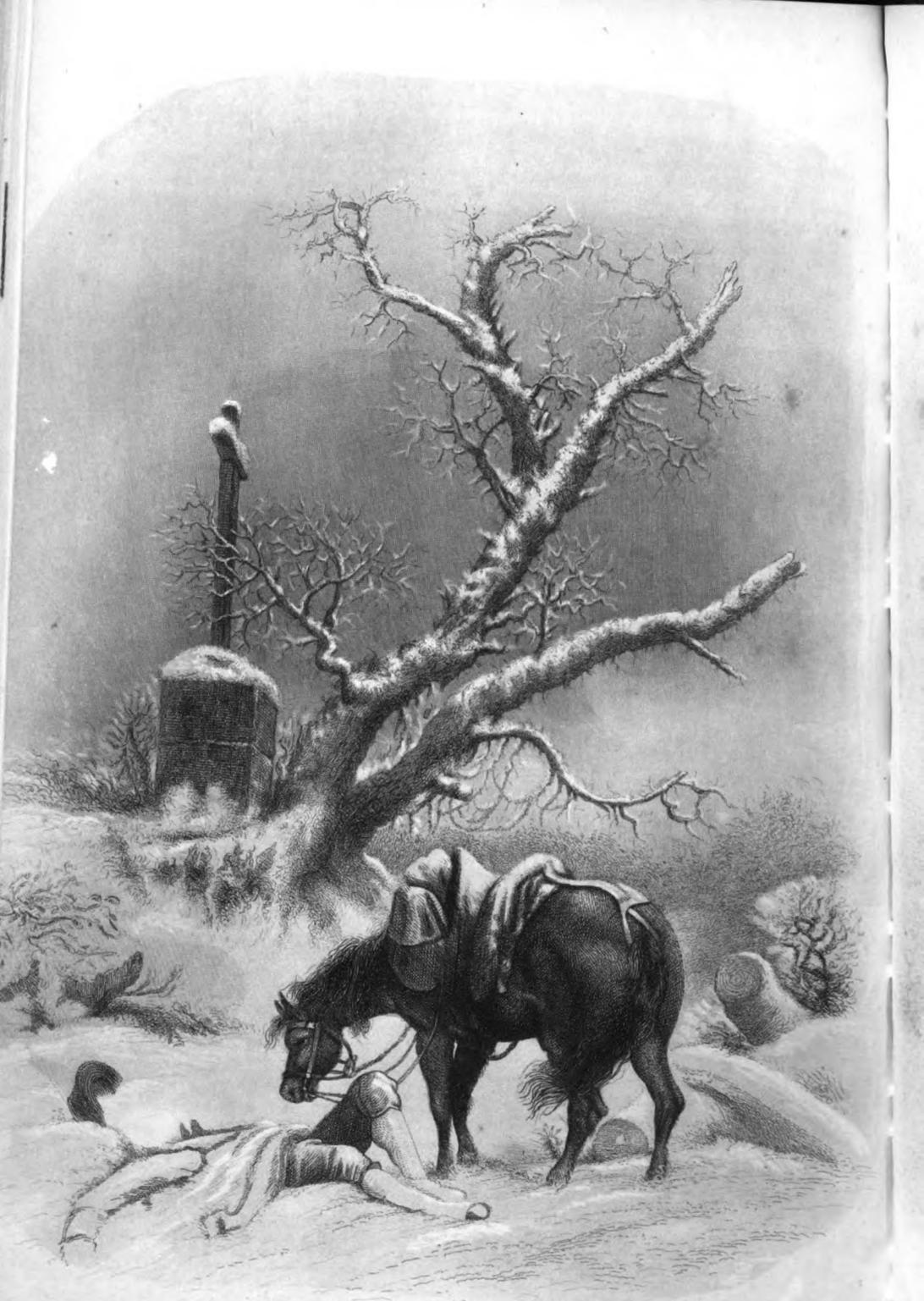
BONNETS are trimmed with a profusion of lace, blond, flowers and feathers. The shapes have not altered materially. Very full face trimmings are worn, the flowers or blond quillings invariably extending over the upper part of the head. Feathers are employed in the greatest profusion, and from their gracefulness must always be popular. Embroidery of all kinds, is also much used. We see applications of satin on satin, but of different colors, such as maroon on black, blue on brown, green on black, etc. We also often see applications of satin on velvet, and velvet on watered silks.

CLOAKS and mantelets are almost without exception of the Talma shape, trimmed principally with galoon and velvet riband figured. The more expensive kinds, however, are heavily embroidered. Many of the cloaks and mantelets have a small collar pointed behind, and trimmed with a bow of ribbon or velvet with long ends. The shawl still retains its old position as a favorite article of costume. Some of which are made in imitation of the veritable camel's hair shawls, are very beautiful, having a very wide border in palm leaves, of a golden color. The scarfs of this description are equally elegant.

THE novelties in pocket-handkerchiefs comprise several ornamented with embroidery in colors, and in very elegant designs. Handkerchiefs trimmed with frills are also much used. But the newest style of ornament for pocket-handkerchiefs which has yet been introduced consists of rows of Valenciennes insertion. This lace insertion is disposed in waves, and on each side of the lace there is a wreath of small flowers worked in beautiful embroidery, the flowers following the undulations of the insertion. Some of these handkerchiefs have no less than four rows of Valenciennes insertion and eight rows of needlework.

HAIR ORNAMENTS of jewelry were never more in favor than at the present time. Many novel and elegant designs for brooches, bracelets, &c., have been introduced. Among the most remarkable productions in the beautiful art of hair working, is a set wrought with small globes, resembling beads of various sizes. These globes are transparent, and are wrought in a style of such exquisite delicacy that they seem to be made of the finest lace. They are clustered together like drooping bunches of grapes, and between each bunch there is a small tulip formed of diamonds. The ear-rings consist of pendent drops formed of hair beads with tops consisting of diamond tulips.

Next month, a magnificent colored plate, of cloak patterns from Paris, will be given.



Illman & Sons

LOST IN THE SNOW.

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Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine



Mr David. Wilkie

Hilman & Sons

WILKIE'S SCOTCH WHISKY

THE GREAT BRITAIN

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LES MODES PARISIENNES



CLARE HALL, (SEE "ZANA," PAGE 314.)

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIV.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1853.

No. 6.

A DECEMBER REVERIE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

I.—LOST IN THE SNOW.

WINTER is in the air, on the hills, everywhere. The bit of blue sky, a mere strip, seen between the roofs of the long street, has the cold glitter of Damascus steel. How the tempest rattles the casement, roars around the chimnies, or shrieks down the avenue! Out in the country it is blowing a hurricane. The woods writhe and groan as men do upon the rack; and the wind comes down the hill-side sighing piteously like an old grey-beard asking alms.

At sea what a night! No moon, not even a star, but everywhere utter darkness. We are there in imagination now, swinging, midway, in a black abyss. Swinging, did we say? Yet more than that, beaten, flung about, almost drowned at times. The monsters of the deep, hideous and gigantic presences, unseen, yet all around us, now hurl mountains of waters down, now fling the stout ship as a child would a stone far into obscurity, now prostrate her helpless on her side, hold her down, and trample her under their tempest feet. Oh! for morning. Think of shipwreck and death out here, a thousand miles from shore, with a grave ten thousand fathoms down:—if, indeed, that can be called a grave, where rest never is, but an eternal tossing to and fro, like the limbs that Dante saw seething in the black cauldron of hell. Lightning would be a relief! It is a fevered dream realized, one of those where, forever and forever, we fall; and still, after countless ages, after periods that created worlds measure as eternities, are falling and yet falling.

We are on the Alps! A storm has surprised us between two stations, a December tempest such as is seen nowhere else. How ghastly everything around looks. The vallies below us no longer reveal, far down their sides, the farm house or even village; but an ocean, apparently

bottomless, yet churned into foam on top, rolls above them, lashing its shores wildly—the spray rising in great clouds, in spectral columns, as from the awful feet of that mightiest and most wierd of Nature's enchanters, Niagara. High aloft, the white peaks lift their dreadful fronts, like the sheeted ghosts of some Titanic world, dead before Time began. The winds, at those tremendous heights, seem winds from another sphere, where neither attraction, nor other earthly influence has power—winds that come commissioned, like spirits from the abyss of woe, to work evil and death at will.

The icy hand of the monster is upon us. The fine snow penetrates our nostrils, distills into our blood, freezes at last our very heart. We try to struggle on. We urge our weary horse forward, and, in our eagerness, would have pushed him over the precipice, had he not himself drawn back. He seems to know that our life is being chilled at its fountain, for he often turns his head, and looks pityingly at us. But we are fast losing consciousness now. We have a dear one, pledged to be ours on our return—alas! our return. The thought is too much for us. But we choke down the tears. Then we think of home, of the dear old parents, of the warm breakfast-room, and of the long, long years they will wait in vain for the return of their lost son. Again it is too much for us. The church-yard rises before us now, where our ancestors have been laid for three generations, but where the last of the line will never, never find sepulture. In wild dreams like these is it a wonder we hear a bell? That we fancy it the sweet Sabbath bell of our boyhood? That we are, in imagination, a sinless child again? That, as we cross the violet-scented meadow to church, we hear angel voices alternating, as we used to, with the silver clangor of that airy messenger? That borne upward on

the wings of a holy rapture, we behold heaven's gates open, and see, as Christian did, when he had crossed the river, the shining walls and jeweled streets of the New Jerusalem? That then ——?

The wind howls, the air darkens with the thickening tempest, and around the prostrate form of a traveller gathers a winding-sheet of snow. Up over his feet, up over his body, up across heart and face, some unseen, pious angel draws the pallid grave-cloth. The wind, still raging for its prey, drifts the veil continually aside, uncovering the limbs, as if to mock at the ministrations of the pitying spirit. But the face is still reverently hidden. Type of the great mystery beyond death! For is not the countenance the physical revelation of the soul!—the soul immortal, and sacred forever, God be thanked, by his good blessing, from the powers of darkness and death.

The bell tolls on. Is that angelic hand, which reverently covered up the face, busy in ringing the soul's passing? At least one mourner is there. Meekly the faithful horse stands over his master, gazing earnestly at what can still be discerned of the well known form, regardless of the gale that blows so wildly, of the air so full of the blinding tempest. Ah! thou rich Dives, dead on thy stately couch, beneath the canopy of purple velvet, thou hast no friend, even as humble as this, to watch over thy remains! In this world thou hadst thy fill. But in the next——

Still the bell tolls. Still the tempest rages, the snow-drifts accumulate, the night, the inexorable night, draws on. And still, true amid all, the faithful horse stoops down and gazes at his master, occasionally lifting up his head to utter one of those cries, such as God has given even to dumb animals, to summon help in their utmost need.

II.—THE VISION.

How fragrant this chamber! The breath of flowers is all around us, but sweeter than all is the presence of maidenhood, asleep in its innocence. The snowy curtains of the bed are not purer than her own stainless soul. There is a white statuette on the mantel-piece; it is a guardian angel; but it looks not holier than would her face, if we could see it. The moonlight, falling across the floor, seems like a strip of heaven's own pavement, laid along her chamber. Angel presences guard her! Beautiful as Imogene she lies there, as beautiful, and, if that can be, purer.

"Fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets!

* * * * 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus."

She dreams. Pleasant are the fancies that gather in her brain, as that smile shows, and makes the impossible possible, by increasing her loveliness. She sees herself, in a vision, a bride. The church bells are ringing merrily, young girls are strewing flowers in her path, the robed priest stands waiting with the book open before him. Never seemed the heavens so blue, the air so sweet, the landscape so beautiful. A very glory fills the time-stained old church, as if a light not of earth had flooded its aisles. Oh! what delicious sunshine, that really seems musical, or rather seems music, and graceful motion, and whispers of love all together.

But a cloud comes over her face. Her dream changes. She has reached the altar, but instead of the bridegroom, whom she glances blushing up to see, she beholds a skeleton, in grave-clothes, who extends his bony hand. Yes! death is there. She is the bride of the dead. The awful conviction flashes down and into her brain, like lightning shattering through mid-sky to the central earth: and, with a shriek, she rises up in her bed, looking herself like a sheeted ghost, just startled from the tomb.

The sky too has changed. Clouds have covered the moon. The December wind has risen, and walls around the house. As she listens, trembling and in fright, the storm increases; the gale howls as if evils spirits had come to mock her; and flurries of snow dash against the window-panes, like the wet garments of outcast sisters, who go by driven by pitiless Fates. Gradually, through the black night, she half discerns shadowy forms outside. Faces of brides, widowed in the nuptial hour, glance mournfully in, and then vanish. Faces of angel children, such as climb around a young mother's knee, press themselves wistfully against the panes; but, just as she opens her arms for them to enter, a taunting laugh is heard, and they are borne ruthlessly away, as if by some shapeless, gigantic shadow. While ever, in the pauses of the gale, a moaning voice is heard, as if wandering about outside, now faintly tapping at the casement, now sobbing in the street below, but never, oh! never, assuming shape, even for an instant, to her straining eyes.

When morning breaks, a pale figure prematurely old, leaves the chamber, where a bright, sunny-faced young girl had entered the night before. Days pass, yet still she droops, nor can all the reasoning of friends convince her that her vision had been only a dream.

"He was to have been here at Christmas,"

she invariably says. "We shall not have long to wait. Bear with me till then. When he last wrote, you know, he was expecting to leave Italy soon, and cross the Alps. Christmas will soon be here, and, if he is alive, I know he will come."

They know it also, and can say no more. But Christmas comes and goes, yet he is still absent.

III.—THE WINTER BREAKFAST.

BREAKFAST is on the table, and the little family has gathered to partake of the meal, all except the daughter. She cannot be persuaded to leave her room. She has not left it, indeed, for weeks. Widowed before she is wedded, she secludes her grief and herself from the world, nor can all the efforts of her parents rouse her from her apathy.

The good mother sits nearest the fire, carefully shawled by the loving hand of the father, for the morning is bitterly cold. The physician, who has thus early called to see his patient, partakes of the meal with them, glancing over the morning paper as he reads. A serious aspect is on all. For they know that death hovers about the threshold, waiting his time, which is sure to come.

Christmas has long since gone. The New Year is many weeks advanced. Hope has long ago died out even in the hearts of the parents. Thus it is, that, as the bleak winds without shriek, in alternate rage and laughter around the house, they seem like merciless destiny exulting and mocking in its revenge. Exulting that it has broke the heart of that darling, only child. Mocking at the agony of the parents, which love for her, as yet, compels them to conceal.

Suddenly the door opens, and a fair white form, like an angel of purity come down from heaven, enters the room. Paler than whitest marble is that sweet face no longer, for a vivid flush of excitement is upon it; the lately languid eyes sparkle; the form has ceased to droop, and is erect, animated, electric in every movement.

The parents, the physician start to their feet: and the servant stands amazed. But the intruder is the first to speak.

"He is coming, he is coming," she cries, and rushing to her mother, she falls on that ever welcome bosom.

The parents look to the physician, who sadly shakes his head and touches his forehead. At that instant the invalid glances up. She sees the gesture, and rising eagerly, exclaims,

"You think me delirious. But I am not. As sure as I live, he is coming home. This day. This hour. I know it, because I feel it. Have you never heard of such things, doctor? Think you his soul, in the agony of expected death,

would not come to me? Think you, if he were still living, his spirit would not come to me? Stranger things are done every day, under the name of science; and yet you doubt me."

She speaks so earnestly, so coherently that they are staggered. They look at each other in strange doubt.

"Hark!" she says, suddenly.

It is a group for a painter. They have left the table, as we have said, and stand in the middle of the room, the mother in the centre, and the others around her. As the daughter speaks, she half rises from her parent's shoulder, with finger lifted, and head inclined to listen. A white rose, recovering from the shower that has beaten it down, is but a faint type of her graceful beauty.

"Hark!" she says again, "those are wheels. I told you so."

Oh! the triumphant tone of those words, the radiant joy of that countenance.

It was as she said. Wheels were actually heard crunching on the snow, rapid wheels, wheels that drew nearer and nearer.

They all stood breathless. Would the carriage go on, or stop at the door?

The carriage stopped.

Could you have heard that cry of joy as she broke from her mother's hold, flew to the door, rushed into the hall, and traversed the space to the front entrance!

She was the first there. The tardy servant had scarcely emerged from her room, the parents and physician were still but half way, when the daughter undid the fastenings, and a sinewy form, furred to the chin, clasped her to its broad bosom, kissing her wildly, again and again. She clung to him, she gazed into his face, and then, for a moment, looking back at her parents, as if to say, "I knew it," fainted dead away.

IV.—SUNSHINE AFTER STORM.

WHAT more we have to tell, may be told in few words. Few were the days before that fair face was as bright as ever, and that step once more like the step of a young fawn.

But she was never tired of listening how her lover, lost in the snow, had been found by some monks; how he had been with difficulty recovered, so that it was long before he could travel; and how, braving every danger, he had, as soon as able to leave his couch, set out to return, lest those at home might think him dead.

Early in spring there was, as you may know, a happy wedding, where the four good parents renewed, in the grateful sight, their own days of early love. And so let us leave them.

The wind still howls around the house as we write; the reverie is over; the vision fled. But was it all a dream? Is the tale we have told as evanescent as will be the frost-work on the window by to-morrow's noon? Believe it not. For sometimes truth is stranger than fiction, and, as we thus sit, the past comes up to us and re-enacts itself in our reveries.

MY FIRST BILLET DOUX.

BY FRANK MERTON.

'Twas in the early morning—
The morn of early youth,
When life is so poetic,
And the soul so full of truth;
When the heart leaps up with gladness,
Which the tongue can scarcely tell;
When there's pleasure e'en in sadness,
'Mid the scenes we love so well.

When our dreams appear so real,
And things real—so like dreams;
When we feast on midnight fancies,
Not less than noontide scenes;
When our guileless hands are raising—
On a fairy base—'tis true—
Yet still intent—are raising
Airy castles, bright and new.

'Twas in the early morning—
The morn of early days;
When Life's sun, so full of promise,
Gilds our path with golden rays;
When the buds of youthful feeling
Bloom out in flow'rs of Love—
And the fairy forms we cherish
Seem like angels from above.

A little maid with eyes of blue,
And cheeks of brightest rosy hue,
And ruby lips that wore a smile
That would another's heart beguile;
A brow serene in beauty fair,
And wavy curls of auburn hair,
That fell in tresses o'er her neck,
As if its snowy charms to deck;
A form—but ah! I cannot tell
The grace which in that form did dwell—
A winning grace, as o'er the soul
Like fairy spell its influence stole—
A grace! the coldest heart to thrill—
A form! above the artist's skill,
He sees it oft in the ideal,
But cannot make it living real.
The glowing canvass strives in vain,
Or loftiest poetic strain,
Or sculptured marble, to impart
To their dull forms, the living heart.
The canvass breathes not—words are tame,
Then there is not the living flame—

Pure marble, tho' in beauty rife,
Was not that higher beauty—Life.
It is not in the power of Art;
God only can this gift impart.

To such an one—I see her now—
A look of love lights up her brow;
A dimple nestling in her cheek,
More beauteous far than words can speak—
The sweetest smile is on her lip,
Sweeter than honey bee doth sip—
Her fairy fingers weave a wreath
Of flowers gathered on the heath,
Beside the school-house, where each day
The happy schoolmates met for play;
And then too in our guileless hearts
Sly Cupid sent unerring darts:
A smile, a dimple, and a look
Were bars which Cupid's arrows took;
Thus barb'd, their course right onward kept,
Till thro' and thro' the heart they swept.
One then, I think, is more expos'd
When the young heart is all unclosed—
Cupid scarce ever doth engage
In vain attempts to stir old age;
Blind tho' he be, he seldom errs,
'Tis tender hearts the boy prefers.
But wayward Fancy hies apace;
My wandering steps I must retrace.

To such an one—and such are few—
I wrote a tender *billet doux*.
It was my first, a precious thing,
Its worth the muse can scarcely sing:
The work was then so strange and new,
My words, in truth, were very few,
But they were words sought out with care
To win a maid so young and fair.
The circuit of my choice was small,
But then I scrutiniz'd it all;
Until I thought—indeed I knew
I had a faultless *billet doux*.
It praised her beauty—spoke of love—
Call'd her an angel from above;
And then I wrote it with such skill,
It did my highest wish fulfil;
'Twas folded too exactly square,
And in it placed a lock of hair:

The sealing wax was red and blue,
 To show my love was warm and true;
 So small and neat—so white and pure,
 Of its success I felt most sure;
 I dar'd not trust it with the mail,
 Fearing to reach her it would fail;
 This care upon myself I took,
 And slipped it in her writing book,
 Between the hours of noon and night,
 The hour that Mary us'd to write.
 I then retir'd to just the place,
 Where I could well observe her face,
 Yet seem not thus on her to look,
 But all intent upon my book:
 I watch'd her closely—saw her start,
 A strange excitement thrill'd my heart,
 It flutter'd like a leaf in storm
 Till Mary sat upon the form
 Where school girls ranged themselves to write,
 Then ceas'd that throbbing wild affright.
 My interest deepening, grew intense,
 It linger'd in profound suspense.
 The book was opening to her view,
 And there appear'd the *billet doux*!
 In stealth she caught it—broke the seal—
 My brain began almost to reel.
 With youthful wonder as she read,
 She linger'd not, but on she sped,
 Along the lines she well nigh flew,
 And quickly read the *billet doux*.
 And as she read the blushes came
 As if her heart were all on flame.
 To telegraph her very soul
 Upon her cheek the roses stole,
 These I was reading as she read,
 When all at once the blushes fled,
 And in their place a pallor came—
 She at that moment read the name,
 The name I hoped would have a charm
 To win her love—her fear disarm—
 But how from Hope's bright noontide light
 We sometimes sink to realms of night.
 Her lip now curl'd in proudest scorn—
 My precious *billet doux* was torn
 In thousand fragments—sent to fly
 On Wintry winds now sweeping by.
 The driving storm I could have brav'd
 To rescue them from snowy grave!
 But on they flew—on, out of sight,
 As if to gratify her spite.
 She toss'd her head in high disdain—
 She caught her paper, ink and pen,
 A brief but tantalizing note
 In scrawling lines she quickly wrote,
 My name she scratched upon its back.
 She seal'd it with a wafer black,
 And by my rival sent it me,
 Who brought it safely, postage free—
 He laughed just as he turned about
 For she had let the secret out.
 And now with a triumphant bound

Right o'er the seat she whirled around,
 And in her turn my thoughts to trace
 Observ'd the movements of my face.
 I broke the seal—I read the note,
 The tantalizing words she wrote.
 My soul with indignation fir'd—
 Instant revenge my breast inspir'd—
 With thoughts in conflict still I strove,
 But soon I threw it in the stove.
 I saw it wasting in the fire—
 And with it felt my love expire,
 And as the youthful passion quell'd
 The mists of Fancy were dispell'd.
 Those curls—that form—that fairy grace,
 The glowing beauty of that face—
 With fleeing Fancy fled away
 The charm, which till that very day
 Had held me with supreme control,
 And unresisted sway'd my soul—
 Thus fickle young affection seems,
 The child of fancy and of dreams,
 So frail our youthful love appears—
 Not so the love of riper years.
 The one by trial fortifies—
 The other drooping, quickly dies—
 The gust that rends the younger vine
 It makes the older closer twine—
 The tender flame will soon expire
 By winds that fan the living fire—
 The visions which allur'd my view
 Were ruin'd with my *billet doux*—
 At once a sage, I now perceiv'd
 That I had sadly been deceiv'd—
 The brow so mild I saw could lower—
 The gentle soul in passion tower—
 The smile so sweet change to a sneer—
 The voice grow harsh I lov'd to hear—
 Her beauty a mere thing of Art—
 'T was not the offspring of the heart.
 Love had with ardor fir'd my mind,
 But surely Love is always blind—
 As on the change I musing dwelt,
 A disappointment sad I felt—
 Gone was my cherish'd *billet doux*
 Like morning cloud and early dew.
 Hope falsely promis'd me success—
 Hope is a flattering prophets:
 Her's is a world all bright, ideal,
 Unlike this world, the living, real,
 There, noontide skies and flowerets bloom—
 Here, sometimes thorns and midnight gloom—
 There, souls exult in full success—
 Here, disappointments oft depress.
 Hope there to conquer need but stoop—
 But here, alas! her pinions droop—
 The harsh realities of life—
 Dismay, even Hope in earnest strife
 She cheers us first with visions fair,
 But fainting leaves us to despair!
 Sad memories rise as I review
 The fate of my first *billet doux*.

THE THREE JONESES IN ONE BLOCK.

BY SMITH JONES, JR.

IN one respect I am the most unfortunate of men. I live in a block, where there are two others of the same name, and am always, in consequence, being mistaken for them. The grocer sends in his bill to me, for things that some other Mr. Jones bought; the ward committee calls on me to "pay up" the subscription another Mr. Jones made; the doctor is forever knocking at my door when I am not sick, and the apothecary leaving villainous phials; and it would not surprise me, if, some day, the undertaker himself should march in, and, whether I will or not, clap me in the coffin ordered for a different and defunct Jones.

If the block was a large one, having some three-score houses in it, as respectable blocks in a great city ought to have, my sufferings, perhaps, would not be so overwhelming. But it is a small block, a very small block in fact; and, in addition, it is a most peculiar block. It is led off by a big, brown, ornate double house, like a corpulent militia colonel at the head of a petty squad. It has side-walks of stone flags, instead of a vulgar brick pavement. It is on a street that has high pretensions to gentility. That any Jones at all should be able to live in such a block is rather a tax on public credulity. But that three should domicile in it, all on the same side of the way, and all within half a dozen doors of each other, is what no one will believe. "Tell that to the horse marines," is the usual reply, even of the most polite, to what seems so preposterous an assertion.

Nor is this the worst of it. As if some malignant fate had presided over the whole affair, the Christian names of my two neighbors are almost as much alike as their surnames. I am Smith Jones, Jr., as an admiring world already knows—Smith Jones, Jr., written S. Jones, Jr., for short. My nearest neighbor Jones is Samuel Jones, Jr., for convenience called Sammy, and sometimes humorously Samivel, but invariably written S. Jones, Jr., also. The other Jones was baptised Sennacherib Jones, Jr., vulgarly called, in the block, Snatchcrab Jones the younger, and written likewise, *horrible dictu*, S. Jones, Jr. All our bills are made out alike to S. Jones, Jr., and generally sent in to me as the "oldest inhabitant" of the block. If one of my neighbors is sued, the

summons comes to me. If my neighbor, the politician, offends the "sovereigns," they come and groan under my windows. If my other neighbor, the philanthropist, has promised aid to some one of his hobbies, the collecting committee, who are always sure to be ladies, call on me. And I have no doubt, if either was to get into difficulties—which I most devoutly pray may never happen—the sheriff would snap me up on a *capias* immediately.

To rehearse all my evils would tire the reader beyond patience. A solitary illustration will better suffice, I trust, to win me that compassion which I so well deserve. But first let me premise, that, in the hope of obviating the evil in a measure, I caused my name, "S. JONES, JR.," to be engraved in large capital letters on my door. "Now," said I to myself, "as the others have no names on their door, they will be particular hereafter, not only in giving their exact number, but in stating that they are not the Jones who has a silver door-plate." Alas! never was the infirmity of human wisdom more plainly shown. But I must not anticipate.

Mrs. Jones, dear creature, has a weakness for canvass-back ducks. I mean, of course, Mrs. S. Jones, Jr., the wife of the writer, and not Mrs. Sammy Jones, Jr., nor Mrs. Snatchcrab Jones, Jr., though both, I have no doubt, are excellent ladies in their way. And in this liking for canvass-back ducks, done brown, and without currant jelly—for this last is important, as marking the difference between people who know how to eat and people who don't—I am, I confess, "flesh of one flesh and bone of one bone" with Mrs. Jones. A canvass-back, indeed, is our common failing. We like nothing better, or even as well, unless it is ourselves, always excepting the seven olive plants who flourish by our family hearth, but especially around our table.

Unluckily canvass-back ducks are dear, and, what is more, not always easy to get. Imagine my gratification—no! that is too weak a word—my unbounded delight, when, one morning lately, I saw, in the market, a pair of the plumpest, freshest, and altogether handsomest canvass-backs I had ever laid my eyes on. They were the first of the season also, which vastly increased their value. So eager was I to secure

them, that I bought them at once, and without attempting to beat down their price, a thing I never before neglected in my life, and an oversight I would by no means recommend, especially to young housekeepers. I bought them, and ordering them to be sent, within an hour, to the direction which the poulterer took down at my bidding, I went joyously to my store.

The whole morning my head did little but run on the canvass-backs. "What will Mrs. Jones think," I said, "when she sees them come home?" If I had a check to draw, ten to one I drew it to the order of "Canvass, Back & Co." If I made an entry it was of six pieces of canvass-backs, instead of six pieces of de laine. A broker brought one of my own notes for me "to discount," as he said, "if in funds." I agreed mentally to do it, I remember, at so much off the face of it; but instead of saying "off the face," I said "off the canvass-backs." My mouth watered for those ducks as it used to for strawberries, when I was a boy, on the first day that we had that fruit for dinner. So entirely did they monopolize my thoughts, that, having to write to a correspondent in England, respecting a late importation, I concluded the letter, as I was afterward informed, by signing, "Yours, truly, Canvass Back."

Never, in my whole life, did the way home seem so long. I tried walking at first; but my progress was too lingering for my wishes: and so I hailed an omnibus. But how agonizingly slow the omnibus was! I thought the old women would never stop getting in and out; or that the driver would never be done making change; or that the nurses with children would never cease mistaking us for another coach and compelling us to halt for no purpose. At one place on the route we had to go out of the way for a whole block, the paviers being engaged in mending the street. But at last, though not till my patience was entirely exhausted, we drew up before my own door. With nervous haste I fumbled for my latch-key, and, after several ineffectual attempts—the result of my eagerness—finally succeeded in getting into the aperture. "Now," said I, exultingly, as the door opened, "for the canvass-backs:" and instinctively I dilated my nostrils, throwing my head up, to sniff the delicious odor.

But a far different fragrance met my olfactories than what I had expected. And here I must digress a moment to ask if any of my readers likes corned beef and cabbage? I don't wish to hurt their feelings, if they do, but I must nevertheless say, that, if there is anything edible I detest more than another, it is that dish. No doubt it is a very pleasant and digestible delicacy

for some people. Ostriches like ten-penny nails, it is said; and I see no reason, therefore, why some people should not like corned beef and cabbage. But unfortunately I am not of that number. I have, in fact, a constitutional distaste to it. What assafedita is to some men, that corned beef and cabbage is to me, but particularly the cabbage. The mere smell of it teaches me, as Yellowplush says, "what basins was made for." Imagine what effect the prospect of having to eat it, or go without dinner, had upon me.

For that was just my destiny, as I suspected immediately, and discovered to my entire satisfaction on rushing into the kitchen. Instead of beholding my canvass-backs done to a turn, as till that minute I had fondly expected, I saw a huge dish of corned beef with boiled cabbage, the odor of which was enough to knock me down.

And knock me down it did. Clasping both my hands on the lower part of my waistcoat, I uttered a cry of despair and fell back, just as Mrs. Jones, who had heard my latch-key, descended from the nursery above stairs.

"Jones," she began, "what, in the name of sense——"

But I had now recovered my power of speech. Horror, amazement and indignation, all combining, had burst the flood-gates of that momentary paralysis. I interrupted her sternly.

"Mrs. Jones!" I began.

As if struck dumb before a basilisk, she stopped at my commanding gesture, her mouth not even closing over her last word.

"Mrs. Jones," I cried, extending my arm majestically in the direction of the odious dish, and speaking in my most awful manner, "Mrs. Jones where are my canvass-backs?"

"Canvass-backs!" shrieked Mrs. Jones, after a second of thunder-struck silence. "What canvass-backs do you mean?" And then the suspicion flashing on her that I was jesting at her expense, she bridled up, answering sharply. "How dare you send home such a nasty, vulgar, sickening, beastly dish, and then come in to dinner asking," and here she mimicked my voice, "where's my canvass-backs?"

"My dear," cried I, in a calmer mood, for I saw there was cause for it on more accounts than one, "what do you mean? Certainly you got that pair of ducks I sent home?"

"No ducks have come to this house to-day," replied the dear creature, only half mollified.

"And that ——" I could not name the hateful dish, but pointed to it with marked aversion.

"That," said she, also pointing, and emphasizing the word, "was left here by the butcher, who said you had sent it home, and particularly wished it cooked for to-day's dinner."

A thought flashed across me.

"Did you look at the basket?" I said.

"No. The girl took the odious stuff out and carried the basket down cellar."

"A hundred to one its the basket of that Snatchcrab Jones," I cried. "Snatch by name and snatch by nature," I added, lugubriously, with a melancholy attempt at a joke, "and my ducks, in that event, are swimming, before this, in his gullet."

"I never thought of that," answered my wife, in a gentle voice, mutely apologizing with her eyes. "Though how I could think, *dear* Jones, that you could send home such a dinner, and for the first time in thirteen happy years of married life, is beyond my comprehension. But I'll have the basket brought up at once."

The basket came and confirmed my suspicion. The ducks were irrevocably gone, for my neighbor dined two hours earlier than we did; and, to "make assurance doubly sure," on going to the

back street, and looking out, we saw before his gate, where the servant threw her slops, the breast-bones, walkers, and other remains of two canvass-backs. They were polished, too, like ivory, showing what an excellent appetite my neighbor had. I made a free-will offering, on the spur of the moment, of the corned beef and cabbage, to the *manes* of the departed ducks, ordering the servant to throw it, plate and all, on top of the heap of bones.

I dined, that day, on some bits of cold meat, which had been laid away for the next beggar: but I'm afraid I wasn't half as thankful for them, as the poor fellow would have been.

What will be the next catastrophe, arising out of this triad of Joneses in one block, I dare not attempt to conjecture. Nothing worse can happen, however, than has already occurred, unless one of the other Mrs. Joneses should leave her husband, and the courts should divorce me instead of the real culprit. Or, unless Sammy Jones, or Snatchcrab Jones, should advertise their wife, or wives, and the public should think it was dear, angelic Sarah Ann that had left my "bed and board."

DIRGE NOTES.

BY WINNIE WOODFERN.

HERE beneath this willow tree,
Lieth all that loveth me;
Heart and soul and mind are gone,
Loving me, and me alone.
Where so much of love hath been,
Something surely must remain.

Breathing o'er thy name to me,
They have said, "in Heaven is he."
Heaven is far, how far from earth?
Distance makes of love a dearth.
Therefore say I, "not alone—
Still he lies beneath this stone!"

Not alone! oh, buried love,
Heaven is far, too far above!
Go not, till with placid face,
By thy side I take my place.
Then, wherever thou may'st be,
Will be Heaven alone for me!

Art thou sleeping, silent one?
In thy slumbers, does the tone
Of my voice glide pleasantly,
Giving thee sweet dreams of me?
Oh, my heart is like to break!
Loved one! lost one! wake, oh, wake!

Wake! for thou hast left me here,
Where all hearts are cold and drear.
Never love like thine can come,
Making in my heart its home;
Dead, or living, I shall be,
Bride and wife alone for thee!

Speak to me! the grave hath power,
But its shadow cannot lower
'Twixt our hearts when they would meet,
Though thine lieth at my feet.
Surely death, though cold and strange,
Unto us can bring no change!

Oh, my idol shrined in clay!
Soul of beauty, fled away!
Art thou not beside me here?
Liest thou not upon thy bier?
Darkness comes upon my heart—
Answer me—how can we part?

Lost one, speak! in mercy speak!
Kiss these tears from off my cheek!
Say this grave can hold thee yet—
Say even death may not forget!
Bid me quickly come to thee—
Speak—oh, speak once more to me!

BORROWING FROM ECONOMY.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

THERE is a certain class of people, who, without intending or even being conscious of it, are a source of great trouble to their neighbors—I mean the class of habitual borrowers. Like all other habits this grows by exercise, and its growth is as imperceptible as it is rapid.

Mrs. Putnam was quietly seated at the fireside, examining with interest a new number of Peterson's Magazine which had just come to hand, when the door bell rang, and Mrs. Ruggles was announced. The latter was a fashionable lady—the wife of a successful merchant—with whose increasing income his wife's expenses found no difficulty in keeping pace.

Mrs. Ruggles was fond of literature at the expense of others, as the frequency with which she borrowed of her neighbors amply testified. She glanced at the book which Mrs. Putnam laid down at her entrance.

"A new number of Peterson," said she: "ah, that reminds me, my dear Mrs. Putnam, I haven't returned your last number yet. I am afraid you will not be willing to lend me another, for my little Charlie took it the other day just to look at the pictures, (you can't imagine how fond he is of them, the little dear: I expect he'll make an artist one of these days,) and was unlucky enough to tear the engravings out. I am very sorry indeed."

Mrs. Putnam looked a little grave, for she was intending to bind the numbers at the close of the volume. Politeness required her to say it was of no consequence, and she said it. It was not, however, without stretching her conscience a little, for she remembered that Mrs. Ruggles had borrowed the number in question before she had had time to read it through herself.

Mrs. Ruggles continued: "I am glad to think you don't care, for it emboldens me to make another request. I shall be at home this afternoon, with nothing to occupy me. Would you be kind enough to lend me the Magazine, and I will return it as soon as I have finished reading it?"

Mrs. Putnam had just commenced reading a story in which she was much interested, and she felt that Mrs. Ruggles had no right to make such a request.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Ruggles," she could not

help saying, "but I am surprised that you do not subscribe for the Magazine. The price is but small, and it is much more comfortable to read anything of your own than to be forced to borrow. Then, at the end of the volume, you can have the numbers bound, which will give you a handsome book for your centre-table or library. I will lend you this number, however, if you wish it."

"I admit the truth of all you say," was the reply, "and I should like nothing better than to become a subscriber to Peterson, but the fact is that I have so many expenses of various kinds that I am obliged to practise economy, and forego many things which I should like."

The idea of her visitor's practising economy was so novel to Mrs. Putnam, whose husband possessed an income of less than one half that of Mr. Ruggles, that she could hardly forbear smiling. Politeness restrained her, and she said nothing.

Mrs. Ruggles soon proposed a shopping excursion, to which Mrs. Putnam assented.

"I am told," said the former, "that Lawson has just received a fine assortment of wrought collars. I don't think of purchasing, having more now than I can make use of, but I should like to examine them, and see whether they are really as good as they have been reported."

The ladies arrived at Lawson's in due time, and the lace collars were laid before them.

Mrs. Ruggles, who was always very enthusiastic in her likings, quite fell in love with one, the price of which was five dollars, and which, the shopman assured her, had not its equal in the city.

"Really," said she, "I cannot resist the temptation; such a love of a collar!" and she ordered it to be put up for her. She was about to leave the store, when the clerk arrested her attention.

"We have just received," said he, "some very superior lace veils, which it would afford me great pleasure to show you. I can assure you, you will be well repaid by the trouble of an examination."

Mrs. Ruggles' curiosity was aroused, and she eagerly acceded to the clerk's invitation.

She looked at them with a critical eye. They

were really very beautiful, and Mrs. Ruggles, whose taste was exquisite, readily admitted it.

"What a beauty this is!" said she, calling the clerk's attention to one which she held in her hand. "What is the price?"

"Ten dollars," said he, "and not at all dear at that. You have, as I judged from your well known taste, selected the best article we have. Shall I not put it up for you?"

Mrs. Ruggles shook her head. She was flattered by the compliment paid to her taste, but even she shrank from the idea of giving ten dollars for what she could just as well do without.

"It is very beautiful, I admit," she said, "and I presume not dear for the quality, but I do not need it."

"It would be most becoming to you," persisted the clerk; "I showed it to Mrs. Stanley, this morning, and she was quite delighted with it. If you do not take it, I presume she will."

The clerk had, by accident, struck upon the right chord. Mrs. Stanley was, so to speak, a rival in matters of fashion with Mrs. Ruggles.

"Will you let me look at it once more?" said she.

Mrs. Ruggles' economical resolution did not stand the test of a second examination. The perseverance of the clerk was rewarded, and the veil transferred to Mrs. Ruggles.

As they left the store, Mrs. Putnam could not help calling to mind the declaration of Mrs. Ruggles a little while before, that she was obliged to

use economy, and forego many things which she would like.

Mrs. Ruggles seeing her plunged in thought, inquired the subject of her reflections.

"Frankly," was the reply, "I was thinking that the money which you have just expended for articles which, by your own confession, you did not need, would pay the subscription to Peterson's Magazine seven times over. Now tell me, candidly, would you not derive more rational gratification from the latter than they will afford you?"

"I believe you are right," said Mrs. Ruggles, in a thoughtful tone, "and I am sorry I purchased the veil and collar, for I really do not need them. I will be more cautious hereafter, and, as the first step toward a reformation, I will send on a subscription for the Magazine this very afternoon."

Mrs. Ruggles kept her word, and henceforward Mrs. Putnam was allowed to enjoy the first reading of her Magazine. She bought a number to supply the place of that which little Charlie had spoiled, and was thus enabled to have the numbers bound at the end of the volume.

My dear reader, if you have patiently read this little sketch to its conclusion, you will see that it inculcates two things. First, *do not depend upon others for what you can procure yourself.* Secondly, *that it is not always economy which wears its semblance.*

SCENE AT SEA.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

Upon the sea, the fresh blue main,
 What feelings crowd into the soul,
 While bending masts and cordage strain,
 And flashing waters round us roll!
 Onward we speed like eagles free,
 The dim hills fading on our lee;
 Freshly and fair the breezes blow,
 The main expanding o'er the bow;
 Red sunk the sun, the lowering sky
 Glared o'er the purple waters by,
 And bursting from their prison bar,
 The warring winds conflicting jar!
 The mountain billows feel the power
 Of the fierce spirit of the storm,
 Who stands revealed in this dark hour,
 With thunder-clap and giant form!
 While o'er the decks in fury dread,

Broad sheets of foam terrific spread:
 Mantled in night the stooping sky
 Is blended with the heaving deep;
 And on the storm-tost billows high
 Black Death high carnival did keep.
 List to the tones of yonder bell!
 It rings a death-knell on the wave;
 Ask not the pilgrim's lip to tell
 Who sinks into that watery grave,
 His spirit may no answer give,
 She died for whom he pray'd to live,
 She—the sole partner of his woe:
 Her heart is cold—her head is low
 Where sea flowers bloom and corals grow:
 Watch her ye genii of the deep,
 Her briny couch in odors steep,
 For she shall wake no more to weep!

CHRISTMAS, "WITH VARIATIONS."

BY ELLA RODMAN.

A TEAR to the memory of that joyous season when we believed that birds were to be caught by throwing salt on their tails—when the existence of fairies seemed both possible and desirable—and when Christmas presents were supposed to be brought by a little, old man, who was

"—dressed all in fur from his head to his foot, And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot."

Why *must* all these delightful believings crumble and vanish as we reach the years of discretion, and the veil of mystery prove to be only a delusion? Who cares half as much about Christmas without Santa Claus? And how much more satisfaction there is in fishing up a present from the toe of a stocking, than to have it given in the usual matter-of-fact way? There is a sweet little poem which contains this verse:

"Oh, for that faith in story
With which my heart would glow
When I was nearer Heaven,
In the days of long ago!"

How distressing were the first incredulous thoughts that crept into our hearts! With what a sinking we admitted that the very doll which we had but just extricated from its stocking-chrysalis had beamed upon our optical organs from the window of the toy-shop around the corner! With what misgivings we opened letters from St. Nick, and felt indeed that where ignorance is bliss "'tis folly to be wise!" How like the death-knell of departed enjoyments rang the conviction, "There is no Santa Claus!" And then with what a feeling of angry shame we were laughed at for having ever been so foolish; and how some childish Columbus triumphed in the fact of having discovered it before!

Ah! that is a dreary day in childhood's calendar—whether, or not, as the almanacks say, there is "rain about this time"—when, disregarding even the new baby-house, with its chairs and tables, we betook ourselves to solitude, and mourned the non-existence of St. Nick as heartily as though he were a pet kitten just dead. Our dream was then over. On the next anniversary, with a still bleeding heart, we put forth our efforts to deceive "the children"—and by-and-

bye we began to smile at the idea of ever having been deceived ourselves.

And yet there is something left. Although Santa Claus is nothing but a name, Christmas is Christmas still. The solemn beauty of Christmas Eve, when the pale moonbeams fall upon the crusted snow, thrills the heart with a sensation of awe; and even the tall, leafless trees, that stand there like sentinels, seem extending their arms to the world, and joining in the glad announcement that "A star has arisen in the East!"

If it is Christmas Eve in the country, there is the church to dress—delightful occupation! Seated in the vestry-room—living flowers in a bower of green—how the long wreaths grow beneath the nimble fingers, while young cheeks are flushing at the words and smiles that seem tenfold sweeter on Christmas Eve. Oh! those well-remembered days! when hands mysteriously came together over the Christmas wreaths—and "dressing the church" would have been only a story without a moral but for the supervision of certain active spirits, who took good care that the evening should not be "all for love."

At length, the making of wreaths is stopped, and in silent consternation the workers hear the dread word "enough"—for now the fun is at an end. There are some who could have gone on making Christmas wreaths forever. The wreaths are up, and all come to look.

In the corners of the pulpit tall boughs rest against the wall, and festoons of green hang from the desk and galleries. The mystical letters "I. H. S.," gleam darkly out from the front of the pulpit, and the small windows of stained glass throw a sombre light over the Christmas tokens. Then from the organ peals forth a joyous strain—and the light of the moonbeams without is resting on each heart.

The moonbeams played hide and seek among the dark angles of an old-fashioned house, that looked like a parent-nest to which young fledglings, after trying the strength of their wings in the outer world, might return, with their flocks and herds, and find a warm welcome in its capacious bosom.

And it was just such a house.

In the drawing-room were assembled a merry

Christmas party—married sons and daughters and cousins of every degree, some of whom had met for the first time in many years; and old memories would cause tear-drops to glitter in the eye even while a smile was dimpling the cheek.

The most conspicuous person in the circle around the fire was Dr. Hammersfield, a most gigantic M. D., but while his figure reminded one of the imperial lion, the expression of his face was that of a lamb. Not that the term "sheepish" was at all applicable, either; the doctor's face was a sort of kaleidoscope, which displayed in different lights as many hues as a chameleon. The predominant expression was a mingling of fun and good-humor that was perfectly irresistible; and his well known wealth had nothing to do with the fact of his being a universal favorite.

Next to the doctor sat his wife; an elegant-looking woman, whose still lovely face had won his heart in early youth. There was a pleasant mingling of young and old and middle-aged; some were dancing—some were playing games—and others were dispersed around in groups.

There was a general gathering around the fire when the doctor proposed that all, who had any thing to tell, should either give extracts from their own personal history, or furnish amusing recitals borrowed from the experience of others. The proposition was eagerly acceded to; and the doctor, having been called upon to begin, cast a glance of inexpressible affection upon his wife, and gave them "My First Patient."

"When I was married I had scarcely sixpence in my pocket. But I was rich in anticipation—was I not J. S. Hammersfield, M. D., as my door-plate could testify? And were not patients to turn to me by some magical attraction, like that of the needle to the pole? And were not fees to drop in as thickly as the leaves in October? Of course they were! So I glanced hopefully about our two rooms, until they seemed to grow, in imagination, and become the stately dwelling that was to crown my success.

"You remember our little parlor, Ellen? Ah! I have often since thought that those were our happiest days. I can see the round table, with its crimson cover, and beautifully polished lamp—the plain, but cosy-looking window-curtains—and the old sofa, on which I have stretched during the long evenings, when fatigued by the day—and you are seated at your sewing, or kneeling beside me with your face uplifted to mine, discussing our visions for the future with all a child's faith in fairy tales. Ah! those were happy days!"

Here the doctor seemed wrapt in a silent retrospect of the past; but presently he continued, with a half sigh:

"Well, you will think that 'my first patient' is long in coming—but not, my dear friends, so long as the reality. Having provided and adorned my cage, I waited patiently for a bird to fly into it; but it did not prove as attractive as I expected. No one rushed hastily in to inquire for me—there were no violent rings at my bell in the dead of night—and I could attend the whole three Sunday services without the least fear of being called out of church.

"Time passed, and I was soant of patients in both senses of the word. I had bound up a sprained wrist for an old woman who was too poor to pay, and to whom I gave fifty cents on her departure—not exactly as a reward for coming, but because I thought that she needed it; and this was for some months nearly the extent of my medical practice. Butchers' and bakers' bills came in; and as I glanced at my neglected vials, I could not help wishing that they would take out the pay in rhubarb and calomel; but such a proposal would, doubtless, have ended in the cutting off of my supplies.

"I was almost in despair; and had just concluded to take down my sign and go to farming, when, like a criminal's reprieve at the last moment, arrived a messenger for Dr. Hammersfield. I needed no second bidding; had the man insisted upon binding my eyes, as in those stories of gold castles and deserted country-seats, I would have offered no objection; there was in 'my first patient' a peculiar charm that sounded like a trumpet call to the field of battle—I was to go forth and distinguish myself.

"Following with alacrity in the wake of my guide, I soon found myself in a well enough-looking apartment, whose occupant lay tossing upon the couch in all the restlessness of fever. He was a fine-looking man, with an intellectual brow, and large, dreamy eyes that were now glaring upon me in the wildness of delirium. In the room was a musical instrument, some books, and several items that indicated a refined mind. He boarded with the people who had sent for me; and from what I saw, I soon decided that my patient was a man of property and education—in short, he was to be the stepping-stone to all the grandeur I had pictured.

"In the evenings my wife and I sat talking and conjecturing; my fee would soon be forthcoming, for the patient improved rapidly, and in imagination it was already spent. Indeed, we had laid it out in a variety of ways; for in those days we were obliged to consider what was

wanted *most* before parting with so slippery a thing as money.

"Well, the days wore on, and the sick man became convalescent. His gratitude to me was unbounded.

"'Doctor,' said he, one morning, 'I owe my life to you, and would do anything for you in return—but I am afraid that I can only pay you professionally.'

"How my hopes fell at this announcement! Ready money was so much more desirable than any other way of remuneration—but perhaps this might prove better than anything, I inquired the nature of his 'profession.'

"'It is,' said he, 'pointing to his instrument, that of a *violin player*.'

"In spite of my disappointment, I laughed—I really could not help it; an uncontrollable fit of merriment seized me on the spot, and I laughed until the tears stood in my eyes. The air with which my patient pointed to his violin would have told well on the stage—and then the idea of calling it a *profession*! He had given

"'——— to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.'

"'Music has charms to soothe a savage.' I forget whether 'ear' or 'breast,' but it has *not* power to put bread into hungry mouths; and my patient was rather surprised at the lack of enthusiasm I manifested for the noble art. He was a good-natured fellow, and expressed so much regret at his inability to satisfy my expectations, that I smilingly accepted half a dozen of his concert tickets, and concluded that Ellen and I might as well enjoy an amusement that cost us nothing.

"By-and-bye the concerts ceased; and my musical patient expressed a desire that I would take out the rest of the debt in serenades. This seemed rather unsubstantial, to be sure, but I complied; and many a time have Ellen and I sat at the window, in the moonlight, watching the manoeuvres of a maiden lady over the way, who evidently considered the music her own especial property.

"But one chilly night the lady took cold, and I was summoned in to her relief. So that, after all, you see that the violin player was really the cause of my advancement; for no sooner had Miss Briggs arrived at a state of convalescence than my fame spread abroad, and patients flocked in from all quarters. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I have risen like a Phoenix from the ashes."

As the doctor pronounced these words, he gradually rose to his feet; and his tall figure

seemed towering up into a lofty column, like a genii from his copper vessel. All laughed at his lordly air; and seating himself in the position of a listener, he called upon his next neighbor, Mr. Chester, for a recital.

"No one," said Mr. Chester, "can accuse me of having married Mrs. Chester for anything save her own sweet self, alone; for on the day of our first meeting, she had very little superfluous clothing about her. She had no shoes or stockings—her hat was not worth mentioning—and her scarf, if she ever possessed any, had taken to itself wings and flown away."

"Now, Mr. Chester!" exclaimed his wife, "this is really too bad!"

"Not at all, my dear—though now I do remember me of some 'airy nothing' that prevented the breezes from visiting you too roughly."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mrs. Chester, "for fear of your putting a wrong construction upon his words, I beg leave to mention, that I had all my proper accoutrements, with the exception of my shoes and stockings, which I had taken off for the purpose of wading."

"The fact, my dear friends, is simply this," continued Mr. Chester, "I had gone, with some friends, to a lonely country place that was quite celebrated for its fishing facilities; and on a lovely afternoon in June we set forth across the beautiful pond that was to furnish the wherewith for our suppers.

"In the middle of this pond there was a large rock; and seated on the rock, we beheld a slight figure upon whose sex we had some difficulty in determining. Indeed, we didn't know but that it might be our good fortune to capture a mermaid. Our old geographies tell us that 'the monkey is the connecting link between man and beast;' the figure before us appeared to be an indescribable something between girl and boy. On her head was a boy's straw hat, ornamented with a wreath of water-lilies—her feet were entirely bare, and thrust into the water—and her expression seemed to say that she could never be surprised enough at her position. For a description of her features, 'see frontispiece.'

"As we steered our course toward this modern Undine, she looked quite ready to sink into the ground, if there had been any—but she had evidently not decided upon a plunge into the water. With some difficulty, we persuaded the distressed damsel into our boat; and there learned a story of 'wrongs and desertion' that put vigor enough in our arms to—row her to the shore.

"There we found two wicked sprites of country

cousins, who had deluded the city-bred visitor into their boat, and then landed her high and dry upon the rock, under a false pretence of leaving her sojourn there entirely at her own option. She thanked us with an agitated voice. Had it not been for our timely aid, she trembled to think of her probable fate? Possibly some rough countryman, whose whole soul was absorbed in 'a mess of crabs,' and whose boat was polluted with the presence of oysters, and other shelly abominations, would have offered the aid it had been *our* glorious privilege to bestow, and conveyed her in quiet obscurity to the cosy farm-house which now presented itself to our view!"

"I am sure that I said nothing of the kind!" exclaimed Mrs. Chester, joining in the laugh which this description raised.

"No," replied her husband, "but there is a silent kind of woe, where words are useless, and your look spoke all sorts of horrors. We forgot all about the fishing, and spent the evening at the farm-house.

"The next day, I was obliged, of course, to call and inquire after Miss Undine's health; and I lingered, fascinated, like the knight at the fisherman's cottage. The cousins were in disgrace, for she had vowed *never* to forgive them; and they really appeared quite penitent.

"Had any fortune-teller said to me, before leaving home, 'you will find your future wife seated, half dressed, upon a rock in the water,' I should have been quite as much amused as was Agil, in the Arabian Nights, when told by the young man that he was his predestined murderer. And yet so it was. I met with the fate of the poor fish whose capture I had meditated; and after a few ineffectual struggles, found myself landed upon the shore of matrimony. I would say to young men, in a friendly way, 'beware of fishing!' but, alas! who can tell in what form the dangers may lurk?"

"By-the-bye," said one of the culprit cousins, who was seated next to Mrs. Chester, "have you *ever* forgiven us, Matilda? I really trembled before your rage."

"Yes," she softly whispered, "*I forgave you one moonlight night, as I stood in the old orchard!*"

Low as had been the whisper, her husband heard it, and his smile spoke eloquently for the thoughts her words had awakened.

"Now," said the doctor, "who else 'can a tale unfold?'"

Scarcely had he pronounced these words ere the door opened, and Mr. Ormsby, the clergyman, entered. A warm welcome instantly greeted him from the master of the house, by whom he had been invited to join the Christmas party;

and the circle around the fire made room for him with respectful alacrity. His appearance presented quite a contrast to that of the merry party assembled. Small particles of snow, that were rapidly melting on his boots before the warm influence of the cheering blaze, showed that he had been wandering in some bye-road, where his own footsteps had probably made the first path. His face was blue with the cold; and his coat was buttoned closely around him, as though he had prepared himself to endure. His sudden appearance threw a momentary quiet over the whole party; and he, himself, sat absorbed in the contemplation of a solemn scene he had just witnessed.

"My friends," said he, at length, "may I be permitted to add my story to the recital, which, I doubt not, are more suited to the merry thoughts of Christmas Eve? There are many varied scenes enacted on the eve of this gay festival; and I would remind you that while to us come the light and the blessings, to others is 'darkness and the shadow of death.'"

The merry party were instantly subdued; and listening in respectful attention, they waited for Mr. Ormsby's narrative.

"Some distance from here," said he, "surrounded by trackless snow, there is a small cabin that stands by itself, lonely and isolated. In summer a thick grove on one side imparts an air of quiet beauty to the humble dwelling; but when the trees are bare and leafless, it is indeed a dreary spot.

"In this cabin a lonely mother has watched and waited for the return of a son who was to her the one bark freighted with all her earthly hopes. For long years she lived a lonely woman—far removed from those whom birth and education entitled her to call her equals—living on in her lonely dwelling with the one hope clinging about her heart, and buoying her up above the sorrows that encompassed her weary lot.

"In earlier years she had toiled beyond her strength to educate the boy who alone remained to remind her that life was not *all* desolate; and he grew to the years of manhood with his own wild dreams cherished and strengthened by his mother's counsels. He was to achieve a triumph of Fate; his name was to be enrolled in the annals of Fame—and wealth and honors were to compensate the two world-abandoned ones for all their deprivations.

"I have listened to such recitals from that mother's lips—and her excited manner and kindly eye fully proclaimed her faith in the fulfilment of these extravagant visions. The

realization of this one dream constituted her only hope for the future. *It was the boy's religion.* It had fled his mind from his earliest infancy; and he had grown to manhood with that one thought still uppermost in his heart. As the mother gazed upon the pale and silent boy, whom the sports of youth failed to allure, and marked the slight hand that held the pencil, she hailed with delight these evidences of the soul-absorbing genius that was slowly consuming the springs of life. For he *had* talent; his mother has shown me sketches and pictures that would not have disgraced the first efforts of Titian or Da Vinci—but, alas! he had neither money nor friends, and without these unprotected genius may struggle in vain against the rough blasts of the world.

"Years ago, she had sent her son from her; he had gone to the old world to compare with his the works of the old masters, and catch from the glowing sky of Italy the inspiration that has rendered them immortal. And then the lonely mother came to the humble cabin; and there she waited and watched for him whose return was to open a new life to both.

"Her son's letters had spoken of a painting on which he was engaged, that would probably achieve a triumph at the exhibition that was soon to take place; and the poor mother lifted her head proudly from the precious paper, as she said,

"He will return on Christmas Eve."

"And why on Christmas Eve?" I asked, for her tone was that of one who had some private reason for making the assertion.

"Her eye kindled with a strange fire as she answered, 'You have often spoken to me of that goodness which showers benefits on the poor as well as the rich—the good and the bad alike—think you that I shall *always* be forgotten? *He will return on Christmas Eve.*'

"Many times had she repeated this with a defiant air; and I half trembled as I pictured Christmas Eve at the widow's cottage.

"This evening, I had just buttoned my overcoat in the hall, to set forth on my pilgrimage hither, when a messenger arrived from the widow, who requested my presence at the cabin. The man was an illiterate countryman, and I asked him no questions, but pursued my lonely way in silence—almost forgetful that he was beside me. The houses that I passed sent forth bright gleams to welcome the Christmas Eve; and the sound of sleigh-bells broke on the air as though in mockery of all gloomy thoughts.

"But as I approached the cabin, the houses were fewer and more humble in appearance, and

the road dreary and unfrequented. Trackless snow-drifts blocked up the way; and I arrived at the cabin cold and weary. A single light burned in the widow's apartment, and with a foreboding heart I knocked at the door.

"It was opened by the lonely occupant, but her face was turned from me; and in silence she led the way to a couch, where reclined the emaciated figure of her son. He *had* returned on Christmas Eve—but *it was to die.* She sank beneath the stroke, and covered her face with her hands in speechless agony.

"Opening his large, dark eyes, which had been closed from extreme exhaustion, the young artist softly whispered, 'Tis true, dear mother, that I have lost the Fame so long pursued—but I have gained what is of far more value. *You never taught me that, mother—or it had been better for us both.*'

"A deep sigh burst from the depths of her heavy heart, and I turned aside to hide the tears I could not control—for 'he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.'"

Several of the company, much affected, expressed their intention of visiting the widow's cabin after the Christmas service. Mr. Ormsby shook his head sadly.

"The wanderer," said he, "has now a home on high—but the poor, lonely mother may, perhaps, be softened by friendly sympathy."

A party was instantly organized to visit the cabin to-morrow; and subdued by the picture of actual grief which had been thus vividly brought before them, they sat quietly dwelling on the contrast between their own lot and that of the poor widow.

The fair, pale moon looked brightly through the old-fashioned window at the head of the staircase-landing; and young hearts paused on that Christmas Eve, and looked dreamily out on the stillness, ere they went to the slumber from which they would awaken to a glorious morrow.

And maidens dwelt fondly on the tones of the magic "good night" that had greeted them from lips beloved; and mothers thought of their sleeping cherubs, wrapt in innocent dreams of Santa Claus; and old people remembered the Christmas Eves that had passed like a fleeting vision.

And the moon shone down on the cold, still features of the *dead*—and the moonbeams played idly with the scattered locks a *mother's* hand had so often caressed, and mocked the dull place with their unwelcome light.

Hundreds of years ago, they had bathed the earth in a silver flood, when came the glad tidings, "A star has arisen in the East!"

ELIZA GREEN'S WEDDING.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"Did you hear that Eliza Green is soon to be married?" inquired one of two ladies who were making a morning call on their friend, Mrs. Minley.

"No. I understood that the marriage was not to take place for some time," was the reply.

"So it was rumored; but I met Eliza, yesterday, while shopping, and ascertained that it is to be on next Thursday week. I went with her to select her purchases: a beautiful light silk for a bridal dress.

"Is it possible?" interrupted Mrs. Minley, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes; and a very handsome cashmere; beside crimson merino for a travelling dress, to be trimmed with black velvet."

"They are going on a journey, then?"

"Oh, I suppose only to see Robert's people, who, you know, live at some distance: but you seem surprised, Mrs. Minley?"

"I am, indeed, surprised to hear of Eliza Green having made such purchases. They are quite unsuited both to her present condition and that in prospect."

"I do not think so; she is to have a wedding party, and, of course, needs a handsome wedding dress; and, for the others, she would not like to go, without something new and fashionable, among her new relations."

"Who are, I believe, plain, old-fashioned country people," rejoined Mrs. Minley, with a smile, "to whom novelty and fashion are things of no consequence."

"Well, I thought her very economical," persisted Miss Hardin. "I wished her to choose a pretty bridal dress, but she said the silk which she was obliged to have, would answer for that occasion; and I could not persuade her to the contrary, though I tried my best."

"Very inconsiderate in you, Frances," replied her companion, Mrs. Ridgeway. "A handsome light silk will be as suitable for her wedding night as white satin and blond, on which I know your thoughts are bent."

"Far more so, I think," chimed in Mrs. Minley.

"Why, what is the matter with you both this morning? One would imagine your leige lords had been reading you impressive lectures on

economy," said Miss Hardin, laughing, though evidently not well pleased. "However, I did not propose to Eliza to get satin or blond; a pretty Swiss or mull looks very well, for a bridal dress, far better, to my taste, than a colored silk, although that is necessary afterward. Jane Carpenter wore a beautifully embroidered robe the night she was married, and indeed her purchases were far more extravagant than Eliza's; yet I have never heard you speak so of *her*, Mrs. Minley."

"You do not consider the difference in the two cases, my dear Frances," replied Mrs. Minley, seriously. "Mr. Carpenter has been doing a good business for many years, and Jane as an only child has been always indulged as much as possible; so that it was no wonder he thought proper to give a large party on occasion of her marriage, nor that she should be, as you say, somewhat extravagant in her expenditure. Eliza on the other hand is but one of a large family, and her father only partner in a manufacturing establishment, which, if it were all in his own hands, would not enable him to maintain his family in the style to which the Carpenters have been accustomed. Neither is there anything more encouraging in Eliza's future prospects. As clerk in one of our retail stores Mr. Bird's salary must be trifling."

"Only three hundred dollars a year, I believe. Jane's husband, on the contrary, has a large salary in one of the extensive firms of ——. Can you not perceive the difference in the circumstances of your two friends, Frances; and that what is wilful, unauthorized extravagance in the one, is natural and proper in the other?"

"None are so blind as those who will not see," replied the young lady, gaily, as she rose to take leave. "There is to be a very nice wedding—about twenty persons will be invited, Eliza told me—and I always maintain that a bride should look as well as possible before so many people."

"How strange Mrs. Minley is," she resumed, when once more in the street with Mrs. Ridgeway. "To think of her criticizing poor Eliza in such a strain. It is only proper in Mr. Green to give her two or three handsome dresses, the last he will have to purchase for her: and she has as much right to them and to a wedding party, too,

as Jane Carpenter had. I was almost angry with you for taking part with her."

"I know very little of the parties concerned," replied Mrs. Ridgeway, as she paused at a corner from which diverged their paths homeward, "but it struck me that Mrs. Minley was more than half right."

And Mrs. Minley was more than half right; she was altogether right in her views.

The wedding night came in due time, and everything passed off pleasantly. The bride looked very sweetly in her delicate silk; the supper was by general consent pronounced excellent; and the younger members of the family, who, as some one maliciously observed, were wild with delight at finding themselves so handsomely attired, added much by their innocent mirthfulness to the joy of the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Green dispensed their hospitalities pleasantly, and if an occasional shade of gravity was for a moment visible in either, surely that was natural on an occasion that separated their eldest child in name and fortune from them.

The following morning the young pair set out for the distant farm, where dwelt in humble and peaceful tranquillity the aged parents of the groom. "The crimson merino travelling dress trimmed with black velvet," of course received a due share of notice in the various conversations for which the wedding furnished a fruitful theme during days succeeding. Most persons concurred in censuring the whole affair as shamefully extravagant, particularly as Mr. Green's embarrassed circumstances were generally known to the towns-people. Severe losses had been sustained by the manufactory during the previous year, and with the increased expenditure incident to his daughter going into company, he had found it extremely difficult to provide for his large family, and the rent of his comfortable dwelling house necessarily remained unpaid. But hoping for "better times," and calculating on a great reduction in household expenses after the departure of his daughter, and the eldest son, who was now apprenticed to a tradesman in a neighboring town, Mr. Green had felt but little uneasiness respecting the rent; especially as the landlord was an old acquaintance, who readily received his apologies for non-payment, and professed himself willing to wait till a more propitious season.

Now, however, indignant at the reports and rumors everywhere circulating, Mr. Abell waited on Mr. Green with a peremptory demand at once to pay the arrears or leave the house. In vain the delinquent tenant urged his inability to comply, and the oft-expressed willingness of

Mr. Abell to wait his convenience; while, to increase his perplexity, the dry-goods merchant and others to whom of late he had become indebted, having an inkling of his embarrassments, presented their bills and pressed for immediate payment. His partner, who had long desired to have the manufactory in his own hands, listened coldly to the distressed man's account of his situation; but generously offered to buy him out as the only means he could devise of freeing him from his difficulties. This proposal, bitter as it was to Mr. Green, he felt at length compelled to accept. With a heavy heart he transferred his share of the business at a sacrifice to his grasping partner; and on the very day his daughter returned in high spirits from her wedding trip, her father entered as workman the establishment in which the best years of his life had been spent as master; crushed and broken in spirit; not more by the change in his condition and the prospect of ceaseless toil, than by the consciousness of his inability to provide for his large family by daily labor at his advanced age.

"What a sad termination to Eliza's wedding festivities!" said Mrs. Minley, when on next meeting with Miss Hardin, the misfortunes of Mr. Green were duly commented on. "If, as I have heard, she prevailed on her father against his better judgment to incur the expenses which have brought him into this trouble, how must the thoughtless girl now suffer from her own reproachful feelings."

"Eliza was not aware that her father's means were so very limited," replied Miss Hardin; "and I cannot see why she or her parents should have any cause for self-upbraiding. It was all the fault of that old Abell, the miserly, unfeeling man! I always thought him covetous and selfish; but I could not have deemed him capable of an act so utterly contemptible and heartless."

"Mr. Abell only acted as most others in his situation would have done," returned Mrs. Minley, smiling at her young friend's vehemence. "He showed indeed neither generosity nor magnanimity toward his unfortunate tenant, but these virtues, Frances, are seldom exhibited in the dealings between debtor and creditor. Nor do I think that he is altogether to blame in this matter. If Mr. Abell's conduct was contemptible and heartless, Mr. Green's was certainly rash and imprudent. You remember the remark of that shrewd observer of human nature, Franklin, in his advice to mechanics:—'The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or at nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard-table, or hears your voice in a tavern, when you

should be at work, he sends for his money the next day.' The justice of this observation every day's experience confirms. There are few creditors who will not extend some indulgence to those whom they see to be frugal, industrious and persevering; but when they find them need-

lessly incurring new debts, and rushing into expenses which even their best friends must deem unjustifiable, though in other respects their conduct be admirable, it is scarcely wonderful that the indignant creditors should withdraw the leniency that has been so much abused."

THE EASTERN BRIDAL.

BY FRANK LEE.

With idle songs they wreathe
The champak blossoms in my flowing hair,
Nought but unquiet thoughts their perfumes breathe—
They must not linger there.

Take them away,
And bring to me a wreath of scentless flowers;
I lay my hopes and girlhood off to-day—
These bloom'd within their bowers!

How oft my giddy feet
Have trod in wantonness these blossoms out,
While my soul reveled on the rising sweet—
A fragrant mist about.

This is my recompense!
E'en as I crush'd those buds to scent their soft
perfume,

They ope my heart and drag its treasures there
To gild a living tomb.

Oh, how these big tears scorch!—
I hear the coming maidens shout my name:
They burn my heart upon a bridal torch,
These drops but feed the flame.

Yet for a Sultan's bride
The gems they bind my raven hair between—
Yet rather death by that young Christian's side
Than life—a harem queen!

Leaning from my casement,
While soften'd tones swept down the Summer air,

A sudden thrill was o'er my being sent,
That left me trembling there.

My bounding heart drank in
A thousand feelings strange and sweet and new;
I, if those fond delights had aught of sin
From Love's own soul they grew.

A stranger from afar
Upon whose lip a cold clime's accents rung,
Whose eyes had glowing brightness as a star,
Beneath the casement sung.

I push'd the vines aside
And gaz'd out on the night with fragrance dim,
Then clos'd my eyes to hide the speaking tide
They madly pour'd on him.

He rais'd his slender hand—
I flung some blossoms with a silver clasp,
I saw him then in fondness kiss the band,
As misers treasure grasp.

I felt my cheek grow white,
Then flush like crimson blossoms at their core.
There was a sound—he hurried through the night,
And then—we met no more!

Now bridal flowers wave
Amid my hair and bind my vestment's fold;
A bride—yet nothing better than a slave—
Bought with a Pasha's gold.

LINES FOR MUSIC.

BY MRS. C. H. CRISWELL.

UNDO the links—unbind the chain—
And give me back my heart again!
Be kind for once—thou hast the key—
And set my heart from prison free.

Those eyes entrapp'd me—oh, those eyes!
Such strange enchantment in them lies;

I tried to 'scape them—but in vain—
Oh, give me back my heart again!

UNDO the links—the chain unbind—
I would not have this heart confin'd;
Must it repine while thine is free?
Oh, give the prisoner back to me!

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

I HAD been many years successfully established in practice in Cincinnati, and was no longer a young man, when one day pausing with a foot on the steps of my carriage to read a letter my servant had placed in my hand, I chanced to overhear the conversation of some young men who were loitering near where I stood.

They were commenting in extravagant terms on a young lady who was approaching. She was superb—queenly—glorious, if one might believe the encomiums of her admirers. My curiosity somewhat roused, I glanced up, and beheld, as I thought then, and think still, the handsomest woman I had ever seen. Her appearance was as majestic as it was beautiful; yet, as she returned the gentlemen's salutations, a sweet, and gracious smile spoke of as much gentleness as pride of character.

I recognized her as the much admired Miss Madeline C—, who, with her mother, had but recently taken up her residence in our city.

When she had passed, I endeavored to resume the reading of my letter; but again the conversation of my talkative neighbors attracted my attention.

"I'll tell you what it is, Fred," cried one, "all conquering as you are, you'd not find success such a certain thing in *that* quarter."

"No?" carelessly asked the young gentleman addressed, a man of remarkable personal beauty—"I'm rather incredulous of these invincible women, myself."

"They say Miss Madeline has already refused many excellent offers; and I fancy, with *her*, you would fare no better than the others, notwithstanding your fortune, unless you chanced to strike her fancy."

"The probability is that I *should* strike her fancy," returned Fred Thornton, coolly, yawning as he spoke.

"I lay you a bet of a hundred dollars that you do not win her," retorted his companion.

"Done," said Thornton, and further I heard not, for becoming conscious of the impropriety of so long playing eaves-dropper, I stepped into my carriage, and thought no more of the matter.

About six months from that time I was summoned professionally to the house of Mrs. C—. On arriving there, I found my patient to be the

same young lady who had been the subject of the above conversation. She was greatly changed, but if possible more lovely than ever. Her brilliant complexion had faded to purest white, scarcely tinged with the rose; her large, blue eyes were clear, indeed, but languid and heavy; she complained of constant headache, and general weakness, while her whole appearance wore such an air of hopeless apathy, that I should have had no hesitation in attributing her illness to some secret grief, had not every happiness seemed to surround her.

She was understood to be engaged to be married to a most excellent young man, Mr. Charles Leman; kind friends surrounded, a doting mother was devoted to her; rich, and so very beautiful, I could imagine no cause for any sorrow, and was completely puzzled.

The preparations were already going on for her wedding, which if Madeline's health permitted, was to take place in two months. It crossed my mind as a passing thought, that Fred Thornton had lost his wager, and I confess the idea gave me pleasure, for the young man's vanity had not pleased me.

I visited my patient daily, and soon became intensely interested in her—nay, more, I grew extremely fond of her; for indeed I have never seen any one so capable of attaching all who surrounded her—her's was truly a tender and noble character. I felt the pitying tenderness of a father, for the poor suffering child, and naturally manifested the affection I felt for her, in a thousand little ways. My visits to her absorbed an undue proportion of my time—I seldom came without bringing her some token, proving that my thoughts had been occupied with her during my absence—a flower—a bunch of grapes, or a book; sometimes too, I took her short drives into the country with me, hoping to divert and amuse her.

Madeline understood the sincerity of the affection I always manifested for her, and ere long returned it with all the generous warmth of her nature.

Notwithstanding all my endeavors, however, I found with concern, that I was doing nothing for my patient. She grew daily more pale and delicate. The exertion that she was equal to

one week, was too much for her the next. I became satisfied some mental trouble must be at the root of the evil, and conjectured that some misunderstanding between her and her lover might be the cause. I determined to watch them narrowly.

A few days later I had an opportunity of seeing them together. Mr. Leman entered the room during my visit, bearing in his arms two immense volumes of rare engravings, which he designed as a present to his mistress, knowing her fondness for works of art. His manly face was radiant with pleasure as he saw Madeline's gratification at his gift, and he proceeded in an animated manner to explain to her how he had been so fortunate as to meet with the work in question, which he said he had heard her praise several months previously. Madeline thanked him for his kindness by a grateful look, and held out her hand to him; but when he took it eagerly, and would have kissed it, she shrank visibly, and grew pale as death—I placed my fingers carelessly on my patient's pulse, and found it beating nervously and agitatedly.

"She does not love him," I said to myself, and fancied I was now at the bottom of Madeline's heart.

On calling the following day, the servant, as I imagine, showed me to my patient's room without announcing me as usual. On entering I saw her with her head buried in her arms, which rested on a table before her. Unaware of my vicinity, she was indulging in a violent fit of weeping. I approached her, and laying my hand gently on her shoulder, said with emotion,

"Madeline, my poor child, my heart aches for you."

She looked up, and with a voice and look of agony cried,

"Oh, doctor, it is killing me."

I sat down beside her, and drawing her to me, said,

"My child, it is indeed killing you, this sorrow of yours which you are too proud to reveal. I think, Madeline, you know I love you—if you were my own daughter you could not be more dear; come, confide in me—it will not be difficult, for I fancy I already half guess your secret—you do not love Mr. Leman."

"That is not all," said Madeline, greatly agitated, and breaking from me, she walked up and down the room, wringing her hands despairingly.

"My child, be calm—do not agitate yourself thus, or I shall fear for your life."

"Life," she cried, bitterly, pausing as she spoke—"what charms do you think life has for a woman of any sensibility, who is about to

bestow her hand on one man, while her whole heart and soul are given to another?"

I drew the excited girl to the seat beside me, and after a time succeeded in quieting her agitation so far that she was able to give me a connected account of her story.

It appeared that this same Fred Thornton, whose wager to win Miss C——'s affections some months before I had accidentally overheard, had immediately afterward sought her society, and paid her the most marked attentions.

Young Thornton was handsome, most attractive in his manners—his mind was well cultivated, and he was not without some good qualities, which he knew well how to display, while his more unamiable traits of selfishness, vanity and want of principle, he as well understood how to conceal.

Madeline, of course, never doubting the sincerity of his unusually pressing attentions, and believing herself ardently beloved, gradually yielded up her whole heart to him. It was not till it was too late for her to recall her affections, that some officious friend came to her with the story of the wager.

Naturally extremely proud and sensitive, Madeline was hurt to the quick, at the idea of having been made the subject of a vulgar bet by the man she loved. The thought that the love she was cherishing in the "innermost shrine of her heart," had been merely esteemed a light trifling thing—the subject of a wager—that feelings she had trembled even to analyze, were already known and talked of by half the town—all this was torture to her. Worse than all, was the conviction which forced itself upon her, of the unworthiness of the man who could be guilty of such conduct. Still the story might not be true. Should he deny it, not all the world should make her believe it.

When her lover came to her the next day, the words Madeline had long expected were spoken. Thornton declared his love, and offered her his hand. Madeline heard him, and then with what calmness she could, informed him of her knowledge of his wager—entreated him to deny it if he could, and finding him convicted by his silence, ended by saying,

"Farewell then, forever, Mr. Thornton. Whatever it may cost me, I thank God that he has saved me from uniting myself to one capable of the cruelty and heartlessness of making one innocent girl's affections the subject of a wager."

In vain Thornton eagerly protested that however faulty at first, his heart was now really and entirely her's, and urged his suit with all the eloquence of passion; Madeline was firm. Thornton

at last losing his temper, proceeded in words of rude violence to accuse her of having lured him on with seeming encouragement, in order to punish him finally by a mortifying refusal. This unjust and ungenerous accusation pained Madeline extremely, and when the agitating interview was over, her strength all gone, she fell into a long, fainting fit, from which her friends feared she would never wake. This swoon was but the first open sign, that the cruel trial she had passed had broken her heart and undermined her health.

Mr. Thornton left the city immediately, and shortly afterward an old and faithful admirer of Madeline's once more made her an offer of his hand. She would have unhesitatingly declined it, but her mother's entreaties, joined to those of Mr. Leman induced her to waver. She confided to Mr. Leman the state of her heart, assured him of her determination never to marry Mr. Thornton, but also of her resolution never to unite herself to any man, unless her heart went with her hand. She told him she considered it her duty to struggle with, and if possible to conquer her unfortunate attachment; if he were willing to wait and abide the result he might do so. I believe at the time the poor girl was not without hopes of overcoming her ill-placed love; but she over-rated her strength. Mr. Leman was satisfied. He loved so truly, that he was willing to accept, for a time, the second place in the heart where he hoped, one day, to gain the first.

But Madeline's over anxious mother, and the world, chose to consider her connexion with Mr. Leman in the light of an engagement; and she felt all the unhappiness of the position into which she was forced—the betrothed wife of one man, while unable to conquer the love for another.

Madeline concluded her confession with bursting tears, saying,

"I was very proud, doctor; I do not know that I repent it, but it has cost me my life."

"Do not say so, my child," I said, trying to soothe her, "my art may do wonders now that I know all;" and after waiting till she was again calm, I left her recommending quiet.

On my return home, I immediately wrote to Mr. Thornton. I had become convinced that my only hope of saving my patient, was in the chance of a change for the better resulting from seeing him once more. I informed Mr. Thornton of the state of Madeline's health; coldly, but frankly, told him my reason for sending for him, and desired him to lose no time.

On visiting my patient next day I found her much worse than usual. She had had a long conference with Mr. Leman after I had left her,

and having confessed to him her inability to conquer her first attachment, begged his consent to the dissolution of all ties between them.

Mr. Leman, with true love and generosity, acceded unhesitatingly to her wishes, even attempting to conceal the deep disappointment her decision cost him.

This exciting interview, in addition to the one she had had with me, had been altogether too much for my poor Madeline's strength. She was evidently beginning to sink.

With a bursting heart I exerted all my skill to revive her; she followed my directions, smiled on me kindly, but shook her head significantly. On Mr. Leman, who sat beside her couch, she looked now and then with such glances of gratitude and confiding trust, that I saw the poor fellow could scarcely bear it. Her mother, greatly alarmed, sat on the other side holding her daughter's hand, and seeking my face with those questioning, despairing looks, which every physician knows so well, and finds it so hard to meet. Unable to control my feelings I was obliged to leave the house.

Many times that day, and the next, I was beside my gentle patient, and saw no change excepting increasing weakness, which was in itself a most alarming symptom. My only hope was now in Thornton's speedy arrival. To see him once more—to know that he still loved, if anything could rouse her and enable her to rally her strength, it would be this. I was in Madeline's room, when the bell rang and afterward a distant step was faintly heard in the hall.

Madeline, who knew nothing of my letter, raised her head from her pillow, and said to me calmly,

"Doctor, that is Mr. Thornton; bring him here at once."

I obeyed.

Thornton entered the room, and overcome by the sight of the dying girl, sank on his knees by her side, bursting into a passion of grief.

Madeline gave him her hand—Mr. Leman already held the other. I stood with her mother at the foot of her couch, looking with eyes full of tears at a sight strange as it was touching.

Madeline, calm and beautiful as an angel, lay between the two men who both loved her, (but oh, how differently) holding a hand of each, her serene, heavenly face contrasting forcibly with the agitated countenances on either side. Her eyes were closed for a moment, as if she were collecting all her strength. A change had indeed taken place in Madeline at again seeing her lover; but, alas! it was not for the better. The distress I felt, she must have seen in my face

on unclosing her eyes, for she motioned me to approach, and whispered in my ear,

“Do not grieve, dearest doctor, that you could not save me for a wretched life. For a woman who has misplaced her love there is but one fate.”

She paused, and then said aloud,

“Yes, Frederic, you I have loved—love still;

but you, Charles,” and she turned her eyes gratefully upon him, “you have *deserved* my love. To you I leave the task of comforting my mother.”

The sweet, low voice ceased; a heavenly serenity rested on the lovely face; and by the superhuman sweetness of the smile that settled round her mouth, we knew that our poor Madeleine's sorrows were over, and her joys begun.

SEA, EARTH, AND HEAVEN.

BY MRS. T. K. HERVEY.

Long fathoms down beneath the deep,
To know how many corsees sweep
With streaming hair—each one alone,
By billow rock'd or tempest strown,
Tossing forever;
Where the land-breeze sounds no sigh,
Where the redd'n'd corals lie,
Upon whose summits peak'd and high
The doom'd barks shiver;
Oh, Sea! it is a fearful thing!—
To hear the birds above thee sing,
Yet know how many a hope is furl'd
That flew beyond thy watery world
To the tropic's glow!
Or, Northward plumed, the storm defying,
Still the outworn pinion plying
Toward some cold land where love undying
Should melt the snow!

To know, on every shore we tread,
That some to stranger-graves are led,
And deem—poor joy!—the grass grows best
Where never loving foot hath press'd
In sorrow's crushing:
By East—by West—far isles away,
To wist not where Death next may lay
His icy touch—till none i' the clay
Hears the heart rushing!

Oh, Earth! it is a thing of woe!—
To feel sweet gales around thee blow,
Yet know that there be some who ne'er
Shall feel again that breathsome air,
Joyful or sad;
Ne'er mark again the hues that streak
Thy nighted brow or sunbright cheek:
Dear Earth!—dear Earth! the thought to speak
Makes the heart mad!

To know there is a land far-off,
Beyond the doubter's, scorner's scoff,
Too high for mortal bliss to deem—
Out of the region of ail dream,
Where not a pang
Shall wring the pulse that maddens here;
Where there are joys that ask no tear,
And sorrow's serpent ne'er shall rear
Its poison fang;
Oh, Heaven! it is a blessed thing!—
To wait yon trumpet's summoning,
When, life's fierce battle lost and won,
That peal shall shake the steadfast sun!
And all shall meet
Where His great way the angels keep,
Who “giveth his beloved sleep”—
Where is nor grave, nor storm, nor deep—
At God's own feet!

A LOVE SONG.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE GERMAN.

WHERE the river is flowing soft wood-banks between,
And the hawthorn tree snowing its buds on the green,
Who waits me, with dew-drops that glance in her
hair?

—'Tis May, the blooming May!—but my lady's more
fair!

She is lighter of foot than the merle on its wing,
She has youth on her cheek that outrivals the Spring;
Come forth to the greenwood, for Beauty is there:

—'Tis May, the golden May!—but my lady's more
fair!

Never tell me of Prudence than Winter more cold;
Never tell me that Gladness can ever grow old;
I'll enjoy my heart's Spring-time, unclouded by
care;

—'Tis May, the joyous May!—but my lady's more
fair!

"KEEPING UP APPEARANCES."

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

THE Bentleys were famous for "keeping up appearances." They lived in a handsome house at the fashionable end of the town; had costly rose-wood furniture and velvet carpets; went to Saratoga, Cape May, or Newport every summer; and lived altogether in a style that entitled them to be considered among the "best society," at least so far as spending money is concerned. Yet it was a wonder to more than one person how Mr. Bentley managed to afford all this, for his business was known not to be very good, and was suspected of being actually indifferent.

The Bentleys had risen, as the phrase goes, "from nothing." This would have been no objection to them, if they had been people of real worth—people of correct principles, good taste, cultivated minds and elegant behavior. But the Bentleys were as vulgar as they were ignorant, and as ignorant as they were false. The paste diamonds which Mrs. Bentley sometimes wore, and which deceived her whole circle of fashionable friends, were a type of herself, her daughters and her husband. The existence of the family consisted, in fact, in substituting glitter for gold, in a word "in keeping up appearances." For they not only lived as if they had twice the income they really had, but they pretended to be connoisseurs in music and the arts: and as the set among whom they moved had plenty of people as ignorant as themselves, this game of deception succeeded better than might have been thought. Sometimes, however, those who were better informed, had occasion to laugh in secret at the absurdities the Bentleys committed. "Your wife is a fashionable woman," said an acquaintance to Mr. Bentley. "Why don't she have a *dejeuner*? They're all the rage." "Oh!" answered the husband, ignorant of what a *dejeuner* was, but thinking to carry it off with a high air, "she went out, this very morning to buy one."

With all his easy nonchalance, however, Mr. Bentley carried a sad heart in his bosom; for his expenses greatly exceeded his income, and he was rapidly going to ruin. For years he had carried on business by borrowing from day to day; by discounts from banks; or by loans on temporary mortgages of his fine furniture. Often, on looking back at the end of the year, he

wondered how he had managed to get through. But, in some respects, Mr. Bentley was an extraordinary man. Among other things, he was the perfection of plausibility. Few men could borrow money with more grace, and still fewer, it must be owned, could pay it with less punctuality. The world, however, is full of dupes, and in a large city, a man like Mr. Bentley can go on, for many a year, without exhausting his victims.

"My dear," said Mrs. Bentley to her spouse, "we must give a ball on Ada's birth-night."

"Really," answered Mr. Bentley, "I'm afraid it can't be done, Eliza. I'm shockingly short."

"I know that," was the reply, "you're always short of course. Men with a large family like yours are necessarily short. But when the girls are married, there needn't be such occasion for spending money; we can economize then, you know. Now Ada will be eighteen next month, and young Howard is debating a proposal: a ball, I'm sure, will bring him to the point."

"You think he's serious? Old Howard is as rich as a Jew, and it would be a splendid match. But, unless the son is really in earnest, I shouldn't be willing to go to the expense of a ball, just now. Honestly, Eliza, I don't see how I'm to get through next month."

"I don't think there's the least doubt that a ball would settle the affair. Ada looks charmingly in a ball dress, but as the Howards are among our old families, who are very exclusive, her lover hasn't had a chance to see her in one, for they haven't met at a ball since their acquaintance."

"Well, well," said Mr. Bentley, somewhat impatiently, "do as you please. If Ada had old Howard for a father-in-law, perhaps one might —"

But Mr. Bentley did not finish the sentence. Even he, sanguine and plausible as he was, doubted whether the elder Howard was the man to be his dupe, so he broke off into a whistle, and left the room a moment after.

Mrs. Bentley lost no time in preparing for the ball, which she determined should be the most brilliant of the season. She had long wished to get into the Howard set, and now seized the opportunity to invite several ladies, members of

it, whom she had met in the summer at Saratoga. Her acquaintance with them did not, indeed, warrant such a liberty; but as young Mr. Howard was coming, she hoped they would come also: at any rate she resolved to make a bold push, or what she called, in her Anglo-Saxon French, "*koop de mane*."

Enormous bills for the ball now began to come in, for nobody would supply the Bentleys without the cash in advance. Poor Mr. Bentley was driven to his wit's ends to find means to liquidate these accounts. In one or two cases, he called personally with his order, hoping that it would be filled if part of the amount was paid; but confectioners, florists, and wine merchants were, by this time, pretty well acquainted with their customer; and not a pound of cake, a solitary bouquet, or a single bottle of wine could Mr. Bentley obtain without, as the inexorable dealers phrased it, "cash in hand."

Two days before the ball, Mr. Bentley went, in despair, to a monied acquaintance, offering to pledge his furniture for an advance of a thousand dollars.

"You can go with me to the house, this morning," he said, "at the hour when Mrs. Bentley and Ada receive visitors, and examine the things, on a pretence of sauntering about the rooms with me to look at the pictures."

The bargain was struck, for the terms offered, by the desperate husband, were liberal; and accordingly, at the usual time when Mrs. Bentley and her daughter, in their most elegant morning costume, received visitors, the husband made his appearance with his companion, whom he introduced as a friend he was desirous the ladies should know: and then, after some brief chat with the mistress of the house, the two rose and walked about the rooms. Little did young Mr. Howard, as he conversed in whispers with Ada, think that Mr. Bentley and his companion, as they sauntered around, talking in a low tone, and looking at pictures, statuettes and other articles of *virtu*, or occasionally pausing by a magnificent piano or *console*, were discussing a mortgage of all this superb furniture. But stranger scenes occur, almost weekly, on the Fifth Avenue, or out Walnut street, among those who are "keeping up appearances."

The day of the ball came at last. Servants had been busy all day in transforming the Bentley's mansion into an *impromptu* palace of fairy land. The hall was crowded with rare exotics; the reception rooms were ornamented with the costliest bouquets; and the conservatory, at the end of the suite, was fragrant with the finest specimens from the hot-house of Buist. The

supper table was laid for three hundred guests. Every delicacy of the season—the choicest game, the most exquisite wines—was in preparation for the evening. Ada, in whose honor all this expense had been incurred, was already under the hands of a dressing-maid, her elaborate attire lying displayed upon the bed, while the exulting mother stood by flattering her on her beauty.

We have neglected to describe the daughter. But it is a task that will not detain us long. Miss Bentley was silly, selfish and conceited; in looks a vapid doll; in manners a piece of sentimental affectation. She despised her parents, because she knew just enough to detect their ignorance, and knew too little to feel how much she owed to them, who to her at least had ever been indulgent. Her whole thoughts, at this particular juncture, were devoted to securing her lover. Not that she had the least bit of affection for him. But he was rich; he was of an old family; he was handsome, well-bred and popular; and there was not enough heart in this vain creature to pause at the sacrilege of marriage without love.

"Everything is ready, my dear," said Mrs. Bentley. "You had better finish dressing. The company will soon begin to arrive. I wonder what can keep your papa."

"Oh! papa is never punctual, you know," carelessly replied the young lady. "It's provoking, however, he isn't here, for he'll hardly have time to dress."

An hour later, and mother and daughter stood ready to receive their guests, who might now be expected to arrive every minute. The parlors were blazing with light; the white-gloved servants were on the staircase; and the band of music for the waltzers had arranged its temporary orchestra and waited the opening of the ball. Everything was prepared for the festival, except the presence of the host. Mr. Bentley, strange to say, had not yet come home, and his wife began to grow anxious, as her face plainly showed. More than once Mrs. Bentley whispered her alarm to her child, but Ada was in such a flutter of selfish vanity that she could not participate in her mother's fears, and her invariable reply was that "papa would be home, by-and-bye; he was never punctual."

And now the guests began to arrive. Mrs. Bentley, wearing her blandest smiles, received arrival after arrival, and forgot, for a time, in the excitement, the unaccountable absence of her husband. But as the evening wore on, without his return, her anxiety began to return. Yet she still smiled and smiled, striving to "keep up appearances."

By-and-bye she noticed also that many persons who had been invited, and even sent acceptances, had not arrived. Young Mr. Howard himself was missing. People, too, began to gather in little groups, and to whisper together, glancing at her and Ada: but, if she approached, they suddenly ceased, and with evident embarrassment. What could it all mean?

She was not left in doubt long. While the music was at its loudest, and the waltzers in their giddiest whirl, a pale, horror-stricken face appeared in one of the doorways, and beckoned for Mrs. Bentley. The owner of that face was her sole surviving brother, a man never seen at her gay parties ordinarily, and whose presence, therefore, was a proof of some dire necessity.

The band stopped, the waltzers ceased revolving, and a general rush to the door was followed by a universal cry of terror. For, coming up the hall, borne on a settee, was the corpse of Mr. Bentley, the broken merchant, the discovered felon, the suicide.

Yes! that was the end of all. A few weeks

before, in the hope of retrieving himself by one bold stroke, Mr. Bentley had entered into a heavy stock speculation. But stocks had fallen, almost from that hour. On this day, large liabilities had matured, growing out of the speculation; and being unable to meet them, he had, in a moment of desperation, committed a forgery. The crime had been almost immediately discovered. Mr. Bentley had made a vain attempt to fly. But, being followed to his hiding, he had, when he heard the officers on the stairs, taken his own life.

The guests dispersed like affrighted birds, when the hawk pounces upon one of their number. In half an hour, the mansion, so lately brilliant with light and reeling with music, was dark, and still, and silent as the grave.

Mrs. Bentley now keeps a third-rate boarding-house. Her daughter is still unmarried, and almost useless, for she is peevish and in ill-health, and is always complaining of their misfortunes. And thus ends one tragedy, the result of living to KEEP UP APPEARANCES.

THE DEPARTED.

BY ADA TREVANION.

Though each beam Hope flung round thee is faded,

To kindle to brightness no more—

Though the dark grave thy fair form hath shaded,

And all thy brief beauty is o'er;

My heart, oh! no other shall fill it,

Though lovely that other may be,

However the cold world may chill it,

Its beatings shall still be for thee.

Thy sweet deeds, unknown to the many,

On that faithful tablet are traced,

Thy virtues, unequalled by any

Whose lustre Time's annals hath graced—

The tender remembrances vying,

Of all which in life thou hast been,

And the image thou left me dying,

So passionless, calm, and serene.

My life, like a river which glasses

A pure beam received from above,

Though drear be the way which it passes,

Still mirrors the light of thy love;

Hushed where that soft radiance is shining,

The dark waters silently roll,

So my sad spirit glides, unrepeating—

The spell o'er its waves is thy soul.

"THE HEART KNOWETH ITS OWN BITTERNESS."

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

THE heart knoweth its own bitterness—ah! well—

The Monarch of the old world-time was wise!

For many a suffering soul could sadly tell

What mournful meaning in that brief line lies!

Who has not given this strange heart sinking test

Unto the loneliness of our inner life?

Aye—buried in the stillness of the breast

The heart with its own bitterness is rife!

How many such the social world might show,

Could we its burden of concealment know.

Our joys, and pleasures, are soon known and shar'd,

For these are things that all can comprehend;

But the heart bitterness may not be bar'd,

Not even to our nearest earthly friend.

Z A N A .

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GIPSEY GIRL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 251.

CHAPTER XIII.

I HAD made all my preparations, packed up a few clothes, such as I could carry upon the horn of my saddle, and carefully sealed up the little coffer which was half full of gold. Turner had been absent most of the day, and Maria, luckily, had been summoned to the village for some household purpose. All this was fortunate for my purpose. Knowing that a few hours would separate us, perhaps forever, I could not have sustained my part in their presence.

When they came home my eyes were red with weeping, and I sat down helplessly between them, so sick of heart that it seemed to me like death. They had heard of Cora's elopement, and did not wonder at my grief.

We parted for the night about ten. Oh, how I yearned to throw myself once more into those kind arms and ask a last blessing! But it could not be. A suspicion that I was about to leave them would have defeated my plans. I knew well that they would go forth into the highway homeless beggars rather than see me so depart.

With calm sadness, though my heart swelled painfully in my bosom, I went to my room. Oh, that dull, mournful hour of solitude while I waited for those two friends, all I had on earth to sleep, that I might creep like a thief from beneath their roof. I shall never forget that hour. A life-time of dreary pain was crowded into it. Remember I was very young, and could only recall as a dream the time when that park had not been my home.

True, I had a purpose that gave me strength. Cora must be brought back to her father: then what was to be my fate? The gipsy caves of Grenada, those caves at whose bare remembrance my poor mother had shuddered even in the zenith of her happiness? But where else should I go? Ishmael was not more thoroughly cast out by his father's people than I had been—while more fortunate than me, his mother went with him into the desert. I went alone. In the broad world there was no human being from whom I could

claim the draught of cold water which poor Hagar gave to him.

I went forth, braving all the woes that were divided by the outcast mother and her child. The rival that I had loved better than a sister had taken the soul that was mine, and cruelly left me to perish or to suffer. It mattered as little which to her as it did to Sarah, that her hand-maid died in the wilderness, or passed heart-broken to the other side. Driven forth from my last shelter by my father's sister, hunted down like an evil thing, I felt like the poor stag which I had once saved from the very foes that seemed chasing me to death. As I sat there alone in my pretty chamber, with the coffer in my lap, and the bundle at my feet, I thought of the stone cairn beneath which my mother lay, deep in the snow mountains, and wished that I too were under it.

Everything was still. Nothing but the faint flutter of autumn leaves as they fell to the earth reached my ear. Yes, one thing more, for the beatings of my poor heart sounded loud and quick in the stillness, like the laugh of winter winds when they beat upon masses of dead foliage.

I got up at last—oh, with what heaviness of heart and limb. With the coffer in one hand, and the bundle in the other, I passed like a ghost from my beautiful chamber, leaving it bathed in the autumn moonbeams, all the more quiet that a weary heart had passed out of it.

I went through the little picture gallery. The moonlight threw my black shadow on the lovely pictures and statuettes, veiling them, as it were, in mourning at my approach. As I looked back through my tears they were poised gracefully as ever, and smiling in the pale light heartless as my human friends. It was only in my path that the darkness fell.

One moment I paused at the door of Turner's room; I held my breath listening at the key-hole for the faintest noise: a sigh from those loved sleepers would have fallen upon my heart like a

bleasing. Nothing reached me—nothing but the sound of the wind, which was beginning to sob among the leaves out of doors.

As I listened something reeled against my ankle, and the soft paw of a house cat, whose instinct had recognized me in the dark, made me utter a faint exclamation. I stooped down and caressed the cat a moment, and then hurried away, fearful that my sobs would arouse Turner. The cat followed me to the stable, and looked on while I saddled Jupiter with a sort of grave wonder, which seemed to me like regret. She watched me as I fastened my bundle and mounted the poor old pony. When I rode away looking wistfully back at the house, she kept her place so long as I could distinguish her.

I believe it was a beautiful night, certainly the moon was at its full, and the sky crowded with stars luminous with that deep glow which precedes an early frost. Without being boisterous, the wind filled the leaves with their mournful whispers, and the fragrance of broke leaves and forest flowers, that always breathe their sweetest as the frost kills them, floated silently on the air, saddening the atmosphere with the perfume of their decay.

I received all these impressions passively, for my heart was too heavy for anything but that dull, consciousness which is blunted by pain. All the way I was comparing myself with the boy Ishmael, and thinking of Hagar with yearning sympathy, such as a woman only who has been wronged and cast forth into that great desert world, alone, can feel.

I reached the Greenhurst, but the imposing beauty of those walls, the picturesque effect which the broad moonlight produced among its carved balconies, low eaves, and great entrance doors, made only a dream-like impression on me. My heart was full of one thought. Here and now I must part with old Jupiter forever, my last friend. I reached the steps, let myself down from the saddle and unknotted my bundle with cold, trembling fingers, that blundered painfully in their task. Then—it was because I wanted to prolong the moment of parting—I knotted up the bridle short upon his neck that he might not tread on it. When this was done, I stood a long time with my arm over his neck crying like a child. Poor old fellow! when I stood up and shook his bridle, telling him as well as I could for my sobs to go home again, he turned his head and fell to whimpering as if he understood my desolation better than any human creature had done.

"Go," I said, for all strength was leaving me. "Go home, Jupiter—home!"

He went tramping heavily over the tangled ground homeward as I had commanded. I watched him till he disappeared among the thickets, and then listened breathlessly for his last footfall. When that came I felt, for the first time, how utterly, utterly I was alone in the world. I sat upon the steps of that old house a long time, without thinking or caring what was next to be done. Perhaps I fell asleep; but at last a hand was laid on my shoulder, and Chaleco stood beside me.

"Come," he said, "this is no place for you; the night is cold."

"Is it?" I said, rising languidly, "I did not know it!"

"Not know it. Why you are trembling like a willow branch now."

I was indeed shivering from head to foot; my garments rustled as I stood up, for the dew upon them had turned into frost.

Chaleco had kindled a fire in the huge chimney of his turret room, and the flames sent a thousand shadows dancing among the grotesque marble coverings that overhung them. He had evidently made some preparations for my coming. A huge easy-chair, cushioned with tarnished velvet, stood on the hearth: and on a little work-table, with curiously twisted legs, was a plate of biscuit, and one of those old-fashioned goblets of Venitian glass which have since become so rare.

I was about to sit down somewhat cheered by the warmth, but Chaleco prevented this, while he shook the frost from my garments and carefully removed my bonnet.

"There, now, you may warm yourself without being wet through," he said, kindly, and taking a silver cup from the hearth, he filled the goblet with Bordeaux wine, spiced and warm.

"There," he said, "eat and drink: then we will have some talk together."

I obeyed him, spite of my grief cheered and comforted.

"There now that you have got a dash of color, and have ceased trembling, tell me how you got away. Did any one attempt to stop you?" said Chaleco, at length.

"No one knew—I ran away!"

He laughed. "That was right—the old blood there. But Papita's money—you did not leave that behind?"

"No, I have it here. Do you want it?"

"Me? by the Sphynx, no, it would burn my soul. The gold is yours—everything in the coffer is yours. Papita's curse would consume any other who touched it."

"But what can I do with it?"

Chaleco laughed till his white teeth shone again.

"What can you do with it?" he said. "Any thing, anything. It will take you to Grenada, make a queen of you."

I shook my head.

"So you reject it: you still despise the Caloes, I, who would adore you—still cling to the Gentiles who have spurned you as if you had been a dog "

"Not so—I scorn no one—I cling to no one—God help me, I have nothing on earth to which I can cling "

"Your mother's people—are they nothing?"

"They murdered her!" I said, with a shudder.

Chaleco turned white; his eyes fell, and he muttered, "I—I did not do it!"

"No, but they did," I answered.

"It was the law—an old law made among the people of Egypt centuries ago; no man among us dares withstand the law."

"But you would have me acknowledge these laws—enforce them?"

"Our people are ready; go to them with those blood red rubies in your ears; give them of Papita's gold, and they will make you greater than Chaleco—greater than Papita ever was."

Again I recoiled from the thought.

"Where else will you go?" asked the gipsey: "who else will receive you? What other friend have you on earth but me—me the man whom your mother betrayed? Yet who has spent his life in guarding her child. If not with your own people, where will you go, Zana?"

Where could I go? Deserted by the whole world, who would receive me save the gipsey hordes of my mother's race, or those to whom friendship for me would bring ruin to themselves?

I did not attempt to answer. On the broad earth that strange gipsey man was the only human being that would not turn from me in scorn, or become imperiled by defending me.

"You will go to Grenada, Zana?" he continued, bending over me with paternal interest. "Had Lord Clare but lived to sign that will, then, indeed, you might have remained here to triumph over your mother's foes. Many of her tribe could have crossed the sea to render homage to Papita's great-grandchild—the inheritance of her gold, and the symbols of her power—in these old walls, Zana, should your court have been—these great oaks clothing the uplands should have sheltered a thousand tents—oh, Zana, we would have built up a little kingdom here in the midst of our enemies. Why did you not have that will signed, Zana? It was for

this we brought you back to England—for this you have been left among her destroyers so long."

"Hush!" I said, shuddering—"hush! I dare not think of it. Great heavens, were all his estates mine at this moment, I would give them to forget that death scene. Thank God he did not sign that will!"

"Bah! it was a bad move—but let that drop. Grenada is still open, and Papita's gold will do wonders among our people there!"

"But they are ignorant, rude, untaught. My poor mother pined among them even before Lord Clare came to turn her discontent into aversion."

"But they are capable of learning—they will follow Papita's child in all things. She has but to will it, and the young ones of her tribe can be wise and deeply read as their queen."

This idea filled me with a new life. Yes, I might be the means of improving this wild race—perhaps God had permitted me to be spurned and cast forth like a rabid dog from among the Gentiles, that I might become a benefactor to the Caloes. Surely they could not deal more treacherously by me than my father's people had done. These thoughts were succeeded by a remembrance of Cora, and they gave way before the great duty that I had imposed on myself.

"Chaleco," I said, with energy and decision, "there is yet something for me to do here. I had a friend——"

He interrupted me. "I know the parson's daughter, a little golden-haired, blue-eyed thing that will always be a child. You would find her—for what?"

"That she may return to her father—that she may be saved," I answered.

"Nay, nay, let her go. What has Papita's child in common with this easy traitress? What is there worth loving in one who could become the victim of a wily boy like that?"

I felt the blood rush to my forehead at this scornful mention of the man I had loved with all the fervor of my mother's race, and all the pride of his. But was he not a traitor? How could I speak, though the swart gipsey did revile him? But the anger I dared not form in words broke out in the decision of my purpose.

"Stay with me—help me till I find Cora—till I send her back to that broken-hearted man, and I will then go with you to Grenada."

"Heart and soul?" questioned the gipsey.

"Heart and soul!" I replied.

"You will abandon these people?"

"If you insist I will!"

"Then let us linger!"

"But where?—how?" I questioned. "What course can we take?"

"That which they took—the way to London!"

"Let us start at once," I cried, fired with a thousand conflicting feelings, in which there was jealousy, doubt, and a generous desire to rescue my friend; but my limbs gave way beneath all this eagerness, and I fell back gasping for breath.

"Not now—you must have rest, poor child," said the gipsy, smoothing my hair with his palms.

I drew back, recoiling from a repetition of the mysterious influence which had possessed me the last time I was in that room.

"Do you fear me—me, Chaleco?" he said, with saddened eyes.

"No; but let me act independently—let my brain be clear, my limbs free—let my own will control me—none other shall!"

He smiled quietly, and kept his softened black eyes fixed on mine. I began to struggle against the drowsiness that possessed me; my eyelashes fell together, and I could muster neither strength nor wish to open them. A languid repose stole over my limbs—I did not awake till morning, and then Chaleco stood before me, holding an antique china cup and saucer in his hand full of smoking chocolate.

"Drink!" he said, raking open the embers; "here are roasted eggs and bread, they will give you strength."

I took the cup. "When shall we start?" I asked, eager to commence my search for Cora.

"Not till after night-fall," was his reply; "one day of entire rest you must have. Besides it will not do for us to travel so near Clare Hall by daylight."

My heart fell at the thought that no one would trouble themselves about us—no one except old Turner, and secrecy was the only kindness I could render him.

After I had breakfasted Chaleco left me, and all day long I wandered through the vast desolation of that old building, as a ghost might haunt the vaulted passages of a catacomb.

The reaction of all the exciting scenes I had passed through was upon me, and with dull apathy I strolled through those desolated chambers, regardless of all that would, in another state of mind, have filled my brain with the keenest emotions. Everything was so still in the old house—the sunbeams that came through the windows were so dulled with accumulated dust upon the glass, that I seemed gliding through a cloudy twilight quietly as a shadow, and almost as lifeless. I literally cared for nothing; my heart beat so sluggishly that I could hardly feel the life within it. Now I remembered every object in the old house with

perfect distinctness. Then everything ran together like an incoherent dream.

Night came, and then I began to wonder about Chaleco, who had been absent all day. I had no apprehension, and but little anxiety; nothing just then seemed important enough for me to care about. I thought even of my father's death-bed with a sort of stolid gloom.

Lifted high up among the old trees, and opening both to the east and west, the turret in which I sat took the last sunbeams in a perfect deluge, as they broke against the tall windows and shed their golden warmth all around me. I knew that these bright flashes came from behind Clare Park, and that I might never see it again. This saddened me a little, and a throb of pain was gathering in my bosom when Chaleco came in. I did not know him at first, so completely was he changed. The broad sombrero, the tarnished gold and embroidery of his gipsy habiliments were all gone. A suit of quiet brown, with knee buckles of gold and leggins of drab cloth, such as the better classes of England wore on their journeys at that time, had quite transfigured him. His coal black beard was neatly trimmed, and though his flashing eyes and peculiar features bespoke foreign blood, no one would have suspected him of being the picturesque vagrant he had appeared in the morning.

"Well," he said, cheerfully, "are you rested and quite ready to start? I have been making inquiries."

"Do you still intend going to London?" I asked. "What have you found out?"

"That they went to London—so must we. Here I have brought some food—the dusk is gathering—eat and let us be off. Old Turner tracked your pony across the park in this direction, he may be for searching Greenhurst, and then all chance of coming again will be over. I would not have this eagle's nest discovered for the world."

"But when Lady Catharine comes in possession they will discover it," I said. "She will not leave the noble building to fall away thus."

"I have taken care of that. The door leading to the rooms below was walled up when I first came to England. You have not noticed, but the staircase winds down within the walls, and has a passage outward through the wine vaults. We entered through a great oak panel which opens from the picture gallery; close that and no passage can be found to the turret. I have formed a sung bower here off and on ever since you were left in the tent, Zana."

"And were you here then?" I asked, remembering the suffering of that period.

"No, I fled. Old Papita's death and her work at the Hall drove me off. I went into Spain for a little time—and then farther still."

"And since then have you been always here?"

He laughed in derision at my ignorance.

"What a Caloe Count of our tribe, and always in one place? what a child it is! No, no, I only found a roost up in this tower now and then, long enough to see how it fared with you and the enemy. I have been a great traveller, Zana, sometimes on your father's track for months and months—sometimes hovering over your pretty nest—sometimes with our people in Grenada!"

"Why did you follow Lord Clare?" I inquired, filled with wonder and respect for energies so indomitable.

"That my share of vengeance should not be lost. Our people had heirs—Papita had her's; but I, the most wronged, the disgraced, torn up by the roots, I had received nothing but pangs and shame. The tribe had *her*. Papita swooped up Lady Clare—but the greater criminal, the most hated thing of all, was left to me. No dog ever scented his prey as I tracked Clarence, Earl of Clare."

"What for?" I cried, thrilled with a horrible suspicion. "Why did you so hound out my father?"

"Why?" he repeated, with shut teeth and gleaming eyes. "What do we follow the trail of a snake when it has bitten us for, but to kill it?"

My heart was seized as with the talons of a vulture, as he said this. I remembered the subtle poisons so often mentioned in my mother's journal, and rapidly connected them with my father's terrible appearance when he returned home to die. Some of these poisons I knew to be of slow action, eating up vitality from the human system like the sluggish influence of miasma. Had my noble father been thus poisoned, and by the man who stood before me?

I could not speak—the horrible thought paralyzed me; my throat was parched; the breath panted and swelled in my lungs, but I could not draw a deep respiration. Was it indeed so?—had I sought shelter with my father's murderer?

He read my thoughts and smiled fiercely.

"You are wrong," he said, "I did not do that, it needed not the drow, his own thoughts were enough to poison a dozen lives stronger than his. I watched him night and day—night and day, Zana, at a distance sometimes, but oftener close as a brother might, in those safe disguises that our people study so well. Month after month I was alone with him in the desert—on the hot sands of Africa—on the sluggish waters of the

Nile. I was his dragoman, his confidential companion, for in the desert, Zana, even that haughty being, an English nobleman, learns something of that equality which he finds in the grave. Ten thousand times I could have killed him like a dog, left him in the hot sands for the jackalls, and no one have been the wiser; but that would have been like a Gentile, who, in the greed of his revenge, ends all with a blow. It was sweeter to see the flesh waste from his bones; the light from his eyes: and to watch the death-fires kindle in his cheeks, set to blazing and fed by the venom of his own thoughts. I tell you, girl, not for the universe would I have shortened his misery for a moment. To watch it was all the joy I have tasted since your mother's last death wail."

While he spoke, I struggled with the storm of breath driven back upon my chest as one wrestles with a nightmare. It seemed as if I was given up to the power of a demon. At last my voice broke out so sharp and unnatural that it seemed like another person's.

"Stop, stop, I will not endure this, he was my father—he was not deserving of this cruel malice, this murderous revenge. He was my father, man, remember that, and spare me."

"It is because he was your father that I hated him—that I gloated over the pangs that rent away his life with a keener anguish than I could have dealt him," answered the gipsy, hissing the words forth as a serpent shoots venom through its jaws.

"My God—my God, is the murderous blood of this man's race in my veins too?" was the wild response that broke from me as I writhed in the torture of his words—"must I too become a fiend like this?"

Instantly Chaleco seemed transformed, the evil light went out from his face, leaving that look of subtle cunning almost universal among Caloes. With sinister gentleness he strove to soothe me into forgetfulness of all the tiger so late rampant in his nature.

"Come, little one, look up and weep if you can: this hot and fiery look never was your mother's."

"She had only her own wrongs to suffer and forgive; while I—oh, Father of mercies, how great is the load of evil that I inherit and must endure. Am I doomed like Ishmael?—must my hand be raised against all races and all people? Is there no brotherhood—no sisterhood—no humanity left for me on earth?"

"Hush!" said Chaleco, softly, and gliding to the back of my chair—"hush, little one, this is madness!"

As he spoke, I felt the soft touch of his hands upon my head. What unearthly power was it that possessed this man? Scarcely had his palm smoothed down my hair twice when the oppression upon my chest was gone. A feeling of ineffable calm stole over me; the hate, which a moment before had burned in my heart against him, sunk quietly down as a tiger falls asleep. I remembered all that had been said of my father, it is true, but vaguely as one thinks of a dream; the sting and anguish, the sense of reality was gone. I slept a little, probably ten minutes, for it was not wholly dark when I awoke, but it seemed as if that sweet slumber had refreshed me for hours.

"Come now," said the gipsy, bringing my bonnet, and a habit of dark green cloth that I usually wore over my usual dress, in cold weather when on horseback, "get ready and let us ride. We must make a good night's work of it!"

"My poor Cora," I muttered, gathering up the riding-habit, "when you are found what will there be for me to accomplish? What is before me after that?"

"Hush, Zana—have you no belief in the God you talk about? We of the Caloes, who expect nothing beyond this earth, fear nothing while here; but you, this hereafter makes cowards of you all; you are forever and ever flinging the present—all a man ever is sure of—after the past, or filling it with fears that blacken the future. Bah! what is your faith to be counted for if it gives no better courage than this?"

I felt the rebuke, and without another complaint equipped myself to depart.

I saw no more of the old building that night, for we passed the secret panel in the winding staircase which led to the main building, and penetrating downward through cellars and vaulted passages, came to the open air through the floor of a dilapidated summer-house.

"Look," said Chaleco, holding his lantern down that I might examine the tessellated pattern worked in with colored marbles. "Should the old house be inhabited at any time, and you wish to seek our turret yonder, press your hand upon this little flag of verd antique, the only block of that noble stone that you will find here. See how easily it works!"

He touched the diagonal fragment, and instantly the centre of the floor sunk an inch or two and wheeled inward, leaving a circular entrance and a glimpse of the winding stairs we had just mounted, where a large mosaic star had a moment before formed a centre to the radiating pattern of the pavement.

"You understand," he said, wheeling the star

back to its place, "this passage may yet be of use, who knows? at any rate it is our secret. I found the passage and blocked up the turret door. No one remembers much about the old house now, and the change will never be noticed. No human soul that ever breathed here save you and I are alive; and my lady countess must take the old pile as she finds it. Twenty years of ruin will make changes; the rooks and I have held possession a long time," he added, lifting his eyes to the rook's nests that blackened the topmost boughs of a group of elms just above us.

In the shadow of these elm trees two horses were standing, one equipped for a lady. They tossed their heads as we came up and backed restively from the sight.

"They are fresh as larks, you see," said Chaleco, patting the near horse with his hand. "So, so, Jerald, is this the way you stand fire?" and he swung the lantern full in the creature's face, which made him rear and plunge backward. "Come, Zana."

I stepped forward, and with a laugh Chaleco lifted me to the saddle. "There is the true blood again," he muttered, smoothing down my skirt, while I gathered up the bride.

A pair of leathern saddle-bags, such as were often used by travellers in those times, were swung across Chaleco's saddle. They contained, he told me, the clothes I had brought in one end, and the bronze coffer in the other.

While he arranged these saddle-bags, I sat upon my horse looking gloomily around. It was a dull, cloudy night, and everything was black around me. The dense masses of foliage seemed like embankments of ebony; the tree balls loomed among them like Ethiopian sentinels stationed in their vistas. All around was still and dark as chaos, save elm tree boughs overhead that began to bend and quake beneath the disturbed rooks that swept back and forth among them, sending out their unearthly caws. They seemed like dark spirits calling out from the blackness, "go, go, go!"

Chaleco took the candle from his lantern, extinguished it beneath his foot, and, flinging the lantern away, mounted. Thus, amid darkness and silence, broken only by the hoarse rooks that seemed hooting us away—I, the only child of Clarence, Earl of Clare, left his domain and went forth into the wide, wide world.

We rode fast and steadily on during the whole night, only pausing once at a field of oats, from which Chaleco gathered food for our horses. The day revealed a level and very beautiful country, embowered with hop-fields, and rich with the most exuberant cultivation. With the bright

October air, the sunlight, and all the strange features of scenery that presented themselves before me, my spirits began to revive. The warmth and ardor of youthful curiosity heightened, doubtless, by the gipsy fire in my veins—a fire which finds its natural fuel in adventures, rendered me almost happy. The strange world on which I gazed looked so broad, so brave in its morning beauty, the air at once balmy and bracing, awoke all the sparkling exhilaration of my nature; and nothing but pity for my tired horse kept me from breaking into a canter along the highway.

We stopped at no public house, but ate the cold capon and bread which Chaleco took from his saddle-bag, at the foot of an old oak growing out alone on a broad heath or common which we were crossing at the time. Close by our seat upon the little mound of turf lifted up from the level by the gnarled roots of the oak, a spring of the purest water gushed over a shelf of rock nearly overlapped by rich moss, and with the appetites a long ride had given, our breakfast was full of fresh enjoyment.

Chaleco's wandering habits had fitted him well for this out-door life. When I asked for drink, he ran down to a thicket below the spring, gathered some huge leaves, and, while walking leisurely back, converted them into a drinking-cup with two or three dexterous turns of the hand. I must have smiled as the leafy cup was presented, swelling out with the most delicious water that sparkled in drops all over the outside.

"Oh, you smile," said Chaleco, "this is our free life, Zana. In Spain, my girl, your drinking cups shall be made of orange leaves: your sherry cooled with the snows of Sierra Nevada."

I uttered a faint cry—the leafy cup fell from my hands—the snow mountains seemed looming all around me. My mother—my poor mother—how could that man bring you thus to my mind? Was it hatred of the Gentile blood in my veins? Did he wish to kill me also?

We mounted again and rode on in silence. By his inadvertant mention of the snow mountains Chaleco had filled his own soul with gloom. I began to pity him, for his face grew haggard with much thought.

We rested at noon and slept some hours. Then on again all night and till dark the second day.

CHAPTER XIV.

We entered London late in the afternoon amid the peltings of a steady, dull rain, that gave that great city an aspect of dreary vastness that my imagination could never have pictured. Water,

everywhere was water pouring from the sky, dripping from the roofs, overflowing the gutters, and forming pools in every hollow of the pavements. Not a glimpse of the sun, not a vestige of the blue heavens—overhead was one dense sea of blackness, falling low down among the chimnies, and floating murkily among the gables, opaque and impenetrable, as if the soot of a million chimnies were mounting and condensing between me and the sky.

Through the gloom, and wet, and mud, we penetrated into the heart of the city, our garments dripping, our horses circled by a thin cloud of smoke, the exhalations of their exhausted strength; and our hearts, mine at least, sinking down like lead at this first view of the great world.

"Where are we going?" I found strength to inquire at last, terrified by the narrow streets, the intricate windings, and the discomfort of all I saw. "Surely there must be some end to this—some way out where we can breathe freely again."

"The Caloes breathe freely in their tents!" answered Chaleco, shaking the rain-drops from his beard, and smiling till the edge of his teeth gleamed through.

"But I am so tired, Chaleco, I can hardly keep the saddle with this rain beating against me."

"We shall soon have a shelter, Zana. Keep up, London is not always so miserably black and draggled as this, though bad enough always."

As he spoke, Chaleco turned his horse down a street leading to the Thames, and after winding round in and out through what seemed to me the narrowest lanes I ever saw, we stopped before a house dull and gloomy, like all the rest within sight, and Chaleco dismounted.

"Come," he said, lifting me from the saddle, "they are expecting us here!"

He lifted me from my horse, and mounting a step or two, sat me down in a dingy hall where two women were standing. The rain dripping from my hat blinded me, but I was conscious that these women conversed with my companion in the strange language, which I now remembered to have learned from my mother's lips even before my lips could syllable English.

"The rooms are ready—my lord count has been obeyed," they were saying. "Shall we take the Gitanilla up at once?"

"Yes," answered the gipsy chief, for now I heard him recognized as such for the first time, and in his own tongue—"yes, and see that her comfort is cared for, the poor child is weary, she has been enervated among the Gentiles. Be careful and not disgust her with your ways!"

"Is she the daughter of a count," inquired one of the women, "that we must do all this?"

"She is more than that! Listen, the Gitanilla is the last descendant of Papita."

The two women bent themselves before me reverently as to a queen, and I saw that they were clad after a strange fashion, that I could remember to have seen upon Maria long years ago, before she adopted her costume to the English prejudices of her husband. Their black locks were braided and gorgeous with ribbons, their jackets were crimson, their skirts deep blue, with horizontal stripes of gold. Both these women were of middle-age, and exceedingly haggard and shriveled, but with eyes full of fire and teeth white as snow.

They spoke to me, asking if I would take off my wet hat there, or go to the room which had been got ready for me.

"Speak English!" said the gipsy.

I answered in his own language, "that I would rather go up stairs at once."

The women looked at each other, laughed aloud, and clapped their hands in an ecstasy of what seemed joyful astonishment; but Chaleco remained perfectly unmoved, though I had never uttered a word of that language in his presence before.

"Are you surprised?" he said, to the women. "Are you surprised that the descendant of Papita speaks Romanny?"

"No, count," they answered, subduing their astonishment, "but we thought that the Gitanilla had been brought up among the Gentiles."

"She has been ever under my care. See you not Papita's rings in her ears? Have the stones lost the color of blood yet?"

The women reverently took off my hat, and grew solemn and still when they saw the antique jewels in my ears.

"Will the noble Gitanilla allow us to serve her?" they said, at length, bending their eyes to the earth.

I answered that I was wet and weary, longing for nothing so much as rest. So they led the way up a narrow flight of steps, one carrying my hat, the other reverently holding up my dripping skirt.

The room to which they conducted me was dark and dull, like everything I had yet seen in London; but a fire blazed on the hearth, an easy-chair stood before it, and upon a little sofa lay a variety of warm, dry garments; a dressing-gown of palm leaf pattern on an orange ground, and a pair of Oriental slippers blue and gold, with linings of quilted silk, all luxurious articles for a house like that.

The women commenced at once to remove my wet garments, with their little withered hands that played around me like autumn leaves. They undid the braids of my hair, curled, brushed and dried it with their palms: then, with wonderful dexterity it was gathered up, woven into bands, and knotted turban fashion around my head exactly as I had worn it before.

A few words of Romanny were spoken during their task, but I was too weary for any attempt at conversation, and submitted myself listlessly to their hands.

In a few minutes they had wheeled the queer little sofa to the hearth, and wrapped in the warm dressing-gown I was sound asleep. Some food was brought me during the evening; and Chaleco came up to assure himself that I was comfortable. I heard other voices than his, many voices conversing in his language, but they gave me no apprehension, I was too completely exhausted even for perfect consciousness, and was soon in a slumber so heavy that nothing short of an earthquake could have aroused me.

The next day I was left almost entirely alone; refreshments were brought at intervals, and I gave way to the sense of fatigue which oppressed me, remaining drowsily passive till night, when Chaleco came to my room. I had been conscious of noises in the house, heavy footsteps as if of men, and of voices speaking in Romanny about the stairs. I asked Chaleco the meaning of this, and he answered promptly that some people of his tribe had been there to receive orders regarding Cora, and that he had sent them off in various directions in search of intelligence.

This promptness pleased me, and my confidence grew stronger and stronger in Chaleco's powers and faithfulness. There was something in his self-dependence, and in the spirit which inspired him, that awoke the energies of my own quick nature. I began to relish the air of adventure which my fate was taking.

The two gipsy women were calculated to excite this feeling to the utmost by the wild poetry of their language. The picturesque grace of their costume, and something ardent and yet reverential toward myself rendered them objects of strange interest.

But the second day found me restless and ardent for action. The vitality had returned to my frame, I longed to go forth and see the great world of which I had so often dreamed.

Chaleco entered my room near night-fall, so changed in appearance that at first I did not know him. His thick hair, untouched with silver and of raven blackness, was neatly trimmed; his coat was of purple velvet over a vest of white

satin delicately embroidered; his small clothes of buff satin were fastened by buckles at the knee, above silk stockings of spotless white that covered his shapely limbs to the neat shoes fastened with gold buckles like those which glittered at the knees; richly laced ruffles floated over his bosom and wrists: altogether his air was distinguished, and his dress evidently that of a fashionable man of the times.

He laughed quietly at my amazement, and, telling me that I had been idle long enough, bade me prepare to go out. He was ready to escort me to the Italian Opera.

I started up eager for excitement. The gipsy girls came in as Chaleco left, and brought garments that he had ordered. Directly I was arrayed in a robe of ruby colored satin, long and flowing with short sleeves that revealed my arms, and cut square across the bust, leaving the entire curve of my neck to view. In this dress and with my hair braided in raven bands over my head, after a style more picturesque than fashionable, I went forth with the gipsy count.

The opera had commenced when we entered, and gushes of the most exquisite music filled the vast arena. The lights, the sparkle of diamonds, and above all the rich waves of sound bewildered me, and I sat down like one in fairy land, my eyes full of fire, my heart beating wildly in its delight. After the mist cleared from my brain, I looked around with a keen desire to see every thing. The vast building was paved from floor to dome with smiling and beautiful faces, now revealed in the broad light, now half lost in the shadow of the boxes.

Of the opera itself I had no idea. Like one who drank deep of wine for the first time, I was intoxicated by the cadences of the music, bewildered by all the combinations of beauty with which they were blended. But Chaleco seemed impassive as a stone. No one watching him as he reclined indifferently in his seat, holding a glass between his gloved fingers, as if too indolent for any thought of using it, would have dreamed of him as the bitter, fiery, indomitable character he was. True, he had a foreign air; no one could have mistaken those sparkling eyes, and that deep olive complexion for an Englishman's; but in all that vast assembly there was not a man of more distinguished bearing.

It might have been this peculiarity in my companion, or perhaps my own somewhat singular appearance, but we two soon became objects of very general attention. I felt the blood mounting to my brow as glass after glass was leveled at our box: but when the music and the acting became more impassioned I forgot the audience, and

everything but the delicious sensations which they gave a soul listening, for the first time, to expressions of love embalmed and consecrated in music. Let no one be astonished that I forgot all causes of grief, all absolute sorrow in the sensual enjoyment of that hour. An enthusiast in everything, doomed to suffer greatly, and to enjoy keenly by an organization at once strong, sensitive, and ardent, the sensations of the moment swept aside the sorrow that still lay in my bosom, as humming-birds flutter their wings through the dark night-shade.

The curtain as it rolled heavily down between me and the singers alone aroused me from this trance. I started, drew myself up and looked over the house. Again a host of impertinent glasses were leveled at us, amid that commotion which usually follows change of position in a crowd that has been held quiet for a long time.

Chaleco did not appear to heed it in the least, but leaned back in his seat, quietly sweeping the boxes tier after tier with a richly mounted glass, self-possessed and insolent as the greatest fopling among the crowd. All at once he dropped the glass, and I saw a strange smile creep to his lips, while his glittering eyes flashed and kindled beneath his black brows like those of a serpent. I followed his look, and in an upper box, leaning timidly forward, saw the face of Cora Clark. Behind her, buried in the shadow of the curtains, was a man who seemed to shrink from observation, but yet to be in attendance on the young girl. I started up and made an effort to leave the box, forgetting everything but that she was in sight.

"Sit down!" said Chaleco, with authority, and yet without moving, "you will frighten them away." At the instant I saw him lift one hand quite carelessly, and make a telegraphic motion of the fingers toward an opposite box from which a man went out.

I sat down, but only to see that Cora had risen and was glancing round the house with a look of wild affright, while she eagerly gathered a shawl over her white dress. She saw me, for I was leaning over the box and looking upward, doubtless with an expression that must have seemed strange to any one.

Instantly the poor girl darted back into the box, and seizing the arm of her shadowy attendant, went hurriedly out.

"Let us follow—she is gone—I must go after her!" I cried, starting up.

"Well!" answered Chaleco, quietly, clasping the cover of his opera-glass, "go if you desire, I thought, however, that the music would have pleased you!"

"I could not listen! it would be torture after this. Poor Cora, did you see how pale and thin she was, how large her sweet eyes have become?"

"They were keen enough to discover us. But yours, did they serve to make out her companion? If I remember rightly Lady Catharine's son was of that height and air."

"Yes," I replied, forcing the word from my husky throat.

"And his face, did you see that?" he inquired, rather eagerly, I thought.

"No, it was in shadow all the time, besides I could not see clearly, the lights dazzled so!"

Again that incomprehensible smile parted Chaleco's lips. He arose.

"Then you have no wish for more music?"

"No!"

"Nor the dance—that is beautiful—not equal to—to——" He paused, a cloud swept over his swart face, and brushing his hand across it, he said in a low voice, "I was thinking how your mother danced, Zana. In the woods of the Alhambra with her pretty bare feet and castinets I have seen her—but you are right, child, let us go."

Forgetting his assumed character, the gipsy strode across the box, and, without pausing to assist me, plunged into the dim passage beyond.

I followed, with a beating heart, resolved to find Cora before she left the house. But that narrow passage seemed interminable. When we reached the entrance I was about to dart off in search of her, but Chaleco seized my arm, and, with that strange smile on his lips, pointed to the street below.

I saw Cora folded in her white shawl stepping into a carriage. The gentleman had evidently sprang in before her, for a gloved hand was extended through the door to help her over the step.

"Cora—Cora," I cried, running down the steps recklessly as I would have followed her through the hazle thickets at home. "Stop, oh, stop, let me speak one word?"

My voice was drowned in the noise of retreating wheels, for the carriage dashed away and turned a corner toward the Crescent while I was calling after her.

I went back wringing my hands with bitter disappointment. "What can I do?—how search for her in this wilderness of human beings?"

"Rest quiet, Zana," answered the gipsy, "the carriage is off, but they will not escape us!"

As he spoke, a little boy came up to where we stood in front of the Opera House and asked alms. Chaleco refused him, muttering some-

thing about being of the same trade, and we walked on, for I had no money, and at that time scarcely knew its use. The boy followed us doggedly, now and then whining out a renewal of his petition till we entered our dwelling.

Some days of painful inaction followed, during which Chaleco often went out, and occasionally received men whose flashing eyes and dark faces were of the same type as his own; but he said little, and remained to all appearance quite inactive regarding the object of our search. But one night he came in, arrayed in the dress worn on our journey up to London, and asked if I was ready to leave town in the morning? I inquired for what purpose, and where the proposed journey was to end? And he replied promptly, "that we were going up to Scotland in search of Cora Clark."

Not doubting that the sources of his intelligence were to be relied on, I prepared to follow him with hope and animation. Perhaps this search after my friend served to keep my mind from dwelling upon the future—a future which my soul even refused to contemplate steadily: the refinements of life, all the sweet blessings of civilization are not to be flung aside so readily. With all the wrongs heaped upon me in that land, I could not think of the barrancos of Grenada without repugnance. There was something of disgust in this remembrance. A purely savage people might have aroused my enthusiasm, but this blending of savage and civilized life found among the Spanish gipsies destroyed the dignity of both; they had neither the vigor of savages, nor the refinements of civilization—no religion, no hereafter. If I went among them it must be to adopt their habits, and abide by their laws. But I dared not reflect on this, and this search after my friend served to keep such thoughts in the back-ground.

We started for Scotland, travelling rapidly by stage-coach till that conveyance failed us among the mountains. I do not speak of the scenes through which we passed, because this memoir is already too long, and my hands are getting weary of the task. At a little tower in the highlands we found two of the gipsies that I had seen in London, evidently waiting for us. After an earnest conversation with these men, Chaleco came to me apparently somewhat elated.

"Well, child, we have tracked them out at last! One of our people, you must have known, tracked them from the opera that night to their lodgings in the city; but the sight of us frightened them terribly, and before we could make use of our knowledge of their whereabouts off they flew northward. But our people are used

to this kind of work, and a few gold pieces from Papita's box kept them on the track."

"And have you found them?" I inquired, rejoiced, and yet with a strange aching pain at the heart, for Cora once found my promise of joining the Spanish tribes must be redeemed.

"Behold," he said, drawing me to a window of the public house, which overlooked one of those pretty sheets of water that lie like mirrors in the rugged frame-work of the Scottish mountains. "Look yonder on the opposite hill."

I saw a small dwelling perched above the lake, and sheltered by a vast cedar tree.

"Well," I said, "I see nothing but a farmhouse, and some sheep in a hollow of the mountains."

"You will find the Gitanilla up yonder, I think," he answered.

"What, Cora—my Cora? Come—come, it is but a walk, and we are with her."

"Better than that," he answered. "The distance is more than it looks; we will be rowed across the lake by our people. Get your plaid and let us be off."

I went for the Tartan shawl which Chaleco had bought as we approached the chilly north, and we descended to the lake.

It was early in the morning, and long shadows from the mountain fell sheer across the little loch, letting in gleams of light only in one or two places where the hills were cleft into fissures and vallies, their sides rich with heath, through which the sunshine poured upon the waters in purple and golden splendor.

Through these cool shadows and glowing ripples of light our boat passed to the opposite shore. A footpath led through the public beach along the side of a valley winding upward, with gradual ascent, to the house we had seen. It was a stone building, evidently the abode of a sheep farmer, whose flocks were scattered over the hill-side, cropping the short grass from among the heath.

It was strange, but this scene seemed familiar to me, the old stone house, the lake, the opposite mountains, bold and rugged, the very sheep whitening the hollows, like masses of snow, reminded me of some foregone impression vivid as the reality. I bethought myself, with a start, and stood breathless, gazing upon the house. It was that house, those mountains, and the sleeping lake below that I had seen in my sleep that night at the Greenhurst, where, amid storm and lightning, the history of my parents was pictured in fragments like that before me.

I looked at Chaleco, but he was gazing indifferently around; evidently the scene had no

such associations for him. The power which he possessed had been sufficient to awaken memory, not create belief in a thing that had never existed.

A mountain vine, whose leaves were red with their autumnal death sap, clambered up the front of the old house, hanging around the windows and eaves, like fragments of hostile banners, in wild keeping with the rugged scenery. Two or three narrow windows were almost choked up by its red foliage; but from one, overlooking the lake, it had been forced back in gorgeous festoons, revealing a lattice full of diamond shaped glass, upon which the sunbeams were shining.

As I stood looking at this window, it was gently opened, a face peered out, and the lattice closed again, before the cry of surprise and joy had left my lips.

"What is it?" said Chaleco, turning sharply at my exclamation.

"It is *her!* It is Cora!"

"Oh, is that all; I expected to find her here."

"But she saw me and shrunk away."

"Very likely; but you shall see her, little one, nevertheless."

"Oh, why should she avoid me?" I said, twinkling my tears away with the lashes that could not keep them back.

"Come—come—don't be a baby, Zana; weep when you can do nothing better," said the gipsy, out of patience with my childishness, "wait a moment and I will send the girl out to meet you."

"No, no, only ask if I may come in—that is all," I cried, breathless with fear that he might be rough with the poor girl, "tell her that we come from Mr. Clark; tell her anything that is kind."

He did not hear half I said, but entered the house; directly he returned and beckoned with his hand. I advanced into a large kitchen, furnished comfortably, but rudely, after the Scottish fashion, in houses of the kind.

"Go in yonder," said Chaleco, pointing to an inner door through which I heard the faint rustle of a dress.

I entered a small room, fitted up with some attempt at elegance. A faded carpet was on the floor, and some old-fashioned oak furniture stood around. Two or three good cabinet pictures were on the walls, and some dainty ornaments of antique and foreign manufacture stood upon a table near the lattice. By this table stood Cora, stooping wearily forward and supporting herself by the window frame, with her great, wild eyes, black with excitement, bent upon the entrance.

The long golden waves that ended in ringlets on her shoulders seemed to light up the pallor of her cheeks, and I saw that she shrunk and trembled at my approach.

"Cora!" I said, with a gush of loving joy, "dear, dear Cora!"

She shrunk back, folding her arms, and eyeing me with a look of affright.

"Cora, I come from your father; speak to me, I am so glad to see you"

"But why have you come here? I did not ask it—I did not want it," she answered, her eyes filling, and her sweet lips quivering.

"I come to ask—to entreat—oh, Cora, come back, come back to your poor father, or he will die."

"I know it—I know that he will die without me; but how can I go? what can I do?"

"Go home," I answered, imperatively, "why, oh, Cora Clark, why did you leave us?"

"Don't ask me—don't speak to me on this subject; I will not be questioned," with a gleam of temper in her blue eyes, and a wilful pout of the lips, the remnants of her wayward infancy, "you have no right to come here, Zana—none in the world. We ran away from London to avoid you, and now, oh, Zana, *he* will be so angry."

Something of the old love was in her voice. Encouraged by it, I went and softly encircled her shrinking form in my arms, leaning my wet cheeks against the golden thickness of her hair.

"Cora, dear, is it your husband that you speak of?" I said, with a heart that trembled more than my voice.

She threw herself on my bosom, clasping me close in her shaking arms.

"Oh, Zana, Zana!"

I understood it all, and the heart, but an instant before trembling with hope, lay heavy and still in my bosom.

"Cora," I said, in a whisper, parting the hair from her forehead, and kissing it with affection deeper than I had ever known before, and yet with a shudder, for I knew that *his* lips had touched that white brow last, and spite of the knowledge, felt in my soul that he was dear to me even then, traitor and villain as he was. "Cora, love, come home, the little house is desolate without you; your father—"

"Don't, oh, don't, why will you speak that name so cruelly? I cannot bear it," she cried, struggling in my arms; "but—but tell me how he is," she added, clinging closer and closer, that I might not look in her face.

"Ill, Cora, ill, and pining to death for the sight of his child."

Her head fell heavily on my shoulder, and she gasped out "no, no, he is *not* ill."

I would not spare her one pang, she must feel all the desolation that had fallen on her good parent, or my errand would fail.

"Yes, ill, Cora, helpless—stricken down like a child. I left him in the old chair—that by which you and I stood to comfort him on the day of your mother's funeral; that was a mournful time, Cora, but the day when you left him, think what it must have been—think of that noble man, calling in anguish for his living child, and she silent as the dead—gone not into the sweet peace of the grave, but—"

"Hold! oh, Zana, Zana, you are killing me—killing me, I say."

She broke from my arms, and pushed back the hair from her face with both hands as she spoke: then, as her eyes met mine, full of sorrowful reproach and moist with compassion, she let the hair sweep down, and clasping those two dimpled hands over her eyes, wept till her sobs filled the room.

"Will you leave this bad man and go back to your father, Cora?" I said, circling her waist with my arms again.

"He is not bad—I cannot—I *cannot* leave him. It is of no use asking me. It would kill him; oh, Zana, Zana, don't call him bad—he is so kind, he loves me so much."

"And yet brings you here—steals you away from your innocent home to—to—"

I could not go on, grief and indignation stifled me.

"He does not deserve this—I will not hear it," she cried, breaking from me. Her sweet face flushed red and warm through the tears that streamed over it, and her eyes flashed a defiant glance into mine, "say what you will of me, I am wicked, cruel, worse—worse, if it pleases you to say it; but as for him, did I not tell you, Zana, that I loved him? I do—I do better than life, better than my own soul, better than ten thousand friends like you, than ten thousand fath—oh, my God, I did not say that—no, no, I dare *not* say that."

I sat down by the table, shocked and almost in despair. She crept toward me, and sinking down to the floor, laid her head on my lap, exhausted by this outbreak of passion.

"Hush, Cora, hush, and let us talk quietly a little," I said, after a pause, during which we both cried bitterly together, as we had often done over our petty sorrows in childhood. "Tell me, darling—don't, don't cry so—tell me why it is that this man does not make you his wife?"

"He dare not; he is afraid of Lady Clare, he expects everything from her."

"I know it—I know it well; but——"

She interrupted the bitter speech on my lips.

"Oh, she is a terrible woman, Zana, and he fears her so much; she has got everything that ought to be his, and would quite crush him if he were to marry me before all is settled between them."

How beautiful she looked with her pleading eyes, soft with love and dim with tears—so unconscious, too, of her terrible position, so confiding—my heart ached for her.

"You will go back and tell this to father," she said, kissing my hands and folding them to her bosom, "tell him only to have patience for a little time; cheer him up, Zana, he loves you so much, almost as much, you know, as he did poor me. Tell him I am quite comfortable here among the hills; that I read some, and think of him more than is good for me. Will you say all this, Zana?"

"Don't ask me now, darling—take time, I shall stay here by the lake a week yet; we will consult and think what is best to be done. Stop crying, dear, it will do no good——"

She interrupted me, with a faint smile, "I know it—if tears would help one, I should be very happy, for I do think no human being ever shed so many. It is lonesome here sometimes, Zana."

"But you are not alone," I said, with a gleam of hope, "he cannot find much amusement here to take him away from you."

"Oh, he is scarcely ever here. They keep him so constantly occupied."

"Who?" I inquired, surprised.

"Oh, the countess and the young lady they call Estelle. Do you think her handsome, that Estelle? some people do, but——"

I interrupted her, sharply.

"Lady Clare—is she in the highlands, then?"

"Yes, they came up to a hunting lodge, some miles back in the mountains, that Lord Clare used to live in years ago; his death made them all too gloomy for society, and they came quietly up here."

"And does Lady Clare know—that is, does she consent that you reside so near?"

"I never asked; he thought it best, and I could not endure to stay in London alone; but after a little, no one will care if she does know. When all is settled we shall be married, and then, you see, papa can come and live with us at the Greenhurst."

I shuddered; how cruelly each word went to my heart—they would live at the Greenhurst

then. A jealous pang shot through me at the bare idea; and yet if her dream should prove unreal, how terrible must her fate be. The interview was becoming painful beyond endurance. I arose, she clung to me, caressingly,

"You will come again, Zana; I have some things on my mind that troubles me besides my poor father."

"But shall I find you alone?"

"I am almost always alone," she replied, sadly.

"To-morrow," I said, "be ready and we will go out on the lake together, and talk over everything. Would you like that, Cora?"

She smiled, and her soft eyes sparkled through their mistiness; poor, young thing, she was half unconscious yet of the misery that lay before her. She kissed me over and over again as I left, and when our boat was upon the lake, I looked back and saw her standing in the little casement, framed in, like a sorrowing cherub, by the crimson vines.

I spent a most anxious night, my heart racked by a thousand wild emotions. Need I describe them? Has any human being the power of conveying to another in words the storm of jealousy, compassion, rage and love that filled my bosom? I know that there is a great want of dignity in acknowledging that I still loved this vile man, that I could for an instant think of him without virtuous detestation; but I am writing of a human heart as it was, not, perhaps, as it should have been. To me George Irving seemed two beings. The man I had known, generous, wise, impetuous, all that my heart acknowledged to be grand in humanity: and the man I had heard of, treacherous, full of hypocrisy and vile in every aspiration. I could not reconcile these clashing qualities in my mind. To my reason, George Irving was a depraved, bad man; but my heart rejected the character and always turned leniently toward the first idea it had formed. I could not then cast him from me the debased and worthless thing he appeared. While I pitied Cora from the bottom of my soul, and loved her so dearly that no sacrifice would have been too dear a proof of this devotion, there was jealousy in my heart that embittered it all. Alas, it is often much easier to act right than to feel right. While I would have given worlds to have seen Cora honorably married to the man who had persuaded her from home, I knew well that the marriage would complete my utter desolation, for there is no after love to a soul like mine.

When I went for Cora, the next day, she took me to an oak cabinet in her room, and with a

sad smile—for all her pretty smiles had a shade of sadness in them now—asked me to examine some old books that lay huddled upon one shelf.

"It is singular," she said, "but your name is written in some of these books, and Zana is a very uncommon name. Would you like to see how it is used?"

She took up a small, antique Bible, and after unclasping the cover of sandle wood, on which some sacred story was deeply engraved, placed it open in my hands. On the fly-leaf was written in a clear and very beautiful hand, "Clarence Earl of Clare to his wife Aurora." A date followed this, and lower down on the page was a register, in the same bold writing, dated at the hamlet, some months after the presentation lines were written. This was the register: "Born, June —, Zana, daughter of Clarence Earl of Clare, and Aurora, his wife." The book fell from my hands; I did not know its entire importance, or what bearing it might have on my destiny, but my heart swelled with a flood of gratitude that almost overwhelmed me. I had no idea of its legal value, but the book seemed to me of inestimable worth. In it were blended, in terms of honor, the names of my parents; how it came there I did not ask.

Cora stooped down to recover the book, but I seized it first, exclaiming, amid my sobs,

"It is mine—it is mine, Cora. Cora, I bless you—God will bless you for giving me this great happiness."

CHAPTER XV.

WE went down to the lake, where Chaleco waited with the little boat. He looked hard at me, as I came round the tiny cove, where he lay as if in a cradle, rocking upon the bright waters as they flowed in and out, forming ripples and ridges of diamonds among the white pebbles of the beach.

"What is it, Zana?" he said, springing ashore, as Cora seated herself in the boat, and interrogating me in a whisper on the bank. "You look sharp set, like a hawk when it first sees its prey. What has happened up yonder?"

I took the antique little Bible from under my shawl, and opening it at the blank leaf, pointed out the writing.

He read it two or three times over, and then thrust the book into his bosom. His face was thoughtful at first, but as he pondered over the writing, muscle by muscle relaxed in his dark features, and at last they broke forth in a blaze of the most eloquent triumph; his questions came quick upon each other, like waves in a cataract.

"Where did you get that? Is it all? Who has had possession so long? Speak, Zana, I must know more."

"Why, is it so important?" I inquired, excited by his look and manner.

"Important! why, child——" but he checked himself, inquiring more composedly how I came in possession of the book.

I told him how it had been pointed out by Cora. Without more questioning he slipped into the boat, and bade me follow him.

When we were all seated, and the boat was shooting pleasantly across the lake, Chaleco began, in a quiet, indifferent manner, to converse with Cora. At first she was shy and reluctant to answer him, but his manner was so persuasive, his voice so winning, that it was impossible to resist their charm. After awhile he glided into the subject of the book, speaking of its antique binding, of the rare perfume which she might have noticed in the precious wood, and he went on to explain that it was one of those rare specimens used of old in the building of the Tabernacle. All this interested Cora greatly, and when he began to wonder how this singular volume could have found its way into the farmer's dwelling, she commenced to conjecture and question about the probabilities with more apparent earnestness than himself.

"The old people might perhaps know," she said. "Oh, now I think of it, they did tell me of some persons, a gentleman, lady and little child that lived with them long ago—probably they left the book; but then, how came Lord Clare's name in it?"

"Yes, sure enough," murmured Chaleco, cautious not to interrupt her.

"Besides, Lady Clare's name was not Aurora, and he never would have lived here with that beautiful hunting seat only five miles off, you know."

"That is quite true," acquiesced Chaleco, while I sat still, listening keenly to every word.

"You see," continued the young girl, quite animated on the subject, "you see how impossible it is that the writing means anything; but it is in other books—that is, names are written in them, Clarence sometimes, sometimes Aurora. now and then, both names; but, Zana, I have never found that name but once."

Chaleco fell into thought, and the oars hung listlessly in his hands for some minutes; at last he spoke again, but on indifferent subjects, about the lightness of the air, and the beautiful, silvery glow that shimmered over the waters. But once in a while he would quietly revert to the book again, till I became impressed with its importance

to a degree that made me restless for more information.

After sailing around and across the lake for several hours, we drew up at a little island scarcely half a mile across, that lay near the centre of the lake, green as a heap of emeralds notwithstanding the season was advanced, and embowered by cedar and larch trees, with the richest and most mossy turf I ever trod on carpeting it from shore to shore.

Chaleco brought forth a basket of provisions from his boat, and bade us wander about while he prepared our dinner. We waited to see him strike fire from two flint stones that he gathered from the bank, and kindle a quantity of dry sticks that lay scattered beneath the trees. When he had spitted a fowl, which, gipsy like, he preferred to cook himself after the sylvan fashion, we went away, and sat down under a clump of larch trees, sadly and in silence, as was natural to persons whose thoughts turned on a common and most painful subject.

I had resolved, here and then, to make my last appeal to the infatuated child. She must have guessed this from my silence and the gravity of my face, for she became wordless as myself, and as I glanced anxiously in her eyes they took the sullen, obstinate expression of one prepared to resist, and, if driven to it, defy.

We sat down together upon the grass; the delicate green foliage of the larches quivered softly over us, and the brown leaves of some trees that had felt the frost rustled through the air and spotted the turf as with the patterns in a carpet. We remained a long time gazing on these leaves, in sad silence, but holding each other by the hand, as was our habit when little children. My heart was full of those dear old times; it killed me to think that they were over forever—that again on this earth Cora and I could never be entire friends again, friends between whom no subject is forbidden, no respect lost. When I thought of this, and knew that the impediment lay in my heart as much as it could in her conduct, the future for us both seemed very hopeless. I can hardly describe the feelings that actuated me; perhaps they arose from the evil felt in my own person, the result of a step like that which Cora had taken, entailed by my mother. True, the cases were not alike, my poor gipsy mother had not sinned consciously, no high moral culture had prepared her to resist temptation, no fond parent graced her with his love—but her act had plunged me, her innocent child, into fatal troubles that must haunt me through life.

It is possible, I say, that these thoughts

prevented me feeling all the charity for the worse and more deliberate sin of the poor girl at my side; perhaps, and this is most probable, I could not forgive the companionship of her error, for it is a terrible trial to feel that one, you cannot entirely respect, is preferred to yourself. In striving thus to analyze the feelings that made me drop Cora's hand for a time as we sat silently together, I have failed to satisfy myself now as I did then; but one thing was certain, I did not cordially love her with the affection of former years. Still, feelings swelled in my heart stronger and more faithful than love—gratitude, and my solemn promise to the good father, compassion for her, not unmixed, but powerful enough to have commanded any sacrifice, a firm desire to wrest her from the man who had wronged us both, all these motives influenced and urged me on to rescue that poor girl, if human eloquence and human will could accomplish it.

I attempted to speak, but my throat was parched and my faculties all lay dead for the moment, but struggling with myself, I took her hand and compressing it between my own cold palms, "Cora," I said, still in a whisper, for my voice would not come, "have you thought all this over? will you go with me to your father? Remember, love, he is ill and may not live."

The hand began to tremble in mine, but she turned her face away.

"Let the subject drop," she said, in a voice low and full of pain, like mine, "it is of no use talking, I will not leave him. It would kill us both; I should perish on the way."

Now my voice returned—my heart swelled—words of persuasion, of reason rose eloquently to my lips. I reasoned, I entreated, I portrayed the disgrace of her present position, prophesied the deeper shame and anguish sure to follow. I described the condition of her father in words that melted my own heart and flooded my face with tears. I prostrated myself before her, covering her dimpled and trembling hands with my tears, but all in vain. My passion was answered with silence or curt monosyllables. She suffered greatly; even in the excitement of my own feelings I was sure of that. At length she broke from me, and rushed off toward the beach, evidently determined to protect herself from my importunity by the presence of Chaleco.

I had no heart to follow her, but went off in another direction, walking rapidly toward the opposite extremity of the island.

As I neared a tiny cove that shot up like a silver arrow into the green turf, I was surprised to find the gay streamers of a pleasure boat

floating over the rushes that edged the cove. With my tearful eyes and flushed countenance, I was in no condition to meet strangers, and turned to retrace my steps, heart-sick, and at the moment recoiling from the sight of anything human. Scarcely had I walked twenty paces, when footsteps followed me, and some one called me by name. I looked around and saw William Morton coming up from the boat. I would not appear to fly from this man, though my heart rose against him in detestation.

"Zana," he said, approaching me more slowly, after I paused, and speaking with forced cheerfulness, "how came you here, of all places in the world; are you the goddess of this little island—a fairy? In the name of everything beautiful, explain this meeting?"

I did not at first reply; indeed it was difficult to account for my presence thus alone on a remote spot never visited perhaps once a year. Important, as I felt secrecy to be, I could not speak of Chaleco or explain anything regarding Cora, whose position above all things must be kept from a man so intimate with the Clares.

He laughed, uneasily, and looked around, casting one glance toward the mountains, where the farm house was visible. "Pray, speak to me, fair one, if you are indeed mortal; have you walked the water, or flown through the air?"

He had given me time to collect my thoughts. I attempted to answer in his own light way.

"The spirits of air and water do not offer themselves so readily, sir; I am afraid to shock you by saying that I came from the little public house yonder, in a very common place boat, which will come after me when I am weary of walking about this lovely spot."

"Then you are alone?" he questioned, with a quick sparkle of the eye, that filled me with courage rather than terror.

"At present, yes."

"And how long have you been in Scotland, may I presume to inquire?"

"A single day."

"But you are not all this distance from home alone?"

"No, I have friends with me."

"Oh, yes, old Turner, I suppose, on his way to Lady Clare. I did not know that he was expected. Of course, you will not remain at all in this neighborhood?"

"No!" I replied, allowing most of his speech to remain unanswered.

"I thought so," he rejoined, promptly, as if freed from some apprehension, "and now, sweet Zana, let me say how happy, how very happy I am to meet you again; it seems like a dream,

"Oft in my fancy's wanderings,
I've wish'd this little isle had wings,
And we, within its fairy bowers,
Were wafted off to seas, unknown,
Where not a pulse could beat but ours,
And we would live, love, die alone—
Far from the cruel and the cold,
Where the bright eyes of angels only
Should come around us to behold
A Paradise so pure and lonely.
Would this be home enough for thee?"

I cannot describe the look and tones of ineffable sweetness with which these words were uttered: the last melodious interrogation was uttered with flute-like pathos, that would have charmed anything human. No question could have been applied with more humility; his eyes drooped; his limbs fell into a deprecating position; and while his voice haunted me still with its music, he stood like a culprit awaiting sentence for the exquisite offence.

It was impossible that I should not feel this; besides what had I ever received from this man but kindness? His only fault was that of having offered love, protection, honorable marriage, when all others of his race shrunk from me as if I had been a leper. Still there was aversion in my heart. While he charmed my senses that remained firm. Aroused from the spell of his voice I walked on, but not in the direction of our boat. He followed me.

"Can you forgive it, Zana, that I am still true?—that I cannot cease to love you?"

"It is not a crime to love any one," I answered, touched by his earnestness. "I do not scorn, but am grateful for all kindness!"

"Then you will listen to me?—you will yet be mine? I will protect you, Zana, in the face of all these haughty Clares."

"It cannot be," I said, firmly, but not with the austere repulsion of former days. "I shall never love—never marry. My destiny is fixed."

Morton leaned against a rock that choked up our path, and, folding his arms, stood over me while I sat down, determined to silence all farther importunity, by giving his arguments free hearing and firm replies.

"Oh, Zana," he said, still in those tender and flute-like tones, "why do you repulse me thus? What have I done to deserve it? Have not all others forsaken you?"

"Alas! yes!" I said, weeping.

"Have they not treated you worse than a Russian serf or negro slave, while I have always been firm in my devotion, true as heaven itself in my love? Is this love and at such times nothing, that you cast it so scornfully away?"

"I do not cast it away scornfully—but am grateful, very grateful; still it is impossible that I should ever love you, or become your wife."

"Tell me why, Zana!"

"Because I have no power over the affections of my own heart, they are the only tyrants I cannot overcome," I said.

"But give me time, only endure my presence," he murmured, persuasively, seating himself by me so gently that I was almost unconscious of the act; "these tyrant affections must yield to the power of love like mine."

I shook my head and made a motion to rise, but he held me down with a gentle pressure of one hand on my arm.

"Do you know what it is to break up all the hopes of a man's life, Zana—to send him forth into the world without affection—without an object to which his heart can turn as to a second soul? Can you—can you know, my Zana, for I will call you mine this once—can you know how much love you are trampling to death?"

"I only know that no one feeling in my heart answers to it."

"And yet, oh, heavens, how I have lavished the first fruits of my life away upon this one hope; all other women were as nothing—to me, Zana, are as nothing. The proud Estelle, before whom Irving bends like a slave, could not win a thought from a heart too full of you for anything else. And little Cora, whose beauty and childish grace divided Irving's heart with Estelle, was to me vapid and uninteresting, because my soul had room for but one idol, and that idol Zana."

I grew heart sick and felt myself turning pale. Was it true?—could the heart of man be so vile? George Irving the slave of Estelle, and Cora, my poor Cora!

I interrupted him, for in my pain his words had lost all meaning.

"You speak of Irving," I said, in a voice that shook, though I made such efforts to compose it; "and of Estelle, tell me—tell—where is that lady?"

"What, are you ignorant that she is in Scotland, she and her mother, consoling the countess, and only waiting for the decencies of mourning to be over for the wedding?"

A faintness seized me. Poor, poor Cora, this would kill her, it was killing me. Estelle Irving, her husband, the thought was a pang such as I had never felt before; to Cora I could have given him up, but Estelle, from my soul I abhorred her.

"You are silent, Zana," said my companion. "You will reflect on what I have said. Remember it is not the penniless tutor who would have divided his crust with you before, who asks your

hand now; I possess expectations—certainties that even the haughty Estelle would not reject. Lady Clare has promised me the Greenhurst living, it is one of the best in that part of England, I take orders in a few weeks; do not look surprised at this, I have a right to more! As heir at law to Lady Jane Clare's first husband, the whole Greenhurst estate should have been mine, but in his dotage my uncle left it by will to her, and thus it came into the Clare family. The living which Lady Clare has promised is a cheap way of appeasing her conscience."

"But I thought the Greenhurst living was promised to Mr. Clark, poor Cora's father," I exclaimed.

"By Lord Clare, yes; but his sister, you know, has her own ideas, and since that unpleasant affair of the daughter she refuses to think of it."

"Oh, Cora, Cora, what have you done?" I cried, weeping bitterly: then struck with sharp indignation I looked up dashing the tears aside. "And that lady—that vile unwomanly countess—she dares to punish a good old man for the sins of his child, while she urged *him*, the traitor, who tempted her to ruin, into a position which compels him to abandon her."

"Of whom do you speak?" he asked, almost in a whisper, so deeply had my desperate words excited him.

"You know—you know," I said, breaking forth afresh; "why force me to utter that detested name?"

He took my hand. I did not withdraw it, for, at the moment, even his sympathy was welcome. Sighing deeply he lifted it to his lips, "forgive me, Zana, but I have been so often the object of your anger, that for a moment it seemed as if these harsh words were intended for me, not the miscreant I condemn as you have done."

The touch of his lips upon my hand went through me like the bite of a viper, notwithstanding those soft words, and I arose determined to leave.

"You will not leave me thus without answer, without hope?" he said.

"I have but one answer to give, and no hope," was my firm reply.

He looked at me an instant, growing pale as he gazed.

"You love another still, and believe he loves. George Irving is fortunate, very fortunate in having three women believe his professions of love at once, Estelle, Cora, and —," he said, with a slow curve of the lip.

"Hold," I cried, stung with shame at the remembrance that I had once confessed this love and gloried in it, "I do not love another. It is

not in my nature to give anything but detestation to treachery and vice like his."

"Then spite of your words I will hope," he cried, seizing my hand and kissing it.

Before I could remonstrate he was gone, disappearing down a grassy hollow that sloped to the little cave where his boat was lying. As he sprang into the boat, I saw, out upon the lake, lying sleepily on the water, another shallop in which a single fisherman sat with a rod in his hand. His face was toward me, and it seemed that he was gazing upon the spot where I stood. How long this solitary individual had been upon the lake I could not conjecture, but my heart told me that it was Irving.

Anxious to escape from his sight, I went round the rock against which Morton had leaned, resolved to shelter my return to Chaleco by the trees that grew thick behind it. But in springing down from some fragments of stone that lay close by the rock, I almost trod on the prostrate form of Cora Clark. She lay upon the earth, her face downward, and clutching the turf with both hands.

I almost shrieked and fell back from her in dismay, startled by the suddenness of her appearance there.

She remained still, and save a faint quivering of her fingers in the grass, I should have believed that she had dropped down dead in striving to reach me.

"Cora!" I cried, "how is this?—what brings you here? Are you hurt?"

I bent down and attempted to lift her from the earth, but she shrunk from me moaning and shuddering. But this repulse was not enough, I wound an arm around her and covered her golden hair with my kisses.

"Don't—don't, your kisses sting me! I would rather have vipers creeping through my hair!"

Wounded by her words I desisted and drew back. After a little she moved, and I saw her face. It was pallid and stony; her eyes were heavy, and a pale violet tinge lay beneath them. A look of touching grief impressed that child-like mouth, which began to quiver as her eyes met mine.

"What does this mean?—what have I done, Cora?" was my tearful question, for the anguish in those sweet eyes filled me with pity.

"I heard all that he said—all, every word!" she answered, laying her head helplessly down on the grass again. "Every word, Zana!"

My heart sunk. I remembered what had been said of Irving's perfidy, and of his approaching marriage with Estelle. She knew how worthless he was now, when knowledge was despair. We

had been rivals before she became a victim, that she knew also. No wonder she shuddered when I touched her—no wonder those sweet features were pallid, and those white fingers sought to work off the agony of her soul by tearing the senseless turf.

"Cora," I said, full of the most tender compassion, "I have done you no wrong, and never will. Since the day I was sure that you loved him, I have never willingly been in his presence. Is this no sacrifice, Cora?"

"Then you did love him once?" she said, looking up as if surprised. "No wonder, who could help it. But he, Zana, Zana, it kills me to think of that. He *loves you*—and I—I, oh, my God—my God, what have I done?"

She began to weep, and for a time her form was convulsed with tears. I too wept, for the same hand had stricken us both. When this storm of sorrow had passed, she lay quite passive and inert upon the grass, a single tear now and then forcing itself through her thick lashes, and a quiver stirring her lips as we witness in a grieved child.

During some minutes we remained thus, when she arose and began to arrange her hair sitting on the ground, but her hands trembled, and the tresses fell away from them. I sat down by her and smoothed the heavy masses with my hand. She leaned toward me sobbing.

"It does not feel like a viper now, Cora!" I whispered.

She threw herself into my arms. "Oh, Zana, Zana, what shall I do? What will become of me?"

I folded her in my arms, and kissed the quivering whiteness of her forehead till it became smooth again. "Come with me, love—come to the good father who is pining to death for a sight of his darling."

"Yes, I will go, Zana. I will never see *him* again—never, never. Oh, God help me—never!"

I could not avoid a throb of selfish joy as she said this: but grateful and relieved folded her closer in my arms.

"Come now," she said, struggling to her feet, "take me away, I will not return to the house yonder. Let him go there and find the room empty, perhaps—perhaps that will make him feel."

She began to weep afresh, and fearing that she would sink to the earth again, I cast my arm around her. "Let me help support you, Cora."

"Yes, yes, for I am a feeble creature, Zana, but stronger in some points than you think!"

We moved on through the larch groves, uttering broken sentences like these, half tears, half

exclamations, till a sudden curve brought us close to Chaleco. His sylvan meal was ready, but neither of us could partake a morsel of it; with natural tact he did not urge us, but observed everything, doubtless making his own comments. We entered the boat, and without asking a question the gipsy rowed us toward the little public house, as it had been arranged in words that Cora should accompany us.

Poor child, she begged for solitude, and I gave up my little chamber that she might weep alone. When I had seen her on the bed passive, and worn out with the storm of sorrow that had swept over her, Chaleco joined me on the beach.

"Let her sleep if she can," he said, "you and I must go up to the old house yonder, we have some questions to ask of the old people."

I stepped into the boat, and directly we were clambering up the hill-side toward the farmhouse where Cora had lodged. Chaleco took me to the kitchen. An old woman was on the hearth spinning flax; and at a back door where the sun lay warmly, sat a stout old man smoking. I had not seen, or more probably not observed this couple before, but now they struck me as familiar, like persons lost sight of from childhood. Chaleco went out and sat down by the old man, while I drew toward the woman and asked some questions regarding her work. She gave a little start, looked up, and evidently disappointed, began fumbling in her pocket for a pair of horn spectacles, which were eagerly placed across her nose.

Never did I undergo a perusal of the face like that. It seemed to me that the grey eyes under these glasses grew keen and large as they gazed. At length she started up breaking the thread from her distaff, and hurried toward the back door with every appearance of affright.

"Guidman—guidman, coom here," she said, "coom and see the young gipsy leddy! As God is above all she is here, body and soul!"

"Gang awa woman, these new fangled barnacles are deceiving things. Ye dinna see things as ye did," answered the old man, deliberately knocking the ashes from his pipe by tapping the bowl on his thumb nail.

"Well then look for yoursel, guidman," said the dame, taking me by the shoulders, and half pushing me toward the door.

When the old man's eyes fell on my person he stood up and dropped his bonnet.

"Weel, weel!" he exclaimed, "wonders will never cease; na dout its the leddy hersel with hardly a year on her heed sin she went, years sin sine with the bairn in her arms." Then turning to Chaleco, he said, "ye wer speerin

about the stranger leddy, there she stans 'ith lady afore ye."

"But the lady you speak of would have been older than this," said Chaleco.

"It's just the truth," answered the Scotchman, sinking on his bench, "seventeen years wad na ha left her sa bonny, whil mysel an the guid wife ha sunk fra hale, middle-aged foulk inta owld grey carlins—but then wha may the lassie be?"

"You spoke of a child!"

"Aye, gude faith, it's the bairn grown to be what the mither was. Weel, weel, time maun ha its ain—but wha may be the laide hersel?"

"A-whow is it sae, an she sa bonny?"

"You remember her well then?" persisted Chaleco.

"Mind her, wherefore no, what sud gin me forget her, or her gowden haird, guidman, a bonnier pair n'er staid in shoon. It wad be na easy matter to forget them, I tell ye!"

"Then they were married?"

"Wha iver cud dout it, an their bairn born here," cried the staunch old man, proudly; "d'ye think we harbor lemans? There was guid reason why it sud na be clash'd about; but the Earl of Clare was na ane to put shame on an honest man's hame."

"Then he told you that he was married to the lady?"

"Teld me, yes; wha but him sud tell me?"

"And you will swear to this?" questioned Chaleco, allowing none of the eagerness that burned in his eyes to affect his voice.

"Swear, d'ye think I wad say at any time in my life what I wad na swear till?"

"And the lady—what did you call her name?"

"Aurora, it's a kind a strange name, but my lard said it had a fine meanin, something about the dawn o' the day."

"Yes—yes, it was a pretty name—but when together how did they seem? Was he in the habit of calling her his wife? Did she call him husband?"

"Aye—aye, baith him an her; she, pur thing, took great delight i' the name."

"Then you knew this man to be Lord Clare? Had you seen him often before?"

"Seen him? wha else learned him to shoot o' the hills an fish i' the loch yonder?"

"And you would know this girl by your memory of her mother?"

"Sud I ken the lassie by mother's look, d'ye speer?—sud I ken my ain bairn, think ye? The twa are as like as twa pease—the same blink o' the ee—hair like the wing o' the raven—a step like the mountain deer. Aye—aye, I ken her weel."

I drew near to the old man, impatient to learn more of my parents, and was about to interrupt him with questions; but Chaleco promptly repelled me with a motion of the hand, giving me a warning look which I dared not disregard.

Too much excited for a passive listener, I left them and entered Cora's room. This little chamber had a double interest to me now. It was doubtless the place of my birth. The furniture and ornaments so superior to the dwelling itself had been my mother's. I stood by the window looking upon the lake which had filled her vision so many times. Sad thoughts crowded upon me as I walked to and fro in the room, determined not to interrupt Chaleco with my impatience, and yet panting to hear all those old people had to say of my parents. As I stood by the lattice, Chaleco passed it with the sheep farmer, conversing leisurely as one does who coolly collects minute facts. I could hear that the old dame had resumed her spinning, and I was about to go forth and obtain what information I could from her, when a quick step came through the kitchen, the door was opened and closed again, leaving me face to face with George Irving.

We gazed at each other breathless. He was much excited, and looked upon me with an air of impetuous reproach.

"It is you then and here, Zana—I did not believe it—I would not believe it even now, the whole thing seems false!"

"You did not expect to find me in this place I can well believe," was the sarcastic reply that sprang to my lips.

"No," he said, passionately, "I did not; they told me you had fled from home in the night, but that you would come here, and that I should find you thus, the thought would have seemed sacrilege. Great heavens, is there nothing trustworthy on earth?"

His passion confounded me. By his words one would have thought me an offender not him. I did not know how to reply, his air and words were so full of accusation. He saw this and came close to me.

"Zana," he said, in a voice rich with wounded tenderness, "leave this place; go back to Clare Park, Turner will receive you as if this miserable escapade had never been. This is no shelter for you, these honest old people are too good for the cheat practised upon them."

"Cheat—I—explain, sir! your language is incomprehensible," I cried, breathless with indignation. "If there is imposition, let him that practises it answer: this air of reproof ill becomes you, sir!"

"I may have been too rude, Zana, but the

shock, the pain of finding you here—for I saw all that passed on the island, and hoping still that distance had deceived me came to convince myself."

"Convince yourself of what?" I questioned.

"Of your unworthiness, Zana." His voice sunk as he said this, and tears came into his eyes.

"Of my unworthiness?" I said, burning with outraged pride. "In what one thing have I been proven unworthy?"

"Are you not here?—have you not fled from your natural protectors?"

"And your mother has allowed a doubt on this question to rest on me, even with you!" I said, calmed by the very force of my indignation.

"Listen, I left home because it was the only way to save my benefactors from being turned helpless upon the world by your countess mother. I left secretly, well knowing that if those good people knew the price I paid for their tranquillity, they would have begged on the highway rather than consent to my departure. I had one other friend in the world, an elderly man of my mother's people. He is a safe and wise person, and with him I go to the tribe from whence my mother fled when the curse of your uncle's love fell upon her."

"But this is not the way to Spain. William Morton cannot be that friend," he answered, "how came you here with him in the hills of Scotland?"

"I came to save——" I broke off suddenly, struck with the imprudence of informing him that my object was to rescue Cora from his power.

"To save whom? oh, speak, Zana, let me believe your object here a worthy one."

This was strange language; had he not guessed already that my love for poor Cora Clark had brought me to the highlands? Had he not yet missed her presence, or would he not seem to regard it? Such hypocrisy was sublime; I almost found admiration for it rising in my heart.

"See," I cried, pointing out Chaleco, who stood at some distance down the hill conversing with the sheep farmer, "yonder is the man with whom I left Clare Park, and with whom I leave these hills in less than twenty-four hours."

He leaned out of the window, searching Chaleco with his eyes, the cloud went softly out from his face, and when he turned a look of confidence had supplanted it.

"Zana, is this the truth?"

"Why should I tell you aught but the truth,"

I answered. He looked eagerly into my eyes, his own flashed, his face took the expression of one who forms a sudden decision.

"And you leave to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"And for Grenada?"

"For Grenada, I suppose."

"With that man, and no other?"

"With no other man," I answered, laying an emphasis on the word man; but he did not seem to heed it as I expected.

"Zana, one word more—answer for your soul—do you love me yet?"

Outraged and insulted, I drew myself up. "How dare you, the promised husband of Estelle, the lover of—of—" passion stifled me, I could not utter Cora's name.

He seemed surprised. "I am not the promised husband of Estelle; I love no woman living but yourself, Zana."

"Me?—can you say that here—here in this chamber, and not shudder at the treason?"

"I can say it anywhere, Zana."

He looked sincere, his voice was sweet as truth, and so like it that a thrill of exquisite joy stirred my whole system as I listened.

"You believe me, Zana?"

I thought of Cora, and could not answer. Had he in truth ceased to love her? Could villainy so deep appear so honest? He mistook my silence and went on.

"Forgive me, Zana, if I read my answer in that bright face. You love me as I love you."

I made an effort to contradict him, but the words died in my throat, and he went on.

"It is true, my mother desires me to marry another; but while you love me I never will. True she would cast me off and leave me adrift on the world for seeking you as I have this day; but I love you, Zana; speak but the word, and I will take you by the hand, lead you down to those two men yonder, and proclaim you my wife."

"Not me—not me, there is another whom you must so proclaim."

He did not heed me, but went on impetuously as at first, "My mother may disown me, thank God, she cannot altogether disinherit; we may have struggles; but what then, we have youth, strength, ability and love to conquer all. Come with me now, and in ten minutes all the laws under heaven cannot separate us."

"In ten minutes?" I questioned, thinking of poor Cora with painful self abnegation, for never was a heart tortured like mine, "ah, if ten little minutes can redeem your allegations to her, why wait?"

"Can you counsel this, Zana? even you desire me to wed a woman whom I neither love nor respect."

The blood began to burn in my veins. How dare he speak thus of the poor girl whose sole fault was her fatal affection for himself? These indignant thoughts sprung to my lips, but as I was about to utter them, Chaleco came toward the window. Irving saw him, and addressed me hurriedly once more.

"Speak, Zana, before you strange guardian comes. I give up all—I offer all; speak, and you are my wife."

"Never!" I exclaimed, almost fiercely, "never, so help me heaven, will I marry a man whose honor binds him to another, and that other—"

"Enough!" he exclaimed, wringing my hand hard, and dropping it, "you never loved me; farewell!"

He left the room, darted through the back door, and when Chaleco came up, was half way down the hill, leaving me with the heaviest heart that ever cumbered a human bosom.

"What does this mean? who was the young man who left you just now?" said Chaleco, looking around the room suspiciously, as he entered it.

"It was George Irving; he wished to make me his wife—" I could not go on, my voice was choked by sobs.

"His wife," said the gipsy, with a scornful laugh, "so he has found out the old books, has seen the register, knows the road to save himself—cunning young fellow!"

I looked at Chaleco in astonishment, his hateful laugh annoyed me terribly, "What is the meaning of this, these old books? how could they affect him or his offer? he knew before that I was Lord Clare's child?"

"But he did not know before that you are Lord Clare's heiress, a countess in your own right—one of the richest women in England?"

"Are you mad, Chaleco, raving mad?"

"Almost, but with joy, my Gitanilla. Listen! your mother was married to Lord Clare—I do not speak of the Alhambra ceremony, but here, legally by the laws of Scotland, under which you were born. In this country, a man has but to live with a woman, acknowledge her as his wife, before witnesses, and she is a legal wife, her children legal heirs before any court in Great Britain. We have this proof here, in Lord Clare's own writing, in the old people with whom he left your mother."

"And how did you know of this law, Chaleco?"

"Zana, there is not a thing that could affect you which I have not studied to the centre, half my life has been given up that you might prosper; and now, my beautiful countess, comes our triumph as the despised gipsies."

CHAPTER XVI.

We were in London, Chaleco, Cora and myself, seated in the little room which I had occupied on my first visit to that mammoth city. The gipsy chief sat at a small table reading some pages of manuscript that had been a little before brought to him. Cora lay upon the crimson marine sofa, with one white hand under her still whiter cheek, gazing with her great, mournful eyes upon the dim wall opposite.

I was watching Chaleco; the burning fire in his eyes, the savage curl of triumph that now and then revealed his teeth, as we sometimes see in a noble blooded dog, when his temper is up. This expression deepened and burned as he read on, leaf after leaf to the end. He did not then relinquish the paper, but turned back, referring to passages and comparing them with others, sometimes remaining whole minutes pondering over a single line.

At last he laid the manuscript down, dashed his hand upon it with a violence that made the table shake, and turned his flashing eyes on me.

"It is so, Zana; it is so!"

"What is it you have been reading to yourself?" I inquired.

"Wait a minute—let me think it all over. Well, this paper is from the best solicitor known in the London courts. I laid your case before him, the Bible, some letters that I found among other books at the old sheep farmer's, and my own knowledge."

"Well," I said, "what does it all amount to?"

"Nothing but an opinion," was the tantalizing reply.

"And that opinion?"

"Is, my little Zana, that Aurora's child, the scouted, insulted, outraged gipsy girl is beyond all peradventure Countess of Clare."

"And Lady Catharine?"

"Is Lady Catharine still, nothing more."

"But her son?"

"Oh," replied Chaleco, with a hoarse laugh, "he is the pitiful dangler to a woman's apron strings that he ever was."

My blood rose, I could not endure to hear the man I had loved so deeply thus spoken of.

"Hush," I said, looking at Cora, as if anxious to save her feelings rather than my own, "Irving does not deserve this; he is no idler, whatever you may think."

I had expected to see Cora angry, as I had been, by this scornful mention of her lover, but she lay perfectly still, passive and listless, without a flush or a glance to prove the wounded feelings that were torture to me. This indifference, so unlike her usual impulsiveness, sur-

prised us both; but for her paleness and the blue shadows under her great eyes, we could not have guessed how much she had suffered since our departure from Scotland. No sick child ever resigned itself more passively to a mother's arms than she had yielded herself to us, and no child ever pined and wasted away as she did; all her bloom was gone; cold and delicate as wax was the hue of her countenance. The azure shadows I have spoken of, and the veins threading her temples, gave the only tinge of color visible in a face rosy as the dawn only a few weeks before.

She did not seem to hear us, though this was the first time we had mentioned her lover's name when she was by. Even Chaleco seemed to feel compassion for the poor child, and dropped his voice, drawing closer to me.

"She does not heed," he said, "but still it seems like hurting her when we speak of that young villain."

"Then do not speak of him," I rejoined, sharply, "where is the necessity?"

"But we must speak of them—they have possession of your rights."

"What are those rights?"

"A title—an immense property—power in this proud country—power to help the poor Caloes," he answered, with enthusiasm—"the power to redeem your mother's name among the haughty souls that reviled her—to give back her memory to the gipsies of Grenada pure as the purest among their women."

"But they murdered her—innocent as she was, they murdered her!" I cried, shuddering and cold with memories that always froze me to the heart.

A gloomy frown stole over Chaleco's face, his hand fell loosely down and he whispered huskily, as if to convince himself,

"I could not help it; she gave herself up. They all thought the stain of his unmarried lips was on her forehead. She would die—it was *he* that killed her, not the gipsies—never say it again while you live, Zana, never."

I could not answer, but felt myself turning white and cold; he saw it, and grasped my hand, crying out with fierce exultation, "But she is avenged on *him*, and now we have the power, this proud woman and vile boy shall bite the dust at your feet, Zana. We will strip them, humble them, trample them beneath our gipsy feet in their debasement. Aurora shall be once more avenged."

"Let me think," I said, drearily pressing my forehead to still the pain there, "I have tasted this revenge once, and it was terrible; when such fruit falls, dare we shake the vine again?"

"Again and again," was the fierce cry, "till power itself fails. Are you thinking of mercy, child?"

"I am thinking of many things," was my vague answer; "but God will help me."

Chaleco sneered.

"He has helped us, if you choose to fancy it," he said, "are not her enemies in the dust—have you not revenge on them all in your grasp?"

"No," I said, filled with the holy spirit my soul had invoked, "no, Chaleco, God gives revenge to no human thing; it belongs to him. The memory of my dead father is before me—never again will I wrestle with these weak, human hands for power which belongs to omnipotence alone."

Chaleco looked at me sternly, a dark frown was in his eyes.

"If I thought this," he exclaimed, grasping the paper as if about to rend it.

He stopped and held the paper motionless between his hands. Cora had risen from the sofa and was leaning forward looking at us.

"You learned that of my father, Zana," she said, while a tender smile stole over her lips, "if anything troubles you go back to him; I will."

I was touched to the heart by the pathos and sweetness of these words; my soul yearned toward the suffering child, and that instant the resolve which had been floating mistily through my brain took form and shape. If the Clare estates proved to be mine, I would so endow that gentle girl, that Irving would rejoice in the chance of redeeming his prosperity by a marriage with her.

"You are right, my Cora; I did learn all that is good in me from that noble hearted man. You and I should never have left his side."

"I know it," she answered, sighing heavily, and sinking back to the sofa again, "but you can go back, as for me—"

Cora broke off and began to weep. I was glad of that, poor thing; since the first day she had not once wept in my presence after our adventure in the highlands. I left her unmolested, and went on talking with Chaleco more connectedly than we had yet conversed. In a little time he convinced me that my birth was legitimate, and my claims as heiress to Lord Clare would scarcely admit of dispute. The chain of evidence was complete. Though driven away for a little time, Chaleco had hovered around Clare Hall till assured that I had found a protector, then he lingered in England under various disguises till I was safe under the roof from which my mother had fled. More than once he had

penetrated to my sick chamber, where I lay delirious with fever, when I was by chance left alone, or when the nurse slept at night. From time to time he had visited England after that, assuring himself still of my welfare and identity. In short, from the time of my mother's death he had never lost sight of me, and up to that period the evidence of old Turner, his wife, and the Scotch farmer left no thread wanting in the tissue of my claim.

"And if this is so, what steps must be taken?" I inquired.

"They are taken," answered the gipsy, "Lady Catharine has been notified, so has her son."

"Well, have they returned any reply?"

"The lady is here."

"In London?"

"Yes, in London."

"Did the mother come alone?" I inquired, observing that Cora had risen to her elbow, and was eagerly regarding us.

Feeling that, like myself, she was anxious to know if Irving was in town and was with the family, I asked the question half in kindness to her, half to still my own craving desire for knowledge on this point.

"Lady Catharine, her son, and Mr. Morton came together."

Cora uttered a faint cry, and starting up began to pace the room, as if the mention of that name had stung her energies into painful activity.

Still I was not fully answered. "And is no other lady with them?" I persisted.

"And what if there is, how should you care?" was the answer he gave, accompanied by a look so penetrating that I shrunk from it. Cora also turned and gazed at me with her great, tearful eyes, as a gazelle might look at the hunter that had chased him down. I felt the whole force of that appealing look, but went on asking questions, determined to comprehend everything, and then act as my own soul should teach.

"And did they decide on anything?" I inquired.

"The mother wishes to contest—the son advises her to yield; their friend, as usual, is on both sides."

"And so nothing is settled?"

"Nothing."

"I will go to them myself—be of good cheer, Cora, you shall not always be so miserable."

She gave me a wild glance.

"Be tranquil, and trust me, Cora," I said, full of my project for her happiness, "it is for you this good fortune has come."

"There is no good fortune for me on earth,"

cried the poor girl, clasping her hands, "don't, Zana, don't smile so; it will set me to hoping impossible things."

"Nothing is impossible," I said, smothering the selfish regrets that would, spite of my efforts, rise against the sacrifice I meditated. "To the strong heart there can be no impossibility—here there shall be none."

Cora came close to me, smiling so mournfully and shaking her head, as I can fancy Ophelia to have done, with a world of sorrow and one little glow of hope in her poor face.

"Perhaps he thought that I was within hearing, and so did all that to tease me."

As this soft whisper dropped from her lips, the determination of self-sacrifice grew strong within me. Had we stood at the altar, I think, at the moment, I should have given Irving up to her; she was so childish and helpless. I seized upon the idea: better far was it that she should fancy Morton had uttered a slander regarding her lover and Estelle, than encourage a belief in his faithlessness after all that I intended for her.

"It was all unfeeling pleasantry, I dare say; careless gossip that meant nothing."

"Do you really think so?" she inquired, stealing closer and closer to my side.

"I do indeed think that he has no real love for any one but you, Cora."

"In truth?—in solemn truth, Zana?—oh, Zana, Zana, say that *you* did not believe it again."

"I do not believe in his love for—for that other person," I said, shrinking from the utterance of Estelle's name.

"Solemnly, you think this, Zana?"

"Solemnly, I do."

She drew a deep breath, looked at me so long that I could watch the joy as it broke and deepened in her violet eyes, and then, satisfied that I was sincere, she sat down with the most heavenly smile I ever saw beaming over her face. I sat down by her; she wove her arms around me and pressed her cheek to mine, resting thus so tranquilly, so full of that exquisite happiness which follows a crushed suspicion against those we love, that I could not resist a pang of jealous envy, for it is so much easier to make sacrifices to one that suffers than to witness the joy which our self-bereavement gives. The contrast between the rich swell of happiness that broke in sighs from her lips, and the heavy sense of desolation that lay upon my poor heart, made me long to put her away.

But soon I felt her kisses wandering amid my hair and over my forehead, mingled with whispers of gratitude and smiles of hope. After all,

Cora loved me, and I was making her happy. Most solemnly did I believe all that I had said of Irving. That he did not love Estelle I was certain, that self-interest had actuated his professions to me I was equally convinced, for Chaleco's words had fastened upon me when he said that Irving had sought me because he knew of the evidence I had obtained regarding my own legitimacy, and Cora, when I asked if she had mentioned the register which she had found to any one beside myself, answered, "only to him."

This was on the day we left the highlands, and from that time I looked upon Irving's pursuit of myself as a mercenary effort to retrieve his own desperate fortunes by a marriage with his uncle's heiress. With these impressions, I could not believe that Cora had any rival in his heart, whatever his interests might dictate. So I soothed her, and strengthened the confidence that was bringing the roses back to her cheek even then. Poor thing, she trusted me so implicitly, and her weary heart was so glad of repose after its anguish that she believed unquestioningly, like a child.

That night, I wrote to Mr. Clark, saying that his child was found, and that she trusted very soon to tell him her love in the dear parsonage.

With regard to him, also, I had my benevolent dreams. There was the Greenhurst living vacant yet. If Lady Catharine had no right to the estate she had no power to appoint an incumbent to the living; but I had, and dear Mr. Clark, God bless him, how my heart swelled at the thought of rescuing him from his present dependence. I went into no details, but wrote a cheerful letter, full of hope, determined to wait for the unfolding of events before I explained everything.

I knew that the Clares had a town house in Picadilly, and quietly stealing out in the morning, when Chaleco was out, I called a hackney coach and drove there at once. A ponderous man, in mourning livery, opened the door and looked well disposed to order me down the steps when he saw my humble equipage. But there was a native haughtiness in me that men of his class are sure to recognize, and though new to the world, I was neither timid nor awkward: besides, assumption of any kind was certain to arouse all the contempt and resistance of my fiery nature.

I inquired for Lady Clare.

"She was in, and at breakfast, would I call again?"

"No, I must see the lady then."

"An appointment?"

"No; but still my interview with his lady must be at once."

"He did not think she would admit me, her ladyship and Mr. Irving had been closeted with their solicitors all the morning."

"You will send up my name and inquire," I said, weary with his objections, and conscious that this was my time to speak with Lady Catharine when fresh from her consultation with the lawyers. My imperious manner impressed him, he inquired my name.

"Zana."

His round eyes opened with astonishment. "Miss Zana, is it?" he said, after a moment of puzzled thought.

"Zana, that is all."

He beckoned a footman and whispered with him. The man disappeared up some mysterious staircase in the back part of the hall. The porter returned, seated himself in his great gothic chair, took a position, and began to eye me as stage kings sometimes survey the supplicants that come before them.

The footman came back walking quickly, and with noiseless step, as well-bred servants usually do in England. Her ladyship would be happy to receive the young person.

I followed him in silence. Would her son be there? This thought made my limbs tremble, but I think no visible agitation marked my demeanor or my countenance.

Lady Catharine was in her dressing-room, with a small breakfast-table before her, covered with Sevres china and glittering silver. The delicate breakfast seemed yet untasted, save that one of the cups was stained with a little chocolate.

Lady Catharine arose, and, though she did not come forward, stood up to receive me. It might have been the light which fell through curtains of pale, blue silk, but she certainly looked unusually white and haggard. I saw her thin hand clutched upon the folds of her mourning gown, and her eyes wavered as they met mine.

There was an awkward silence as I advanced toward the table; I think she was struggling to speak calmly, for her voice was unnatural when she did address me.

"Be seated," she said, falling back to her lounge, not with her usual languid ease, but abruptly, as if in need of support, "be seated, I—I am happy to receive you."

I sat down, firm and composed; he was absent, and as for that woman, there was nothing in her to discompose me; we seldom tremble where we do not respect.

"Your ladyship probably knows upon what subject I come," were my first quiet words.

I saw by the motion of her whole body that she could with difficulty restrain her rage.

"Yes, and I thank you for saving me another interview with your very singular friend," she said, with a smile that was intended for playful, but faded to a sneer.

"What, madam, has Count Chaleco been with you?"

"If you mean that dark browed man who calls himself your protector, he has given us the honor of his company more than once."

"I do mean him, and he is my protector!" I answered, stung by her look and tone rather than by a comprehension of her words.

"Of course. No one would think otherwise. After eloping with him in the night from Clare Park, visiting the highlands, and domesticating yourselves together in London, there can be, I fancy, little doubt left on that point!"

I began to comprehend her meaning. Isolated as I had been from the world, and independent of its usages, I could not mistake the sneering expression of that evil face had the words failed to impress me. But I was not angry; scorn of the very thought that she applied these vile imaginings to me curved my lips with a smile. I could not have forced myself into a word of explanation or defence. The woman seemed to me only a little more repulsive than before.

"Then, madam, if my friend has preceded me I shall have little to explain, and our interview will be more brief. You comprehend, doubtless, that evidence of Lord Clare's marriage with my mother is in our possession; that the best legal counsel consider me, and not your ladyship, the inheritor of his title and estates."

"Yes, all these things have been repeated to me, but the opinion of lawyers, fortunately, is not exactly the decision of legal tribunals."

"Then you are determined to contest my claims?"

"I am not disposed to yield mine without contest certainly."

"Madam," I commenced; and now every limb and nerve in my body began to tremble, for the great moment of my fate had arrived—"madam, in this contest, if it becomes one in an English court of law, the life and reputation of your only brother must be cruelly brought before the world; would you make no sacrifice to avoid that?"

"But if this same brother was your father also, it is for you, not me, to save his name from the scandal of a public court," she rejoined, sharply. "The fact that he married one wife while your mother was alive I would willingly conceal."

"No, madam, there you mistake. My mother died months before Lord Clare's marriage?"

"How and when did she die?"

"The how does not concern your ladyship. As for the when, I was present when she died near the city of Grenada, and though a child at the time can never forget it; would to God it were possible. After that—months after it must have been, for we had travelled from Spain between the two intervals—I saw the cortege pass the tent where I lay, returning from my father's marriage with his last wife. In this he committed no legal fault—and let us hope intended no moral wrong—though a deep wrong it was, from beginning to end."

"Then what is there to conceal? Why should we shrink from investigation?" she cried.

"The wrong done to my poor mother, alas! that remains, and I would do anything, give up anything rather than have it heaped upon my father's memory."

"And what were these mighty wrongs, if—as you are trying to prove—he married her, a dancing gipsy beggar, a——"

"Hush!" said I, with a power that must have been imperative, "you shall not malign my mother."

"Well," she answered, waving her hand scornfully, "you are right. Her history cannot be publicly coupled with that of our house without leaving infamy upon a noble name."

"Not *her* infamy, madam!"

"This is useless and impertinent, Miss," she cried, starting up fiercely, "you came for some purpose. What is it?"

"I came, if possible, to save the scandal of a lawsuit regarding the Clare earldom and estates. I would shield my father's memory, and redress the wrongs of one whose fate is dearer than my own, at any sacrifice."

"And how is this to be done unless you yield at once these preposterous claims?"

"Madam, your son!"

"Well, what of him?" she cried, sharply, and with gleaming eyes.

"The succession will be his when, when——"

"When I am gone you wish to say, but that is a frail hope. I married when a child, and the difference between Irving and myself is so little."

The puny vanity would have seemed out of character to one so full of malice as the woman before me; but extreme vanity is more frequently found connected with bad qualities than with good ones, so it did not surprise me, and I was too sad for a smile even of ridicule.

"But with your son some compromise may be effected. You would doubtless rather surrender the title and estates to him, than to one so hateful to your ladyship as I am?"

"That may be readily supposed?"

"Well, madam, to one or the other you must resign them; to me if you persist in useless and wicked resistance; to him if——"

"Well, if what?"

"If by marriage with the person who will possess them, he secures the rights which I claim, to himself."

"That is, if my son, like his uncle, will degrade himself with a gipsy stroller," she replied, with insulting bitterness.

"Madam, this is base; that which I propose saves your son from degradation, does not impose it. It was not of myself I spoke!"

"Of whom then? Is there another claimant?"

"No. As the legitimate and only daughter of Lord Clare, who died without will, I have the sole right to all that was his. You know that the courts will confirm this right, or I had never been thus admitted to your presence. Your eye wavers; your lips curve in terror rather than scorn. In your soul you feel that the possession of this house for a lady is rank usurpation; your lawyers have told you all this before."

"How did you learn that?"

"From your face, madam—from the fact that you do not spurn me from your presence as of old."

She smiled, not scornfully, her blue lips seemed to have lost all strength for so strong an expression, but with a sort of baffled spite.

"And so you would take the estates and attach my son as an appendage—this is kind!"

"Madam, I will resign all right to these estates and title on the marriage day of your son—not with me, the hated gipsy, but with Cora Clark, whom he loves, and who loves him."

Her eyes opened wide with astonishment. She fell back on her sofa, and folded a hand over them, as if ashamed of appearing startled by what I had said. At last she sat upright again and looked at me searchingly.

"You will do this?"

"I will!"

"Why?—your motives?"

The tears started. I felt them crowding to my eyes.

"I wish to see them happy." My voice faltered, but for her presence the agony at my heart would have burst forth in a wail.

"And that will make you happy?" she said, with an icy sneer. "You will remain and witness the joy your abnegation gives."

"Never!" I cried, yielding to the anguish that was oppressing me. "I will go among my mother's people—go"—I thought in my innermost heart—"go to the barrancas of Grenada, to die of anguish as she did, by violence."

"And you will leave this country forever?"

"Madam, I will"

"But this girl, this Cora Clark, where is she now? I sent down orders that her father should be removed from the parsonage—but where has he gone? How are you sure that Irving cares for her, or would take her at any price?"

I shrank from exposing my poor friend's weakness to the knowledge of that heartless woman; she seemed ignorant of her son's perfidy, and its results in giving Cora to my protection. I rejoiced at this, and guarded the secret of their mutual fault as if it had been my own life.

"I am certain of it."

"But you are not of age to make a resignation of these fancied claims legal, even should I consent to unite my son to this nameless girl."

"I am of age to resist all action, and have a will strong as any law. If I am silent regarding my claims, who will or can urge them?"

"But we have only your word!" she said, softening in her tone, and interrupting her questions with intervals of thought.

"But in your heart you know that to be enough. Strive as you will my truth will make itself believed."

She waved her hand, rising.

"Stay here, I will speak with my son. Perhaps you have not breakfasted; ring and the man will provide fresh chocolate. After all this is a strange offer."

She went out, and I was alone, trembling, filled with desolation, the poor, poor gipsy girl. What had Cora done that she should be made so happy, and I so miserable? I sat down stupified with the blank darkness that had fallen around my existence. The estate, the pomp, the rank that I had given up were nothing, but my lover Irving—oh, how my poor heart quivered and shrunk from the thought that he was another's forever and ever. In all the wide world, that desolate barranca in Grenada seemed the only spot gloomy enough to conceal misery like mine!

A full hour I remained with my elbow upon the little breakfast-table seated among the soft cushions, unmindful of their luxurious presence as if they had been so many rocks heaped near me. I could only feel a cold sense that with my own hand I had cast all hope from me; this thought revolved itself over and over in my mind, I could neither change nor shake it off.

At last the door opened and Lady Catharine came in, followed by her son. He was greatly changed. All the bloom of boyhood had settled into a look of thoughtful manliness; his eyes were deeper and more piercing; his manner grave; traces of anxiety lingered about his eyes

and mouth, making one firm and leaving shadows beneath the other. He came close to me and rested one hand on the table. I did not rise, but sat trembling and helpless beneath the reproachful pride in his glance. The apathy had left me; my heart swelled with the exquisite joy of his presence, and every nerve thrilled back its sympathy.

"My mother has told me of your proposal, Zana," he said, in a clear, but not altogether untroubled voice, "your wish is a generous one. The rights you would surrender are great, but I will not accede to this proposal."

I started so violently that one of the Sevres cups fell to the ground. A cry almost broke from my lips. This reprieve from my own wishes filled me with joy.

"Why, why?" I could not ask these questions aloud, they fell from my lips in broken whispers.

"Because I will not wrong you of your birth-right—because I do not love the lady whom you propose for my wife."

"Not love her, Mr. Irving, forbear!"

I could not go on, his mother's presence checked me; but once more my heart was filled with indignation at his audacity.

"Then you refuse?" I said, rising—"you refuse to render this poor justice to one who loves, who has——"

Again I checked myself. Lady Catharine was close to the table. Irving listened patiently, and kept his eyes fastened on my face as if asking some further explanation.

"It is possible," I said, "that you think lightly of my claims, and thus reject the sacrifice I would make."

"No," he said, "I am satisfied that your claims to the estate are valid; but this morning I joined my mother's legal counsel in advising her to yield possession at once."

"And this inheritance? Cora too? Will you cast them both aside because it is Zana who offers them?"

He shook his head with a grave smile.

"The inheritance I can easily relinquish; it is not large enough to purchase a heart like mine, Zana."

"George, George, reflect," said Lady Catharine, who had been listening with keen anxiety, "the girl is beautiful; her mother's family had noble blood in it."

"Mother, hush, I will work, but not sell myself for your benefit."

I arose, shocked by the deep hypocrisy of the man. His look, his voice, his words, how noble they were! His actions—the household traitor—

how could he compel that face to look so firm and noble in its sin?

"Madam," I said, turning to the mother, "persuade your son, for on no other terms can my father's estate remain with you or yours."

She bent her head, but did not speak. The woman seemed subdued, all her sarcastic spirit had left her. At last she laid her hand on Irving's arm.

"George, George, remember, there is no other way."

He turned upon her smiling. "Mother, we lived honorably and well before my uncle's death, the same means are still left to us."

"But the title, the estates, I cannot give them up. Will you make no sacrifice to save me from this degradation?"

"Anything, mother, that an honorable man should; but to barter myself, no!"

I saw that Lady Catharine was deceiving herself, and spoke,

"Madam, it is your son to whom I offer my rights, not yourself. When I resign the inheritance it is to him, and he knows the terms. Take counsel—take time for thought. To-morrow at this hour I will come again, alone as now, that will be our last interview."

My words struck home. Lady Catharine turned white as death, and by the glitter in her eyes I saw a storm of rage mustering; I did not remain to witness it. Irving held open the door for me. Our eyes met as I passed out, and his seemed full of reproachful sorrow. Why could I not hate that man?—why not hurl back scorn for treachery?

Cora was asleep when I entered the little room which we occupied together. It was the sweetest slumber I ever witnessed, so calm, so full of infantile quietude. Worn out by the harassing sorrows of her situation, she had, up to the evening previous, been wakeful night and day, but the few words I had so rashly uttered fell like dew upon her eyelids, and all night long she had slept by my side tranquil as a bird in its nest. I left her, and in her hopeful serenity she had dropped away in dreams. Thus I found her with a smile upon her lips, and a soft bloom warming the cheeks that twelve hours before had been so pale.

My own words had done all this, and they were all a deception. I had deceived myself, and worse, worse a thousand times, had misled her also. How could I tell her this?—how break up the exquisite beauty of that repose with my evil tidings, for evil I now felt them to be?

The sunlight fell through a half closed shutter, kindling up the golden tresses of her hair as they fell over the arm folded under her cheek, and lay

in masses on the crimson cushion of the sofa. I sat down by her, watching these sun gleams as they rose brighter and brighter toward her forehead. They fell at last upon the white eyelids which began to quiver; the dark brown lashes separated, and with a sleepy murmur the girl awoke.

"Oh, you have come," she said, flinging her arms around my neck, "dear, dear Zana, I have been dreaming."

"Dream on!" I answered, sadly; "if I only had the power to dream also!"

"Why, what is the matter, Zana, your eyes are full of tears?" she cried, looking eagerly in my face, and then kissing the tears from it with passionate devotion. "Where have you been?"

"I have been to see him, Cora."

She held her breath and looked at me, oh, how pleadingly, as if I could change the color of her fate, poor child.

"Well, Zana."

I could not endure that voice, those eyes, but flung my arms around her, and held her close to my bosom as I answered,

"Forget him, Cora. Let us both forget him, he is an ingrate, a——"

I could not go on, for her cold lips were pressed wildly to mine, and she called out, "don't, don't, Zana—don't speak such words of him!"

"He does not deserve this interposition, Cora: you cannot guess how much I was ready to sacrifice that you and he might be happy."

"And he would not listen?" she asked, falling sadly back from my arms. "Still you thought he loved me, and were so certain of it only last night."

"But I think it no longer. God help you, my poor Cora—but with all this inheritance, and I offered it—I have no power to make him feel."

"And you tried to bribe him into loving me. that was unkind, Zana."

"No, Cora, other reasons which you do not comprehend influenced what I did, as well as a wish to make you happy. His mother, I think, would have yielded, but he——"

"His mother, Zana—he has no mother!"

"In one sense perhaps not; but Lady Catharine——"

"Lady Catharine."

"Yes, Lady Catharine, is she not George Irving's mother?" I cried, surprised by her bewildered look and words.

"Yes, surely; but then what is George Irving to me or Lady Catharine either, save that she in some sort controls his fortunes?"

"Cora!" I almost shrieked, seizing her hands, "what is this? Who, who is the man? Tell me

it is not George Irving that you love, and I will fall down and worship you."

"Why, Zana, are you wild? How should I ever think of another, and he in my heart always?"

"He—who? Speak girl, or I shall indeed be wild!"

"You act very strangely, Zana. Only now you told me that you had seen Mr. Morton, and talked with him, you gave so many painful hints about him."

I seized her hands again and forced down the tremulous hope in my heart.

"Cora, darling Cora," I said, interrupting my words with quick gasps of breath, that I had no power to stifle, "tell me clearly, use few words, or my heart will break with this suspense. Was the man with whom you left Clare Park William Morton?"

My emotion terrified her. She grew pale and struggled to free her hands.

"You know it was; are you going crazy? My fingers—my fingers, you crush them."

"And it was Morton?"

"Yes—yes!"

"And you have no love for Irving? He never said, never hinted that he wished you to love him."

"He—no. Whoever put the idea into your head?"

I seized her in my embrace, and covered her face, her eyes, her hair with rapturous kisses. knelt at her feet and wrung her little hand in my ecstasy till she cried out with the anguish.

"Kiss me, Cora, again, again; kneel down here, Cora, at my side, and thank God as I do. We shall be happy, darling, so happy—my head reels with the very thought of it—my heart is so full. Let me weep myself still here—here on my knees, with my forehead in your lap, Cora, Cora, it seems to me that I am dying!"

And now the tears came rushing up from the depths of my heart, and I lay upon Cora's lap sobbing the agony of my old grief away, as a half drowned man lies upon the beach where the storm has tossed him. Oh, how great was the wealth of my existence that moment. Irving did not love another, he was mine, mine, all mine!

Chaleco came in and interrupted us. He inquired the cause of my emotion, and I told him. The tiger that my first words brought to his eyes, crouched and cowered beneath the energy of my entreaties to be freed from the pledge I had given to bury myself with his tribe in Grenada. In passion like mine there is almost irresistible eloquence, and my soul was burning with it. Perhaps I looked more like my mother thus enkindled and aroused—perhaps the remem-

brance of what she had suffered came to my aid. I know not the power that influenced him most; but he set me at liberty, and the first tear I ever saw in his fierce eyes burned like a diamond.

Cora sat watching me in mute astonishment, the energy of my joy terrified her. Her pliable nature was startled by the fire natural to mine. I felt this and left her, my soul panted for solitude and thought. I spent the night alone, sleepless and happy as few mortals have the capacity of being on this earth.

I knew little, and cared nothing for the propriety of conventional life. On the day before, I had promised to return for Lady Catharine's final answer to the proposal I had in my ignorance made. I went and inquired not for her, but for Irving.

He came down to receive me, looking pale and depressed. His reception was cold, his look constrained. We went together into a library on the ground floor, for I asked at once to speak with him alone.

To this day I cannot tell what passed between us during that interview. All that was in my heart I poured forth. I remember his astonishment and then his rapture. I remember also his amazement at Morton's perfidy, of which he had not heard. But of what was said I have no distinct idea, all was a whirl, a vortex of emotion. Only I recollect waking, as it were, from a dream, to find myself, hours after, still with Irving, he clasping my hand, his accepted bride.

Irving and I were married soon after. For why should we delay? Lady Catharine herself consented to the match, for when she found she was powerless, she yielded, sullenly, like such natures do, still hating, yet now fearing also.

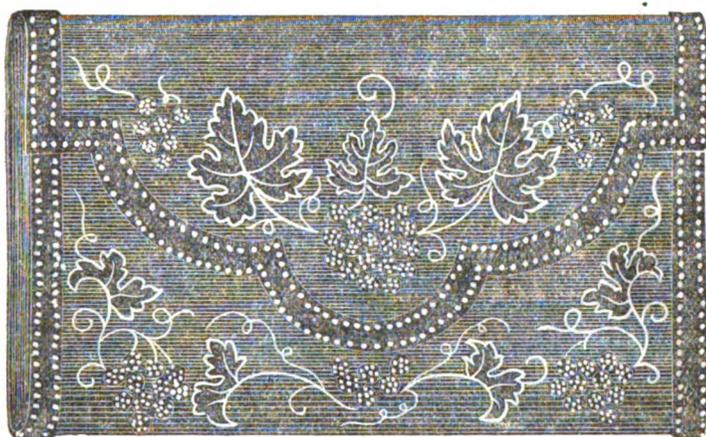
I could not rest till I had made Cora happy. I effected this by conveying the Greenhurst to Morton. He really loved my poor Cora as well as his selfish heart could love anything, and had only sought me because he possessed the secret of my birth and knew my rights by inheritance. Cora, blind and trusting, soon forgot the past, and, with her father installed as rector, had nothing more to ask.

Perhaps some may think that I have too much hurried over these last passages of my life. Not so. For though the struggle may be described, though agony may be depicted, happiness, the highest earthly happiness, is not for words. As Irving's bride I am no longer the wild and passionate gipsy's daughter; but the loving, trusting English wife and mother. We reside quietly at Clare Hall, amid whose pointed gables, deep bay-windows, and broad terraces, I hope to live and die with my husband and children.

OUR WORK TABLE.

POCKET-BOOK, EMBROIDERED IN APPLICATION.

BY M^{LLE}. DEFOUR.



MATERIALS.—A piece of fine cloth, thirteen inches by nine. A yard of narrow black ribbon velvet, a little black velvet, gold thread, No. 2, (thirteen skeins) An ounce of black glass beads, No. 9. Also a red button. A little silk cord, of the color of the cloth, will also be required; and satin, or sarsenet, to line the pocket-book.

This pretty kind of pocket-book will commend itself to our friends as being at once very useful and very quickly done; and would be a beautiful and appropriate Christmas or New Year's gift. The term embroidered in application is used to describe that kind of work in which the pattern is produced by one sort of material being cut out in any given design, and laid on another. The edges are finished with gold thread, gold-colored Albert braid, or, in short, any material which the worker may fancy.

These pocket-books, which are exceedingly fashionable in France, have the design in three separate compartments, always, be it understood, on the same piece of cloth. The centre one is, of course, the full size. The front is like it, but slightly sloped from the middle. The flap is cut in the form seen in the engraving. It may either be simply lined, and closed up the sides, to contain cards or work; or it may be formed into a regular pocket-book, with a place for a pencil, a

ribbon down the back to hold some papers. In this case a thin card-board should be inserted, on both sides, between the silk and the cloth, and a piece nearly the size of the two, and bent in the centre, should also have silk gummed on one side of it to form a cover for the paper.

The design of this pocket-book is vine-leaves and grapes. The leaves are cut out in velvet, and tacked down on the cloth; the edges, stems and veining are entirely in gold thread, sewed close on. The ends are drawn through to the wrong side. The grapes are formed of clusters of black beads, each one being composed of seven—a centre one, and six close round it. The border is narrow, black velvet ribbon, laid on; and at each edge, black beads, placed at regular intervals, with about the space of two between every two, make a pretty finish.

The silk cord is used to conceal the sewing by which the cloth and lining are joined.

Watered silk is preferable to plain for linings.

Thin kid, velvet, or satin may be used for these pocket-books instead of cloth.

Gum is frequently brushed along the back of the work when done; but it takes a very practised hand to do this without spoiling it. Indeed the process of lining and making up altogether, is better done at a warehouse than by amateurs.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

OUR VOLUME FOR 1854.—We promised, in December, 1852, that the volume for this year should be the best we ever published. We now point to the volume itself, which this number closes, to show that we kept our word. As "progress" is our motto, we renew the same promise for 1854. Will the tens of thousands of our fair friends, remembering this, exert themselves to procure each a *new subscriber*, if not a club?

Three things they may promise, in our behalf, and be certain of fulfilment. The first is, that "Peterson" for 1854 will be the most readable of the Magazines. It is generally admitted now that the stories published in this Magazine are the best that appear anywhere; and in 1854 the merit of the tales and sketches will be even more carefully looked after. With such writers as our co-editor, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, as the author of "Susy L——'s Diary," as Ella Rodman, as Miss Dewees, as the author of "The Valley Farm," as Ellen Ashton, as Carry Stanley, and others, we may, in fact, challenge any Ladies' Magazine in the world. Besides, every story published in "Peterson" is original, *which cannot be said of any cotemporary*. No stale articles appear in this Magazine.

In the second place, the fashion plates in "Peterson" are as superior in elegance to those in other monthlies, as porcelain is to common earthenware. Our plates are exquisite steel engravings, colored with the fashionable colors. The plates in cotemporaries are generally shocking wood-cuts, disgraceful to be seen on a centre-table. Compare the faces in our beautiful plates with those in the cuts of which we speak! The patterns we give are also the latest—months later, indeed, than those to be had any where else. While everything that is really new is stated in the letter-press accompanying each plate.

In the third place, the engravings in "Peterson" are more superb than in other Magazines. Whoever will compare the volume for 1853, with that of any other Magazine for the same year, will see this for herself. For 1854 we have a series of the handsomest plates we ever published. In these three things we assert the *unrivalled pre-eminence* of "Peterson" and challenge the test of examination fearlessly.

In all other respects "Peterson" is at least equal to other Ladies' Magazines. These are not idle boasts. All we ask is a trial for one year, which will show that we speak truth. And now, fair friends who *know us*, we make our appeal to each of you *personally*, to state these facts to your acquaintance, and procure for us, *each of you*, an additional subscriber, if not a club.

We want 100,000 subscribers for 1854, and will have them, if the ladies take the matter in hand.

IS YOUR CLUB READY?—On the cover of our last number we reminded our fair readers that the time had come to get up clubs for 1854. We hope that, by this time, every post-town where we now send either a single copy or a club, has a club ready. If, in some cases, it has been neglected, we appeal to our friends to go to work at once, in order that the *only original Magazine* of literature, art and fashion, now left in the United States, may be properly sustained.

CLERGYMEN'S WIVES.—A religious cotemporary says of this Magazine:—"Its moral purity recommends it to every family. We wish there were more such periodicals." By-the-way, as clergymen are generally not particularly well paid, we will send "Peterson" to clergymen's wives for a dollar a piece. The other dollar shall be our free gift to the clergy, that is to the cause of sound morals and religion.

REMIT EARLY.—The January number will be ready by the first of December. Our friends will just have time, therefore, to inspect this number, before forwarding their money, if they wish early copies. It will be as beautiful as an annual, in all but the binding, and will contain twice as much reading. Those whose names first reach us will get the earliest and finest impressions of the plates.

OUR RAPID INCREASE.—The increase in our circulation has been so great, this year, that we have been unable to print enough copies, though every month enlarging our edition, and often reprinting numbers three or four times. In consequence, many persons, who neglected subscribing till late, could not get supplied. Don't delay for 1854, but subscribe at once.

THE GIPSEY'S LEGACY.—We have a few copies for 1852 left, containing "The Gipsy's Legacy," to which "Zana" is a sequel. Price two dollars a copy, three for five dollars, eight for ten, &c.

FOR THREE DOLLARS.—For three dollars we will send a copy of "Peterson" for 1854, and any one of the two dollar weeklies published in Philadelphia.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Charles Auclister. *A Memorial*. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The rumor is that this autobiographical fiction was written by one of the Rothschilds. It is the story of a musical genius, and is full of fine delineations. D'Israeli is said to have brought it out under his especial auspices, and it certainly does no discredit to his critical acumen.

Life in the Mission; or, Six Years in India. By Mrs. Colin Mackenzie. 2 vols. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—Mrs. Mackenzie is an intelligent observer, who has both seen and thought, and who has a heart in the right place. The information she imparts respecting India is extremely valuable; while the work is written throughout in an agreeable and interesting style. The spirit of sincere piety which pervades the work, is not its least recommendation.

The Homes of America. By Frederika Bremer. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Our space for reviews is limited this month, which precludes our giving this excellent book the extended notice it deserves. It is agreeably written, generally sound in opinion, and brimful of Miss Bremer's amiable heart. The publishers have issued it in a very neat style.

Life Scenes. By F. A. Durivage. 1 vol. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A collection of short stories, some racy, some thrilling, and others pathetic, but all well written. We do not know when we have perused a better book of the kind. It is handsomely illustrated.

The Countess of Charny. By Dumas. 2 vols. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This volume is the conclusion of that interesting historical romance. Those who have read the first volume, or the novels to which it is a sequel, will order it, we presume, at once.

Collier's Pocket Shakespeare. Vols. I and VIII. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—These volumes complete this convenient and elegant edition, which is, in size and beauty, just what every lady wants for her boudoir library.

The Rhetoric of Conversation. By G. N. Hervey. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A very superior book, on a subject interesting to all, but especially to the sex. The author writes fearlessly. The volume is very neatly printed.

Clouded Happiness. By Countess D'Orsay. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Rather a feeble, though well-intentioned novel. The story lies in France. Published as one of the Library of Cheap Novels.

The Star Chamber. By W. H. Ainsworth. Part I. New York: Bunce & Brothers.—A new novel by a popular writer, neatly printed in a cheap style, and sold for the low price of twenty-five cents.

The Czar and the Sultan. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A reasonable book, with a good description of Nicholas and Abdul Medjid, and in addition a reliable account of the Turks.

Meyer's Universum. New York: Herrmann J. Meyer.—This elegantly illustrated serial maintains its interest. Two additional numbers are received.

The United States Illustrated. New York: Herrmann J. Meyer.—Parts four and five of both "The East" and "The West" are on our table.

Louis the Seventeenth. By A. De Beauchene. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a narrative of the captivity of Louis the Sixteenth in the Temple, and of the sufferings and final death of his son, the dauphin. The work is compiled from authentic sources, and settles the question, "Have we a Bourbon among us," conclusively in the negative. The book is well written; handsomely printed; and embellished with vignettes, autographs, &c.

The Insurrection in China. By M. N. Callery and Yeon. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A capital narrative of recent events in China, written by two gentlemen long resident there, and thoroughly conversant with their subject. It is translated from the French.

Ten Thousand A Year. By S. L. Warren. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A new and cheap edition, the thirtieth in this country.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Gum Arabic Starch.—To those who desire to impart to fabrics that fine and beautiful gloss observable on new linens, the following recipe for making gum arabic starch will be most acceptable. Take two ounces of white gum arabic powder, put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water, (according to the degree of strength you desire) and then, having covered it, let it set all night. In the morning, pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water, stirred into a pint of starch that has been made in the usual manner will give the lawns (either white, black, or printed) a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them after washing. It is also good, much diluted, for thin white muslin and bobbinet.

Drying Herbs.—All herbs that are to be dried for storing should be gathered in fine weather; clear them from dirt and decayed leaves, and dry quickly, without scorching, in a Dutch oven before the fire. Strip the leaves from the stalks, pound, sift, and closely cork them in separate bottles; some may be mixed and pounded together for the convenience of ready use as a seasoning: appropriate spices, dried powdered lemon peel, celery seed, all in powder, may be added to these herbs.

To Keep Preserves.—If preserves seem slightly damp and unlikely to keep well, (to save the waste of a second boiling) remove the papers, and put the jars in a cool oven, and let them remain until they are thoroughly heated. When cold cover as before. Writing paper, saturated with good olive oil, is better than steeping it in brandy, to cover the top of the preserves. The bladder, or paper, over this.

Substitute for Cream.—Beat two eggs, one ounce of sugar, and a small piece of butter, with a pint of warm milk; then put the vessel into hot water and stir it one way, until it becomes the consistence of cream.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—A CARRIAGE DRESS OF DOVE COLORED SILK, skirt long and very full. Cloak of the Talma shape, of brown cloth, trimmed with a black braid, put on in a Grecian pattern, and finished with a deep fringe. Bonnet composed of white silk and blond lace; under-trimming of blond and pink flowers.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS OF CHANGEABLE SILK, with the skirt a *disposition*, the stripes being of black satin. Cloak of black velvet, cut so as to hang rather fuller behind than in front, with a hood finished with a quilling of ribbon, and tied with large bow and long ends. A peculiarly elegant fringe finishes the cloak. Bonnet composed of silk, of the shades of the dress, black velvet and illusion, colored velvet and satin, with a large bouquet on each side.

GENERAL REMARKS.—One of the peculiarities of the winter's fashion is, that whilst the dress goods for house or street wear, are distinguished for their rich, heavy effect; the materials for evening dresses are of almost fabulous lightness, and airy in their effect. The silks are all heavily brocaded, or more frequently plaided in several very rich, gay colors; whilst the cashmeres, &c., which are not plaided, are covered with huge clusters of flowers. Even the silks, which are of but one color, are of the heaviest material, reminding one in their stiffness of the days of our great-grandmothers when nothing but the minuet was danced, and gentlemen were kept at a respectful distance by the heavy rustling dresses of their partners. Dresses are still worn a *disposition* as will be seen by Fig. II. of our present fashion plate. Skirts are made very full and long. Nearly all corsages are made with a basquine, which is much deeper than those worn last winter:—these look very well with a full skirt. Sometimes they are cut with the corsage in one piece, and at others the corsage is finished as usual, and the basque is attached to the waist. Since the adoption of this style of dress, the skirts are usually attached to a binding, and worn loose from the corsage, thus enabling a lady to wear a different corsage and skirt together, which is very pretty in its effect, and very popular as a fashion. A corsage or basque, as it is usually termed, of black silk or black velvet, looks well with a skirt of any color or material.

THE LOUIS QUATORZE SLEEVE, demi-long, rather loose, and with a deep cuff turned up toward the elbow, is quite popular for a street dress, or a plain style of house dress. One of the most tasteful sleeves of the season is the *Servigne*; it is nearly tight to the elbow, where it is finished by two deep ruffles falling over the lower arm, looped up by a bow of ribbon with long ends on the inside. Bows of ribbon profusely ornament all kinds of dress. For heavy materials, velvet riband is much used.

As we before said, evening or rather ball dresses are remarkable for the lightness of their effect. The more elegant kinds are of tulle of various colors embroidered with gold or silver; or *crepe lisse* ornamented with tulle puffings and bows of ribbons, or

sometimes with flowers embroidered in their natural hues. Where silks are worn for evening dresses if not of a single color, as bright blue, blossom color, &c., they are usually of large plaids in light colors, as straw color and white, light blue and white, rose and dove color, &c., thus combining richness and lightness of effect at once.

BONNETS.—Since the visit of Queen Victoria to the Irish Exhibition, when the Dublin papers informed the world that her majesty wore her bonnet on her head instead of half way down her back, it is to be hoped that the American ladies will condescend to follow the example. As the editor of the *Dublin Mail* says, "the present fashion gives a brazen expression to the fairest and most delicate features, and an appearance of being high shouldered to the most graceful figure."

In truth there is already some improvement in the size of bonnets, which the cold of the season renders imperative. Bonnets are usually made of a combination of several materials, as silk or satin, velvet and lace, which, with the feathers, and the flowers and blond face trimmings, renders them perfect minerals of ingenuity. One of the prettiest which we have seen was composed of black velvet, pink silk, and black lace. The front consists of puffings of pink silk, separated one from the other by bands of black velvet, edged with lace. The crown is of black velvet, trimmed with lace. Under-trimming of pink roses interspersed with loops and ends of black velvet ribbon. Strings of broad pink sarsenet ribbon. A new style of bonnet has just been introduced into England called the *Woronow Bonnet*, from the fact that it has been patronized by the Russian Princess of that name. It is composed entirely of ostrich feathers, ingeniously woven into a light fabric, and it is said to be one of the most elegant and *recherche* things in the bonnet line ever made.

CLOAKS.—Talma or circulars, as they are sometimes called, are very much worn. Cloaks like that of Fig. II., having more fulness behind, are also very popular. Either of these styles suit a figure of any size, whereas another pattern, which is also a favorite, is only adopted to a tall, slender person. These last cloaks are made with a deep yoke, and the fulness is plaited into it: the bottom of cloaks of this style is square. By referring to our September number, our readers will find directions for making a cloak of this style, a description of which we gave when there was but one or two in the city, which is now flooded with them. Ribbon gimps, three or four inches broad, printed in different colors, purposely for cloaks; velvets, cut in points, wreaths of flowers, leaves, &c.; braids of every width; gimps, which in design and richness, rival embroidery; and embroideries in the most lavish profusion, are all used to ornament cloaks.

When the cloaks are made with arm-holes, they are finished around the openings with quillings of ribbon, &c., and at the top of the slit are bows of ribbon with long ends.